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VOLUME CL

JANUARY 6, 1940 to JUNE 29, 1940

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

FINLAND'S SUCCESS IN WITHSTANDING THE onslaughts of the Red Army has its most eloquent testimony in the reticence of recent official Soviet communiqués. For over a week Moscow's daily statements have declared "nothing important" to be happening on the fighting fronts, although successes have been claimed for Russian bombers. Had there been victories to record, they would certainly have been hailed with gusto. Hence the negative nature of Moscow's news tends to confirm the main tenor of Finnish reports, if not their details. It remains to be seen whether the fresh troops which the Soviet command is said to be sending into action and the appointment of General Gregory Stern, hero of the Manchurian campaigns, will bring about any dramatic change of fortune. Aerial bombardments, while they may cause death and destruction, are not by themselves likely to prove decisive and are hardly calculated to increase the enthusiasm of the Finnish workers for their "liberators." Meanwhile the damaged prestige of the Red Army is having repercussions elsewhere. In a defiant speech King Carol asserted that both Bessarabia and Bukovina would be defended to the last man. Persistent reports of Soviet activity in the direction of India deserve to be treated with extreme skepticism. Invasion of India would necessitate a campaign through some of the most difficult country in the world and prove a test of organization and transport even more severe than that provided by the Finnish war. The origin of most of these reports is Rome, and they may be regarded as Italian propaganda for an anti-Bolshevik peace between Germany and the Allies.

*

MANY PEOPLE ATTRIBUTE THE PRESIDENT'S latest peace move to considerations of internal politics and in particular to a desire to catch the Catholic vote. We are loath to accept this interpretation, which by implication would convict him of levity. It is not the view taken in London and Paris, where the President's action has had an unfavorable reception. A few days ago somebody asked the President the pertinent question whether the Pope had been approached in his religious or political capacity. It is really impossible to distinguish between the two. At the time of the Concordat between the Papacy and the Italian government that acute French Catholic, Maurice Pernot, said in the *Journal des Débats*, of which he was for many years the Rome correspondent, that the Papacy had sacrificed the international interests of the church to its national interests. Events have justified him. The policy of the Vatican is now an Italian nationalist and Fascist policy. The Pope blessed and encouraged the Italian aggressions against Abyssinia and Republican Spain and deserted the Basque Catholics. Since Mr. Roosevelt's initiative we have had the semi-official declaration that the Pope and Mussolini have agreed to work for peace and combat communism. It was followed by the Pope's visit to the King of Italy, in the course of which His Holiness prayed for divine protection for "the illustrious chief of the Italian government" and declared that the wisdom of its rulers was making Italy great, strong, and respected before the world. Mr. Roosevelt's initiative seems likely to bolster Mussolini's waning prestige in Italy and to encourage the small minorities in England and France who are demanding peace with Germany in order to attack Russia. Is this what Mr. Roosevelt desired?

*

IN ITS NEGOTIATIONS WITH GERMANY'S neutral neighbors for war-time trade agreements, Britain's main objective is to prevent their acting as entrepôts through which the Reich could obtain imports from overseas. The blockade provides it with a powerful argument, for unless the country concerned agrees not to pass on supplies to Germany it is likely to find shipments for its own needs held up indefinitely. The war-time trade treaty just signed by Britain and Sweden is understood to contain a pledge by the latter to use imported goods only for domestic consumption, and in the case of certain strategic raw materials to limit its purchases to amounts imported over a fixed pre-war period. We have also ground for believing that Sweden has undertaken not to expand shipments of its own iron ore to Germany. The negotiations were probably speeded up by Russia's attack on Finland. Sweden, although nominally neutral, is rendering much unofficial aid to the Finns, and its own position as next in line must make it look for outside support. Its difficulty is how to cooperate with the Allies in backing the Finns without giving Germany an excuse to attack it.

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FURTHER INDICATION OF JAPAN'S GROWING difficulties was provided last week by the petition presented by a majority of the members of the Diet calling for the Cabinet's resignation. The fact that the action was spontaneous and unofficial, and therefore not binding on the Cabinet, does not in any sense detract from its importance as a sign of deep-seated discontent with the results of the China war. While this discontent has been nourished chiefly by heavy war losses, high prices, and steadily falling living standards, it has undoubtedly been intensified by the frustration of Japanese foreign policy. As January 26 approaches, it becomes clear that there will be no new Japanese-American trade treaty to replace the old one on the date of expiration. This gives the United States veto power over Japan's imperialistic ambitions on the Asiatic mainland. A hint that Japan recognizes the impossibility of pushing its campaign to a successful conclusion appeared last week in press comments on the outlook for the trade treaty. The popular newspaper *Yomiuri* predicted that as a result of American pressure the puppet government of Wang Ching-wei might never materialize. If this is true, it represents a major setback for Japan. For unless Japan can establish a centralized regime with semi-responsible Chinese leadership, it must depend solely on force of arms to hold the occupied territories.

* * *

ELECTION-YEAR SESSIONS OF CONGRESS DO not as a rule make history. Too much controversy is bad: it puts Congressmen on the spot, takes their minds off the necessary fence-mending at home, makes for party disharmony when the lines should be drawn against the common enemy, and presents the legislators with a log jam of debatable bills at a time when they want to push off to the conventions. Matters are even more delicate when, as in the present instance, Congress is packed with Men Who Would Be President. Nevertheless, there are some questions that can't be evaded. By the time this issue of *The Nation* reaches the newsstands, the President will have delivered his budget message, and if present indications are reliable he will have put the economy bloc in something of a hole. Its members face several unpleasant alternatives. They can slash appropriations, including those for farm aid and work relief, but no Congressman likes to deprive his constituency of federal hand-outs in an election year. They can vote for increased taxes, but that would make them even less popular. Or they can sanction more government borrowing, perhaps even voting to raise the legal $45,000,000,000 limitation on the government debt, which now stands at some $41,000,000,000. But in that case what becomes of their crusade for a balanced budget? The second course would normally be the soundest, but, given the temper of the Seventy-sixth Congress, it is socially the most dangerous, since thoughts on increased revenues have been running toward some form of real or disguised federal sales tax.

ASIDE FROM BUDGETARY MATTERS THERE are few issues likely to be pushed to a showdown. The reciprocal-trade system will have to fight for its life against a Democratic-Republican coalition of protective-tariff champions, and linked with its fate are the Presidential aspirations of Cordell Hull. A spate of resolutions for breaking off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union are in the offing, and an equal number for stopping raw-material shipments to Japan. Serious pressure is expected for more drastic "alien-and-sedition" legislation; the Dies committee will make an all too hopeful fight for a renewal of its franchise, although its own division of opinion should help to discredit it; and the Smith committee will attempt to make out a case for its pitiful "exposure" of the National Labor Relations Board. All manner of proposals to discourage this country's entry into the war may be expected, and perhaps further attempts to restrict the President's discretionary powers in carrying out the provisions of the new neutrality law; most of these will be offered with an eye on the coming election campaign and will hardly blow the lid off the Capitol.

* * *

THE QUESTION OF THE CONCENTRATION OF financial control of industry is once again to the fore both in Washington and Wall Street. Evidence presented before the TNEC suggests that, however effective the Banking Act of 1933 may have been in the protection of depositors, the time-honored system of "tied-house" security financing has been scarcely touched. In the financial district acute controversy has been raised by Halsey, Stuart's demand that capital issues for publicly regulated corporations be made with competitive bidding. In the case of the Consumers' Power issue, to be made by a syndicate headed by Morgan, Stanley and Company and Bonbright and Company, the SEC after prolonged deliberations has decided it may go forward in part. The commission has still to determine, however, whether the relationship between the bankers and the power corporation, a subsidiary of Commonwealth and Southern, was such as to permit "arm's-length bargaining." Its present ruling affects a different principle, that of capital structure, and on this point its decision was to allow the bond issue to the amount needed for refunding but to forbid the raising of new money in this form on the ground that the corporation's debt already represented too large a proportion of its total capital. Meanwhile, the argument over "arm's-length bargaining" versus "cheek-to-cheek negotiations" has erupted into the railroad field as a result of Halsey, Stuart's protest against the allotment of a Louisville and Nashville $60,000,000 refunding issue to Morgan, Stanley and Company. This step has not halted the offering, but it brings before the ICC the whole question of open competition for issues of railroad securities.

FRANK MURPHY'S ANNOUNCEMENT THAT the Department of Justice is planning to investigate the promoters of anti-Semitism reads like welcome, if belated, news. But the announcement seems to contain one serious "escape clause." According to press accounts Mr. Murphy, when asked whether the probe would turn its spotlight on Father Coughlin, disclaimed knowledge of any evidence that the unholy father was anti-Semitic, and pointed out further that his inquiry was directed at "organizations." We hope that this is not a complete summary of Mr. Murphy's views. An investigation which failed to touch Father Coughlin's network would be as meaningless as a probe of anti-Catholicism which overlooked the Ku Klux Klan. No doubt it will be a good deal easier—and politically less precarious—to prosecute the Bundsmen and other plainly foreign agencies. But these groups are incomparably less influential than their native counterparts, of whom Father Coughlin is the spiritual father. Nowhere is anti-Semitism preached more flagrantly than in his Royal Oak pulpit and in the pages of *Social Justice*, and by no one is it practiced more savagely than by the Christian Front, the Social Justice clubs, and other Coughlin groups. While Coughlin has shrewdly denied any official link with these groups, its existence is made clear every week in *Social Justice*. If Mr. Murphy is planning a serious tour through the anti-Semitic hot spots, his first stop should be Royal Oak, Michigan.

*

WE ARE SURE THAT WEST COAST SHIPPING interests share William Green's disappointment in the Landis decision on Bridges, but for the labor movement as a whole it represents a resounding victory. It is clear from the published summary of Dean Landis's conclusions that his stomach was turned by the plain and fancy lying which made up a large part of the testimony against Bridges, and by the revelation that an official of the United States Immigration Service dangled the possibility of a pardon before a prisoner if he would give evidence against Bridges. This official, Raphael P. Bonham, immigration inspector at Seattle, and others like him on the Coast ought to be given a departmental trial and, if found guilty of such conduct, dismissed from the service. We hope that Landis's finding that on the evidence Bridges is neither a Communist nor affiliated with the Communist Party will put a damper on the perennial campaign against the labor leader. Whether Bridges would be deportable if he were a Communist was left undecided. We should protest against his deportation in any case. The real objection to him is his militancy as a labor leader.

*

WHEN THE AMERICAN STUDENT UNION'S annual convention last week rejected a resolution condemning the Russian invasion of Finland, it presented a precious New Year's gift to Martin Dies. The resolution itself was moderate in tone and simultaneously warned against the dangers of an anti-Soviet crusade. The fact that it was so overwhelmingly defeated in even this form may appear to the *Daily Worker* as a sweeping vindication of Russian policy and something to write *Pravda* about, but the victory is bound to prove costly. Until this convention, membership in the Student Union was widely regarded as a valuable part of an undergraduate's education. We suspect that this view more accurately reflected the Union's real character than did its rejection of the resolution. But as James Wechsler pointed out in last week's *Nation,* the unique and unflagging energy of the Communists in rallying their followers to action is bound to give a distorted picture of their numerical strength. The defeat of a proposal for a membership referendum on the issue may indicate that they are aware of the discrepancy between their influence and their numbers.

Britain's War Economy

WHETHER or not the war is finally decided on the economic front, economic weapons are at present playing a paramount role. The Allies' blockade appears increasingly effective and is now being reinforced by a series of agreements with neutrals which will gradually stop many leaks. At the same time the prospects of Russian economic aid to Germany, never rated very high by experts, have been further diminished by the unexpected drain on Soviet resources brought about by Finland's tough resistance.

But while the campaign against German trade offers cause for satisfaction, the Allies, and Britain in particular, have no reason for complacency about the organization of the home front. In four months of war Britain has proliferated controls, commissions, and committees to deal with every branch of commerce and industry; it has not succeeded in working out any kind of unified economic plan for the most efficient utilization of its immense resources. The British press is full of complaints of overlapping authorities, maldistribution of available raw materials, obstacles placed in the way of exports which are essential for the maintenance of foreign-exchange supplies, and so on. Grumbling, of course, plays an important part in the democratic process, and the amount now going on in Britain is, in a way, reassuring. Nevertheless, its volume and still more its quality suggest that greater drive and imagination are needed in high places and less trust in the spirit of "muddling through."

The most vital question, on which policy seems still in a state of flux, is that of financing the war. Early in October Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced his war budget and announced that the government intended to avoid inflation and pay the bill by means of taxation and loans representing real savings instead of created credit. At the same time both direct and indirect taxes were heavily increased. But expenditure is mounting still more rapidly. It is already at the annual rate of £2,400,000,000, or nearly half the pre-war national income, and has not yet reached a maximum. Meanwhile, despite efforts to control prices, the cost of living has been rising, and the *Economist* index of wholesale prices showed an increase of 23 per cent between the beginning of the war and November 28. As a result workers have been demanding higher wages, and the better-organized groups have obtained at least partial satisfaction. At the same time there is growing pressure on the government to increase payments to old-age pensioners, soldiers' dependents, and other recipients of public funds—the first victims of the high cost of living.

Such demands are fully justified, but an all-round increase in incomes occurring simultaneously with a diminished supply of consumers' goods means inflation. The problem which the British government must face sooner or later can best be expressed mathematically. Supposing maximum national production is x billion pounds and war requirements are y billion, then x minus y billion remains to be divided up among all receivers of incomes. It is axiomatic, or ought to be, that every family should receive at least enough for subsistence, but how is the balance, if any, to be split in accordance with that blessed principle—equality of sacrifice? Even if you take 90 per cent of an income of $100,000—and Britain has not yet approached so drastic a level of taxation—the sacrifice involved is not the same as that presented by a 10 per cent deduction from the pay of a $15-a-week wage-earner.

The fact remains, however, that it is improbable that sufficient reduction in current consumption can be obtained without encroaching on the standard of living of at least the better-paid workers—a step bound to raise political as well as economic difficulties. This is not to say that the workers would under all circumstances refuse to tighten their belts. But they are likely to insist that, before they are asked to do so, unused resources and labor should be productively employed, that all necessities should be rationed so as to allow for a fair distribution of available supplies, and that the purchasing power of the rich and the comfortable should be brought into closer relationship with working-class incomes by either further taxation or compulsory loans, or by both. But the British government could only take such steps as these if it were prepared to enforce far more basic alterations in the economic and class structure than it has hitherto been willing to attempt. Business, as much as possible, as usual, is still its motto.

J. M. Keynes has attempted to solve its dilemma for it by suggesting a scheme by which a graduated levy would be made on all incomes, above a low minimum, deductible at the source. The amount paid by each "contributor" would be credited to his account in the government savings bank, after the deduction of direct taxes due, and would earn 2½ per cent interest. But the accounts would be frozen, except possibly in the event of unemployment or serious illness, until after the war, when, as Mr. Keynes points out, their release would be a useful offset to the probable post-war deflation. This plan would certainly prove fairer to the workers than either inflation or the kind of wage control long since adopted in Germany and now in France. But it has aroused great opposition in both labor and business circles. No alternative has yet been produced, however, and it is doubtful how much longer Britain can continue to drift on stormy seas with its financial machinery only partially functioning. Before long it must assuredly face the problem of making its turbines deliver their maximum power even if this involves revolutionary changes in their mechanism.

Happy New Year!

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

LISTENING to the radio this past week-end was a depressing introduction to the New Year. Almost every turn of the dial produced a note of cheer which rang false and induced melancholy in the hearer. Peace was detected over the horizon, but no speaker remarked that the horizon is an ever-receding and therefore nonexistent boundary. Prosperity in our own country was hailed, though with some appropriate warnings of the later effects of even the most profitable war. And the blessings of liberty and democracy were added up to an astonishing total, without, I thought, any sufficient recognition that they face great hazards from within or that the war in Europe and Asia may create a world in which they will be a hopeless handicap.

Peace, if it came soon, would be a calamity, because a peace based on the status quo ante Munich would be no peace at all but only an armistice on the front to be used by Hitler for the consolidation of past conquests and preparation of others to come. When a man like John Haynes Holmes can say that "the close of this dreadful decade is glorified by cooperation between America and Rome to save mankind before it is too late," one fears that Ethiopia and the Spanish republic fell in vain. The President, in setting up a committee of religious leaders and sending a personal representative to the Vatican, may have intended only to encourage long-range thinking on peace while, incidentally, fostering political good feeling in anticipation of the coming campaign. But it is a dangerous maneuver just the same, and unforeseen ill-effects may spring from it. A decent settlement will come only after the downfall of Hitler and then only if men who understand the economic and political needs of Europe are in power in the leading countries. These ends cannot be furthered by hopeful New Year nonsense about an early peace.

Optimistic prophecies about the prospects of the home team seem equally questionable. Our liberties are going to be under fire from several directions. Only an understanding of the anatomy of fascism and a sharp sense of domestic realities can successfully counter the attempt of such allied groups as the Dies committee, Coughlin and his satellite hoodlums, and reactionary business interests to carry out a large-scale anti-radical, anti-alien program. Ordinary Americans, unaccustomed to the more concealed sorts of fascist propaganda, may swallow a dangerous dose of Diesism without knowing what's in it.

If the Dies committee is continued, it will have a serious effect on the coming campaign—if not on the future of civil rights in the United States. It will be used to blast the New Deal and the integrity of liberals in the government service, from the President down. In fact, in his coming report to Congress Mr. Dies is expected to wipe out all distinctions between "Communist" and "liberal" and thus to brand the New Deal with a red label. The decision of Dean Landis in the Bridges case shows how difficult it is for a conscientious investigator to establish a man's political status. But Landis's scrupulous regard for evidence may, I fear, serve as a spur to repressive action rather than an example of juridical integrity. In any case, the Dies virus has spread. Liberals and radicals will have to fight boldly to preserve their rights to speak and act as they think. They should recognize the Dies committee for what it is—the Congressional arm of a country-wide reactionary drive—and not be taken in by irrelevant talk about ferreting out sedition. Mr. Dies isn't after sedition; he is after you and me and the President. If every *Nation* reader would tell his Congressman that he wants no more of Dies and his committee, it would add up to a formidable protest. But time is short.

Then the questions of unemployment and relief. These are too large to discuss in the limits of a page, but they must be reckoned into any New Year calculations of American prosperity. After almost eight years of New Deal effort and in spite of a considerable increase in business activity, unemployment still stands at almost 9,000,000. Measures adopted by the Administration have been useful, but they are not good enough. The prospect of a retreat from the New Deal under a Republican Administration is, humanly speaking, appalling. Meanwhile the coming election will probably serve to freeze relief during the balance of the year at the lowest possible level consistent with gathering in the vote, and to stop fundamental reforms altogether.

As for our current prosperity, whatever that means when millions of workers are hungry and idle, it was apparently born to die at an early age. Mr. Hutchison analyzes its prospects on another page of this issue, and in their New Year's messages Messrs. Lewis and Green agreed at least in reminding the country that if measures of reform and relief are allowed to lapse during a wartime boom, monstrous suffering will certainly follow. But their warnings are likely to fall on deaf ears—the ears of politicians interested in no deluges scheduled after the fall of 1940.

If I seem to repudiate all proffered arguments of hope, it does not follow that I despair. On the contrary I see many good omens in the January sky. Only they happen to be different from those noted by the year-end radio orators. I see, for instance, definite signs that the Allies will refuse offers of new Munichs in 1940; that the American people will fight for their liberties if and when they realize that the Coughlins and Dieses are out to kill instead of defend them; that they are not yet politically ready to swing to reaction as an alternative to inadequate reform. These are modest reasons for hope, but they may be enough to prevent the New Year from sealing the triumph of reaction abroad and at home.

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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1939

FOR the twelfth successive year *The Nation* presents its list of individuals and organizations deserving honorable mention for their activities during the past twelve months.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, for refusing to be intimidated by the Dies committee and its champions, for her helpful interest in the problems of young men and women, and for her quiet, intelligent, and dogged defense of democratic principles throughout the year.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, for the part he has played since he became Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court in extending the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment to freedom of expression, as exemplified in the Hague case and the handbill-ordinance decisions.

THE FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, for its unostentatious, non-political, and enormously effective work of bringing physical relief to the innocent victims of war and aggression, especially in Spain and Poland; and the FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, for its heroic work in providing refuges for the orphaned children of Loyalist Spain.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING and ELMER DAVIS, news commentators for the Mutual and Columbia broadcasting systems, respectively, for the most illuminating running analyses of Europe's tangled affairs.

MAURY MAVERICK, mayor of San Antonio, for making an important political comeback, for upholding civil rights, and for successfully withstanding an unscrupulous attempt to wreck his official career.

CLAUDE BOWERS, now ambassador to Chile, for the loyalty to democratic principles which characterized his career as ambassador to the Spanish Republic.

CULBERT OLSON, governor of California, for freeing Tom Mooney and for the vigorous part he played in obtaining the liberation of Warren K. Billings.

SENATOR ROBERT WAGNER and REPRESENTATIVE EDITH NOURSE ROGERS, for their generous and persistent efforts to gain American shelter for the refugee children of Europe.

ARTHUR EGGLESTON, columnist on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, for his intelligent and progressive treatment of labor issues, and especially for his vigorous fight against California's proposed anti-picketing law.

THE LA FOLLETTE CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE and SENATOR ELBERT THOMAS, specifically for their revelations concerning the National Association of Manufacturers and in general for their continuing attack on corporate tyranny in the United States.

FRAZIER SPAULDING and MORRIS ERNST, for their services as counsel for the C. I. O. in the Hague case, and GRENVILLE CLARK for the splendid brief *amicus curiae* he submitted as chairman of the Civil Liberties Committee of the American Bar Association.

W. CALVIN CHESNUT, judge of the Federal District Court of Baltimore, for his decision requiring the payment of the same wages to Negro teachers as to white; and THURGOOD MARSHALL, WILLIAM H. HASTIE, LEON A. RANSOM, and W. A. C. HUGHES, Jr., counsel to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who argued the case.

CAROLINE PRATT, founder of the City and Country School, whose devotion to the principles of progressive education won their acceptance in the reorganization of a number of public schools in New York State.

JOHN STEINBECK, for dramatizing in "The Grapes of Wrath," and CAREY McWILLIAMS, for documenting in "Factories in the Field," the desperate plight of the migratory farm worker in California and the political and economic forces arrayed against him.

CARL SANDBURG, for his massive and definitive study of Lincoln and his times, which has now been completed with the publication of "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years."

WILLIAM SAROYAN, for writing "The Time of Your Life," the delightful stage fantasy into which he managed to put all that amused people in his earlier works, and very little that exasperated them.

EDWARD A. DOISY, of St. Louis University, and LOUIS F. FIESER, of Harvard University, for the artificial production of Vitamin K, which causes the blood to clot. The two scientists worked independently.

P. J. HANZLIK, A. J. LEHMAN, and A. P. RICHARDSON, of Stanford University, for their discovery of a bismuth preparation for the treatment of syphilis which can be taken by mouth, thus facilitating cure of the disease and, ultimately, reducing the cost.

Soviet Russia Today

II. FOREIGN POLICY: GENEVA TO HELSINKI

BY LOUIS FISCHER

I HAVE been able to discover no proof—there are plenty of sensational statements—regarding German-Soviet pact negotiations before May, 1939. In December, 1938, talks about commercial credits took place between Moscow and Berlin, but Germany insisted that they had no political significance, and they actually made no progress until months later when the diplomatic rapprochement was under way.

The first hint that led to the Russo-German pact was thrown out by Stalin. Molotov, the Soviet Prime Minister, is authority for that. On August 31, 1939, Molotov reminded the Communist congress in Moscow that on March 10, 1939, "Comrade Stalin posed the question of good-neighbor relations without enmity between Germany and the Soviet Union. It can be seen now that the declarations of Comrade Stalin were, in general, correctly understood by Germany, and that Germany drew political consequences from them." Unsuspected by outsiders and without any announcement, Germany had acted on Stalin's suggestion.

Toward the end of April, 1939, as I then learned from good Soviet sources, Litvinov told the German ambassador in Moscow there was no use even trying to reach a commercial understanding while the press and spokesmen in one country regularly attacked the other.

On May 5, 1939, Maxim Litvinov was dismissed.

In the middle of May Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, said to several highly placed visitors that the Third International no longer played an important role in Soviet foreign policy and that closer relations with Moscow had now become both possible and desirable. On May 28 Sir Nevile Henderson, the British ambassador in Berlin, had a long interview with Marshal Göring, and his report of the meeting is printed in the British Blue Book on the origins of the war. Henderson wrote: "Göring said since France and ourselves [England] could not, and Russia out of self-interest would not, give them [the Poles] any effective military assistance, they would be taught a terrible lesson."

This reflected successful preliminary conversations, but the Germans hesitated; they still hoped to conclude a military alliance with Japan. The Russians pressed the Germans and showed greater eagerness than Hitler to reach an understanding. In June Berlin gave the Kremlin assurances that it had no aggressive intentions against Russia. By July the pourparlers became more serious and intense. Between August 8 and August 14 the negotiators discussed territorial adjustments and texts.

On August 16 Sir Nevile Henderson reported to Lord Halifax on an interview he had had that day with Baron von Weizsäcker, the German Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs. "I was impressed," Henderson declared, "by one thing, namely, Baron von Weizsäcker's detachment and calm. He seemed very confident, and professed to believe that Russian assistance to the Poles would not only be entirely negligible, but that the U. S. S. R. would even in the end join in sharing the Polish spoils. Nor did my insistence on the inevitability of British intervention seem to move him."

Apparently an agreement already existed between Russia and the Reich on August 16, and it is significant that it was on August 15 that the Kremlin, for the first time, asked the British and French delegates in Moscow for permission to march into Poland and Rumania. The Soviet spokesmen declared that they wished to "make contacts with the Reichswehr"—an enigmatic formula—by advancing into eastern Galicia and into the Vilna corridor as far as Suwalki. The British and French experts advised Moscow to approach Poland and Rumania directly, but promised nevertheless to consult the Poles. After a two-hour interruption of the conference the Soviet representatives returned to announce their refusal to make a direct démarche, and added that if an immediate satisfactory reply from the English and French were not forthcoming they would consider that collaboration with the Allies had been rendered impossible.

It is obvious why Moscow had not applied before August 15 for Polish consent to admit the Red Army. No Polish government could have lasted an hour after granting such consent. Poland could not admit Russian troops because it was afraid they would stay. Whether they came as invaders or saviors changed nothing. Warsaw had adopted the same attitude toward German troops, and in March, 1939, when Hitler in an interview at Berchtesgaden with the Polish Foreign Minister, Beck, proposed a joint attack on Russia, Beck refused; the Germans would have had to go through Poland to Russia, and the Polish government feared permanent occupation. The entrance of the Red Army would have split Poland socially. It was politically impossible. Moscow knew this, and had always known it, and did not broach the subject until August 15, when the understanding with Germany was complete. Russia got from Germany what the Allies could not give.

The secret Moscow-Berlin agreement of August, 1939, allowed Russia to establish itself in Estonia, Latvia, and Bessarabia, and in Poland as far west as the Vistula. Part of Warsaw would become soviet. No mention was then made of Finland. Lithuania fell within the German sphere. In subsequent military conferences, however, the Russians surrendered part of their Polish zone in exchange for domination over Lithuania. It was only much later that Russia and Germany agreed about Finland.

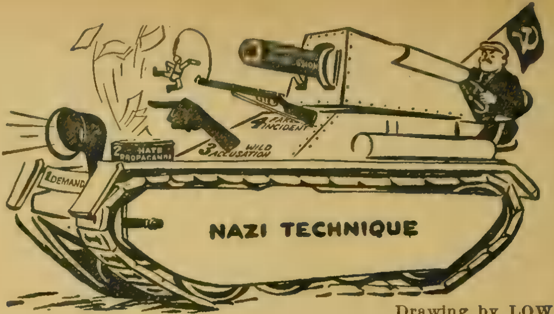
That there was a pre-war agreement regarding the partition of Poland is clear from Ribbentrop's words at Danzig on October 24, 1939. "When the German army advanced victoriously into Poland," he said, "the English propaganda declared that the Russian army would certainly not participate in the measures against Poland. Instead, the Russian troops, after a very few days, moved forward on the entire front in Poland and occupied Polish territory up to the line of demarcation which we had previously agreed upon with the Russians."

WAS IT SELF-DEFENSE?

Russia is taking advantage of the war in the west to make conquests and to wage its own little wars. But do the new territory in Poland and the naval bases and garrisons in the Baltic states make Russia stronger?

Between 1920 and 1939 Russia enjoyed peace. During that period Germany, England, and France were not involved in war; yet they did not move their armed forces against the Soviet Union, although at certain times in those nineteen years Russia was extremely weak and exposed. In 1919 Germany volunteered to march into Russia to crush the Soviet regime. Marshal Foch demurred—he did not wish Germany to recuperate in Russia. After this present war the Allies, if they win, are likely to adopt the same view for the same reason; if Germany wins, it can only be at the end of a most exhausting struggle in which all the belligerents will have been seriously debilitated. During and after a European war, therefore, Russia would have been in no greater real danger of a Western invasion than at any other time since 1920. This war proves that the contradictions among the capitalist powers have been greater than those between the capitalist world and Soviet Russia.

Moreover, the independence of the Baltic states served as a protection for Russia. They were buffers against attack. If the West decides to make war on Russia, Russia will be more accessible now that it holds the Baltic positions. Czarist Russia had all the Baltic states and more, yet fell an easy prey to German military strength. The Soviet regime has never before put its trust in mere territory or naval bases. Russia's recent territorial acquisitions may prove to be a boomerang. For if Germany ever comes back, the vengeance will be fierce. Russia's acts have multiplied the number of its enemies many fold and reduced the number of its foreign friends to the lowest possible minimum. The bulk of the working classes of Scandinavia and the Baltic countries and of England, France, and all the Americas has been antagonized. This does not augur well for Russia. A peaceful and stable Soviet Union was not attacked. An expanding Russia might be. Hitler's successes in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Memel have got Germany into a devastating war. I think Stalin's policy toward Germany is bad for Russia, bad for the Soviet government, and bad for the revolution. Russia's new foreign policy is storing up fuel for a future war against Russia. It is poor power politics.



Drawing by LOW

How much hatred for Soviet Russia was neutralized by the popular-front and collective-security policies, by Litvinov's speeches, and by Russia's help to Spain and China can be measured by the vehemence and venom of the reaction against Moscow today. Those who believe that the Soviet war with Finland could provide the capitalist world with an excuse or opportunity for an attack on Russia must agree that Stalin should therefore have kept the peace, for such a joint assault would mean defeat for Russia. Stalin, the circumspect, boasted that he would not pull anybody else's chestnuts from the fire. But you can burn your fingers on your own chestnuts.

The Second World War simply presented Russia with an opportunity to grab. It could not resist the temptation. If the Soviet government had said, "A plague on both your houses; the Allies and the Germans are imperialists and we will have nothing to do with either," its moral position would have been unassailable and all its interests safeguarded. It is the profit taken by a state resting on a non-profit system of society which is objectionable. Once upon a time the Bolsheviks criticized foreign governments for adopting such imperialist measures. There is no difference in principle between British tenure of Gibraltar and Russian occupation of the Estonian islands in the Gulf of Finland or the existence of a Soviet military airdrome one mile from the Lithuanian city of Vilna or a Red garrison in that city. To accept the theory that the Baltic states might have been used as springboards for an attack on Russia and therefore had to be swallowed by Russia would mean to imperil the life of every small nation, for Germany or England could similarly contend that Holland and Belgium represent such a danger. To

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argue that Finland was a menace because Leningrad was within range of its artillery is to make a case against the existence of every weak country. Thus German cities are within range of Hungarian air fields: Germany should annex Hungary. This principle could only lead to world anarchy and endless wars. On the same basis, and since at some undetermined date the United States might be attacked from Canada or even from Europe, we ought to annex everything within the flying radius of bombing planes of the future.

To apologize for Russia's attack on Finland by saying that Finland is semi-fascist makes it more difficult to explain Moscow's alleged desire to fight for Poland, which was certainly more reactionary than Finland. If you wage war on semi-fascists why not on fascists? Russia has set up a puppet Soviet regime in Finland and is trying to crush the established national government. Isn't that exactly what Hitler and Mussolini did in Spain?

We are told that collectivized agriculture is better for the peasant in the new Russian section of Poland than the domination of the Polish landlords. I am prepared to agree, although I read with skepticism the dithyrambic greetings sent from the new Soviet provinces to "Father Comrade Stalin" and the ecstatic reports in the Soviet press about the reception given by the Poles and Ukrainians to the Russians. This, however, is the typical excuse of the capitalist imperialists—the fellah is better off because England dominates Egypt. That Mussolini would improve conditions in Abyssinia did not make us defend his war of conquest. Mexico and Central America might benefit by incorporation in the United States.

"CEMENTED IN BLOOD"

How profound is the change in Soviet policy? Is it mere opportunism stimulated by the unique chance to aggrandize, or does it reflect, and deepen, a new Soviet attitude toward world problems and toward political isms in general? This can be judged by Moscow's language. *Pravda* recently charged that the Polish Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, had "made provocative speeches before the war between Poland and Germany and—as a result of this—provoked a war with Germany." Poor Nazis! But for Beck's words it would never have occurred to them to attack Poland.

On March 10 Stalin said: "We are in favor of supporting peoples who are fighting for the independence of their countries." There is one word of rebuttal: Finland.

On May 31 Molotov said: "How do we define our tasks in the present international situation? We consider that they are in line with the interests of non-aggressor countries. They consist in checking the further development of aggression." Five months later, on October 31, Molotov said: "Such concepts as 'aggression' and 'aggressor' have acquired a new concrete connotation." "Today," he suggested, "Germany is in the position of a state that is striving for peace while England and France . . . are opposed to the conclusion of peace." "You see," he added, "the roles are changing." They are indeed. Russia is in a different role. Russia has become an aggressor and sees the world from a new perspective.

And then Finland, the big bully, prepared to attack little defenseless Russia. That is just what Germany said about Poland. In the Nazi press the German invasion of Poland was always called a "counter-attack." The war on Finland is a brutal, unwarranted assault on a small nation which I cannot distinguish from the fascist invasions of Ethiopia, Spain, China, Czechoslovakia, and Poland.

The past and present are the parents of the future. If we draw a line between the past and the present and prolong it, it may give some indication of the general trend. Molotov recently revealed that in the negotiations with Turkey in the autumn Moscow proposed to conclude a mutual-assistance pact with Turkey. A mutual-assistance pact means that if one party is attacked the other comes to its aid. But, declares Molotov, the Soviet government stipulated "that such a pact could not induce it to actions which might draw it into an armed conflict with Germany." Germany is the only exception. Moscow allows nothing to cloud its friendship with the Third Reich.

Molotov had some harsh words for the United States on the same occasion. "The decision of the American government," he stated, "to lift the embargo on arms to belligerent countries raises certain misgivings." Why? "It can scarcely be doubted," he ventured, "that the effect of the decision will be to aggravate and protract" the war. Now American arms will go only to the Allies, not to Germany. If that protracts the war, it means that Russia had expected Germany to win in a short war.

Molotov stated on August 31: "It would be difficult to underestimate the international importance of the Soviet-German treaty. It is a date of historic importance. It marked a turning-point in the history of Europe and not only of Europe." The treaty could have been so important only if it enabled Germany to take Poland without a war or if Germany won the war. Moscow must have foreseen and welcomed both these eventualities.

Stalin was present at the signing of the Russo-German pact. It was the first time that he had attended the signing of a diplomatic document. Since he never does anything without an eye to its political effect, this was a demonstration. It told the world to attach special significance to the treaty. The photographs of the ceremony also tell a story. Stalin looks as if he had performed a trick and was pleased. Molotov too seems to be cynically delighted, and Ribbentrop beams. Stalin's face is more telling than a dozen secret clauses.

The Russo-German pact does not merely record Russia's intention not to fight on the side of the Allies and the resolve of both signatories to refrain from attacking each other. It goes much farther. The Soviet government, by the text of the treaty, undertakes not to help any victim of German aggression or any country which is helping a victim of German aggression. Stalin has adopted the policy of "non-intervention," which, as he saw in Spain, favors the aggressor. But that is not all. Germany and Russia are to remain "in continuous touch with each other for consultation and in order to inform each other regarding questions which concern their mutual interest." This has often served as the veiled formula for an alliance. Moreover, "neither of the two contracting parties will participate in any grouping of powers which is directly or indirectly directed against the other party of this agreement." That immediately and obviously killed the Franco-Soviet agreement. Strictly interpreted, Russia cannot be a member of any future League of Nations while the pact is valid, which is for ten years at least. "The pact comes into force immediately on its signing." This is not the usual procedure. Nations generally wait until the instrument is ratified. Ratification, the document prescribed, was to take place "within the shortest possible time." Both governments were apparently in a hurry. Germany was poised for an attack on Poland. It started seven days later. Not only the text of the agreement, but the time chosen and the circumstances surrounding it warrant fully the suspicion that this is more than an ordinary non-aggression pact. As Molotov put it on August 31, "the enemies of the pact are the enemies of the Soviet Union and of Germany." The pact then is the keystone of Soviet foreign policy.

Of course, Germany and Russia may quarrel. All states that are friends may quarrel. There is nothing immutable in international relations. Japan and Russia fought a war in 1904. They were allies in 1914. Germany and Italy were allies in 1914. They fought a war in 1915. But for the present, at least, Moscow and Berlin seek to avoid measures which displease the other. They likewise engage in mutual defense. Thus the Bolsheviks do not merely justify their own acts in Poland; they also throw a favorable light on what Germany is doing there. *Izvestia* on October 9, 1939, for instance, stated that "the government of the Soviet Union and the government of Germany undertook the task of establishing peace and order on the territory of the former Poland and to give to peoples inhabiting that territory a peaceful existence which would correspond to their national characteristics." Is this not a good deal to expect from Hitler in view of his record on national minorities? It is novel and instructive to find *Izvestia* uniting Soviet and Nazi conduct in Poland under a single formula. Moscow's own words suggest the existence of a Soviet-Nazi entente. Stalin himself has revealed his view on this subject. When Ribbentrop congratulated him on his sixtieth birthday, Stalin replied: "The friendship of the peoples of Germany and the Soviet Union, cemented in blood, has every reason to be lasting and firm." (Incidentally, whose blood?)

Molotov informed the Supreme Soviet Council on August 31 that "when the German government expressed its desire to improve political relations, the Soviet government had no reason to refuse. That is how the question arose of concluding the non-aggression pact. This stands every former Soviet principle on its head. Soviet policy had always been hostile to bilateral pacts of non-aggression without escape clauses, because they gave liberty of action to the aggressor. If Hitler, having decided to invade one country, signed non-aggression pacts like the Ribbentrop-Molotov document with all other countries, then nobody could assist the victim of aggression. Moscow had therefore repeated for years that bilateral treaties led to war. Stalin's alternative had been collective security, a united front against aggressors. Hitler, on the other hand, pleaded in several Reichstag sessions (May, 1935, for instance) the desirability of bilateral agreements. Stalin has taken the Hitler road.

"WORLD REVOLUTION" MAY BE REACTIONARY

If any further proof of a sharp alteration in Soviet foreign policy were sought it could be found in the new strategy of foreign Communist parties. In May, 1935, France and Russia concluded a treaty of alliance. Accordingly Pierre Laval, the reactionary Premier of France, came to Moscow, and on May 15 he and Stalin, Molotov, and Litvinov issued a joint communiqué which read in part: "M. Stalin understands and fully approves the national-defense policy of France in keeping her armed forces at the level required for security." This was an intimation to the French Communists to drop their opposition to French military budgets (they had previously voted against the building of the Maginot Line). It would not have been logical for the French Communists to endeavor to keep France weak when France was an ally of Soviet Russia. The French Communists adopted a new line. Thereafter and until the signing of the Russo-German pact the Communists in democratic countries tried to cooperate with bourgeois parties. They did not advocate world revolution. They preached an alliance with democracy. They served many liberal causes with devotion and good effect. What has happened now? The French Communists, who began to support French military preparations when Stalin signed a pact with Laval, began to oppose them when Stalin signed a pact with Hitler. The British and other Communist parties followed suit. On September 3 Harry Pollitt, secretary of the British Communist Party, published a penny pamphlet entitled "How to Win the War," in which he wrote that although the war was of course an imperialist war, nevertheless, "to stand aside from this conflict, to contribute only revolutionary-sounding phrases while the fascist beasts ride roughshod over Europe, would be a betrayal of everything our forebears have fought to achieve in the course of long years of struggle against capitalism." Then new instructions reached party leaders abroad contradicting everything they had said in the popular-front period and even what they said after August 23. The Communists thereupon condemned the anti-Nazi war and are now urging a cessation of hostilities.

Plainly the Communists' pacifist and world-revolutionary slogans can only be designed to undermine morale in England and France; in England their propaganda is unrestricted by official interference and in France they carry on despite it, whereas the Gestapo had reduced the effectiveness of German Communist anti-Hitler agitation to an insignificant minimum. Moreover, I am not at all sure that Communists in Germany will not conduct patriotic German propaganda, for is not Germany fighting Great Britain, which has suddenly become Russia's public enemy No. 1 (this honor was once held by France, later by Germany and Japan), and are not Germany and the Socialist fatherland warm friends? German Communists are returning from Russia to Germany under a promise of immunity. The Communist Party of the United States has discontinued its economic boycott of Germany. It is still boycotting Japan, however. There is as yet no agreement between Moscow and Japan on China, and the united front between the Chinese Communists and Chiang Kai-shek remains. But if the new world-revolutionary strategy should require the Chinese Communists to desert Chiang Kai-shek and intrench themselves in provinces contiguous to Siberia—where Moscow could establish a protectorate over them—Chiang Kai-shek would be weakened, and the occupation of a large zone in China by Japanese imperialism would be facilitated.

Thus it becomes clear that the world revolution, which sounds so radical, has reactionary implications. That is dialectical, too. There is nothing in common between the world revolution and Russia's recent conquistadorial acts, which have alienated the working classes of Western countries and left others confused and dismayed. The cause of world labor is not identical with that of Russian territory. The methods of conquest employed by Moscow and the lies about "Finnish aggression" are counter-revolutionary in their effect. Stalin's photograph with Ribbentrop is the finest counter-revolutionary propaganda. If Stalin had been thinking of the world revolution or of the work of foreign Communist parties, he would not have posed for his picture with a leading fascist. He did not have to do it.

[*The concluding article of Mr. Fischer's series, dealing with internal developments in the Soviet Union which have paved the way for the drastic change in foreign policy, will appear next week.*]

America's Stake in Britain's War

BY FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

THE seven blind men of the Hindu legend who sought to describe the elephant by feeling its parts could come to no agreement as to the nature of the beast. The problem which they faced was less difficult than that which the citizens of the United States, giddy-minded and sober-minded alike, are meeting in their efforts to comprehend the issues of "other people's wars" and the interest of America therein.

The chief obstacle to clarity of vision lies in the unpredictability of human events in a world given over to international anarchy. The first curse of anarchy, as Thomas Hobbes observed some centuries ago, is that every man is the enemy of every man and that life is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short. The world's tragedy gives testimony. The second curse of anarchy is that none knows what dangers the morrow will bring, and life becomes a perilous experiment based upon doubtful assumptions about an unknowable future. America's dilemma bears witness. Could the outcome of the present war be foretold, it would probably not have to be fought. Overt tests of power are necessary only when the balance of forces is in doubt. And anyone who could predict the verdict of Mars could with the greatest of ease prescribe an American foreign policy.

The quarrel at home over American interests in the world of 1940 is not a quarrel over conflicting loves and hates or over irreconcilable demands, but only over divergent expectations. All Americans want "peace" and "prosperity." All want "democracy," "freedom," and "justice," both in American society and in the society of nations. Whether the goods thus named can ever again be had depends upon the design of world politics which is being blindly woven by the embattled hosts abroad. The means of having them, if they can still be had, is obscured by the haze of dubious combat which spreads from Shansi to Lapland and from the Westwall to all the seaways of the globe. Amid a chaos of guesses and slogans, all without meaning save in terms of coming consequences of current acts, the despairing seeker after certainty may well echo Alice's wistful question—"whether you *can* make words mean so many different things." Humpty Dumpty's contemptuous retort is still the best reply: "The question is which is to be Master—that's all."

Every war is a struggle for mastery, whether it be called a quest for empire or a crusade for righteousness. Every world war is a struggle for mastery of the world. America has been inextricably a part of the Western world since Europeans wrested it from the Indians. America has therefore been willy-nilly involved in every world war of the last three hundred years. The solution of the problem of power posed by each conflict was long in doubt, as it is now. But the alternatives presented are not wholly novel. In the tumult and shouting of the moment many forget that the broad pattern of *Weltpolitik,* writ large across North Atlantic civilization, has exhibited astonishingly little change since Elizabeth's seamen defeated the Armada and Europe's first great clash of ideologies drove the first refugees to these shores.

That pattern is one of successive efforts on the part of the most powerful Continental power to emulate ancient Rome in unifying Europe and the world by the sword. Each such effort has ultimately been thwarted by a coalition of rivals and victims who have stubbornly preferred independence to the blessings of enforced unity. The decisive component in each such coalition has always been the insular "nation of shopkeepers." An England lacking large land forces and Continental bases has never been able to partition or annex Continental powers. But an England possessing preponderant sea power has been able to acquire the lion's share of Africa, Asia, and Oceania, and to buy off or defeat each Continental aspirant to hegemony, from Hapsburgs and Bourbons to Bonapartes and Hohenzollerns.

These practices of Albion are attributable neither to vice nor to virtue but to geography and business. Britain's rulers have viewed every would-be Continental conqueror as a threat to British security and a menace to the far-flung markets without which England would die. They have welcomed every ally willing to serve their interests on British terms. And they have seldom hesitated to "sell out" allies no longer useful. The net result of British victories in former world wars has been to preserve a state system of rival sovereignties with the strongest always held in check by coalitions of the weak.

From the beginning of America's independent existence this result has been taken for granted by Americans, most of all when they have been least conscious of it. Having failed to conquer Canada in 1812, the United States ceased playing the power game against Britain. Having realized that Canada was vulnerable, Britain reciprocated. The unique features of Anglo-American relations since the Treaty of Ghent have no parallels in the relations between any other two powers. They derive less from a common tongue and common cultural values than from geography and business. Each nation has always been the best customer of the other. Each nation has looked to the other for support in the power game. The new British Empire was made in America. The Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door were made in England. American isolationism and Anglophobia have flourished only when British naval supremacy and British ability to keep Europe safely divided into rival camps were not in question. America has used Britain as a defense against Continental conquerors potentially dangerous to the United States. Britain has used America to redress the European balance whenever it has been in danger of fundamental disturbance. In 1917 America came to Britain's defense when British defeat was threatened. Under similar circumstances America will again come to Britain's defense if past definitions of national interests persist.

The central issue of American foreign policy is nothing less than the issue of whether America can safely expose itself to the risks resulting from possible British defeat at the hands of a new corporal turned Caesar. If the danger does not arise, no choice will need to be made beyond that already made in the revision of the neutrality legislation. But should Britain face disaster at the hands of Hitler and/or Stalin in consequence of the tragic blunders of Tory appeasers during the past eight years, America must either take up arms against Britain's enemies or confront a changed world in which for the first time the principal obstacle to the military unification of Europe will be gone and the bulwark between America and the Continental powers will be demolished. All other decisions in American diplomacy hinge upon this decision, since all problems of world power revolve around England's destiny.

In support of the view that Britain's fate need not concern Americans to the point of intervention, certain assumptions about the future can readily be made. A triumphant Reich may turn against Russia. A Europe torn by German-Russian conflict will not threaten America. Or a victorious Germany, aided by Russia, Italy, Spain, and Japan, may become wholly occupied for years or decades with the partition and exploitation of the British, French, Dutch, Belgian, and Portuguese colonial empires in Africa and Asia, leaving America in safe and splendid isolation. Or a coalition of aggressors, having mastered three continents, may become satiated and leave America in peace because of the risks and costs of challenging the great power of the West. A unified Europe, albeit united by the sword, might become a stable and prosperous Europe offering economic opportunities rather than political threats to America. In any of these contingencies the defeat and dissolution of the British Empire would present few dangers to the United States.

On the other hand, a different set of consequences, equally possible and far less reassuring, may well flow from the long-predicted fall of Britain. Naval hegemony in all the seaways outside the Western Hemisphere will pass to the victors. The world's new masters will presumably continue to stand for autarchy in international trade and for anarchy in international politics. A German-Japanese alliance or a German-Russian-Japanese alliance could readily complete the conquest of China and drive America from the western Pacific. A world dominated by the totalitarian economies may be a world in which most American foreign trade will vanish. Whether the military security of the United States could be seriously threatened under any of these circumstances appears doubtful. Symbols, however, are also weapons of conquest. The prestige value of the triumphant totalitarian ideologies, coupled with widespread deprivations and insecurities throughout the Western Hemisphere, might well destroy the democratic way of life—first in Latin America and later within the United States itself. A militarized totalitarian America could readily survive as a great power in a totalitarian world. In all probability a democratic America could not.

These alternative prospects impose certain imperatives upon all participants in the great debate on what American policy should be. Isolationists would do well to talk less of the sins of Anglo-French imperialism, which are well known, and to think more of the probable impact upon American security and American democracy of a victory of German, Japanese, and Russian imperialisms over Anglo-French imperialism. Interventionists might profitably devote less attention to the crimes of Berlin, Moscow, Rome, and Tokyo, which are also well known, and give more thought to the future shape of Anglo-American relations as the foundation of a new commonwealth of states. What risks of tomorrow are Americans prepared to run for the sake of avoiding involvement in today's war? What new price for security are Americans prepared to pay if the security hitherto afforded by the British fleet is gone? What obligations are Americans prepared to assume for the sake of preserving the security they have hitherto enjoyed? What, if anything, do they propose to do to stop Hitler and Stalin in Europe and the Japanese war machine in Asia? If they are indisposed to do anything effective, what form do they propose to give to acquiescence in a possible totalitarian victory and to their future relations with the victors? And if such a victory is prevented, what responsibilities, if any, are Americans prepared to assume to reconstruct a liberal world economy devoted to welfare and not to power and a liberal world polity resting on cooperation and consent and not on violence?

Until these questions are discussed much more frankly than is now the case, until provisional answers are found which can command general support and serve as guides to Washington, American foreign policy must remain a muddle, dangerous alike for America and for the rest of the world. Answers found soon will shorten the sufferings of millions, for the decisions to be made in many capitals will depend upon calculations as to American decisions. Answers found late may be found too late.

Death of a Newspaper

BY GEORGE W. McGILL

Chattanooga, December 23

TEN days before Christmas the Chattanooga *News* was forced to suspend publication after more than fifty-one years as an afternoon daily. The action was the result of an agreement between a combination of majority bondholders and preferred stockholders of the Chattanooga *News* Company and Roy McDonald, publisher of the Chattanooga *Free Press*, the paper's bitterly anti-New Deal competitor. The deal called for the sale of "certain assets" of the *News* to the *Free Press* on condition that the *News* cease publication immediately. This squeeze-out was vigorously opposed by both the management of the *News* and its 150 employees. All proposals made by George Fort Milton, president and general manager of the *News*, and a committee of employees were ignored. Protests by organized labor leaders representing both the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. went unheeded.

The opportunity to crush the *News* was presented by a technical default in payment of bond obligations which made possible an order by holders of a majority of the bonds for foreclosure against the paper's physical assets, although it was admitted that except for its $325,000 bonded-debt burden the *News* was in better financial condition than the *Free Press*. George Fort Milton's stepmother, Mrs. Abby Crawford Milton, and her three children controlled the majority of the bonds and preferred stock of the Chattanooga *News* Company. George Fort Milton, Sr., had been president and editor of the *News* from 1908 until his death in 1924, and his will designated his son to succeed him and to control the policies of the paper. In order to insure this, he bequeathed to Milton, Jr., sufficient stock, both outright and as trustee, to give him control. In 1928 Milton and Walter C. Johnson, then general manager and vice-president of the *News*, contracted with Mrs. Milton to buy, at $295 a share, the stock owned by Mrs. Milton and her minor children and also the stock held by Milton as trustee.

Milton's figures show that from 1928 to 1936 Mrs. Milton and her children received more than $400,000 in cash and securities.

In 1936 Milton and Johnson, to remove the personal obligations against them incurred in the deal with Mrs. Milton, agreed to a plan for increasing the bonded indebtedness of the company from $120,000 to $325,000 and for enlarging the preferred-stock issues from $100,000 to $150,000. Most of the new bond and stock issue was given to Mrs. Milton to wipe out the rest of the notes which Milton and Johnson had signed individually. It was through Mrs. Milton's control of the majority of the securities and the combination of her interests with those of minority stockholders that control was wrested from Milton and the fate of the *News* decided.

The underlying cause of the paper's extinction had little to do with its finances; it lay rather in the editorial policies which had made the Chattanooga *News* one of the most liberal dailies in the South. Its crusade for public power in Chattanooga, the last major fight waged by the *News,* was what probably spelled its doom. It had previously championed the fight for woman suffrage, and had long pressed for reform in city, county, and state government. It had exposed rackets and vigorously condemned lynching. It had demanded that the underprivileged be given a fair opportunity and the rights of labor be recognized. President Roosevelt and the New Deal received the support of the *News,* and, what was perhaps most important, the Tennessee Valley Authority program was publicized fully and favorably.

Chattanooga's fight for public power was started in 1934 and reached its climax in March, 1935, when the voters decided by nearly three to one that the city should issue bonds to build or acquire its own power-distribution system. The *News* was the only Chattanooga paper that supported public power, and every member of its editorial staff took part in the fight. The referendum did not end the struggle, and the *News* carried the battle on until the sale of the Commonwealth and Southern properties to the TVA ended the controversy last summer.

The public-power battle turned many local business interests against the *News* and induced them to encourage and give aid to the *Free Press,* which started as a shopping guide for Roy McDonald's chain of grocery stores, later became a weekly sheet, then a semi-weekly, and finally a daily in September, 1936. Testimony introduced before the Congressional Committee to Investigate the TVA showed that the Tennessee Electric Power Company withdrew all its advertising from the *News* and advertised heavily with the *Free Press* at higher rates than were paid by others.

For two years before the death of the *News* on December 19, various injurious rumors had been circulated concerning the paper. But it was not until December 1 of this year that employees were advised officially of the critical situation. When Milton told them the facts as he knew them, they acted immediately and vigorously. A *News* Employees' Committee was formed, composed of representatives from the various departments. Through the committee the workers took it upon themselves to raise the $15,000 needed to make up the bond default and to contribute 20 per cent of their salaries to buy stock in the *News* and thus make available weekly deposits with the trustee sufficient to take care of the indebtedness as it matured. The management agreed that this contribution should continue as long as the Employees' Committee considered it necessary. Since the paper's volume of business had increased steadily over a period of fourteen months and for the past few months it had actually been in the black, it was expected that these sacrifices would not have to be made over a long period.

The $15,000 was raised quickly. Friends of the *News* and friends of the employees responded with cash, checks, and notes ranging in amount from $25 to $1,500. Many of the workers sold their cars, mortgaged their homes and furniture, or borrowed on their life insurance to contribute to the fund.

The climax of the employees' efforts came on the night of December 2 when seventy-five of them called on the persons who seemed responsible for the situation to ask them to give the *News* a chance to continue operations under the employees' plan or at least to grant a stay of execution. Wearing the rough clothes in which they had done their day's work and with ink smudges on their hands and faces, they drove in sleet and rain over the serpentine highway which leads up historic Lookout Mountain to the home of Mrs. Abby Milton's daughter. Some of them, men who had been with the *News* for more than twenty-five years and had worked for the elder Milton, made personal appeals to his widow. She insisted, however, that she was powerless to act and that she was not responsible for the situation which had arisen.

The employees went next to the home of Sam J. McAllester, Mrs. Milton's attorney. McAllester has been active in Republican politics and is secretary of the Home Stores, Inc., the grocery chain of which Roy McDonald, publisher of the *Free Press,* is president. He received the *News* representatives courteously and praised their spirit of cooperation and efforts to save the paper, but told them nothing could be done inasmuch as the sale agreement had already been signed and only a few formalities remained to be done to consummate the transaction. He said persons with money were willing to back the *Free Press* if only one afternoon newspaper were left in the field, but they were unwilling to invest in the *News.*

It was a gloomy procession which wound its way back down the mountain through the fog. But the men were not ready to surrender. They asked the trustee to take the $15,000 they had raised and to give them assurance that the *News* would continue to operate. The conditions were not acceptable, however, and the money was returned to the donors. The fight was lost.

"But the spirit of the *News*," wrote Alfred D. Mynders, the paper's veteran editorial writer, "is not going to die, and certainly no one in the *News* family is today in the mood to salute any Caesars." The people of Chattanooga, he added, "will keep that spirit alive and some day they may even demand a paper like the *News* to voice their hopes and aspirations."

Public indignation was expressed over the freezing-out of the paper, and even some of the minority bondholders were displeased. Already there are reports that after the first of the year the public demand will be satisfied and that the *News*—under another name—will rise phoenix-like from the ashes.

Writers in the Wilderness

II. JOHN DOS PASSOS

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

THE career of John Dos Passos might well be the subject of one of the biographies which form a segment of "U. S. A." He was born in the middle of America in 1896 just as finance capitalism was beginning to hit its stride across the land of opportunity. His grandfather had been a Portuguese immigrant to the New World, a shoemaker in Philadelphia. His father was a drummer boy in the Civil War, which gave the country to the northern industrialists and increased the reservoir of "free" labor by several million blacks. By the time he was born his father was a corporation lawyer in a land of corporations whose quiet golden voice outweighed the silver tongue of Bryan at least sixteen to one. His mother stemmed from the stock of Maryland and the Old Dominion, where Jefferson, the slaveholder, had paradoxically espoused the ideal of equalitarian democracy. From one of those fusions of racial and cultural strains in which the melting-pot has been so rich came an American with the name of John Roderigo Dos Passos.

He was born in Chicago, but he began traveling at an early age. He lived in the Northern Neck of Virginia, in Washington, D. C., in England, where he also went to school. His later education was at the Choate School and Harvard, where he graduated in 1916. He wrote for the *Dial*, aesthetic advance guard of the period, and wanted to study architecture. He sailed for Spain for that purpose in 1916, but turned up in Paris in 1917 studying instead the architecture of history, which was being basically altered at the time in the World War. He has been working at it ever since.

He drove an ambulance during the war, and his first book came out of that experience, not "Three Soldiers" but "One Man's Initiation," published in England in 1920. It was the militant, questioning book of a very young man learning to write.

"Three Soldiers" was published in America in 1921. It showed a great advance in writing and in thinking. Coningsby Dawson in the New York *Times* denounced it as a story told "brutally with calculated sordidness and a blind whirlwind of rage which respects neither the reticences of art nor the restraints of decency." Today it seems mild enough; then it was called by the *Independent* the "Main Street" of the war, which serves to remind us of the outraged protest that greeted Lewis's exposé of Gopher Prairie.

After the war Dos Passos extended his travels. Spain, the Near East, Mexico. His next book, "Rosinante to the Road Again," was the first of three such books that have punctuated more than two decades. He took the world for his province at an early age and has covered more of it than most people. Endowed with an extraordinary sensory apparatus, he has set down the sights, sounds, smells of a dozen countries with such vividness and immediacy that the words themselves seem like colors, noises, odors; but these books also contain the itinerary, with milestones, of the emotional and intellectual research of a man of conscience, deliberately extending and deepening his awareness, determined to confront all the complexities and contradictions of contemporary human experience. They show his progression from the eloquent and sometimes rhetorical description of far countries to an ever-deepening concern with the social and human landscape at home and abroad, and they reflect the author's experience, as observer or participant, of the wars of his generation—from the struggle to save the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti to the civil war in Spain. Excerpts from the three books were published in 1938 under the title "Journeys Between Wars." From each of his journeys he has returned to confront America, as novelist, with a tough faith in the vague but undeniable promise of American life and a determined disillusion with its specific broken promises; they have combined to generate the energy and will to produce a 1,400-page trilogy of the American scene, as well as other books, plays, pamphlets, and many articles.

After his last journey—to Spain, France, and England—Dos Passos said farewell to Europe, as far as its power politics are concerned. Europe includes Stalin's Russia, where Dos Passos has been popular as a "proletarian" novelist. The October Revolution had filled him, as it had many others, with a driving hope; its perversion into a totalitarian dictatorship turned that hope to disillusion. But he thinks that America may be able to discover indigenous methods of attaining a just social order. In the *Partisan Review* for Summer, 1939, he voiced the opinion he had expressed two years earlier in *Common Sense* on his return to America:

> I think there is enough real democracy in the very mixed American tradition to enable us, with courage and luck, to weather the social transformations that are now going on without losing our liberties or the humane outlook that is the medium in which civilizations grow. The reaction to home-bred ways of thinking is a healthy defense against the total bankruptcy of Europe.

Dos Passos's main journey between two major wars and innumerable smaller ones has been an unprecedented literary exploration of the American scene. His findings are contained in "Manhattan Transfer" (1925); the trilogy "U. S. A.," made up of "The 42nd Parallel" (1930), "Nineteen Nineteen" (1932), and "The Big Money" (1936); and "Adventures of a Young Man" (1939), which also incorporates his farewell to Europe.

Two books—a volume of indifferent verse, "The Pushcart at the Curb," and an inferior novel, "Streets of Night"—were published in 1922 and 1923, respectively, but "Manhattan Transfer," which is in a sense a prologue to "U. S. A." in both subject matter and style, marked the beginning of what he calls "straight writing." In an introduction to the Modern Library Edition of "Three Soldiers" in 1932 he defined his method and his objective:

> I think there is such a thing as straight writing. A cabinetmaker enjoys cutting a dovetail because he's a cabinetmaker; every type of work has its own vigor inherent in it. The mind of a generation is its speech. A writer makes aspects of that speech enduring by putting them in print. He whittles at the words and phrases of today and makes of them forms to set the mind of tomorrow's generation. That's history. A writer who writes straight is the architect of history.
>
> What I'm trying to get out is the difference in kind between the work of James Joyce, say, and that of any current dispenser of daydreams. . . . Joyce is working with speech straight and so dominating the machine of production, while the daydream artist is merely feeding the machine. . . .

His preoccupation with speech comes out again in the brief preface to the Modern Library edition of "U. S. A." (1939), which ends, "But mostly U. S. A. is the speech of the people." He has done a conscientious job of putting the speech of this generation in print. His tool chest contains a huge vocabulary and a multiplicity of characters collected from every stratum of American life. His novels, like his travel books, contain much color and sound. On the very first page of "Manhattan Transfer" is an incidental but typical example of his onomatopoetic gift with words: ". . . men and women press through the manuresmelling wooden tunnel to the ferry-house, *crushed and jostling* like apples fed down a chute into a press." The italicized phrase makes the very sound of apples in a press. In his "whittling" at words and phrases he has made new joinings and given old phrases a fresh look, sometimes so fresh that the reader does not recognize them at first. When I first came on "chiponthe-shoulder" I wanted to pronounce the *th* hard as in "Iolanthe." The phrase-word happens in this case to be a good brief description of a policeman, though it would be clearer with hyphens. Often his "cabinet work" is superficial and puzzling rather than organic and revealing.

"U. S. A.," as everybody knows, is divided into four segments. The Camera Eye is autobiographical; Newsreel gives the external setting; the brief biographies of important Americans provide the moral and historical perspective. All three make up the background against which the numerous fictional characters move. They are drawn from every walk of life; they are connected only by chance. The principle of unity in the book is the impact upon the characters, including the great Americans and the author, of a social system whose main values are money and respectability.

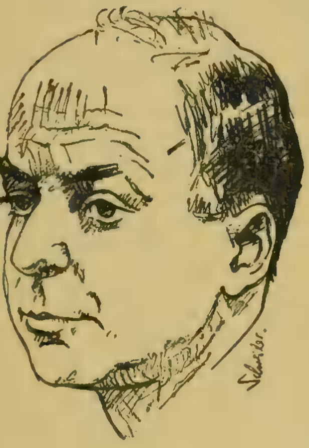
"U. S. A." reflects both the unflinching disillusion and the persistent renewal I have already mentioned as the driving forces in Dos Passos's attitude. Roughly speaking, these two attitudes are projected, respectively, in his fictional characters, who are typically "little people" overtaken and defeated by one or another manifestation of the "system," and in his "great Americans." John Chamberlain, in an interesting brochure on Dos Passos published last spring, asks whether, by the juxtaposition of the will-less common man and the dedicated great, the author is not "trying to tell us, without becoming didactic and destroying himself as a novelist, that the 'little man' is damned because something (call it 'Fate,' call it the 'system,' call it what you will) comes between him and opportunity to use the product of the brains of the great." This is probably Dos Passos's intention, and I would not quarrel with the thesis. But certain unplanned effects make his demonstration less convincing than it should be.

Three of his characters, one real and big, two fictional and little, will serve to illustrate—Debs in "U. S. A." and Jimmy Herf and Ellen Thatcher in "Manhattan Transfer." All are thwarted by the "system." But of the two fictional characters Ellen is for me alive, Jimmy is not; and in her own way, despite Dos Passos's thesis, Ellen shares with Debs and others of the "great Americans" the resilience and will that the Jimmy Herfs and the Charley Andersons lack.

The answer seems to me twofold. First, the demonstration of the thesis, as far as Jimmy Herf or Charley Anderson is concerned, does tend to be didactic, and sentimental as well. The difference between Ellen and Jimmy in Dos Passos's characterization of them is, to put it rather crudely, that Ellen in spite of everything says yes to life; Jimmy has no said for him. And Ellen is the more convincing, because even "little people," under capitalism or any other system, are not quite so miserable as Dos Passos forces them to be, if only because ignorance and the self-preserving impulse to rationalization keep from them the ultimate and self-destroying knowledge, which Dos Passos possesses, that they are once and for all defeated. In particular his men tend to be creatures of his own intellectual disillusion to whom he allows none of his own persistent hope. As a result their small tragedies lack the tragic sense, and as characters they fail to come to life. His women, on the other hand, often do come to life; in these cases they transcend the pattern; but by this very fact they show his real power of characterization once it works free of an imposed design.

Too often, and this is the second part of the answer, Dos Passos reports rather than creates character. Innumerable details of speech, circumstance, setting are put down, sometimes to the point of monotony and sometimes, since the details are often similar, to the point where the characters run together in the reader's mind. Dos Passos tends toward the generalized rather than the significant detail. For the most part he has been unable to create in his fictional characters the illusion of life which is already there to be reported in his real characters. But occasionally the report gets up and walks, and most often it is an Ellen, a Margo Dowling, or an Eleanor Stoddard. It would be foolish to assume that Dos Passos considers American women superior in the sense of life, if only because it is so strong in his characterizations of great Americans. The key seems to lie rather in his attitude toward such characters as Jimmy Herf. His pity for them is clear and conscious. As John Chamberlain says, his pity is sometimes wasted. But what devitalizes them is not pity but a condescension, no doubt unconscious, on the part of the author which is communicated to the reader. Toward Ellen and even toward Margo Dowling, on the other hand, he maintains and communicates that attitude of wonder never quite dispelled which makes one fundamental difference between invented and created character.

"U. S. A." demonstrates Dos Passos's extraordinary capacity for observation; his "scholarship" in this respect is amazing; the sheer bulk and variety of his reading as reflected in both the biographies and the fictional sections have been tremendous. The work as a whole is one of the most impressive performances in contemporary writing. Yet one cannot say, "Here is the essence of American life." One can say rather that here in parallel columns is a pretty complete report of the human and social elements of American life from which the essence might be distilled. Eventually, however, the reading of parallel columns becomes monotonous. In the end one tends, in self-defense, to read the fictional column out of order.



John Dos Passos

What is more serious, one grows to feel that the multiple device is a substitute for integration on the part of the author; the autobiographical Camera Eye does not fulfil what might have been its catalytic function.

His latest book, "The Adventures of a Young Man," is refreshingly free of devices. In comparison with "U. S. A." it is a minor work; and among other things it reveals to what extent the life of "U. S. A." depends upon the biographies of great Americans which form its most enduring segment. But if "The Adventures" fails, at least it is a move in the direction of integration of both style and content, which seems to me to be Dos Passos's primary problem as a novelist. Its theme, moreover, indicates an advance from reporting to analysis; in this book Dos Passos comes closer to functioning as the "architect of history" he aspires to be rather than a carpenter of style preoccupied with the inadequate theory that "mostly U. S. A. is the speech of the people."

"The Adventures of a Young Man" appeared at a time when it was still fashionable to defend the Soviet Union as a socialist state. With exceptions it was pounced upon as merely a fictionized account of the Stalinist-Trotskyist feud by both sides to the dispute, partly because both its critics and its defenders wished to use it as a stick with which to beat their enemies, partly, I think, because the Stalinists have hammered so hard on the patent lie that every left critic of Stalinism is a Trotskyite that the lie has been accepted even by intelligent people, and partly because of the weaknesses of the book itself. At any rate its real theme got little attention. This theme, broadly speaking, is the main problem of our day—the problem of achieving the "better world" of socialism without setting up a "bureaucratic machine for anti-human power," run by an "iron combination of men . . . who have only one idea binding them together, to hold on to what they've got" (I quote from Dos Passos in other contexts) and abetted by a fanaticism as cruel as that of the Inquisition. This is no sectarian issue.

The theme is developed through the account of the "adventures" of Glenn Spotswood, an American who is led by his social convictions into the Communist Party and out again into independent radicalism. He is labeled a Trotskyite by his former comrades, and when he finds his way to Spain to fight for the republic he is imprisoned and then sent to certain death. He is not merely a rival sectarian, but an independent radical who rejects Moscow and what it stands for.

The book does not do artistic justice to its theme. In the section dealing with the miners' struggle Glenn Spotswood takes on the proportions of a full-bodied character. Thereafter the tension of the writing slackens, the character of Glenn shrinks to the proportions of the subject of a case history, and the theme tends to become imprisoned in the case history, which is brought too quickly to its fatal close. In a less bitter external setting the book might at least have received the credit it deserves for its convincing analysis of the process by which honest fanatics manipulated by unscrupulous "iron men" arrive at the state of mind in which the death of a nonconformist becomes not only necessary but right. At a time when this state of mind has taken possession not only of the most patently reactionary sectors of human thought but of groups in a position to influence revolutionary thought, such an analysis can hardly be cried down as sectarian or cynical or as evidence of "a growing disaffection with the whole radical movement," that is, reactionary.

In the preface to "Three Soldiers" quoted above Dos Passos went on to say:

> These years of confusion, when everything has to be relabeled and catchwords lose their meaning from week to week, may be the reader's poison, but they are the writer's meat. Today, though the future may not seem so gaily colored or full of clanging hopes as it was thirteen years ago . . . we can at least meet events with our minds cleared of some of the romantic garbage that kept us from doing clear work then. Those of us who have lived through have seen these years strip the bunting off the great illusions of our time; we must deal with the raw structure of history now, we must deal with it quick, before it stamps us out.

Dos Passos's exposure of fanaticism and power politics on the left is only one more of his conscientious attempts to "meet events with our minds cleared . . . of romantic garbage." The "garbage" includes the brand of thinking on the left which, armed with the slogan that the end justifies the means, has in the last decade effectually gutted the socialist idea of both its morals and its morale.

As a political thinker Dos Passos can be charged with having reached the intellectual impasse of many intelligent Americans who have not found the answer to the question how to achieve a socialist economy without sacrificing the "capitalist" Bill of Rights. As novelist he is not required to give the answer. What one does hope for are more characters, "big" or "little," as convincing and significant as the real ones he has given us, including his own.

[*The third article of this series will appear soon.*]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The Uncertain Forties

WE HAVE said a glad goodby to the thin thirties, and it would be pleasant to predict with assurance that the forties will be fat, at least by contrast. Unhappily, there is very little solid basis for such optimism or, indeed, for any long-range forecast at all. The only certainty in the present situation is uncertainty. Abroad, a war "the end of which no man can foresee"; at home, an unresolved struggle to overcome the contradictions of capitalism within a capitalist framework. Under these circumstances it is well to eschew any attempt to look far into the new decade and to confine one's gaze to the immediate future.

But before considering the prospects of 1940 it is worth while to take a backward glance at 1939. The past twelve months have been a period of definite but rather halting progress. At the beginning of the year the recovery which set in about the middle of 1938 seemed already to have lost its impetus, and in the early spring there was an actual recession, accentuated by the prolonged stoppage in the coal fields. But in June industry started to move forward once again, despite the mounting fears of war, and when the conflict actually began it proved an unexpectedly vigorous tonic for American business.

The first weeks of September saw a speculative bonfire in commodity markets, which soon burned itself out, and a huge increase in orders for industrial goods. The spurt in buying was directly traceable to the belief that a tremendous demand for goods from the warring countries would rapidly develop. This was soon shown to be an illusion; nevertheless, industrial activity continued to increase almost to the end of the year.

The expansion of business during the past four months appears, therefore, to have been a quickening of a domestic movement already under way when the war started rather than an incipient war boom. The effect on industrial production is shown by the rise of the Federal Reserve Board's index, which was 92 in May and 103 in August, to 124 in November. The December figure is expected to show a further slight improvement. This means that industrial goods are now being produced at a rate rather higher than the average for 1929. But even if this rate is sustained over the next twelve months, we shall be far from the prosperity of that fabulous year, for today production has to support a population at least eight million greater. Moreover, industry is only one sector of the economic front. It does not include building and construction, which are most important factors in the creation of wealth and employment, and recovery in this field has been much less impressive, with the October index of contracts awarded only 77 compared with a 1929 average of 117.

It is clear, then, that if 1939 has put us once again on the road to recovery, we have still a long way to go before we can claim to have refound prosperity. Nor do official forecasters appear confident that the pace of the past few months can be sustained. A recent survey by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics declared that, while the average level of 1940 business would be higher than the 1939 average, it seemed certain that the rate of gain shown in the second half of last year would not be maintained. This authority, however, does not expect any serious recession unless the inventory position gets out of hand. On this subject there is a good deal of difference of opinion. Some authorities believe that an appreciable part of the recent additional output of goods has not passed into actual consumption; others assert that stocks have increased only in proportion to the advance in consumer sales. One favorable factor is that there has been no general increase in prices comparable to the movement which checked consumption, encouraged speculative accumulation of goods, and resulted in the inventory crisis of 1937.

The danger of production outstripping domestic consumption and real investment is certainly one to be guarded against, as Secretary of Commerce Hopkins pointed out in his year-end statement. The political auguries suggest that the net contribution of the government to purchasing power is going to decline in the current year, and as a result a larger share of the burden of new investment will fall on private enterprise. Whether the latter is prepared to accept the load is another matter. The volume of new capital financing, though showing a small increase in recent weeks, is still at a very low ebb. Wall Street men tend to blame the SEC and other government agencies for this fact, but before the investment bankers can launch an issue, some industrialist must conceive a plan for which money will be needed.

At present the birth rate of capital-using plans is rising very slowly, although the new records achieved week after week in electric-power production offer hope of utility expansion. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, preliminary construction budgets for this industry allow for an expenditure of upward of half a million dollars during the year, with a possibility that a figure of $600,000,000 may be attained. This would compare with a 1939 estimated total of $480,000,000. If the railroads maintain their present traffics, further steps toward overcoming maintenance arrears are possible. In the housing and general construction field, however, it does not at present seem likely that increased activity by private enterprise will do more than offset the expected fall in federal contracts.

For those who believe in the barometric infallibility of the Stock Exchange, the most depressing feature of the current situation is the extreme apathy of that institution. Since its brief spasm of excitement in September nothing has been able to move it. News of increasing production, sharply rising profits, handsome dividends have left it completely indifferent; even the recent speculative revival in the commodity markets has proved uninfectious. In Wall Street rapid changes in market atmosphere are always possible, and the New Year may see a sudden swing from stormy to set fair. But present behavior of the Exchange certainly suggests a complete lack of faith in the ability of business to maintain its present level of production and profits. This attitude may itself serve to restrain enterprise in general, for Wall Street not only reflects the state of confidence objectively but is also one of the subjective factors in its determination.

In the Wind

IN A DISPATCH from an anonymous Boston correspondent Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* reports that "citizen groups trained in the use of arms to cooperate with police in putting down subversive uprisings" are quietly emerging throughout New England. The dispatch asserts that "rifle clubs are being organized under the supervision of local police officials to assist in quelling any revolutionary disturbance." "Efficient units," it continues, already exist in Belmont and Arlington, with more to come.

ALL A. R. P. POSTS in the Paddington district of London recently received a telegraphed message from the Home Office. Posted throughout the area exactly as it had been received, the message read: "Please note that the provision of females for wardens will cease as from tonight under Home Office instructions." Some hours later "females" was crossed out and "free meals" substituted.

COPY-DESK MYSTERY: Last week American newspapers featured reports that the Red Army had dropped leaflets over Finland threatening to destroy Helsinki on Christmas Day. Most papers ignored a subsequent private note from the Associated Press which read: "The Finnish censor has requested that the material in the second lead Finnish about the dropping of pamphlets threatening destruction in Finland if Finland does not surrender be eliminated. We suggest that you eliminate this in order that the work of the Associated Press correspondents in Finland not be handicapped.—The A. P."

"DO NOT PATRONIZE the electrical pinball machine on these premises," reads a sign carried by a C. I. O. picket outside a sandwich shop in Manhattan. The device is serviced by A. F. of L. unionists.

A GENEVA CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* recently reported "a remarkable display of spontaneous pro-Allied feeling." While he was sitting in a Geneva cafe, he wrote, the rumor spread that Germany had bombarded Holland. "Almost immediately the band began to play the British national anthem and . . . in a few seconds all present were on their feet in solemn silence." The correspondent—and the *Times*—forgot that the Swiss national anthem has the same tune as the British.

A WELL-KNOWN PUBLISHER recently received a letter from an English author which concluded: "The war isn't lost—it's just been mislaid." . . . Non-Sequitur Department: "Those who have followed the testimony elicited by the Temporary National Economic Committee can hardly escape the conclusion that the NLRB in practical operation is a menace."—*Commercial and Financial Chronicle*. . . . Over its story of the scuttling of the Graf Spee the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* ran the headline: "Captain Blows Up and Sinks Graf Spee."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The War in the Air

Paris, December 2

WHAT of the war in the air? Will that decide the fate of nations? Is it true that the old shibboleth of soldiers, that the infantry in the end always decides, has been done away with? I have just been talking with a diplomat who tells me that the French and English have so completely demonstrated their superiority in the air that in the spring they will completely "do in" the Germans. He was kind enough to give the lion's share of the credit to us Americans, saying that our Curtiss plane was so far ahead of the German Messerschmidt that the French pilots could "get on the tail" of the Germans and shoot them down at leisure.

He then proceeded to give me a rosy picture of what is to come by telling me that after the German airplanes are finished the German cities will receive precisely the same dose of death from the sky that the Germans gave to the Poles; so that once and for all the Germans will learn what war means instead of sitting safe while their soldiers ravage other lands. When I mildly suggested that the Germans claimed they would have 30,000 airplanes in the spring and that it would be miraculous if the Allies could polish them off so easily, he scoffed at those figures and declared that the French and British general staffs knew exactly the type and number of German airplanes and that he was certain they could not possibly put more than 7,500 in the field, many of which would be antiquated.

He did not stop there with his good news, this informant of mine, but went on to say that after the Germans are disposed of, the Allies will be so superior in the air to the rest of the European military powers that they will proceed to straighten out Europe merely by the threat of using their planes. Thus they will send word to Stalin that they will thank him to get out of Poland, give up his concessions from the Baltic states, move out of Finland, and recall his fake people's government from that country. No need of any plan for collective security! The French and English air forces will make the peace of Europe and keep it. I wanted to ask him if Mussolini would also be asked to give up Ethiopia, and Franco to leave Spain for a permanent home in Rome, but just then the lunch hour came and I was bowed out.

Now this was a serious talk with a responsible official in a position to know a lot, and I have set it down without exaggeration exactly as it took place. I cite it because it clearly illustrates the way the air forces have come to be regarded, especially in France, as all-important. I did not tell my friend that the highest figure given me in Germany by one who has been close to Hitler was actually 60,000 planes and not 30,000. That seemed so preposterous that I was afraid to quote it or to telegraph it to the United States, and so I cut it in half. But I have not forgotten what a former German aviator told some of us last spring out of his familiarity with the German aviation industry, in which he was long employed. He was anti-Hitler, but he declared that after war came the German aircraft industry would be turning out between 10,000 and 12,000 planes a month; five or six German airplane companies, he said, were then employing more than 50,000 men each. I could also have told my confident Paris friend that when I was in Berlin in October the German military men were just as confident that the German aviators had put it all over the Allied fliers and had already won the mastery of the air. I was told there that in May German airplanes would attack England with a ferocity and in numbers undreamed of, and that it would be all over in two months and a half with every English coast city in ruins. In reply I told the Germans that the English were absolutely certain no large enemy force could possibly sweep over England and believed their aviators were showing complete superiority to the Germans. I could have added that the British plane industry has been increased seven fold in a year—an expansion that is regarded as little less than miraculous.

The truth is, I fear, that we shall not know where the superiority lies until air fighting begins on a large scale. Perhaps that will be next month, perhaps later. Much will depend upon the speed with which the German first-line pilots are shot down, for there is a well-founded belief that the second- and third-string men are by no means equal to the first. Neutral military observers are not frightened by the threat of 30,000 airplanes, or of 60,000. They point out that since the Germans allow fifteen men on the ground to every flier, that program calls for 450,000 mechanics and laborers. (This is not, however, an impossible force for Göring to put together.) They also doubt whether it will be possible for the Germans to send more than 300 planes in each "wave" launched against England, and they are not impressed by the German skill in formation flying. But they agree that if the war goes on, next spring will see amazing developments which will perhaps completely alter the gentle art of war as it is now practiced.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Lesson of the Master

INGRES. By Walter Pach. Harper and Brothers. $6.

THE topography of modern painting is dominated by two mountains. At the far end rises the Parnassus of Ingres, the throne of Homer, its summit crested by the Parthenon and thronged by the genius of nations in rich and complex symmetry. At the nearer end soars the Mont St. Victoire of Cézanne, its massive angle dominating and defining a landscape wholly divested of human and symbolic associations, its ruggedly sculptured bulk hewn to its final contours. Between these peaks the valleys and lesser promontories fall and rise, their height or flatness determined by the two pinnacles that set the scale. Almost every painter of the past hundred years has worked in the consciousness of their looming presence. By one the tradition of antiquity and Renaissance is fixed and surveyed. By the other the scope of modern invention and the perspectives of future exploration are calculated. Their remoteness and almost polar antithesis are, however, deceptive. They rise from the same foundations and clasp their century in boundaries equal in strength and purpose. Their summits salute one another.

The nearer has naturally been best explored. The critical literature on Cézanne is substantial in all languages. In English it has set a standard of intelligence and corrective restraint caught from the severe integrity of its subject. Ingres has been correspondingly neglected. Except for early appreciations by men as foresighted as Amaury-Duval and Silvestre or the devout researches of Lapauze, Delaborde, and Boyer d'Agen, he has had few serious interpreters. He has never found, as Delacroix found in Baudelaire, a great one. He has had to wait, in fact, until 1939 for a book in English. One had hoped that Roger Fry would enlarge his searching remarks into a volume, but this never came about. Now Mr. Pach provides a survey that should make further ignorance of Ingres's career or his meaning to modern art as inexcusable as the hostility maintained until comparatively recent years by various modern partisans. That hostility has curiously survived—for reasons abandoned even officially a century ago in France—a mastery of resources, a regeneration of methods within a framework of the most forbidding tradition, and an irresistible charm of style and content that remain a unique achievement in two hundred years of painting. Today Ingres rises anew as the genius who not only clarified the formal inheritance of antiquity but extracted from the confusing wealth of the Renaissance its central elements of design, its thematic motives, and its principles of line and mass. He was, moreover, the last great defender of the social and public offices of art against the bourgeois and mechanistic aggressions that were driving it once more to the refuges of subjectivism, bohemianism, and rebellion. He was not alone the pure, the exhaustive, the dedicated, or the prodigal genius we identify in Delacroix, Degas, Cézanne, and Picasso. He was the magistrate, arbiter, and public hero of craft and aesthetic morality, probably the last redeemer of those offices from the trivialities of academic and popular authority. The grandest of his canvases are themselves an academy and a senate. The least of his drawings combine a matchless and delicate perception with the most rigorous intransigence of law—and they do it by as little as the stroke of a pencil.

These are great claims, but no one who has stayed with Ingres for any term of years finds them vulnerable to critical comparison or the hostility his own pride of rank stimulated among the schools of his day. They offer every possible test to our appreciative and historical faculties. Mr. Pach has made the most of them. His book shows both the advantages and the risks of its pioneer position among English readers. It gives a full account of Ingres's career. It makes use of an enviable opportunity to present in first English translation all of Ingres's important ideas on art from letters, notebooks, and mandates delivered to his pupils, allies, official consultants, and enemies. It concludes with a critical appraisal in which Ingres is measured in his four characters—as revolutionist, classicist, realist, and European, categories by which Mr. Pach aims to define not only his style and method but his place in European civilization and his influence on modern art. Of these three sections the second is admirably edited and indispensable; the first, hearty, enthusiastic, and charming; the third, by turns excited and aggressive, too heavily propagandist in tone, too undefined in its lines of attack and defense, healthily alive to the aesthetic causes and battles of Ingres's lifetime, unhealthily vague in terminology and argument, and, finally, for all the infectious enthusiasm by which it refers those issues to the present—thus giving the book its educational motive—too evasive in fixing the line of Ingres's descent and heritage among his followers. This line and influence are continuously invoked as a means of isolating Ingres's distinction, but they too much remain matters of speeding names and loose analogy, lost in the onrush of Mr. Pach's defensive tactics. He wishes, like every art writer who hopes to have some value outside academic or political quarters, to be an educator; he has axes to grind and causes to urge; he has written "Ananias" and "Queer Thing, Painting" as well as his distinguished translation of Delacroix's "Journals." The heat and journalistic aim of these purposes, so useful in ventilating studios and museums, show their defects when set against a mind and style like Ingres's, for whose serious appreciation are wanted not only the lucidity and cutting eyesight of Fry but something better than a propagandist's bluff approximations of the bearing of Ingres and classic tradition on the painters who, from Géricault to Cézanne and Picasso, stepped forward from the classic moment of 1824.

Lacking this precision, Mr. Pach's book hardly evokes, as it should, the effect and meaning of Ingres's work—the complex and often repellent grandeur of his allegorical tableaux and subject pieces (in which Fry rightly discerned his greatest synthetic and formal powers to lie), the miraculous delicacy and penetration which make his drawings among the most beautiful things ever put on paper, the infinitely subtle harmonization of abstract design with sensuous authority in the nudes and studies, and that superb sense of milieu by which Ingres, modernizing the Renaissance example, imposed his faces and figures on arbitrary landscape or among the heavily Balzacian interiors of empire and republic, all controlled by his exquisitely selective sense of detail—of garments, scarves, fichus, combs, consoles, ornaments, textures, fringed and studded fauteuils. Such devices define his range, his enrichment of studio and salon by evoking state and society, his mastery of a vast freight of pictorial properties by the most passionate research into line, form, and design. Of that whole achievement—apparently remote from present-day experimental or social considerations and yet so supreme a lesson to them—Ingres's teachings and maxims are a constant illumination, and Mr. Pach has laid open an invaluable apparatus. To anyone who goes from his book to the canvases, the documents, and the research stores of Paris and Montauban, he supplies a guide. If he has not pursued his motives into the necessary exact account of Ingres's devices, discoveries, and lineage, he makes that pursuit inescapable to anyone who takes from his book the twin examples of Ingres's consummate workmanship and the moral rigor of his aesthetic.

Neither of these, however, should subordinate the fact that Ingres is a painter to enjoy in the richest possible sense. The present plates and the increasing number of his works that have come to America—now that collectors' prejudice against his austerity has relaxed after a long-standing preference for the swirling agitations and breathing colors of Delacroix, the romantics, and the modernists—offer the aesthetic intelligence one of its greatest stimulants and rewards. The beauty of his example becomes more emphatic and irresistible as the dissolving tendencies of experiment overstep the bounds of responsibility. His touch on the hand and intellect of his greatest heirs is felt anew. The focus he provides in the history of painting is clarified. The miraculous line, the ultimate harmony, emerges from the sumptuous elegance and freighted tradition of his canvases. A remark by George Moore returns to mind: "Only Ingres and antiquity knew how to simplify." MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Romains at War

VERDUN. By Jules Romains. (Volume VIII of "Men of Good Will.") Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT HAS seemed for some time that Jules Romains was running a race with history. While Europe moved toward a second 1914, the author of "Men of Good Will" pushed his long novel toward its climax in the first 1914. And Romains won. In "Death of a World," which appeared here last year, that climax had already been reached. Defunct now were nearly all those benevolent "conspiracies," ranging from socialism to freemasonry, through which Romain's characters had expressed their longing for unity and peace. And the men of good-will were mostly sunk in the spiritual apathy which is supposed to precede a conversion to new intellectual values.

"Verdun," the present volume, revolves around the famous battle and shows us France in the second winter of the war. The book deals in very great detail with matters of military strategy and action in the field, shuttling continually from G. H. Q., with its discreet rivalries and portentous discussions of policy, to the stinking trench of the common soldier. These, together with the glimpses of war-time Paris, represent the external side of war, and Romains handles them with his usual virtuosity. But he is more effective in exploring the soldier's sensibility: his fears, his disgusts, his angers, the cunning "dreams of safety" devised in his anxious brain, his impulse to look for scapegoats among the female flag-wavers, the slackers and literary phrase-makers in the "back areas."

The soldier is usually an ex-worker or, like the intellectual Jerphanion, an ex-Socialist; and what he does in the trenches is to transfer to the civilians—an amorphous and historically meaningless group—the hostility he formerly felt for the class of employers. On this point Romains is quite explicit, committed though he is to a philosophy that regards all conflict as ultimately illusory; he exhibits war as a kind of gigantic pressure machine that weakens and deforms the traditional social antagonisms. And Jerphanion wonders if demagogues won't "deduce from what's happening certain philosophic and cynically Machiavellian truths for use in the post-war period."

Jerphanion is in fact the main observer and commentator in "Verdun." This joyous empiric and eager amateur of experience is now somewhat embittered. Yet, for all that, his "tone" remains amiable and expansive—so much so, indeed, that he seems a bit shadowy planted in the trenches and proclaiming his disillusionment. And, with qualifications, the same may be said of Romains himself as a war novelist. Brilliant as a sort of running exposition and commentary of war, "Verdun" is rather deficient in dramatic power; in this respect it is certainly not among the best volumes of "Men of Good Will." Romains has a great capacity for enjoyment, an immense gusto for exploring the processes of modern life. Quite at home among the concrete, daylight presences of the upper world, he is best at retailing superior anecdotes of intrigue and unraveling the ingenuities of sophisticated behavior. And such volumes as "Recours à l'abîme" and "Mission à Rome" render the whole series far more important than most Americans seem to realize. Lacking any sort of profound moral passion or tragic feeling Romains can descend into the underworld of war and describe its appearance and its inhabitants, but he cannot quite convince us of its reality. F. W. DUPEE

Introduction to Dewey

JOHN DEWEY. AN INTELLECTUAL PORTRAIT. By Sidney Hook. The John Day Company. $2.

IT IS necessary at least to allude to the wide range of Dewey's interests and to the difficulty of his thought to suggest the reason why there has long been a need for an introductory exposition of his philosophy. Sidney Hook meets this need in a book which in almost every respect is an ideal introduction. It is sympathetic and lucid; and the result, as he intended, is a very lively picture of "the sweep and vitality of Dewey's vision."

Dewey's conception of philosophy, as Hook suggests, occupies a mid-way position between that of the grand tradition and that of the positivists. According to the former, the philosopher gazes from an a priori knoll on the structure of eternity, while the latter demotes him to something like a janitorship in Science Hall. For Dewey, as Hook points out, human values and beliefs constitute the chief subject matter of philosophy; its task is criticism; and its aim is essentially practical, for it seeks finally to meliorate the adventure of living. But both task and aim may be interpreted superficially or philosophically; and the difference between philosopher and reformer or preacher is abysmal. The latter is in a hurry to get things done, and lacks insight into the relevance of abstruse, technical considerations, with which he is impatient. The result is that he changes the sketch but uses the old tools, the old methods of construction, and materials salvaged from the old building, while the philosopher grasps in full the reason for the need to condemn the structure. This leads him into abstruse problems of epistemology, of logic, and of axiology. One of the merits of Hook's exposition is that he keeps us always clearly informed about the relevance of the technical subjects he discusses to the conflicts and anxieties of the social scene. Thus the early chapters of the book—on Truth, Ideas, Logic, and Mind—deal with matters usually thought none too relevant to life as lived by unphilosophic man. And yet in Hook's treatment they are quick with the dramatic emotions of the practical issues to which they are pertinent. And thus, also, Dewey's reliance on intelligence is revealed not as the naive optimism of a professor but as a realistic faith which grows out of a scientific conception of man as a creature *of* and *in* nature, endowed with natural capacities which may be used to enhance living.

Hook will no doubt be criticized for reading Dewey from a positivist standpoint. Not that Hook reads positivism into Dewey, but rather that he emphasizes it to a degree which will seem an exaggeration to those who read Dewey with an interest in speculative philosophy. Traditionalists will point out that Dewey would have included among the philosopher's tasks the metaphysical, along with those which Hook mentions in the second chapter: criticism of belief, of values, and investigation of methods of inquiry. They will observe that in another chapter Hook attributes to Dewey a virtual denial of the validity of the metaphysical task, when one of his most important books, "Experience and Nature," is thought of by Dewey as a venture in metaphysics. And they will urge that Dewey's conception of method and his attack on all forms of philosophical as well as practical absolutism cannot be dismembered from his view of the universe as constituted by events, a view of which Hook gives no adequate account. In short, they will argue that Hook gives an account of Dewey with the recent "Logic" uppermost in his mind, as might have been expected from a man who has been flirting with the positivists. But for the objection to retain a semblance of fairness it must be raised solely as an issue of degree or emphasis, not of exclusive alternatives. And Hook could answer that accent on a philosopher's method is all to the good, since his doctrines are remembered because they give us, not a fake substitute for physics and astronomy under the rubric of ontology, but a method which enables us to reject or improve on his insights and thus to push on.

A fuller treatment of Dewey's intellectual origins will be missed—of his debt to Peirce, to James, and to the idealists, as well as an account of his relations to his contemporaries, to Mead, Santayana, Russell, Whitehead, and the others. Such a study would have helped to place Dewey much more fully in the matrix of his day and culture than Hook does. But this is a minor objection, and it is partly obviated by the way in which the exposition of doctrine is carried on at every step by means of contrast with current opposing views. It should not therefore be taken as a serious stricture on a brilliantly executed performance for which there was a very genuine need.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Great Dilemma

BARBARIANS WITHIN AND WITHOUT. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

UNDER the three headings of The World We Live In, Anatomy of Civilization, and The Choice Before Us, Leonard Woolf gives us in very brief compass the historical and immediate reasons for his belief that freedom is not only superior to tyranny but also stronger and harder to achieve. His easy and lucid manner of exposition happily blends illustration with inference, so that we are led in the course of 180 pages from his initial point that the nineteenth century had a civilized conscience to his conclusion that since "Western civilization" means the "full development of a society of free men," what we are now witnessing is a series of conflicts, national and international, between civilized man and barbarian.

The poignancy of the drama, according to Mr. Woolf, comes from the fact that Russia, with its understanding of what economic civilization should mean, forgets what intellectual and political civilization requires; while the democracies, with their continued faith in political and civil liberties, fail to see that their institutions have to be modernized in order to insure a genuinely free society. That is why the barbarian is both within and without.

With this underlying thesis it would be difficult to quarrel, as it is with Mr. Woolf's insistence that the way to get at working principles in the contemporary chaos is "through a process of historical analysis." It is his use of the analytic process itself, his way of condensing and using history, that raises recurring doubts in the reader and a sense of perpetual self-contradiction. Making allowance for the difficulty of putting complex slices of European history into simple sentences, it still remains necessary to mention a few of the insecure props on which the author rests his case. The superior conscience of the nineteenth century and its rapid decline into modern cynicism are, I believe, an illusion of perspective. The few "outrages" of the last century that Mr. Woolf discusses by no means exhaust the tale of that century's depravity, and the indignation that followed these few selected instances could be matched by corresponding feeling in our own times. New ways of imparting and playing up news would go far to explain the surface difference.

Again, Mr. Woolf's passion for the Greeks tends to soften in his eyes the crudities of their political life. The Greeks loved freedom—as we do—largely because they were without it. The *tyrannis* and the demagogues are facts of Greek history, and it is not enough to cite Pericles's Fourth of July Address as if the ideal were the fact. Mr. Woolf himself occasionally recognizes it, and it is at such times that he contradicts himself.

As a final sample of his confusions, one can point to his contention that in modern Europe the barbarian system is an easy one to establish and keep going, whereas a free society is very difficult even to plan in theory. The mistake here is to believe that the ready appeal of barbarian methods—force, hatred, and obscurantism—makes the system which is based on them particularly stable and smooth-running. The reverse is true, since emotional tensions and ever-increasing displays of force tax the strength and ingenuity of both leaders and led, at the same time as the desire for freedom and the inquiring spirit regain an entrance into the minds of men. Fortunately for the reader who might be made skeptical by such details as these, Mr. Woolf ends his readable little sermon on the note of Trust Freedom and It Shall Not Fail You.

JACQUES BARZUN

General Krivitsky

IN STALIN'S SECRET SERVICE. By W. G. Krivitsky. Harper and Brothers. $3.

NO MATTER where you stand on the question of Soviet politics, you are going to read W. G. Krivitsky's "In Stalin's Secret Service." Its value is not decreased by the fact that a large part of the book was published in the *Saturday Evening Post* during the last twelve months, for Mr. Krivitsky has added so many interesting details to the original version that it is well worth rereading.

It is not customary to devote too much space to the private life of the author in a critical analysis of his work. In this case, however, the reader's attitude toward the book will depend so largely on his willingness to accept the author's version of what has been happening behind the scenes in the Soviet Union that a knowledge of his past and the role he played in Soviet activities is imperative. The value of the book rests almost entirely on the reader's estimate of Mr. Krivitsky's personal integrity.

That being the case, it was to be expected that the Communist press should choose, as the easiest way to discredit this gruesome revelation of twenty years of Soviet diplomacy, to attack Krivitsky's credibility. They called him an impostor, a liar and adventurer, an Austrian gambler, a Viennese cafe habitué. Since Mr. Krivitsky's work demanded secrecy and anonymity, he was known to few outside the Soviet secret service, and disavowing him seemed the best defense. Significantly not one of his Soviet detractors seems to have been able to uncover a single discreditable action in his "infamous" past.

On the other hand, Mr. Krivitsky is vouched for by two men of unassailable position in world politics—Léon Blum, leader of the French Socialist Party and former Premier of France, and William C. Bullitt, American ambassador in Paris—who have known Mr. Krivitsky for years and were instrumental in securing his admission to the United States. Both men are so well established in the opinion of the world for the almost religious rigidity of their ethical and moral standards that any man who has their indorsement deserves at least a respectful hearing.

Nevertheless, there has been, even among impartial reviewers of his book, a feeling of distrust and uncertainty. They find it incongruous that a man who could work for almost two decades in the Soviet secret service, with all that this means in terms of murder, crime, and cruelty, should turn against the whole system when it demanded the framing and perhaps assassination of one of his friends. To understand this, one must know Krivitsky's past and have some conception besides of the lengths to which a religious faith in a revolutionary movement can persuade its adherents to go.

The author was at the impressionable age of eighteen when the Russian Revolution started Russia on a new epoch in November, 1917. "The Bolshevik Revolution," I quote Krivitsky's own words, "came to me as an absolute solution of all problems of poverty, inequality, and injustice. I joined the Bolshevik Party with my whole soul. I seized the Marxist and Leninist faith as a weapon with which to assault the wrongs against which I instinctively rebelled." How many of us, even outside Russia, went through the same experience! Suddenly we found ourselves walking in the sun, in a world that had taken on a new meaning. There were hesitations, qualms, even doubts, but we dismissed them. "When a nation's life's at hazard, we've no time to think of men!" Crimes ceased to be crimes when they helped a new world into being. Perhaps one must have lived through all this—the fervor, the high expectations, the qualms, the doubts, and the final disillusionment when doubt was no longer possible—to understand a man like General Krivitsky.

Knowing Mr. Krivitsky's past I am convinced that there are many episodes in his experience that he has not told. He worked in the G. P. U. during Stalin's regime, but he cannot help knowing that the methods Stalin used did not differ greatly from those employed by the Soviet secret service under Lenin and Trotsky. The character of the victims changed, but the methods were the same. The methods of terror never vary. The secret institutions of every dictatorship are always brutal, arbitrary, dishonest, and merciless. Mayor Gaynor once spoke of the necessity of "outward decency." Dictatorships, proletarian or otherwise, have no need for this thin veneer of outward decency which saves democratic government from disintegration.

It is difficult to say which of the eight chapters is most interesting. Stalin Appeases Hitler and The End of the Communist International lay bare the workings of the ruthless political machine that has plunged the world into war. Why Did They Confess?—the tragic story of the Moscow trials—gives what seems to me the first convincing explanation of that mystery, even though it leaves much to be explained.

"In Stalin's Secret Service" will not be judged by the usual standards. A book that deals with so controversial a subject will produce reactions too violent to permit dispassionate judgment. But there are many thousands still who are capable of approaching even this book with an open mind, men and women who are making an honest effort to understand the situation in present-day Russia and the motives that led to its astounding betrayal of a nobler past.

LUDWIG LORE

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FILMS

THE former German producer, Max Glass, is responsible for the French picture, "Entente Cordiale," which is running simultaneously in two New York theaters, but which I assume does not aspire to compete with "Gone with the Wind." It celebrates with enthusiasm and with an eye to propaganda, no doubt, the beginning of the English-French alliance—the conclusion of the Entente Cordiale of 1904. Nevertheless, it cannot be shown in England because its main character, Edward VII, died only twenty-nine years ago and England does not yet allow his portrayal. Otherwise the picture should give no offense even in Britain. The war censorship could easily eliminate the crack at the present Prime Minister, of whom the elder Chamberlain says, "A good business man, perhaps, or a lawyer; but he will never make a politician." The German people get a few good words, while their leader is duly characterized—in the picture he is the irresponsible Wilhelm II but the remarks about him fit Adolf Hitler like a glove. They are made by Edward in an irresistibly charming way, like all the other remarks in this picture. Only a moviegoer who expects to see a realistic treatment of one of the most decisive developments in our young and historically overcrowded century could be offended or disappointed by it. The more cynical escapist who takes his entertainment where and under whatever pretexts he can will enjoy this newest importation from Paris.

Based on André Maurois's "Edward VII and His Time," the film has no plot in the conventional sense of the word. It has, rather, a theme—Edward's diplomatic maneuvering toward a lasting English-French friendship. The love interest is happily reduced to unessential by-play. Starting with Queen Victoria's worries about Egypt and the Fashoda incident, we follow the gradual development of the entente through its diplomatic stages. We see Lord Salisbury, Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain, Delcassé, Clemenceau, Cambon, von Bülow, and Isvolsky, if not exactly at work, at least involved in intrigue. Only Edward seems to be really at work. He knows from the beginning exactly what he wants and how to achieve it by almost playful methods. In comparison with him Delcassé looks like a tailor and the Tiger Clemenceau like a little shoemaker, not to speak of the timid French President. I suspect that they really looked like that, but Edward has been idealized; and in addition all the situations and lines are given to him. This makes for an effective movie character unburdened by the complexity of reality.

Victor Francen, seen last in "That They May Live" as the ex-soldier who becomes insane in his unsuccessful fight for peace, gives a brilliant performance as Edward VII. He creates such a witty, human, and superior personality that one enjoys him, however great the discrepancy between his characterization and the original may be. At the opera in Paris, where he conquers his icy hosts, and in the interview with the German ambassador he is a sheer delight. But if he leaves the rest of an excellent cast far behind, it is also because they have only bits while he never leaves the screen. Special credit is to be given to the young actress Janine

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Darcey, who plays a short love scene exquisitely. Marcel L'Herbier directed the lavishly produced picture with his focus on little ironical details; it was the best he could do with a superficial script incapable of bearing dramatic weight.

Those who like Charlie McCarthy should not see his picture "Charlie McCarthy, Detective." It is one of the stupidest films ever produced. Charlie from time to time goes through his radio routine, while the cheap gangster plot unravels itself around him. To see him so thoroughly misused is irritating. The illusion his voice creates over the radio is destroyed by the demonstration of its mechanics and by the bad acting of Mr. Bergen.

"Remember" (MGM) is a feeble play with a pretty good third act. Lovely Greer Garson, the former Mrs. Chips, and Lew Ayers play Robert Taylor off the screen in every scene, but for box-office reasons he still gets the girl.

"The Honeymoon's Over" (Twentieth Century-Fox) is a moralistic Class B picture you needn't see at all, though Stuart Erwin is an amiable and gifted actor. He really deserves a good picture.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

COLUMBIA has issued a new set of Mozart's "Linz" Symphony K.425 made by Beecham with the London Philharmonic (M-387, $5.50). If you already have the Busch set of three or four years ago you have a clear recording of an excellent performance. But if you have no set the new one gives the work greater power and impact—achieved partly through Beecham's characteristically dynamic phrasing, partly through his characteristically slower tempos, and partly through the present-day richness and spaciousness in the recording. I find the pace of the first movement Allegro spiritoso and again of the Minuet a little over-deliberate; and the pause before the concluding measure of the Minuet is the sort of lily-gilding Beecham should leave to Walter Damrosch.

Victor has issued two H. M. V. subscription sets. One (M-595, $14) offers four more string quartets of Haydn: Opus 1 No. 1, Opus 20 No. 1, Opus 55 No. 3, Opus 76 No. 4. In these one hears the inexhaustible fecundity and variety of invention, and such things as the sustained loveliness of the slow movement of Opus 20 No. 1, the darting humor of its finale and of the Minuet of Opus 55 No. 3, the breadth and splendor of the first movement of Opus 76 No. 4. The Pro Arte performances are good, but without the brilliance, the fire which these works should have, and which one can imagine the Budapest or Primrose Quartet giving them.

The other (M-611, $12) offers Bach's Suites Nos. 2 and 3 for solo 'cello, played by Pablo Casals. Listening to these works, one is aware of Bach's success with the difficult problem he set himself—"to make his melody flow freely . . . to see that its direction suggests the harmony which is not heard"—but also of the fact that solving this problem was not equivalent to writing great or interesting music. The life the works have on these records is the life created by the coloring, the movement, the tensions of Casals's phrasing; and I am thinking not only of the bold, powerful distention of the phrases of the vigorous movements, but of the subtle inflection of the Sarabande of No. 2. This is something you would almost not believe you had heard in a performance, after it was over; but you can put the needle back at the beginning and find that it did happen; and there it is on the record for all time, as other such achievements are on canvas or in print.

Completely uninteresting to me are several other major Columbia releases: the fluency of Arnold Bax's Viola Sonata, Nonett and "Mater Ora Filium," excellently recorded by Primrose, the Griller quartet, the B. B. C. Chorus and others (M-386, $14); the arid, grimacing Kleine Kammermusik of Hindemith, Opus 24 No. 2, well done by the Los Angeles Wind Quintet (X-149, $2.50); the arid String Quartet No. 1 of Walter Piston, also well done by the Dorian Quartet (M-388, $5). More rewarding are two single records—one (69752-D, $1.50) with a work of Buxtehude sung under the title of "Send hid den Engel" by the Copenhagen Men and Boys' Choir with strings and organ; the other (69751-D, $1.50) with the "Elegy" of the English composer Herbert Howells, played by the Jacques String Orchestra. Not great works, but enjoyable. After the enchanting style in which Franz Rupp played a Chopin waltz at his recent recital, Kilenyi's zigzagging in the complete Columbia set of the waltzes (M-390, $7.50) sounds like something contrived without real feeling for the genre and without first-rate musical taste. As for the volume of recently discovered music by Johann Strauss (M-389, $5), it is enjoyable even in the straightforward performances without much feeling for the genre recorded by Howard Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

Columbia's surfaces, I regret to report, continue to be troublesome.

Among recent jazz records are two made by small groups of excellent musicians who play together with superb vitality and ensemble feeling: the Muggsy Spanier "Dipper Mouth Blues" and "Sister Kate" (Bluebird 10506) and Jelly Roll Morton "West End Blues" (Bluebird 10442). Quite good also, with a little more sophistication, a little less vitality, are the Bud Freeman "Satanic Blues" (Decca 2781) and "As Long as I Live" (Decca 2849). The Benny Goodman Sextet is in effect a small band, of which Goodman himself—in "Rose Room" (Columbia 35254)—plays as though he were bored, Hampton continues to mess things up with the sound of his vibraphone, and Charlie Christian on guitar and Arthur Bernstein on bass are the only ones who play with distinction. Coleman Hawkins contributes two fine opening phrases to the otherwise uninteresting Lionel Hampton "One Sweet Letter from You" (Victor 26393), and exhibits the extraordinary rhythmic intricacy of his style, if not his highest musical imagination, in his "She's Funny That Way" (Bluebird 10477). Count Basie's distinctive piano style can be heard at length with a background by his extraordinary rhythm section in "Fare Thee Honey Fare Thee Well" and "Oh! Red" (Decca 2780). The Kirby Orchestra's "Royal Garden Blues" (Vocalion 5187) is over-arranged—and "Blue Skies" on the reverse side atrociously so—but the playing continues to be exciting.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Catholic Journalism

Dear Sirs: In your issue of December 16 you give display to an article making strong assertions concerning the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service. As the director of that service may I comment briefly?

The article first recites a number of often-told facts about the Catholic press—its size, its variety, its obvious independence of thought ("a Catholic of any political point of view can today find at least one Catholic paper to suit his taste"), its sponsorship, and how it is serviced. It then makes a number of extravagant charges without giving substantiating evidence. With respect to the N. C. W. C. News Service, it makes a sweeping assertion of "dishonesty," but omits any attempt at proof. It lists nine points in the "stand" of the Catholic press on the Spanish war, summarily calls them "demonstrably false," then neglects to demonstrate the "falsity" of a single one.

One can scarcely disprove evidence that is not given. This piece was written by one Mr. Southworth. Surely it must be agreed that the name in itself is without authority. Thus the honestly questioning reader must look to positive statements in the writing itself to discover just how much credence may be placed in the author's mere *ipse dixit* statements. It is here I hope I may be able to assist readers of *The Nation.*

The *Catholic Worker* is described as a publication of "small circulation." Actually, its circulation is between 105,000 and 125,000 monthly.

The Catholic Press Association is given as "founded in 1890," whereas actually it was organized in 1911.

The publication *Social Justice* is first called a "Catholic journal," then is shown to be not included in a listing of Catholic publications; it is said to have lost "approval" early this year, and immediately afterward is quoted as an authority on the Catholic press. Actually, the attorney for *Social Justice* has certified that it "is not and never has been a Catholic publication," and certainly the present Archbishop of Detroit has neither given nor withdrawn approval since he went to Detroit in August, 1937. *Social Justice* is thus by no means "the most widely circulated Catholic journal of our times," as asserted.

Catholic papers belonging to companies "controlled by wealthy laymen" are such a rarity that Mr. Southworth did not undertake to name even one.

The N. C. W. C. News Service does not "service twenty-four foreign countries," although it does have as subscribers some Catholic publications in that many lands.

The N. C. W. C. News Service *did* report Father Coughlin, but so did every other news service in the country.

As for the N. C. W. C. News Service's coverage of the civil war in Spain, since the close of that conflict persons of high authority and integrity—chiefly non-Catholics—have come forward to vindicate the factual statements made by the service. Among others, Señor Araquistáin, former Spanish Republican ambassador to France; William Philip Simms, distinguished foreign editor of Scripps-Howard; and Hugh Gibson, noted as diplomat and writer, are not by any means trivial or *ex parte* witnesses.

It was only recently that Mr. Gibson made a radio address after a 5,000-mile motor trip through Spain, in the course of which he interviewed hundreds of persons in every walk of life, including former Loyalist politicians and soldiers. He testifies in positive terms to the truth of many of the facts reported by this news service. Of particular significance is this statement by Mr. Gibson: "Much of what I have to tell you is so radically different from what you have been fed for the past few years that I shall confine myself as far as possible to statements of fact which can be verified by anybody who really wants to know the truth and who does not accept propaganda as fact."

It is, of course, obvious from the article itself that it is merely an anti-Catholic attack. Judging the writer's unsupported statements by an examination of such of his assertions as can be checked, I suggest that we have here only evidence of a will to make reckless charges, a rare irresponsibility, and sloppiness of both mind and workmanship.

FRANK A. HALL

Washington, D. C., December 23

Dear Sirs: I have read Mr. Hall's letter with more attention and respect than its unbridled language would seem to deserve, and, frankly, I am more than ever convinced that the record of the Catholic press on Spain and recent international politics is utterly indefensible. On *one* point Mr. Hall has me: I was wrong in referring to the *Catholic Worker's* circulation as small. However, on the founding of the Catholic Press Association, let me cite my authority, Father Thomas F. Meehan, who wrote in *America* (June 24, 1939) that it was founded in 1890 and *incorporated* in 1911.

Father Coughlin is a priest in good standing; his *Social Justice* carried on its editorial page until January 9, 1939, the permission of his superior to publish. I am not one of those who believe that the powerful Roman Catholic church is unable to curb the radio priest of Royal Oak, for I have noticed how effectively it curbed bishops and even a cardinal in Spain who were out of sympathy with Franco and how it condoned the execution by Franco of Basque priests through the Primate of Spain, who spoke of "the aberration of certain priests which brought them in front of a firing squad." It would be a comparatively simple matter for the church to dissociate itself from the priest Coughlin for *his* political "aberrations."

Mr. Hall's service handles news of special interest to Catholics and clearly cannot be judged by the same criteria as "every other news service in the country."

For a Catholic paper belonging to a company "controlled by wealthy laymen" I refer Mr. Hall to New York's archdiocesan organ, the *Catholic News,* among others.

I listed nine demonstrable untruths which formed the basis of the Catholic propaganda for Franco in this country. If I failed to develop them, it was for obvious reasons of space, and also because their falsity has been often proved. Would not Mr. Hall do better to offer some defense of the Catholic press record? Does the N. C. W. C. News Service still maintain that the Popular Front government won power by fraud and violence? Its own correspondent, the Reverend Manuel Grana, did not say so in his dispatches written *before the war,* before the "line" was adopted. The Vatican attested that government's legality when it accepted an ambassador, as did Franco and other generals when they reaffirmed their loyalty in April, 1936.

Mr. Hall's news service sends out

items glorifying José Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder of the fascist Phalanx. Is it possible that he has not read José Antonio's speeches? Is it possible that he does not yet know that the Phalanx, presented to democratic American Catholics as twentieth-century crusaders, was in reality the political party most openly dedicated to terrorism as a political weapon in all Western Europe? Would Mr. Hall defend that cardinal point of Catholic propaganda that the disorders of the spring of 1936 justified Franco's rising? Let him read "Onésimo Redondo" (Valladolid, 1937), in which Phalanx leaders proudly reveal that it was the "crusaders" who provoked the violence. Does Mr. Hall believe that the murder of Calvo Sotelo provoked the rebellion? Let him read in detail the conspiracy as revealed by José María Iribarren in his life of Mola, by Bertrán Güell in "Preparación y desarrollo del alazmiento nacional," and by numerous other pro-Franco writers published under Franco's censorship. Does Mr. Hall still believe that German and Italian intervention followed Soviet Russia's, even after the confessions of Hitler and Mussolini to the contrary?

It is true that William Philip Simms and Hugh Gibson, as well as Martin Dies, Merwin Hart, and H. L. Mencken, have fallen for and retailed many "facts" on Spain of the kind sponsored by the N. C. W. C. I am surprised to find a Catholic holding to the view that error is transmuted into truth if its sponsorship is sufficiently distinguished. Mr. Simms wrote an editorial for the Scripps-Howard newspapers on March 9, 1939, called Army Within an Army, in which the simplest known historical facts were mishandled with a recklessness that is more reprehensible than mere ignorance. Hugh Gibson's remarks on Spain were adequately disposed of by Jay Allen in the *Protestant Digest* of November, 1939, an article as yet unanswered, I believe. Before the N. C. W. C. News Service embraces Luís Araquistáin as its vindicator, I suggest that it read that stout defender of a Marxist revolutionary ideal with greater care. The devil quoting Scripture is on no shakier ground than the N. C. W. C. quoting the founder of *Claridad*.

If it is "anti-Catholic" for me to cite the facts of the war in Spain, facts chiefly drawn from Franco sources, then some very distinguished members of Mr. Hall's church are also "anti-Catholic." In this category would fall the columnist in the *New World*, archdiocesan organ of Chicago (December 22, 1939), who refers to my article in words which I can only interpret as commending its accuracy.

H. RUTLEDGE SOUTHWORTH

New York, December 28

An Anti-Fascist in Canada

Dear Sirs: The issue of *The Nation* of October 28 contained an article by S. J. Kennedy headed Let Canada Be a Warning, in which the writer discussed the new war measure in Canada known as The Defense of Canada Regulations Decree, Section 39(a). Under this measure, which became law on September 18, four Italian anti-fascists and one Cuban were arrested on October 4, their premises raided, and a truckload of literature taken away by the "Red Squad" and the Mounted Police.

Since then two trials have taken place—one dealing with the charge of "having printed and distributed literature intended or likely to cause disaffection to His Majesty," the other with two broken, rusty revolvers found in the room of Arthur Bortolotti, the most outstanding personality of the Italian group. Both trials brought out clearly the Red Squad's efforts to convict the men. In both all the defendants were entirely exonerated.

But Arthur Bortolotti now finds himself under the jurisdiction of the immigration authorities, though he has lived in Canada for twenty years without being molested. Arthur Bortolotti is an ardent anti-fascist, completely dedicated to the effort to prevent fascism from taking root in Canada. He uncovered a fascist school in Windsor where Canadian children were being taught the blessings of Mussolini and thereby incurred the hatred of the Fascists. When the war decrees went into effect, the black elements saw their chance. It is reasonably certain that they were back of the arrest. Having failed to send Bortolotti to the penitentiary, they are determined to bring about his deportation to Italy.

Mr. Kennedy stressed the fact that "the outcome of the case will be watched anxiously by people who have scarcely heard of anarchism, who have only a nodding—and, at the moment, curtly nodding—acquaintance with communism, but who fear that their own small liberties will be affected." The author was entirely too optimistic. In point of fact, the people of this city seem not to care about their liberties sufficiently to "watch anxiously" the outcome of the arrests. As to the press, with the exception of a few lines reporting the trials, the papers in this city have maintained a conspiracy of silence. The liberal evening paper, so termed, in this city has refused to acquaint its readers with the full implication of the decrees or the fate awaiting Arthur Bortolotti. A protest in *The Nation* and other publications may instil some courage in a few liberal-minded people in Canada to raise their voices in behalf of Arthur Bortolotti and to give his defense moral and financial support. Contributions may be sent to Miss Clara Fredericks, 45 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

E. G.

Toronto, Canada, December 23

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LOUIS FISCHER, for many years *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is the author of a two-volume work entitled "The Soviet in World Affairs."

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ELISEO VIVAS, assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin, was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for 1939.

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

WE CANNOT SHARE THE *WALL STREET Journal's* satisfaction with Mr. Roosevelt's new budget. It cuts aid to farmers, the unemployed, and youth by more than a billion dollars, and it increases our already enormous arms expenditures to more than $1,800,000,000. By the President's own estimate, his new relief appropriations will reduce the number on the WPA rolls to 500,000 less than were employed even under the Woodrum bill. A faltering war boom has done little to reduce the standing army of unemployed or to dent the ranks of youth who cannot find a job. Increased arms expenditures will of course provide some new employment, but they represent the most expensive form of "work relief," for every dollar that will feed the hungry by this route must first feed the steel trust, the shipbuilding trust, the chemical trust, and the munitions makers. Mr. Roosevelt asks for a half-billion dollars in new taxes and hopes they will not be of a kind to cut into consumption, but the sales tax is sure to raise its head again at this session. It is good to see that Mr. Roosevelt asks that capacity to pay be the basis of new taxation. The President's budget, if adopted, will give us a deficit $1,760,000,000 below that of the present fiscal year, but the deficit will still be more than $2,000,000,000. The size of that deficit is the fiscal reflection of the chronic unemployment from which we seem to be suffering, and for which the New Deal—for all its reforms—has yet to find a remedy.

* * *

IN 1932 MR. ROOSEVELT CALLED HOOVER "spendthrift" because he had piled up a deficit of $5,000,000,000; now the President wants it understood that *only* $19,000,000,000 of our public debt of $42,000,000,000 is due to his own accumulated deficit. Much is made of the comparison—and of Mr. Roosevelt's inconsistency—by the New York *Times* and other critics of the Administration. But the fact is that every country in the world has been forced to abandon deflationary policies and to spend in an effort to combat depression. Britain, the homeland of classical economics and the chief pillar of financial conservatism, was the first great power to do so, and this fact is itself of historic significance. The contrast between the measures Mr. Roosevelt advocated in 1932 and those he has since applied testifies to the "quarterback" flexibility of mind on which he has always prided himself. In a larger context the contrast reflects the world trend to state domination of economic life; and the hope of reversing it, with a new war under way, is fantastic. The real need is to recognize the trend, the breakdown of private capitalism that brought it about, and the new policies for which it calls. We still cling to "bootstrap economics," but we cannot go on spending forever. The next step must be for the government to take over certain sectors of private enterprise so that its expenditures may be poured into productive channels rather than into the bottomless pit of subsidizing consumption.

* * *

FRANK MURPHY IS A GREAT IMPROVEMENT over Pierce Butler, and there will be general satisfaction with his nomination to the Supreme Court. As a young attorney, as a local judge in Detroit, and later as Governor of Michigan, Murphy demonstrated sympathy with labor and courage in expressing it. His recent address in this city before the civil-liberties conference held under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union was not particularly impressive, and his references to A. Mitchell Palmer were rather disturbing. On the debit side, too, are Murphy's praise of J. Edgar Hoover and his assurance that the FBI can never become an OGPU. Nevertheless, we believe that on the court, removed from political pressures, Murphy's liberalism will wear well. It is always hard to judge a Supreme Court nominee in advance; sometimes conservatives grow more liberal on the bench; sometimes genuine progressives, up against new issues, sag badly as they grow older. This was the case with Taney. We wish the new Justice well. Jackson's elevation to the Attorney Generalship and Francis Biddle's appointment as Solicitor General will meet with approval. Biddle's willingness to resign from the old Labor Board rather than kotow to Hearst in the Jennings case did him honor, and his new appointment is the President's amends for that disgraceful episode. We are only sorry to see Biddle leave the United States Circuit Court; his position there was, we think, more important if less politically strategic than that of Solicitor General.

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THE READING OF THE WAGNER ACT BY A unanimous Supreme Court in the Longshoremen's, Falk, and Consumers' Power cases is admirably literal. The law says that only "final orders" of the board are reviewable by the courts. The provision was the fruit of bitter experience under the old Labor Board, when employers could tangle proceedings interminably by running into court for a restraining order at every step. In other days the Supreme Court was accustomed to swathe such plain statutory mandates in obfuscation—and do as it pleased. But Justice Stone in the first and last of these three cases exercises that "self-restraint" he so bitterly recommended to his colleagues in the first AAA case, and declares that it is up to "Congress and not the courts" to change the law. What judicial interference in earlier stages of the Labor Board's work can do is made clear by Justice Black in the Falk decision. There a circuit court amended a Labor Board order for an election so as to add a company union to the ballot and relieve the employer from the necessity of posting notices announcing that the company had been ordered to discontinue its support of that union. This is the type of judicial "amendment" that has reduced to impotence so many of our administrative agencies—notably in the field of utility regulation. Employers and rival unions have their day in court when a final order is issued. That is ample.

*

WE HOPE THAT LIBERALS IN WASHINGTON and elsewhere will get the point of the subdued report issued by the Dies committee. As Kenneth Crawford points out on another page, the liberals on the committee were permitted to rewrite the original report because the reactionary majority wants to keep the show going at all costs. They are confident that they can resume control if and when a new appropriation is granted. There has not been the slightest change of heart or objective; Mr. Dies has shrewdly retreated to lay the groundwork for a new offensive. That offensive will, as before, be directed against the New Deal. There is only one way to avert that development: New Dealers must expose the fraud involved in the report and fight to end the life of a committee which has already done an incalculable amount of damage.

*

THE SMITH HIT-AND-RUN INVESTIGATION OF the National Labor Relations Board, about to resume its hearings as we went to press, will this time dish up some "revelations" about the board's employment of young college graduates. Judged by its past conduct, the Smith committee could learn a great deal even from young college graduates about the fair and proper way to run a Congressional inquiry. So far it has served only as a sounding-board for grudges and a source of unfair and one-sided news stories which have been used as the basis for a drive to turn the Wagner Act into a means of oppressing rather than helping labor. Inspired stories that Democratic leadership in Congress will seek to appease business by revising the law into a replica of railroad labor legislation do not impress us. The mechanism for adjusting disputes over wages and hours in the highly organized railroad industry is no model for businesses in which the right of organization has yet to be won. The chief objection to the Wagner Act is still an elementary one—it encourages workers to organize. That objection can only be eliminated by eliminating the act, and elimination smells no sweeter when termed amendment. The board's latest report is encouraging. During the last fiscal year the number of strikes called to obtain the right to organize decreased by two-thirds.

*

TWO WEEKS AGO ONE JAMES C. PETRILLO, who is not only head of the Chicago Federation of Musicians but a strong-arm politician, was reported to have forced deletion of the name of John L. Lewis from three shows in that city. John L.'s name has been put back, and two columnists have now "revealed" that it was all a trick devised by George White to get publicity for his "Scandals." Maybe so, but the whole story sounds more like a genuine essay in censorship by Petrillo than a risky publicity sketch by White. Meanwhile on the national stage the Federation of Musicians is putting on a show of its own. Two years ago the federation forced through a demand that radio broadcasters spend some $1,500,000 for the labor of musicians, whether they need them or not. This year the ante has been raised to $3,000,000. Since the broadcasters are balking, the union has asked its locals throughout the country to refrain from signing contracts with broadcasters, but has given them permission to let their members work without written agreements, the object being to make constant the threat of a strike that would tie up the broadcasting industry. This seems to us a highly irregular procedure. The interests of musicians should be defended, but not by methods which discredit collective bargaining and in the end hurt rather than help the rank and file of labor.

*

WITH A MINIMUM OF RHETORIC, LEHMAN of New York continues to press forward with a progressive program that should be a model to other governors. In his quiet and methodical way this ex-banker has achieved far more than was accomplished by either Smith or Roosevelt in liberal legislation. Outstanding in his proposals are his suggestions for the abolition of the "blue-ribbon jury," an undemocratic device if there ever was one, and for the outlawing of wire-tapping. He asks an amendment to make state development and ownership of water-power resources a reality, particularly in regard to the St. Lawrence River. He calls attention to the extraordinary loophole in utility regulation that makes it unnecessary for the companies to reveal their depreciation accounts. He wants to make it easier to get rid of corrupt judges and corrupt municipal officials. He asks an amendment to force reapportionment. He promises to speed up public housing. He proposes to forbid discrimination against the Negro by labor unions and all businesses affected with a public interest. How much the Governor can do depends upon the Republicans, who control the Assembly. We indorse the Governor's defense of his Labor Relations Board but deplore his inability to see that in the milk field the farm cooperatives he praises are undemocratic company unions, that milk regulation under state as under federal law is still cut to suit the needs of the two big milk combines, and that the state-wide milk-advertising campaign is the device of milk-trust lobbyists to shut the mouths of the newspapers.

* * *

PROSPECTS FOR AN IMMEDIATE EMBARGO ON the export of war supplies to Japan upon the expiration of the trade treaty on January 26 are not considered very favorable in Washington. Certain business interests have apparently exerted sufficient pressure to prevent the stoppage of their lucrative war trade. A much better chance is seen for the adoption of discriminatory measures against growing imports from Japan. Such a movement would have the strong support of American textile interests, which have been alarmed at the sudden jump in imports of Japanese textiles. The President already has the power to take action against Japanese imports as soon as the trade treaty has expired. He can apply the 10 per cent countervailing duty on Japanese imports suspended by President Grant in 1872. If this fails to bring Japan to terms he can increase the duty on the ground that Japan subsidizes its exports to the United States—similar action has already been taken against German imports. Under the 1934 Tariff Act he has the power to ban Japanese imports altogether if Japan continues to discriminate against American trade in the occupied areas of China. Individuals and groups interested in checking Japanese aggression and preserving China's independence should throw themselves unreservedly behind this movement while continuing their drive for an export embargo. For a reduction in Japanese imports would be just as effective in stopping Japan under present conditions as a ban on exports. Japan's gold and foreign-exchange reserves are completely exhausted. Without sales of silk, textiles, and other products to this country it cannot hope to obtain the foreign exchange necessary for the continued purchase of war materials.

GREAT BRITAIN HAS PAID LITTLE HEED TO the series of protests delivered by our State Department in recent weeks against the infringement of American neutral rights on the high seas. Although some interference with American shipping may be regarded as inevitable in this war, the particular infringements singled out for protest are of a type that it is difficult for a neutral to tolerate, no matter how sympathetic it may be with Allied war aims. The seizure of American mails destined for neutral countries violates the eleventh Hague convention without appearing to serve any legitimate British war purpose. Similarly, the action of the British navy in taking the American merchant ship Mormacson into the European war zone in violation of the Neutrality Act was a needless flouting of American sentiment. Only slightly less objectionable was the detention of the American liner Manhattan, bound for a neutral port. The impossibility of enforcing neutral rights against a sea power like Great Britain in a major conflict was demonstrated in the last war. But the State Department is in an unassailable position in demanding full compensation for all losses incurred as a result of Great Britain's illegal actions.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW YEAR DIPLOMATIC appointments range all the way from excellent to ridiculous. Whole-hearted approval can be given to the choice of George Messersmith as ambassador to Cuba. During recent years American policy toward Cuba has been marked by consistent blundering, and it is difficult to think of anyone whom we could better trust to rectify these mistakes than Mr. Messersmith. At the other extreme is the selection of James H. R. Cromwell, Doris Duke's amateur economist, as minister to Canada. Mr. Cromwell's sole qualification for the post seems to be personal friendship with the President and Mayor "I-Am-the-Law" Hague of Jersey City. Scarcely more encouraging is the report that former Governor George H. Earle of Pennsylvania will be named minister to Ireland, replacing John Cudahy, who has been moved to Belgium. While Mr. Earle's record as minister to Austria was generally considered satisfactory, his subsequent acts in Pennsylvania scarcely confirmed his liberal reputation. Little criticism will be made of the promotion of Breckinridge Long, former ambassador to Italy, to the post vacated by Mr. Messersmith in the State Department. But the filling of Mr. Messersmith's shoes should challenge the abilities even of a diplomat with as much experience as Mr. Long.

* * *

CORRECTION: Through an unfortunate error in transcription the name of Spaulding Frazer appeared as Frazier Spaulding in *The Nation's* Honor Roll, which was printed in our issue of last week.

Seeking a Flank

COMPLETE inactivity continues on the western front, and there has been little news recently of the war at sea. Either because of weather conditions or because of more effective counter-measures, the German effort to smash the British blockade seems to have been relaxed. It is hardly conceivable, however, that this passivity can continue for many weeks.

So far as land warfare is concerned, the difficulties of a break-through by either side appear more formidable than ever. Through these winter months, while front-line activity has been limited to skirmishes, the work of strengthening and deepening both the Maginot and Siegfried lines has apparently continued feverishly. Hence the possibility of a military decision has been still further reduced unless one side or the other succeeds in opening up a flank. It is recognition of this fact that has caused the recent heightened tension in neutral countries and led to renewed activity on the diplomatic front.

The most sensational development has been the negotiations between the Hungarian Foreign Minister Count Csaky and Count Ciano of Italy. After a long conference during the week-end Count Csaky returned suddenly to Budapest instead of remaining in Italy for a vacation as originally planned. The reasons for this move are still unknown, but a "high authority" in the Hungarian capital has been quoted as saying that Italy and Hungary had agreed on a defensive military alliance which would assure Hungary of support against invasion by Germany and Russia. If this report proves correct, it will put an entirely new complexion on the situation in Southeastern Europe. For it would mean that Italy had recognized that neither Germany nor Russia could take any offensive action in the Balkans without at least the tacit consent of the other, and that in order to oppose effectively any advance by the Soviets into the region it would have to be prepared to break with its former axis partner.

This news coincides with a recrudescence of Balkan rumors and suggests that some of them may be well founded. These include reports that Germany is extremely dissatisfied with the amount of economic support received from Rumania and is considering bringing military pressure to bear. Another story current is that Berlin is worried by plans of the Allies and Turkey for constructing an eastern front and would like to establish a good defensive position in the Balkans. Even if these reports are entirely false, they reflect the growing fear in Southeastern Europe that deadlock elsewhere may bring the tides of war sweeping over its borders. Certainly Rumania's mistrust of Russia's intentions has not been allayed, although its dread of the Red Army seems to have been diminished by Finland's resistance. Consequently, while not long ago it was said that in the event of a Russian attack Bessarabia would be abandoned, more troops have now been moved into that region and King Carol has announced it will be defended to the last.

Another factor in the situation is the appalling disaster caused by earthquakes and floods in northern Anatolia. To what extent this has temporarily weakened Turkey in a military sense is not clear. Obviously the disorganization of economic life and transport must have an adverse bearing on its defensive preparations, and the cost of reconstruction will be a heavy burden on the country's limited resources. Hence if Russia or Germany or both were contemplating an attack on Turkey's ally, Rumania, the present time might seem propitious.

If the tortuous relations of Moscow and Berlin are a threat to the Balkans, they are even more dangerous to the Scandinavian countries. Should the Russian attack on Finland succeed—and despite the Finns' remarkable resistance they must be overwhelmed by numbers unless outside aid arrives—Norway and Sweden would seem destined to be the next victims. In fact, there is a widespread belief in Scandinavia that Germany and Russia have already agreed on a plan to carve them up. Yet if they openly move to Finland's assistance they fear that Germany might seize the opportunity to attack. Britain and France are sending planes and munitions to Finland but cannot give more substantial aid, even if otherwise prepared to do so, while Norway and Sweden remain officially neutral, for the Finns' only contact with the West is through those countries.

The dilemma of the Scandinavian states has been sharpened by recent harsh warnings issued in Berlin. According to the German press, the Allies are attempting to drag the Northern countries into the war, and dire consequences are threatened if they fail to remain strictly neutral. Actually, while there is no reason to suppose that the Allies are putting pressure on the Scandinavian countries except in an economic sense, it may well be that the advantages and disadvantages of a northern front are being weighed. It would mean a clear breach with Russia, which so far Paris and London have striven to avoid. Apart from that, the outstanding problem is whether the Allies could spare sufficient men, and transport them speedily enough, to prevent Germany from getting a real grip on the Scandinavian peninsula. For if Germany were able to seize the southern Swedish and Norwegian coasts, the Allies would be immensely handicapped in enforcing the blockade. On the other hand, a firmly established position in the peninsula would give the Allies a chance to break into the Baltic and attack Germany's vulnerable northern coast. Unless, however, their hand is forced, Sweden and Norway will probably try to cling to their neutrality a while longer. They have no illusions about their fate should Germany win the war, but they have understandable misgivings about how much immediate protection they are likely to receive from the Allies.

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Tariffs and Trade Pacts

IN ASKING for an extension of the Trade Agreements Act beyond next June 12, the President has set the stage for what may become the bitterest struggle in the present session of Congress. While the suspension of negotiations with Argentina and Uruguay may tend to draw the teeth of farm opposition to the act, it will hardly change many votes. During recent weeks the Republicans, led by Senators Vandenberg, Borah, and McNary, have been sniping continuously at the Hull trade program. The opposition has grown to such proportions that some Administration supporters are known to have urged the President to accept a compromise under which future trade agreements would be submitted to the Senate for ratification. Although he did not deny that the determination of general tariff policy is a function of Congress, Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that it is desirable in the interest of flexibility to have the trade agreements kept in administrative hands. Had he wished, he could have drawn upon a long and not wholly honorable history of Congressional action in the field of tariffs to show that progress in the elimination of trade barriers seldom comes as a result of Congressional consideration. Whatever an individual Congressman's tariff views may be, he rarely feels free to vote for a reduction of the duty on a product in which his state is vitally interested. And there is no issue on which Congress can waste more time with less satisfactory results than the consideration of specific rates. Giving the Senate power to review the trade agreements might not completely wreck the reciprocal-trade program, but it would open the door to action by pressure groups which could only obstruct the Administration's efforts to break the log jam of international commerce.

Senator Vandenberg, who opposes the traditional Republican tariff policy exemplified by the Hawley-Smoot Act, has suggested what he terms an "elastic" tariff instead of the Hull program. He would base the tariff upon "the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad." Despite Mr. Vandenberg's disavowal, it is difficult to distinguish between his "elastic" tariff and the so-called "scientific" Hawley-Smoot tariff, which stands as one of the major causes of the Great Depression. The theory that our tariff policy can be safely based on differences in the cost of production has plagued Republicans for decades. Carried to its logical conclusion, it would stop all trade in competitive articles. For if a foreign producer cannot turn out goods more cheaply than his American competitor, or has to pay a duty equating his costs with those of American competitors, he obviously cannot afford to ship his article for sale in the United States. And if foreigners are unable to sell here, they have no way of obtaining foreign exchange to buy American goods. Moreover, experience has shown the "cost-of-production" formula to be wholly unworkable in practice. The determination of the relative costs of production of even one article, produced in scores of factories here and in several foreign countries, would tax the full capacities of the Tariff Commission for many months. And even then the result would be far from the "scientific" ideal held up by Senator Vandenberg.

There have been inaccuracies and exaggerations on the other side of the fence also. Mr. Hull and others in the Administration have spoken of the trade agreements as "peace insurance" and have attached a significance to them as economic stimulants which they do not deserve. While it can scarcely be denied that the reciprocal pacts have contributed to more friendly relations between the United States and the countries with which we have signed them, they have done little, if anything, to remove the basic tensions threatening to make for war. Such exaggerations are minor as compared with the opposition's claims that the trade pacts have injured both agriculture and industry, but they have weakened rather than aided the Administration's case. An honest inquiry such as has been proposed by Secretary Hull might not show the pacts to have been as important as is sometimes asserted, but it should make an impregnable case for the extension of the act in its present form. If the pacts have not yielded the results expected, the blame does not rest so much on the act as on the continuous pressure from vested interests—illustrated by the opposition to the proposed Argentine pact—which makes impossible any real reform in our protectionist tariff policy. For despite the valiant efforts of Mr. Hull, the United States still has one of the highest tariffs in the world—a tariff wholly inconsistent with our interests as a creditor country.

The Fall of Hore-Belisha

HORE-BELISHA'S dismissal as Secretary of State for War has resulted in a greater explosion of British public opinion than Mr. Chamberlain may have foreseen. It is not yet clear why he was forced out. Explanations in the British press are varied and in some cases conflicting, while the only official statement available stresses the absence of any division on policy between the Premier and the ex-Minister.

For this reason we must suspend judgment on the merits of the case, lacking as we do the omiscience of Major George Fielding Eliot, who announced in Sunday's New York *Herald Tribune* that differences on questions of strategy between Mr. Hore-Belisha and General Sir Edmund Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, had become so acute that one or the other had to go. In Major Eliot's opinion, "the Prime Minister's decision does him immeasurable credit" and "is not the least of the accomplishments for which future historians will acclaim Neville Chamberlain."

According to the same commentator, Mr. Hore-Belisha's mistaken policy is the result of his close association with Captain Liddell Hart, the well-known military writer and author of "The Defence of Britain." But this association has long been public knowledge, and while the Minister's energetic democratization of the army may be partly due to Captain Hart's influence, he must have differed with his unofficial adviser on the question of the dispatch of a British army to France, opposition to which was the main thesis of "The Defence of Britain." For this fundamental question was settled months ago, and clearly in a way approved by Mr. Hore-Belisha, since otherwise a War Office crisis would have arisen then.

Whatever the cause of Mr. Hore-Belisha's dismissal, its manner was extremely curious. Information has reached us, from a source that makes it impossible to doubt its accuracy, that a few people in London knew two weeks ago that Chamberlain had decided to drop his War Minister. But the latter remained apparently in ignorance until last Thursday, when he was asked to take a definitely inferior position which would have left him outside the War Cabinet.

The storm of indignation in the British press is a tribute to the energy and imagination with which Mr. Hore-Belisha has carried out his job. These qualifications are conspicuously lacking among the majority of the Cabinet, and courage of the kind which he showed in clearing out the Old Guard of generals and attacking the officer-caste system is also rare. Consequently his popularity has grown despite his exhibitionism. The fury aroused by his sacrifice is fanned by the widespread belief that his real "crime" was being an outsider. His successor, Oliver Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, is very much an "insider." Apart from that, he is an amiable, responsible, well-meaning Tory whose record in half a dozen high offices is one of ineffective mediocrity.

In the ordinary course a minister leaving office has the right to make a personal statement in the House of Commons. Parliament will not meet again until next week unless the Labor Party's demand for an immediate meeting is granted. In any case, public opinion will compel Chamberlain to defend the step he has taken, and it is unlikely to be satisfied with an explanation to a secret session of Parliament. There is a possibility that the crisis will lead to a general airing of the methods by which the war is being carried on, and in some quarters it has been suggested that the outcome may be a complete change in government. Such a change could hardly fail to be for the better since, quite apart from the widespread distrust Mr. Chamberlain inspires, his tendency to surround himself with tired and incompetent old men has proved a serious handicap to Britain's war effort.

The President's Message

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHEN I read the President's message I thought, this is a sensational statement of the country's stake in the European war; it will arouse a terrific storm of protest among isolationists. It did nothing of the sort. Soothed perhaps by the President's calm tone and measured language, most of his bitterest Congressional opponents reacted mildly. Several Senators and Congressmen attacked the references to the trade-pact policy, but most of the political comment was favorable and most of it ignored the obvious implication of the message's dominant theme. Newspaper references were also mild and generally beside the main point, although the *Wall Street Journal* and Raymond Clapper in the Scripps papers both expressed disagreement with the President's statements on foreign policy.

Since I agree with Mr. Roosevelt's position I was pleased with the friendly reception it received. But I was puzzled as well. Because he said as plainly as possible that if the totalitarian powers should win the war the world would be "a shabby and dangerous place" for our children to live in—"even though we are a very great and very powerful nation." He said that "with modern weapons and modern conditions" civilized life could not survive a prolonged period of continued warfare like the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He said that "certain freedoms" were essential everywhere if we ourselves are to feel safe. He did not argue from these facts that the United States should send an army to Europe to help defeat the nations that are trying to "dominate the world by concentrated force alone." On the contrary, he specifically said that "the overwhelming majority of our fellow-citizens do not abandon in the slightest their hope and expectation that the United States will not become involved in military participation in these wars." He said that, and I believe he meant it. None the less his words were carefully chosen. Participation other than military is not ruled out; by implication it is approved. What the President did was to express, more clearly than he or any other responsible official has yet done, the momentous opinion that the United States cannot afford to see Britain and France defeated. I agree with this position, and I believe it should be put forward. Only by accepting it without hysteria can we go on to consider its implications.

Pacifists and isolationists will argue that to take sides even mentally—and, still more, materially—is to run the danger of becoming involved militarily as well. Certainly it would be dishonest to pretend that no risks are attached to an open expression of partiality, of whatever sort. A shipment of supplies to Finland carries with it a measure of emotional commitment that might be avoided by a cool refusal to help. A loan to Britain, if it were permitted, would combine mercenary and emotional entanglements. Only isolation, far more complete than the neutrality law provides, would prevent acts which bind our interests to those of the Western nations. And even legal isolation cannot freeze human feeling.

Risk of war is not to be dodged. But it can be argued, and I believe it to be true, that American involvement is less likely if continued large-scale material help is sent to the Allied countries. The best chance for preserving American neutrality lies in a quick victory for the Western powers. A long war or a war in which Britain and France face probable defeat will wear down the "hope and expectation" of peace to which Americans still so firmly cling. A long war will increase the danger of a merging of Russian and German forces against the West. A long war will increase the demand for a vindictive peace. Only the early collapse of Hitler's power offers promise of the kind of settlement the world needs.

The President made it plain that he intended to have a hand in securing such a settlement after a totalitarian defeat. He offered as an example of international unity the relationships of the American republics and the success of the Trade Agreements Act in removing restrictive barriers, and he made a strong plea for an extension of the act. He recalled the "blind economic selfishness in most countries, including our own," which after the World War "resulted in a destructive mine field of trade restrictions which blocked the channels of commerce among nations" and contributed to the economic breakdown that led toward the present wars. And he looked ahead to the time when peace would become possible and the United States could "use its influence to open up the trade channels of the world in order that no nation need feel compelled in later days to seek by force of arms what it can well gain by peaceful conference." "For this purpose," he said, "we need the Trade Agreements Act even more than when it was passed. . . . Such an influence will be greatly weakened if this government becomes a dog in the manger of trade selfishness."

I quote this because it shows the direction of the President's thinking. He clearly intends to help bring about peace; if his acts had not already proved this, he indicates such an intention in another part of his message. He believes that an important element in that peace will be a widespread adoption of the principles that govern our trade agreements. This is good enough for a beginning even though it falls far short of the economic collaboration that will be needed after the war. But it is sufficient to prove that the President hopes for a future organization of international relationships in which the United States will play a leading and continuing part. This, too, is an important piece of news.

It is interesting, though perhaps not significant, that the British Ambassador, speaking at Chicago the day after the President delivered his message, made many of the same points. His address was also designed to emphasize the meaning of the European war for America. He too recognized and accepted the determination of this country to stay out. He too talked about trade barriers and stressed the need of a peace that would prevent the economic collapses and conflicts that led to the present struggle. The two addresses were like the British and American faces of a single coin. But while I agreed with most of what Lord Lothian said, I wish he hadn't said it. When the President talks of America's stake in the war, he is fulfilling his duty to his fellow-citizens. When the British Ambassador says the same thing, it is discounted as propaganda, however true it is. Lord Lothian pointed to our "excellent" Ambassador Kennedy, who "is continually explaining to the British people what Americans think." It was a poor example to choose. Both nations would be better off if their ambassadors maintained a decorous diplomatic silence, especially in war time.

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The Real Dies Report

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, January 8

HAVING run through one dragon, Martin Dies is charging another. As a result of his first gallant fight, he admits, communism in the United States lies prostrate, if not dead. The Russian invasion of Finland might have helped a little, but Dies takes most of the credit for the accomplishment. Since the Dies committee already has achieved its purpose, the virtual destruction of un-Americanism, why should it go on? This problem has been solved by the discovery of another, tougher, uglier dragon, parent of the first. It is atheism or paganism, and the campaign against it is to be a holy war led by Martin Dies.

The ideology of the crusade goes like this: The world is engaged in a fight between Marxist materialism on one side and Christian idealism on the other. The Russian invasion of Finland and the German invasion of Poland are products of Marxism, a term synonymous with atheism. That leaves the Italian invasion of Ethiopia unaccounted for, but it apparently was the exception proving the rule. In the United States the Marxian atheists, disguised as "so-called liberals," are engaged in the materialistic enterprise of supplying the unemployed with food and, in the process, transforming our system of government into a bureaucratic state capitalism.

Dies introduced the new line in the first article of his series in *Liberty*. He developed it in his radio sermon last Saturday night. But it was most fully and clearly set forth in the first draft of his report to Congress. This report, unfortunately, was rewritten by liberal members of the Dies committee and consequently never made public. I say unfortunately because the original document shows that Dies himself and, presumably, a majority of his committee are still determined to destroy the New Deal. The reasonable report that was finally made public was written by a minority of the committee and has created the wholly false impression that Dies and his majority have changed stripe. If their authority and their appropriation are renewed, their efforts to smear Roosevelt liberalism, this time in the name of Christianity itself, will also be renewed.

Consider this paragraph from the conclusions of the suppressed report submitted to the committee by Dies with the recommendation that it be adopted:

> These Marxists who are not attached to the Communist Party or the German-American Bund are characterized, especially in these times, by their constant assaults upon the American economic system, which to them is a pile of "folklore" [as in Thurman Arnold's "Folklore of Capitalism," apparently]. Some of them have received appointments to high government positions, from which vantage points they carry on an incessant attack upon our economic system. Most of them may properly be called milk-and-water Marxists. Nevertheless, by their contempt for the American economic system and their unflagging efforts to discredit it, they serve the ends of those Marxists who feed on the stronger meat of violent revolution. Marxists of all hues and of all degrees of consciousness are seeking to sabotage by slow stages the political and economic system of America in favor of bureaucratic state capitalism.

Jerry Voorhis

And this, according to the rejected report, is how the sabotaging is done:

> First, attacks upon one phase or another of our economic system [reform]. Second, the advocacy of the principle that the government has the duty to support the people [relief]. Third, subtle proposals to regiment agriculture [AAA], labor [NLRB], and industry [SEC and various other government agencies] under some system of planned economy. Fourth, the final abolition of private property in favor of public ownership of basic industries [TVA], and, finally, complete dictatorship [Roosevelt the Kerensky who precedes the dictator].

The report goes on to bolster the Kerensky approach with the flat statement that "we are now witnessing the first stages of this [Marxist-atheist-pagan] campaign."

Thus it becomes apparent that Dies himself and, presumably, the four conservatives who constitute the majority of the committee are still bent on a campaign of New Deal destruction. They permitted the minority members—Jerry Voorhis of California, Joe Casey of Massachusetts, and John Dempsey of New Mexico—to rewrite the report because they wanted something all members of the committee would sign. Dies was anxious to avoid the uncertainties about renewal of his authority that a minority report might entail. Even the House, tolerant as it has been with the antics of the committee, was disgusted with the report of J. B. Matthews, "research director," that consumer organizations are Communist dominated—except Consumers' Research, the one in which he was long interested. Dies authorized publication of this report without consulting minority members of the committee. He also raised Matthews's pay without bothering to mention it. Matthews was probably the real author not only of the original Dies report but of the chairman's other recent literary productions.

The elaboration of Dies's anti-New Deal prejudices into a new testament of Christianity suggests the Matthews hall mark. Other features of the original report were similarly suggestive. For example, there was the announcement that "Communists have from the beginning of this labor organization [the C. I. O.] wielded the dominant influence in its polices and control." And there was the "shameful and alarming" finding that "563 employees of the federal government could belong to so obviously a Communist-controlled organization" as the League for Peace and Democracy. At one of the committee's meetings Matthews was forced to confess that he could not name a single Communist in the government service, although the original report said some of the shameful 563 were "self-admitted members of the Communist Party." The minority members of the committee eliminated this along with other fanciful "statements of fact."

As everyone now knows, the published report of the committee denounced communism and fascism in uncompromising terms. It was, in fact, considerably harder on the Communists than the original. But it affirmatively rejected the falsehood that liberalism and communism differ only in degree. It defended civil liberties and by implication accused the Dies committee of disrespect for them. It estimated that no more than 1,000,000 of 132,000,000 Americans have embraced subversive doctrines despite widespread suffering during ten depression years. "We owe them," it concluded, "a solution of the economic and social problem of unnecessary poverty in the midst of possible plenty."

The published report, like the unpublished original, recommended further investigation of "un-American activities," but it defined these, as the original did not, as operations in the interest of foreign governments. Such a recommendation seemed so reasonable that it was promptly underwritten by the liberal as well as the conservative press. The New York *Times* expressed the happy thought that the Dies investigation at last had educated Dies. But Dies was in Texas whetting his trusty dragon-lance when the report was written. It is plain that his new dragon is much the same as his old dragon and that it still bears a striking resemblance to the Roosevelt New Deal.

Soviet Russia Today

III. DEATH OF A REVOLUTION

BY LOUIS FISCHER

THE drastic modification in Russia's attitude toward the outside world did not suddenly spring full-blown from the brain of Stalin. It is not the casual whim of one individual. Nor is it merely the product of a new world situation. It has its roots deep in Soviet domestic conditions. The Russo-German pact begins a new era. But it is also a stage in a striking development of the Soviet revolution which started several years ago.

The year 1936 represents a divide in the history of the Bolshevik Revolution. The roots of the rapprochement with the Nazis go back to that year. I trace the new pact with Germany to a divorce between the Soviet leadership and the Soviet people; it became noticeable in 1936.

Up to about 1933 the Soviet regime was laying the industrial foundation of a new Russia, for which the population paid in the form of reduced consumption and harder work. Some did so grumblingly, many patiently. In 1934 and 1935 and in the first half of 1936 life became a bit easier. More goods could be bought in shops. But then the rising curve of consumption began to flatten out. The supply of consumers' commodities in the Soviet Union is today woefully inadequate, and while food is generally plentiful, butter and milk and even articles like cabbage, a staple of Russian diet, are often unobtainable. In this field little progress has been made in the last three years. The deficiency is in part due to military preparations. But it is more adequately explained by the purges and several inherent Soviet economic weaknesses.

Even when he has the money the Soviet citizen faces a knotty problem when he tries to purchase most articles of clothing, especially pants—and there is no socialism without pants—or writing paper, or kitchen utensils, or kerosene for cooking, or a thousand and one items of common daily use. The proof of scarcity is found in the Soviet press: speculators are regularly arrested and sentenced. Speculators flourish only in scarcity. Moreover, factory directors and managers of industries are discharged, purged, or imprisoned for failing to produce efficiently and sufficiently. This usually makes matters worse: less experienced men take the vacated posts. On December 2, 1939, the New York *Times* carried a report from Moscow about "the famine in consumers' goods" and the "complaints by the Moscow public." The inability to buy necessities is a grave disappointment to the Soviet population, which had hoped that some day, after twenty or more fatiguing years of Soviet economy, life would grow comfortable and easy.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE TRIALS

Simultaneously, another great yearning of the Soviet nation was shattered—the yearning for liberty. The Stalin constitution of 1936 was sincerely intended as a charter of freedom. The enemies of the Bolshevik regime—the kulaks, capitalists, old-style conservative intellectuals—had been eradicated. The loyal folk that remained could be granted more civil rights. That was the conception of the constitution, and its promulgation produced joy throughout the land. The subsequent dejection has been no less intense. For almost immediately restrictions on individuals were drawn tighter, restraint increased, arrests multiplied. The terror that had been directed chiefly against anti-Soviet elements who hated the regime was now aimed at Communists who had made the regime. In 1936, for the first time, occurred wholesale arrests and executions of Communists for political reasons. The trials and purges that followed caused the disappearance of hundreds of thousands of men and women, some shot, some incarcerated, some exiled to frozen and desert wastes. Trials were held not only in Moscow under the limelight. Every city and small town had its trials. The purge extended to every nook of the vast continent which is Russia. Foreign Communists, especially Polish and German refugees, were caught in the huge dragnet.

The basic problem raised by the constitution was the future of the G. P. U. Civil rights, habeas corpus, and all democratic liberties are illusory while a secret police operates with special powers to arrest without proper judicial warrant and to exile and execute without public trial. The Kremlin realized this, and as a preliminary to the issuance of the constitution took measures to curtail the prerogatives of the G. P. U. These measures and their success demonstrated that the G. P. U. was not an independent, omnipotent state within a state but subject to the higher authority of Stalin and his associates.

Then there followed a reversal and setback. In August, 1936, Kamenev and Zinoviev, Lenin's friends, with Stalin members of the triumvirate which ruled after Lenin died, were tried and later executed. The trial of Piatakov, Radek, and several others followed in January, 1937; and in June, 1937, Tukhachevsky and a large group of top-rank Red Army commanders were shot. Many of them were anti-Stalin—though he was the one subject they strangely avoided in their confessions and public statements at the Moscow trials—and some probably had conspired against him. When Soviet Russia was ready for democracy, it got a more draconic dictatorship, because, for one thing, investigations revealed that the country was not as unanimous about the genius and achievements of Stalin as the press seemed to indicate.

The terror of the G. P. U. was now unleashed against all former oppositionists who had or had not recanted, and against numerous others who had never been connected with any opposition. Big figures toppled into prison and oblivion. To have made revolutionary history or to have carried out the Five-Year Plan was no security.

A deadly fear was injected into those who remained. The purges were regrettable not merely from the human point of view and because industry lagged while good industrialists languished in jail; they demoralized the population. The country, for instance, had been taught that Yagoda, the chairman of the G. P. U., was "the flaming sword of the revolution." He was one of the guiding lights of the Soviet government. He had staged the trials of Kamenev and Zinoviev, and of Piatakov, Radek, and the others. But then he himself sat in the dock as an "enemy of the people," and he was executed as an agent of foreign governments. Could he have staged the trials to harm the revolution? Doubts harassed many citizens.

Yagoda was succeeded by Yezhov, and Yezhov in turn became "the flaming sword of the revolution." His picture was displayed in countless offices, factories, and homes. Then he too disappeared in disgrace. Whom could one trust? Whom could one follow?

In 1936 the Soviet government created the rank of marshal and elevated five men to that rank: Voroshilov, Tukhachevsky, Yegorov, Blücher, and Budenny. Children and adults treasured a widely circulated photograph of these heroes of the country. Before long Tukhachevsky was executed for having allegedly wanted a pact with the Nazis, and the children had to cut his face out of the photograph. Then Yegorov had to be excised. And finally Blücher. Today two remain.

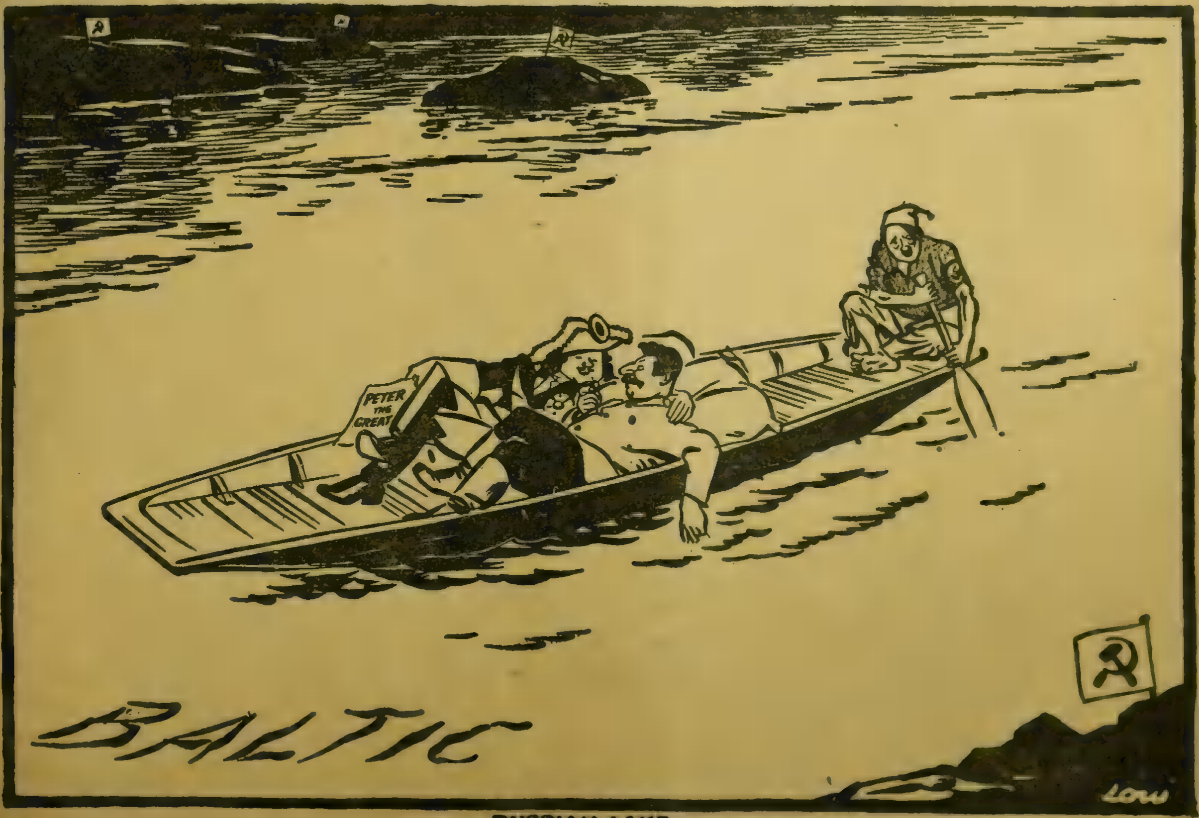
Thousands of writers, journalists, Communist officials, party speakers, Bolshevik provincial leaders, and leaders of the youth movement were arrested because, according to the published version, they had been uncovered as anti-Soviet. Then how could the ordinary citizen know whether the man whose article he was reading today, whose speech he was listening to, whose advice he was following, might not be annihilated tomorrow as a foe of the Soviet state? The purges produced a crisis of faith. Since everybody was a potential spy and traitor, everybody distrusted everybody else. This was ruinous to economic activity. Persons in industry knew that promotion brought greater responsibility and greater danger. Some preferred therefore to remain in small jobs. I know of the case of an engineer who chose to be a taxi driver to escape the constant strain of important work in which he might make a mistake that would be interpreted as due to evil political intent. Everybody hesitated to talk on serious subjects or to associate with any but a few intimates. There was a premium on frivolity and personal disloyalty. Communists started saying "they" instead of "we" in referring to the regime.

The mass took refuge in indifference and passivity. The Communist Party ceased to count and became a rubber stamp. This made it easy for the leadership to do as it pleased. The people did not have to be considered. It did not have to be prepared for future measures. Steps taken by the government did not have to be explained to it. The Russo-German pact was divulged to an unsuspecting and I am sure horrified Soviet public without preparation or justification.

The Russo-German pact was not the first instance of crude disregard of Bolshevik tradition and Soviet culture. In 1936, having established himself as undisputed dictator, Stalin began making political mistakes. He had accused others of being "dizzy with success." Now he seemed to suffer from the same giddiness. I will limit myself to two mistaken innovations which illustrate the ideological gulf that has developed between top layer and people. In May, 1936, the Soviet government published the draft of an anti-abortion law. Previously abortions had been legal and numerous, and the Bolsheviks, with their usual pendulumism, now swung to the other extreme and wished to proscribe them altogether. But they said to the country: Here is the draft, shoot at it. Do you like it or not? Tell us frankly; this is a democracy. This provoked a nation-wide discussion. Resolutions were adopted in factories condemning the act. The resolutions were published in the press. Women and men wrote letters to the newspapers explaining that under the difficult Soviet housing and living conditions the new provision would work impossible hardships. Overwhelmingly the sentiment, as shown by public statements, was against the draft. Then, after the open debate had raged over the whole country for a month, the government republished the draft as the law, making one or two very minor changes. Independently of the merits or demerits of this piece of legislation, and they are not now germane to my argument, the behavior of the government testified to its contempt and disrespect of the will and wish of the population. It was a slap in the face for the public. It was a political blunder. Citizens shrank back into their unpolitical corners, humiliated and disconsolate.

RUSSIFICATION

Again in 1936 the leadership intensified propaganda, first launched cautiously in 1935, to inculcate patriotism and Russian nationalism. Half the residents of the Soviet Union are not Russians at all, but Ukrainians, Georgians, Turks, Armenians, Mongols, Uzbeks, Tartars, Mordvinians, Chuvashes, and so forth, on down a list of about two hundred nationalities. The bulk of the population had never had any patriotism for czarist Russia and had never been taught any Russian nationalism or even Soviet nationalism by the revolution. The intelligent



RUSSIAN LAKE

Soviet man or woman who believes in socialism is a patriot of the doctrine and attributes the achievements of the Soviet regime to it rather than to the fact that Russians are applying it on Russian soil. He or she will usually tell you that it is a pity socialism was first tried in Russia, for its chances of success would have been greater in Germany or England or America, which are more civilized and more advanced industrially. The teaching of Lenin was internationalism, and it was accepted by millions of Soviet citizens. I should say that Loyalist Spain, for instance, meant more to Soviet citizens than most events of the last few years inside or outside Russia. Nevertheless, and in defiance of this spirit, Soviet leaders attempted to inoculate the people with Russian nationalism. Prerevolutionary Russian history was rewritten to make it palatable to a new generation, and the works of Pokrovsky, friend of Lenin and famous Communist historian of czarism, were discarded. Peter the Great, reviled for his cruelty by all who read, was refurbished for modern consumption. A whole galaxy of czarist notables appeared from the dustbin of the past, into which a proper assessment of their reactionary deeds had consigned them. Figures like Alexander Nevsky were brought forward out of the mist of the czarist Middle Ages and popularized in the films. Art, literature, and politics received a deepening Russian tinge. "Shors," the latest talkie produced by Dovzhenko, celebrated Soviet Ukrainian director, makes a typical Ukrainian exclaim on his deathbed, "Farewell, Russia and the Ukraine." It is altogether unnatural and un-Soviet for him to say "Farewell, Russia," but it is in tune with the latest Russian patriotism.

Startling official manifestations of Russification appeared for the first time in Soviet history. Soviet policy toward national minorities had always been above criticism by reason of its political wisdom and effectiveness. Racial conflicts were eliminated or reduced to infinitesimal dimensions. As part of this general trend, anti-Semitism became a waning, disappearing phenomenon frowned on and punished by the authorities. The struggle in society, Bolshevism taught, was between classes, not between religions or races.

One of the most attractive features of Soviet endeavor to liberate backward minorities was the introduction of the Latin alphabet among Eastern ethnic groups whose complicated cursive Arabic and other scripts retarded their cultural progress, created a small intellectual aristocracy, and made for a high percentage of illiteracy. Latinization gave a tremendous fillip to popular education, brought Asiatic races closer to Western culture, and documented a decided rupture with the czarist policy of oppressing and Russifying non-Russian populations.

But in 1937 an officially inspired movement away from Latinization set in, and today most of the forty-odd nationalities which adopted the Latin alphabet have decided to drop it or are about to do so and—this is truly amazing—to substitute the Russian Cyrillic alphabet. *Pravda* of October 14, 1939, reported "a meeting of the intelligentsia of the city of Tashkent," in Central Asia, which "unanimously adopted a resolution asking the party and government of Uzbekistan to hasten the transfer to an alphabet based on Russian script." The purpose of this change is "to bring still nearer the cultural wealth of the great Russian people to the peoples of Uzbekistan and considerably to facilitate the study of the great Russian language." The intelligentsia of Tashkent can rest assured that when they demand what Moscow wants to give they will certainly get it. But it is a sharp departure from Soviet practice and principles. And what is this business of the "great Russian nation" and the "great Russian language"? Why are they greater than the Ukrainian or Mongol or Turkish? Such terminology was unknown in the Bolshevik past.

This cultural reaction illumines Molotov's reference on May 31, 1939, to Czechoslovakia as the "large Slav nation." It was the first time a Soviet leader had used "Slav" in such a connection. The political climate in Moscow has grown different. Russianism and Slavism can breathe in it again. Russian expansion and Russian aggression flourish in that atmosphere.

Cultural retrogression, economic stagnation, and political blunders are all interlaced in the pattern of a dictatorship that has become personal. Stalin has sought to eliminate his opponents and every independent source of authority and popularity within the country. He is all-powerful. Yet in his might he is a failure, for socialism is a will-o'-the-wisp. Stalin cannot solve the problems of his country: he seizes other countries. In the same predicament Hitler and Mussolini behaved the same way. A dictator thinks he must have triumphs, and when they elude him at home he seeks them abroad.

FROM MADRID TO OBLIVION

From far and near I watched this evolution of the Soviet revolution with mounting concern. I aired my doubts to Russian, Spanish, and other friends. I never wrote or uttered a word of justification of the Soviet trials and purges. From 1936 on I ceased writing about Soviet internal affairs. While Moscow helped Spain and while the Soviet government was an active factor for world peace, I did not wish to attack the Soviet Union. I had hoped that in Spain Europe might be saved from the present war. It could have been if all the elements now backing Finland had helped struggling democratic Spain against foreign aggression. I had hoped that in Spain Russia would be saved from further reaction. During 1937 and 1938 I often said to Dr. Juan Negrín, the Loyalist Prime Minister, that the Spanish republic had a service to perform to Russia which was greater perhaps than the services Russia was performing for Spain. The Bolshevik ebb might have been reversed in Spain. Instead, Soviet Russia was probably lost there.

Fascism is the universal enemy of peace and decency. The Soviet government opposed fascism. I refrained from throwing stones at the Soviet government. British and French sins of appeasement which led to this war won Moscow many friends who never approved of the Kremlin dictatorship. Was I, an old friend, to become a public enemy? Spain and China were dear to millions outside their frontiers. These millions had a kindlier feeling for the Soviet Union. I imposed silence on myself. Then Stalin signed his pact with Hitler on August 23, 1939. When it came I recognized it immediately as the ugly fruit of the preceding years of unbolshevik acts within Russia and of the chasm between the will of the leaders and the spirit of the people. I did not have to wait for the invasion of Finland.

Because Spain was so important to the progressive, democratic world I believe it necessary to record that, with one exception, all the leading Soviet officials sent to Spain to help the Loyalists were executed or arrested after their return to Russia. Their names are:

General Goriev, the savior of Madrid—executed.

General Grishin, the first Soviet military chief of staff, who arrived in Madrid in October, 1936, a man of sixty, able, revered by the Spaniards—arrested. He was followed by General Grigorovich, who left Spain in the first half of 1938 to assume a high army post in the Soviet Far East. As Grigory M. Stern, his real name, he is now reported to be in command of a sector of the Finnish-Soviet front. He is the one exception.

General Maximov, Stern's successor in Spain, who helped direct the victorious Ebro offensive in the summer of 1938—arrested.

Marcel Rosenberg, first Soviet ambassador to Loyalist Spain—arrested.

Gaikis, his successor—arrested.

Stashevsky, the Soviet trade representative, an old Polish revolutionist, who not only arranged the Spanish purchases of Russian arms but was Negrín's friendly adviser on many economic problems—arrested.

Antonov Avseyenko, Soviet consul general in Catalonia, who led the assault on the Winter Palace in Petrograd in 1917—arrested.

Michail Koltsov, *Pravda* correspondent in Spain throughout the war, who had reported personally to Stalin and Voroshilov on Spanish conditions and on the behavior of Russians in Spain—arrested.

General Uritzky, of the Moscow War Office, in charge of arms shipments to the Loyalists—arrested.

No outsider knows what happened to most of these men after their imprisonment.

This purge of men to whom republican Spain owes a debt for big services was no more serious and costly, however, than the destruction of other rich Soviet military and civilian talent on a much larger scale. Thousands of fine young Soviet men are now paying for it in the Finnish war. But individuals do not count where only one individual counts.

[*This is the concluding article of Mr. Fischer's series.*]

Is Scandinavia Next?

The Anti-Nordic Germans

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

Oslo, December 26

A NAUSEATING comedy is ended—not a day too soon. With the publication of the cynical account of "Germany's Relations with the Northern Countries During the Past Twenty Years," released through the D. N. B., the official German news agency, on December 7, Nazi Germany threw off the Nordic mask it had worn far too long. The release was probably the most mendacious, ungrateful, and distorted statement that has yet come out of Dr. Goebbels's propaganda machine.

After the World War, when Germany was down and out, says Goebbels, it "waited in vain for some show of sympathy or effective moral support" from the Northern countries. What of the thousands of *Wienerkinder*, a term comprising both German and Austrian war orphans, who were rescued by generous Scandinavian foster-parents? What of the unending stream of *Liebesgaben* that poured into the Reich from the Northern countries both during and after the war? What of the hundreds of millions of kroner which those countries invested in the renascent economy of post-war Germany? To say nothing of the historical fact that it was thanks to essential supplies—both home products and transit goods—from Scandinavia that the German armies broke down only in 1918, instead of two years earlier; or of the equally historical fact that certain Northern countries, up to the summer of 1935, played an important role in the secret rearmament of the Reich.

Who was the unselfish, untiring *porte-parole* for ostracized Germany at Geneva, long before it was itself readmitted to the concert of civilized nations? Who, if not the Danish Foreign Minister, Dr. Munch, vetoed League sanctions against the Reich after each of Hitler's lawless coups? And did not the Swedish Academy year after year give German scientists much-needed cash and encouragement by granting a larger proportion of Nobel prizes to them than to the scientists of any other country?

The truth is that the Northern countries, out of a certain feeling of racial affinity and a great admiration for the true spirit of Germany, have stuck to it through thick and thin. None of them has ever been anti-German in any way. But they have, as one man, instinctively and uncompromisingly rejected the Nazi mentality, which is wholly incompatible with their own way of life and thought.

Now at last it has become unmistakably clear—as the best Germans have always known—that the spirit of Hitlerism, with its flaunted inhumanity and barbarism, with its degrading *Kadaver-Gehorsam* and *Führer-Prinzip,* is the exact antithesis of the truly Nordic element in the German national character. It was in keeping that the Nazis should finally turn against the true bearers of the Nordic spirit and tradition. As long as there exists a peaceful, democratic, prosperous Scandinavia, it will be by force of contrast a continual reproach to the Nazis. They may not relish the thought of Soviet air and naval bases dotting the "German lake" and they probably consider the Russian military operations rather bungled, but for all that they must feel a psychological relief at the prospect of the Northern eyesore at last meeting its fate.

The Swedes, except for a tiny minority of Nazi admirers, never dreamed of joining an anti-Soviet crusade, but neither did it ever occur to them that they might one day have the Red Army rolling up against their doorsteps, with Hitler, the Savior, and Göring, that great friend of Sweden, piously washing their hands. I wonder whether one could, the world over, find anyone more discountenanced these days than Sven Hedin, or the brothers General and Admiral de Champs, or Göring's brother-in-law, Count Erik von Rosen, or others of the disillusioned, disgusted advocates of the *Reichsvereinigung Schweden-Deutschland.*

I have read, in the course of years, a good many books and pamphlets by leading Swedish military writers discussing the strategic position of their country from every conceivable angle: in a war between Germany and Russia, between Britain and Russia, between Britain and Germany, between an Anglo-German combination and Russia. These, I repeat, were the "conceivable" cases. None brought the Swedish strategists to despair, for each of them was bound to create a certain balance of power in the Baltic, as far as Sweden was concerned.

And now the inconceivable has happened. With Stalin's troops endeavoring to drive through Finland to Sweden's frontiers, the entire German press trains its big guns on Sweden. There was no mistaking the sense of the Nazi campaign which led to the resignation of Foreign Minister Sandler of Sweden. It closely followed the pattern of the earlier assaults on Benes, Beck, and—by the Soviet press—Cajander. Whether it will abate now that the object of its wrath has disappeared, remains to be seen. But I doubt it. For it was not only Sandler's policy that irked the Nazis; it was Sweden's vigorously maintained neutrality.

Sweden committed the crime of rejecting a proffered commercial agreement with the Nazis that would have meant the discontinuation of all trade with the Allies and might have brought on war with them. It also had the insolence to protest when Nazi mine layers, a few weeks ago, proceeded to mine its territorial waters. It even went so far as to inquire in Berlin why and how long the Germans proposed to detain in their ports some 65,000 tons of Swedish shipping destined to neutral countries. Think of it! *Gott strafe Schweden!*

So Sweden now stands officially branded "unneutral." And with it Norway, which dared to release the City of Flint and carries on a lively trade with Britain. Denmark, thus far, is still in Hitler's good graces, but for how long? It made a hit when, alone of the four Northern countries, it signed last May a non-aggression pact with Germany. Finland's, Sweden's, and Norway's polite refusal to do so is now the Nazis' trump card against them.

No one can say whether the threats and abuse in the Nazi press will be followed by action. Shall we really see Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia jointly make a meal of Scandinavia, the erstwhile "quiet corner" of the world? If so, will Britain and France, will the United States, stand by? These questions, this anxiety, haunt everyone up here. But perhaps I should not voice them, for Scandinavia is neutral.

Sweden Prepares

BY MAURICE FELDMAN

SWEDEN'S foreign policy has always been one of diplomatic impartiality toward Russia and Germany. The whole Northern group of nations—Finland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden—has been devoted to the principles of the League of Nations. As late as four weeks after the outbreak of the war in Europe a Swedish newspaper close to the government carried an enthusiastic hymn to Geneva. The disappointment over the League's failure was great in the Scandinavian countries, which had honestly and fervently believed in a world-wide union of free peoples. Since the war started, Sweden's foreign policy has been directed to establishing closer contacts with the so-called Oslo states, a group which includes Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. The aim of Richard Sandler, until recently Swedish Foreign Minister, was to keep the Northern bloc out of the war under all circumstances and to maintain normal commercial relations with foreign countries. Sweden's exports of pulp, cellulose, iron ore, and machines are of vital importance to the national economy. Among the purchasers of its exports England

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comes first, Germany second, and the United States third. The chief export to the United States is cellulose, to England pulp, and to Germany iron ore. Swedish iron ore, considered the best in the world, is vitally important to Germany, especially in war time. Of the fifteen million tons produced yearly by the Grängesberg works at Kiruna in northern Sweden, not less than eight million tons goes to Germany. On the other hand, Swedish banks and financiers are bound up more closely with England and the United States than with Germany. The richest man in Sweden, Karl Axel Wenner-Gren, for instance, has his largest interests in England and the United States, and the connection of most Swedish banks, particularly of the Enskilda Bank, with the London City is very close. Commercial and financial relations with the Soviet Union are negligible.

The annexation of Finland by Soviet Russia would bring Sweden into the Russian sphere of influence. Simultaneously with the attacks on J. E. Erkko, the former Finnish Foreign Minister, the Russian radio broadcast threats against the Swedes. Russia's Dr. Goebbels, Andrey Zhdanov, said in a radio address on November 12: "Herr Sandler, the lackey of English-French imperialism, is encouraging the use of the so-called neutral states as tools against the interests of the Soviet Union. This social fascist gentleman [Sandler is a Social Democrat and has translated the works of Karl Marx into Swedish] is forcing Russia to go to war. We do not fear him or his bragging Finnish colleagues. They can learn something from Beck and Moscicki." Even more ominous were the negotiations between Molotov and the Swedish minister to Moscow, O. W. Winther, in which Russian threats were clearly implied. Ultimately, Russia will hardly be satisfied with control of Swedish foreign policy. It will demand important strategic territories, particularly the island of Gotland, Sweden's most important air base.

Since Sweden, like Finland, has no intention of meekly submitting to the Russians' demands, preparations for the defense of the country have been accelerated. Complete plans have been drawn up for the evacuation of Stockholm, which has a population of 560,000. Enough foodstuffs, raw materials, and gasoline have been stored to last two years. Sweden's chances of holding out are better than were Poland's or than Finland's seemed to be. I have talked to high Swedish officers and officials, and they are not at all pessimistic about the defense possibilities of their country. The Swedish air force is small; it probably consists of not more than 250 to 300 planes. And there is a scarcity of tanks. But in the Bofors works Sweden has one of the finest and most modern armament plants in the world. This concern, which employs 6,000 workers and is controlled by Wenner-Gren, makes first-class cannon and the famous 40-millimeter anti-aircraft guns, which are not surpassed by the product of any other gun factory in the world.

The Swedish army, when fully mobilized, has at the most 800,000 to 900,000 men, but it is well trained and equipped and would prove no mean foe for an invading army. Moreover, the Swedish defenders would have the advantage of the natural situation of the country. With a population of only 6,500,000, Sweden has almost as large an area as Germany. There are only eleven persons to a square kilometer. The industries are not concentrated in one area but stretch from Kiruna in Lapland, the seat of the iron-ore industry, to the rubber works of Trelleborg, the southernmost city in Sweden. Attacks from the air would have only widely scattered objects to shoot at. Enemy operations in the Baltic Sea would be greatly hampered by mine fields which the Swedes and Finns have laid since the war broke out. On land the great mountains in the north and the immense forests that cover the country would favor the defenders. An invading army would have great difficulty in maintaining its mobility and striking power.

The Swedes are fully aware that they and the other Scandinavian nations are bound up with Finland for better or worse. At a recent mass-meeting in Stockholm one of Sweden's leading military strategists, Lieutenant Colonel Magnus Dryssen, declared that an investigation by the Swedish Royal Defense Commission had shown that if the Finnish army were strengthened, it could block the Russian invasion for months. "Finland's, Sweden's, and Norway's independence," he said, "can only be safeguarded effectively if these three nations unite and defend themselves collectively. If Finland falls, and thereby also the Aaland Islands, the chances of a successful defense of the other Scandinavian countries will not be very great. The geographical situation of Sweden is such that the country cannot withstand a Russia which controls the Baltic, Finland, and the Aaland Islands." One of the leading anti-fascists and left-wing Socialists in Sweden, Dr. Alf Ahlberg, told the same audience that "he who does not fight for Finland has no right to call himself a Swede."

One of the most active workers for Finland is Dr. Georg Branting, the son of Hjalmar Branting, who founded the Swedish Social Democratic Party. Dr. Branting, an "extreme left-wing" Socialist and editor of the periodical *Sovjetnytt* (*Soviet News*), has completely broken with the Communists and is now heading the Swedish-Finnish Aid Committee. (During the Spanish civil war he was chairman of the International Aid Committee for Loyalist Spain.) With the formation of the new Swedish coalition government representing all parties, internal political differences are rapidly disappearing. On all sides there is genuine regret that Per Albin Hansson, the Prime Minister, found it necessary to replace Foreign Minister Sandler, who has always been extremely popular with the Swedish people and whose foreign policy had their full confidence. Sandler's successor, Christian de Günther, formerly minister to Norway, is a career diplomat without political affiliations. His appointment was presumably made to appease the Russians and Germans.

The Swedish people and their government know that the fate of their country will be decided in Finland. The recently concluded commercial treaty with England contains a clause which guarantees British help in case Sweden is attacked by Germany, but makes no mention of military assistance in the event of a Russian invasion. It is clear, then, why thousands of Swedish and Norwegian volunteers are flocking to Finland and enrolling in the Finnish army, and why Sweden and Norway are extending liberal help, officially and unofficially, to Finland. A "Nordic Corps" of 10,000 men is already on Finnish soil and a second corps of another 10,000 men is being organized. The new year finds a war at Sweden's door, and the shadow of Moscow falls on the land.

Twilight of the Chain Gang

BY WALTER WILSON

FOR half a century the South's penal system has been considered particularly cruel and degrading. Many writers have exposed the shocking conditions in the prisons and the brutalities of the chain gangs, and painted horrifying pictures of convicts tortured in steel cages, flogged to death, or making desperate efforts to escape, pursued by bloodhounds and men with shotguns. Recently, however, we have been told that extensive reforms have been introduced, and the South has challenged its critics to revise their judgments. The Jacksonville *Times-Union,* for example, not long ago invited "those penmen who have berated this section of the country to ply their trade with equal assiduity in heralding the improvement of conditions in convict camps."

I have myself frequently protested against conditions in Southern prisons, and when I heard it asserted that a major transformation had been effected, I decided to investigate. I went to the chain-gang country, made a personal survey, and discovered that since 1933, and chiefly since 1936, the South has made definite progress toward a more humane and intelligent penal system. To appreciate the reforms accomplished, one must recall the conditions that had persisted almost without change since the close of the Civil War. The men who at that time established the penal system for the Southern states were less interested in setting up machinery for the administration of justice and the protection of society from crime than in obtaining a reservoir of quasi-slaves and a weapon for terrorizing freedmen and poor whites. Under the system they devised the services of convicts were leased to private employers. Planters and business men went to the prisons and after signing a so-called contract drove the convicts away in chains as if they were work animals. They then worked them, starved them, flogged them, or even killed them as they saw fit. This lease system was not finally eradicated from its last stronghold in the mines of Alabama until 1927.

After abolition of the private lease the local governments took over the machinery of justice, but proved only slightly more humane. The sufferings endured by prisoners under county authorities were strikingly exposed a few years ago by the book and the movie "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

More recently Southern prison officials have been proving receptive to the modern idea that terror neither deters men from crime nor maintains prison discipline. The degrading punishments of the road gang are on their way out. Chains and shackles are being eliminated. In North Carolina, for example, only 2 per cent of the prisoners wear shackles. Georgia has announced that all "maximum-security" men will be kept inside the walls of the new central penitentiary at Reidsville, and that men in the camps outside will not be required to wear stripes, chains, or shackles. Tennessee and Kentucky have recently joined the states which have made flogging illegal. A few other states, while retaining statutes legalizing the lash, have taken practical steps to end its use. The present penal administration in Alabama has announced that under no circumstances will wardens be allowed to whip prisoners. The new head of the Texas Prison Board, Dr. Sidney M. Lister, has suspended the "bat" (lash) in his state for two years. Dr. Lister says he is confident that he can demonstrate by the improved morale of the prisoners that corporal punishment is unnecessary.

In accordance with the practice in progressive prisons elsewhere, the South is adopting solitary confinement on restricted diet as the chief means of maintaining discipline. Tennessee and North Carolina rely almost entirely on this method. Georgia adopted it in March, 1937, and at the same time abolished the stocks. Among the noticeable effects of the change are improved discipline and fewer attempted escapes.

Today in many Southern prisons a majority of the inmates are better housed, fed, and hospitalized than they were in their poverty-stricken homes. By the end of this year North Carolina, with the aid of federal funds, will have completed its task of putting all its prisoners in modern camps. Alabama, except in a half-dozen camps, has an excellent system of prison housing. Georgia has some modern camps, and this classic chain-gang state has completed the most important single housing development in the whole section in its new $2,000,000 prison plant at Reidsville. Most of the camps are permanent, fire-proof structures designed to accommodate from 75 to 100 prisoners. They are usually surrounded by a high wire fence inclosing generous outdoor space. In the corner of the yard is a small hospital unit equipped with first-aid and other medical supplies. All camps have hot and cold water, and most of them modern plumbing. Several that I visited last summer even had air-conditioned dining-rooms.

Up to a few years ago such factors as the prisoner's age, previous record, home environment, employment experience, education, type of crime for which he was convicted, and prospects of rehabilitation were not considered important. Today in several Southern states the prison authorities are trying to build up files of information about each prisoner, to provide suitable employment for him, and to establish separate camps for the various classes—misdemeanants, felons, first offenders, recidivists, young offenders, women. Classification work has been going on in North Carolina, the first state to undertake it, since 1935. The Work Projects Administration has been cooperating with the state of Georgia in setting up a model classification department in the new Reidsville Prison, which is to be the receiving prison for the whole state. Alabama has just added two new wings to Kilby Prison to house the classification department. This state has already established a camp for misdemeanants near Montgomery, and the new Draper Prison at Speigner is exclusively for young men and first offenders.

Another feature of the new prison technique is the emphasis upon education, recreation, and vocational training for convicts. Most of the central prisons and practically all of the camps built within the past six years have rest rooms and recreation yards, and many provide competitive sports. Last summer I witnessed a rousing good baseball game between the central prison and the camp for young offenders, under twenty-one, outside Raleigh, North Carolina. Baseball teams, bands, and show troupes from Texas prisons hold a jamboree and rodeo at Huntsville each fall. This affair is open to visitors, and the considerable gate receipts are a major source of income for the general recreation fund.

If complaints against the old whipping bosses are no longer heard, wardens are occasionally accused of "coddling convicts" by providing not only exercise and recreation but schooling. In several states illiterate prisoners are required to attend classes—hardly a fourth of Southern convicts can read even road signs, and very few have reached the sixth grade. Two or three states have gone farther. Texas, for instance, while making classes compulsory for illiterates only, offers inducement to others by giving them five "good-time" days a month for attending. A class in shop mechanics is open to Texas prisoners, and a course in English has been established for those who wish to learn the printing trade.

In the South, as in other parts of the country, a good start has been made toward abolishing the few old industries chosen for their profit and toward installing a variety of new ones which fit a man to earn a living. Among these industries are cotton-textile manufacturing, cotton-seed-oil extracting, printing, automobile-plate manufacturing, machine shops, electrical work, tanneries, tailoring, and shoe-repairing. They employ prisoners who work inside from choice or experience or because they require maximum-security confinement. Road work and agriculture are the chief occupations outside the prison walls. Some attention is being given to teaching modern methods of farming. Many prisoners, in consequence, will come out better equipped to wrest a livelihood from the soil than most of their neighbors. In Alabama the farming program is being planned, says Bruce Airey of the State Classification Division, "with the idea of giving much of the scientific agricultural training provided in the state agricultural schools." In one Alabama prison the inmates are experimenting with silk-worm culture.

Another new development in the South is the effort being made to rehabilitate criminals through probation and parole. Francis Hiller, field secretary of the National Probation Association, told me that public interest in the improvement of probation and parole during the past three or four years has been more marked in the South than in any other part of the country. North Carolina's parole system is listed among the nation's ten best by the United States Attorney's office. Amendments to Alabama's constitution overwhelmingly voted last July permit the establishment of a parole and probation set-up which can be entirely divorced from politics.

Without a trained, well-paid personnel attempts at prison reform must fail in the long run. Despite many difficulties, not the least of which is the poverty of the South, progress is being made in this respect. Governor Rivers of Georgia proposes to establish six weeks' training courses for the present wardens and guards along the lines of the New York program, and experts have already been obtained from the federal penitentiary in Atlanta to train the personnel at the big Reidsville Prison For all future appointments the Governor recommends the merit system.

For the first time since the Civil War Southern prison officials are visiting and studying prisons in other parts of the country. Also for the first time since the Civil War "outsiders" are being sought as allies. The United

States Prison Industries Reorganization Administration (P. I. R. A.) was asked by nine Southern governors to send experts to survey conditions in their prisons and to offer recommendations for improving them. The invitations were accepted, and the P. I. R. A. has received credit for many of the subsequent reforms.

Much more, of course, will have to be done before Southern prisons measure up to the best penal institutions in such states as Wisconsin, New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. Flogging, while resorted to infrequently, is still legal in a few states. Often the prisoner is released after serving his time as hopeless as Jean Valjean, with barely enough clothing to cover his nakedness and with no prospects of employment. The "county-rights" political system prevents uniform standards in penal methods. (Both North Carolina and Alabama have recently placed all convicts under centralized control, and a few Georgia counties have relinquished their prisoners to the state.) Too few educational opportunities are offered; prisoners are worked too hard and much too long; and in certain prisons the personnel is still made up of brutal, ignorant bullies. Probation and parole work needs expansion; classification work should be extended.

Enlightened Southerners do not attempt to hide these conditions. Rather they are showing a willingness to probe deeply into the social and economic injustices which underly the prison problem. They recognize the connection between the poverty of the South and the fact that its prison population is from five to eight times greater in proportion to the general population than is the case in other sections of the country.Southern groups have published the fact that Alabama in 1937 had 201 prison commitments per 100,000 as against New York's 24. Progressive thinkers are insisting that the question of prison reform cannot be isolated. Tarleton Collier, Atlanta newspaper columnist and expert on Georgia prisons, said recently, "We may remake Georgia by remaking our penal system." Connected with it, he declared, are "youth problems, political problems, problems of court procedure, of equal opportunities and equal justice."

In the Wind

FOR A GOOD many months American radio networks have been trying to arrange regular broadcasts from Moscow comparable to those now heard from Paris, London, and Berlin. After long and futile effort one of the major networks recently telephoned Ambassador Oumansky for help. "Officially," retorted Oumansky, "write me a letter. Confidentially, it won't do any good."

LIFE RECENTLY devoted a three-page spread to Florence Linden, who has been lecturing for several years on the etiquette of cigarette smoking under the auspices of the Philip Morris Company. The *Life* spread, which should have been a Philip Morris publicity man's dream, showed Miss Linden carefully opening a package of Lucky Strikes.

LEADING AMERICAN newspapers—among others the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the *Washington Post*—have been carrying large unsigned ads extolling French gloves, French champagne, French fashions—and "France, Land of Liberty." None of the ads give any hint of their sponsorship. It has been learned that they originated in Paris, in the offices of the Havas Agency, official French news and advertising agency, and were placed in this country through Joshua B. Powers and Company, Paris space representatives of the *Times*. The outlay was $30,000.

THE BROOKLYN Church and Mission Federation recently adopted a stinging resolution denouncing the Christian Front. The resolution was posted in church lobbies throughout the city. A few Sundays ago, while church services were in progress, the resolutions were quietly removed from all the bulletin boards, neatly folded, and placed on a table in the lobby.

DIPLOMATIC NOTE: Commenting on rumors of a possible Nazi invasion of Holland or Belgium, Major General Oba, military expert for the Japanese *Mainichi*, wrote cryptically: "In view of Adolf Hitler's assurances that the neutrality of Belgium and Holland will be respected, it is premature to judge at this moment whether or not Germany really means to advance her troops to those two countries near the English Channel."

THE REPORT of the American Civil Liberties Union on the Dies committee has been held up and the first draft is being overhauled because some of the Union's executive-board members think it's too gentle. . . . A group of professors at the Catholic University Law School in Washington is preparing a "brief" charging Father Coughlin with violations of canon law. . . . John Brophy, C. I. O. leader most often accused of Stalinist leanings, has become bitterly anti-Communist since the signing of the Moscow-Berlin pact.

A JAPANESE DIPLOMAT was asked recently whether he thought his nation would ultimately enter the war on Germany's side. "I doubt it," he replied slowly, "the custom of hara-kiri seems to be definitely dying out in my country."

A QUIET BOOST for French Communists appears in "Facts in Review," a Nazi propaganda leaflet periodically issued by the Germany Library of Information. The item runs: "*Humanité*, leading Communist newspaper in France, has been suppressed but it manages to appear, nevertheless, in mimeographed editions. When a Communist textile syndicate in Lyons was dissolved, *Humanité* was not published because police confiscated its mimeograph. The next day, however, the paper appeared again with the heading: '*Humanité* Officially Confiscated.' "

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Burlingame, Cal.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AGAIN the President has demanded of Congress increased appropriations for army and navy. He asks $271,999,523 more in this fiscal year "for the proper observance, safeguarding, and enforcing of the neutrality of the United States and the strengthening of national defense." The total for the two defense services in the budget for 1940-41 is the enormous sum of $1,800,000,000. I presume that we may take the Kansas City *Star's* comment, that "the national-defense statement was reasonable," as representing the average opinion of it. Yet it was not reasonable, for all army and navy appropriations are unreasonable as long as they are not based upon a thorough study of the problems of national defense and a clear understanding of the possible enemies of the United States by whom it could conceivably be attacked. I know that there is less need of great defense expenditures today than there has been for many years. It is gratifying to note the number of Congressmen who are demanding an accounting of these items.

I have not just come from the belligerent European nations without knowing that they are far less able to attack the United States today than they were when war came in September, and that the last thing they are thinking about is attempting it. Even if Hitler should win this war, Europe would be prostrate for years, and a victorious Hitler would be surrounded by enemies who would welcome his getting embroiled in a war with the United States. I asked a British major general in London just before I left whether he had ever heard of a European military or naval officer who thought that an attack upon the United States in any form was feasible. "Preposterous," he said, "absolutely preposterous and impossible. No one dreams of such a thing." This officer has been stationed in the United States and knows our military conditions and our chief military leaders.

Since I have been for years demanding that calm logic and not hysteria should control our military policy, I was delighted lately to receive additional support for the proposal I advanced in my little book "Our Military Chaos" that there should be an immediate inquiry by an unbiased group, preferably civilian and non-Congressional, into just what dangers, if any, confront us. Thus, General Hugh Johnson, while saying that he cannot support many of my conclusions, strongly urges my principal recommendation, "which is that we need an impartial, non-partisan, extra-governmental commission to look into this question." He cites General Marshall, Chief of Staff, as having just said that in spite of the billions we have lavished on the War Department our defense is not 25 per cent effective. General Marshall charges this to the historians of the United States, who, he says, have always represented us as being victorious in our wars and have failed to record our defeats. But General Johnson points out that there are other culprits. He says: "I would shudder to see a careful compilation of comparative unit costs—per soldier or per ton of shipping—as between our own and the armies and navies of all other nations. It would shock the country." He concludes: "A commission of inquiry is imperative. If it finds that this column and Mr. Villard's book are wrong, it will be a splendid vindication which I, for one, would welcome. If it finds that we are only partly right, the country ought to know it."

Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Major George Fielding Eliot, who approaches the problem from a different point of view than mine, said on January 4: "It is plain that we cannot continue as in the past making plans for defense without some definite idea of what we are going to defend; the army and navy cannot decide what they need until they know what they are going to have to do with it. The point is well taken that the major decision of this sort which now confronts us is whether we are going to prepare for the defense of the Western Hemisphere, or whether we are going to plan for military adventures overseas." But Major Eliot desires a permanent Committee of National Defense with Congressional representation to study particular problems, to straighten out our "tangled defense scheme," and to command "a greater degree of public confidence when heavy expenditures are called for." I still feel that the first inquiry should come from an absolutely independent commission without Congressional or military or naval members, since these are bound to be biased if only by reason of their training.

It is quite characteristic of President Roosevelt that his new budget shows an increase only for national defense. He does not succeed in justifying it; he could not if he would justify the increases in the army and navy and coast guard which he ordered at the outbreak of the war, an action which struck foreign observers—I was in England at the time—as absurd and inexplicable. He cannot justify the 300-mile safety zone around the Americas, which is utterly impracticable and ridiculous. Does he expect British and German warships which may begin an action 302 miles from us to stop fighting when they cross the 300-mile line?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Icon and the Portrait

THE LAST FLOWER. By James Thurber. Harper and Brothers. $2.

ABOUT PEOPLE. By William Steig. Random House. $2.50.

THERE has always been a competition in the visual arts between iconography and portraiture, the symbolic and the unique, the God and the mortal. In the great periods of Italian and German art, that is, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, these two elements coexisted in a fruitful tension and equilibrium. Not only was it possible, for instance, to use realistic portraits of models for icons in religious pictures, but also the relation of man to the rest of nature, of the spiritual to the temporal was never in doubt; witness the elaborate and significant, almost surrealist landscapes in such painting.

For a whole complex of reasons, psychological, political, and economic, this equilibrium was destroyed. The main current of painting confined itself more and more to portraiture, whether of people or still life, and iconography was relegated to the cartoon, which, the genius of Goya and Daumier notwithstanding, wore a slightly disreputable air, as if it had to apologize for not being noble or serious.

In recent years, however, iconography has begun to recover its prestige; the interest in child art, Negro sculpture, and doodling, the popularity of Disney and Thurber are evidences of this. Yet a synthesis of icon and portrait is still far off. The former remains non-representational, the latter accidental. It would be as impertinent as it is unnecessary for me to praise Mr. Thurber's work; everyone knows and loves it. All I can do is to point out what I believe to be certain deficiencies common both to him as an artist and to us all as people.

The spiritual father of the tradition to which both Mr. Thurber and Mr. Steig belong is Edward Lear, that remarkable artist who supplemented what he thought of as his serious work, his realistic pre-Raphaelite landscapes, with scribbled diagrams of his inner life. To Lear as to Thurber after him, the icon is the average non-political man of an industrialized society—who is surprisingly the same in Park Avenue and the Bowery—the person who in large enough numbers makes up what the damned refer to as the Masses. The popularity of their work with all classes indicates that such an icon is a valid one for our present stage of culture.

Is it not, then, a little disconcerting to find how little of life has today any iconographic significance, that is, seems both universal and capable of inspiring reverence and love? Not only landscape but the human figure itself has to be reduced to the barest outline—even sexual differences almost disappear. All detail, all portraiture belong to the world of the enemy, those unpleasant and powerful forces which Lear called "They" and Thurber calls the Liberators, the world whose art is the realistic bosh of society portraits and statues representing the workers of tomorrow. The realm of modern freedom is indeed limited.

"The Last Flower" is a parable about social life. Their amenities destroyed by war, deserted even by their dogs, down to their last flower, a young man and woman rediscover sex; society is rebuilt; back come the dogs and the politicians and war; and the cycle begins all over again. This is at once both too pessimistic and not pessimistic enough. It suggests (1) that all politicians are equally evil, and (2) that all lovers are without error. But the public and the private life are not so distinct. If all politicians do evil, yet no lover is innocent, and there are better and worse politicians just as there are better and worse lovers. Mr. Thurber's heresy is particularly dangerous because it flatters our conceit; every reader will call the lovers Me and My Girl, while he will equally naturally call the Liberators Mr. R or Mr. H.

This is where Mr. Steig comes in. When Mr. Thurber has debunked the Liberators, Mr. Steig carries on by debunking the lovers. If "About People" makes others as uncomfortable as it makes me, I'm afraid Mr. Steig will not become widely popular; for he is unequivocally pessimistic: the only virtue he grants the human species is a capacity to perceive and laugh at its folly. Though this is, I believe, too negative to be an adequate response to life—a sense of humor is rarely without an element of fear—it is an indispensable preliminary. We shall never earn the right to lift our heads till we have learned to hang them.

Nor is it, I hope, merely fanciful, to connect this politico-ethical problem of our thinking and conduct with the artistic problem of how to combine the icon and the portrait. Just as we have still to discover the proper relations of the private and public life, so the inward-looking artist has to unlearn his puritanical distrust of matter, and the outward-looking his crude faith in the kingdoms of this world. Logos and Eros have yet to be reconciled in a new Agape.

W. H. AUDEN

Army Without Banners

NO ARMS, NO ARMOUR. By Robert Henriques. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE British army in peace time, without benefit of Fuzzy-wuzzy charges or even Boches dumping grenades into trenches—that is the unusual background for the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition winner, written by a thirty-four-year-old major of artillery. Instead of exploiting the easy glamour of martial pageantry, Major Henriques studies his army, particularly the under-officer class—lieutenants to majors—merely as a human organization which, through its detachment from ordinary human relationships, accentuates the strength or weakness of each of its members: which either strips them of all individuality, stamping them in the sub-human mold of Soldier, or forces them to grow a philosophical shell of skepticism or blind faith or cheerio-carry-on flippancy. Anything to integrate the relentless mechanism of army life with a thinking man's sense of personal existence; anything to forge an armor against life. There is Sammy, the major, who fortifies himself with a glowing faith in human potentialities that endears him to his subordinates but effectively bars him from further advancement; he is killed in a brief skirmish in Africa—the only fighting that occurs in the book. There is "Daddy" Watson, an embittered cynic with a penchant for proselyting and whiskey, whose armor is his conviction that nothing good is to be expected. But chiefly there is Tubby Windrush, a polo-playing young lieutenant with money and a good family name, public school and all that, a typical Richard Aldington hero at his first appearance but redeemed by a mind that soon begins stirring and groping after some sort of truth. Under the tutelage of Sammy and Daddy, under the stress of physical pain after a steeplechase smash-up, and finally under the supreme test of solitude, he forges his own spiritual armor.

Major Henriques is not an especially polished writer, and some of his asides could well be dispensed with, but he has unquestionably lived his material, and his people have a three-dimensional solidity which thoroughly vitalizes the story. There is philosophizing, it is true, but there are also quarrels, loves, courts martial, automobile accidents, and treks through the desert. And strangely enough, even an army, as an army, has a certain personality, which perhaps expresses itself more in peace time than in war. I should like to see someone equally well qualified make a similar novel out of the American military. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Two Crises in One

THE CATHOLIC CRISIS. By George Seldes. Julian Messner. $3.

WHICH WAY, DEMOCRACY? By Wilfred Parsons, S. J. The Macmillan Company. $2.

GEORGE SELDES would have been at home with S. S. McClure or the elder Pulitzer. He is handicapped in a period when the popular magazines are slick, the newspapers leashed and house-broken. "The Catholic Crisis," like most of Seldes's books, is a one-man journalistic campaign which has had to be conducted in the uncongenial sedateness of book covers. He could hardly have picked a more explosive subject. Cardinal Manning once said that the future of the church lies in America, but more and more people are beginning to doubt that the future of America lies in the church. Hilaire Belloc predicted "the necessary conflict between the civil state and the Catholic church" in this country, and Seldes reviews the factors that are laying the basis for a conflict, though it is still far from inescapable. The attempt to muzzle the press in favor of Franco during the Spanish civil war, the part played by the hierarchy in the fight against the Child-Labor Amendment, the increasing power over the movies wielded by aesthetically illiterate and politically reactionary Catholics, the strong support given by Catholics to Hague as "an American Duplessis," and the poison broadcast by Coughlin are bringing an American anti-clericalism into being. True, one will find little if any reference to these matters in a cowed press, but recent elections have shown that the newspapers are not necessarily an index of what people are thinking.

Seldes is not a Catholic-baiter. He has written no one-sided attack. He is generous in his presentation of what Catholics, cleric and lay, are doing on the left as well as the right. His earlier "The Vatican—Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow" showed that he could handle a Catholic subject temperately and fairly; it became a Catholic Book-of-the-Month selection. This one deserves to be, if only to give progressive Catholics a picture of what liberals of their faith are doing. It was a Catholic, John Longo, who went to jail in the fight against Hague. It was a Jesuit priest, Father Charles of the Jesuit faculty of theology at Louvain, who traced the notorious Protocols back to their illegitimate origin. The Gallup poll showed that despite the heat turned on by church propagandists, one-third of American Catholics were for neither side in the Spanish struggle, and that of the remainder actually 42 per cent were for the Loyalists.

If "The Catholic Crisis" leaves one puzzled and dismayed, the fault is not the author's. Under the broad roof of an institution based on dogma infallibly expounded there seem to exist the most bewildering inconsistency and diversity of opinion. In Rome, where the shadow of the fasces falls on the cross, the Pope attacks racism. But in America the chief disseminator of anti-Semitism is a Catholic priest. The late Pius XI regarded events in the Reich *"mit brennender Sorge,"* but the Bund cheers and the *Völkischer Beobachter* applauds the Nazi apologetics of Coughlin. Like most large organizations the church seems better at hindsight than foresight. Father Parsons in "Which Way, Democracy?" can see clearly now that "in France the Royalist politicians kept Catholics for two generations from the *ralliement* to the republic to which Leo XIII had called them, on the ground that the republic was a persecuting state." He declines to see that the separation of church and state decreed by the French republic differed little from that attempted by the Spanish, or that Franco and his foreign allies used the church in Spain as the Royalists did in France. He can write, "In Spain the alliance of the clergy with the landowning nobles and the conservative politicians was largely the cause of the growth of a large church-hating proletariat." Yet he still sees the Franco revolt as "a struggle of liberation in Spain from a red tyranny" and the non-intervention committee as "a delightful piece of double-dealing."

"Which Way, Democracy?" is the best answer to critics of "The Catholic Crisis." The former editor-in-chief of the weekly *America* is an outstanding Jesuit publicist. He writes with distinction. He is not a Catholic Liberty Leaguer. He quotes with approval the late Cardinal Mundelein's condemnation of employers who use the cry of communism as a cloak for social injustice. He has the same innate fondness for communism that the late Billy Sunday had for his old sparring partner, the devil. "It has," he says, "everything the true religion has, except God." He puts an arm around the freethinker Jefferson and claims a Jesuit origin for the ideas in the Declaration of Independence. But no Catholic can read "Which Way, Democracy?" without feeling that democracy's probable course is to perdition, that this country was never intended to be democratic, that racial inequality is not incompatible with democracy, that fascism has many virtues, that the best form of government is probably the corporate state, and that this exists in its most ideal form in Portugal—"such a state can preserve liberty in all its essentials as well as a democracy of the old model. In fact, in the presence of an enlightened public opinion, it might preserve it much better." If democracy really originated with Jesuit thinkers, it seems odd that Father Parsons, himself of the society, is so ready to abandon it.

Characteristically equivocal is his attitude toward the Jews; he is against racism, but hints darkly of horrible things in the Talmud. The Catholic attitude, he feels, is to treat the Jew justly but deprive him "of power to harm." Revealing is his discovery that "it is significant that it was not until Christendom had broken up and seemed to be on the verge of dissolution about the time of the French Revolution that the Jews achieved final emancipation in Europe." Herr Rosenberg says the same thing, though not in gentle innuendo. Father Parsons, like so many Catholic thinkers, agrees with the fascists in a hatred for 1789. But can one be against 1789 and for 1776?

I. F. STONE

Norris of Nebraska

DEMOCRACY'S NORRIS. By Alfred Lief. Stackpole Sons. $3.50.

SENATOR NORRIS of Nebraska recently made some caustic remarks about the peculiar financing of an electric company, a subsidiary of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, the sprawling holding company over which Wendell Willkie so wordily presides. Instantly there was a great to-do. Arthur Krock in his Washington column in the New York *Times* muttered ominously of a "conspiracy." The New York *Herald Tribune* cried aloud. "Old Iron Pants" Hugh Johnson moved into action by suggesting at a New York dinner of bond peddlers that Wendell Willkie might be a good man for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, a suggestion, by the way, to which Mr. Krock refers wistfully every now and then. Mr. Willkie upon being interviewed allowed Wendell was willin'.

All of which must have caused the senior Senator from Nebraska to chuckle dryly. On July 11 next George William Norris will be seventy-eight years old. In 1913 he spoke in the Senate, to which he had been elected for the first time, in favor of a bill authorizing San Francisco to build a reservoir in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley from which water and power might be taken for the use of the people. The discovery that Norris is a conspirator is thus a bit belated. All through his Senatorial career he has indulged in an Open Conspiracy, to use a Wellsian term. It is the conspiracy of the people of the United States to get back their government and natural resources. Norris was tackling the light and power nabobs when Sam Insull was a petty clerk and Merlin Aylesworth was taking his first lessons in the magic art of making the public pay.

Not until he is well into the seventh chapter, in which he describes Norris's pioneer grapplings with the power gang, does the author of this 548-page biography of Norris really begin to march. Up to the time that Norris enters the Senate, Mr. Lief's is a slow-paced journey filled with the rustling of yellowed newspaper clips. The evidences of the author's laborious researches into the rise of Norris are weighted down with a lifeless style. Indeed, he makes young Norris something of a self-centered careerist and thus fails to prepare us for that display of stiff-necked independence which Norris was to put on in his leadership of the House insurgents against the tyranny of Speaker Cannon. This is too bad because the insurgent movement was no sudden flare-up over committee appointments and House rules. It was the articulation of the hatred of an indigenously radical West for the raw tactics of the finance capitalists back of Cannon. The fight can be and should have been traced back to the grass roots of Populism, the agrarian revolt, and the rise of the Socialists. Ironically enough, Norris's first major victory was over Ashton C. Shallenberger, who had been sent to Congress by left-wing Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans. When Norris took Shallenberger's place in 1902, he was forty-one years old, a judge known for the severity of his sentences, who had been a successful lawyer for the Burlington and Missouri Railroad and was then an active member of Beaver City Lodge, F. A. and A. M., Miriam Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons, Commander of the Knights Templar and of the Scottish Rite and Seostris Temple. An unlikely leader indeed for the embattled farmers, small shopkeepers, and industrial workers in their fight against Wall Street's political brokers.

Forces which Mr. Lief somehow ignores put George Norris into the struggle on the people's side, and the lack of an adequate description of those forces leaves a great gap in this biography. Instead of devoting pages to details of Norris's early Congressional campaigns, the author might have given us at least a hint as to the passions that stirred the men of the prairies in the first decade of this century.

No lack of background material or faults of style, however, can detract from the story of Norris's struggle against the power trust. It is by all odds the most exciting saga of the under-dog that our generation knows. It is all there in Mr. Lief's book for those who are today wavering in their faith in the democratic processes to ponder well. You come away from this book with a renewed respect for the sheer persistence of the stocky man from the sticks, standing up in an almost empty Senate chamber year after year doing battle with the united front of greed, hypocrisy, and double-dealing; and at the end winning the glorious victory that is symbolized by the concrete dams and falling waters in the Tennessee Valley. During the black days preceding our entrance into the war, which he so gallantly opposed, Norris remarked, "The people of the United States are not thinking about water power now. We are thinking about militarism." And Mr. Lief adds that the people "could be robbed of their rights without knowing it for a long, long time."

Today with the hoarse shouting of the strategists of World War II ringing in our collective ears, we are lucky to have George Norris around to remind us that the robbers of our rights—civil, economic, and political—are fixing for another killing right here at home, while we are worrying about Bessarabia, Iran, and points east.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Coming soon in *The Nation*
What Next on the Left?
Two articles reexamining Marxism and pointing the way to a democratic collectivism
BY LEWIS COREY

Men of the Confederacy

STATESMEN OF THE LOST CAUSE: JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS CABINET. By Burton J. Hendrick. Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

IN THIS clear and conscientious re-creation of the leading political figures of the Confederacy Mr. Hendrick, author of "The Lees of Virginia" and other works, subjects the legend of the gallant fight against overwhelming odds to a calm, if not strictly impartial, analysis. In admiration of the valor and military genius of the leaders in the field, as in obeisance before the Tidewater aristocracy, this Connecticut Yankee yields to no Southerner. But where other historians have sought the explanation of defeat in economic causes, Mr. Hendrick finds it in the political.

> Had the Confederacy, at the beginning, husbanded its great material asset—cotton—and thus built a solid financial and economic structure; had it rigidly enforced conscription, overridden opposition by suspending habeas corpus and martial law in such places as the circumstances made necessary; had it regulated its abundant food supplies and intelligently applied them to the support of the army and the civilian population, the war might have reached a different end. It did all these things deprecatingly and piecemeal. The enemy that faced it on every front was more than the armed forces of the Federal Union; it was that doctrine of state rights that led to secession and then, when adapted to the Confederacy itself, destroyed its vitality and made useless the splendid exertions of its ably led military forces.

The burning of Atlanta, for example, he shows to have been largely due to the defiance of the Confederate government by the governor of Georgia, who first enrolled every possible able-bodied man in the militia and then refused to place it at the disposal of the Secretary of War, to whom he dispatched, while Sherman was ravaging his state, long constitutional arguments probably composed for him by the Vice-President of the Confederacy himself.

Mr. Hendrick's thesis is important and clarifying, and his presentation of it enlighteningly concrete. The facts which he fuses into one coherent historical narrative are not new to Southerners, though it may take a Northern historian to present them in their full significance. Anyone with a Confederate upbringing can tell Mr. Hendrick that any sympathy felt for Jefferson Davis on the part of Southerners of the old school was due to his treatment at the hands of the North after the war and not to approval of the conduct of the Confederate government. Mr. Hendrick's facts are not new; neither are they the whole story. He greatly underestimates the seriousness of the South's inferiority in industrial development in the first really "totalitarian" war to take place under modern conditions. He does not touch upon the inefficiency of slave labor in times of dislocation of normal routine. And then there are what we should now call the "imponderables." His explanation of the comparative ineptitude of the political leaders by the fact that "the new-rich Southwest contributed the political leaders, the old traditional South the military captains" is too simple. As Mr. Hendrick himself brings out, several of the former were very able men and not of Southern origin at all. (When he remarks that four of the five Confederate generals who won world fame were Virginians, it is tempting to point out that the fifth he mentions, Longstreet, is generally credited in the South with losing the Battle of Gettysburg.)

This is both a fascinating and a needed book; its author shows himself a more than able historian and biographer. Had he not three times won a Pulitzer Prize, it would not be necessary to call attention to defects of style and even of grammar: "President Buchanan sufficiently regarded his diplomatic talents as to offer him the Ministership to Spain"; "His successor, Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, brought to the office a man who had served alongside Davis in the United States Senate." These are fairly typical instances. "A veracious [for "veritable"] 'cavalier' " is an unusually bad slip.

JAMES ORRICK

The Viscera of the Power Process

SWORDS AND SYMBOLS: THE TECHNIQUE OF SOVEREIGNTY. By James Marshall. Oxford University Press. $2.

IN THE field of legal and political science also, in recent years, the shift from the institutional to the functional and psychological approach has become so much a fashion that one begins to wonder why former periods have been so blind as not to see the awful truth revealed to us by modern social psychologists. A Freudian hue affects methods and material. This school no longer takes anything for granted, even at the risk of becoming at times trivial and crashing lustily into wide-open doors. Mr. Marshall's interesting treatise, stemming to all appearances from the intellectual climate of Thurman Arnold's brilliant efforts to lay bare the subconscious of our political and social existence, tries to dismantle sovereignty, the colossus with the feet of clay as he and others seem to believe.

It is another of the endless variations on an old theme. What is political power; how is it operated; what is the power process? But this last attack on sovereignty fails to get closer to the core of the matter than its predecessors because the author, an accomplished lawyer, fails to distinguish between sovereignty as a legal and as a politico-social concept.

The main theme is that sovereignty, "the aggregate of powers possessed by the rulers of a society," is not absolute as the lawyers contend, but limited at least by latent custom and passive resistance emanating from the habits of the people, which prove to be unsurmountable obstacles to arbitrariness in absolute power. There is nothing new in this statement, well taken care of already by Aristotle, Hobbes, and Austin, although the great absolutists or monists of political power could not foresee the new power techniques of compulsory acquiescence through propaganda and coercion in modern totalitarian states. But the lawyer looks at sovereignty from a different angle. In every well-ordered community which deserves the name of a state there must be an ultimate power of decision if anarchy is to be avoided. The author, startled as many before him by this inherent contradiction in concept and practice of sovereignty, identifies sovereignty as an abstract norm of jurisdiction and as the power situation or power relationship. Had he taken sovereignty as a condensed formula, or as a symbol familiar both to lawyers and mathematicians, he would have been led to the conclusion that it is merely a working hypothesis for centering the ultimate power of decision in a definite person, organ, group, or class. Some of the best minds of the last generation have tried in vain to dethrone sovereignty. No one has succeeded in refuting Austin, who by depersonalizing sovereignty established it permanently. Society is not the objective for the sovereign power, but the latter is the inescapable result of organized society.

With these reservations the book, replete with erudite quotations and beautifully written, provides a remarkably clear and penetrating inventory of the forces determining political action and a keen analysis of the viscera of the power-generating process. Political power has four weapons—the "sword" or physical force; "gold and bread," or economic pressure; "symbols and words"; and finally education. Law seems to be, for the author, merely a sort of camouflaged violence or violence in abeyance, though it is now generally admitted in legal philosophy that voluntary submission to the established rules of the community is as potent a factor in maintaining social order as the potential threat of sanctions. Among the symbols of political power, controlled by the powers that be or seized by the opposition in quest of political power, are liberty, popular sovereignty, the social compact—incidentally another concept whose revival may be duly expected if and when dictatorships fall—and the "ideal of unity," which is as much an aim as a tool of the "sovereign." A good deal of "debunking" goes on in these chapters analyzing the "symbols," though without the spark of the Arnoldian wit.

The final chapters, on Ethics and Ideals and on Democracy and Equality versus Bureaucracy and War, are decidedly very much thinner and less well substantiated. When the author sums up that "limitation of power is only achieved through a diffusion of physical force and economic power," one fails to see how the first of these premises can be attained without destroying, with political power, the state itself. The state, or to be more precise, the government, must have the undisputed monopoly of physical coercion. The dangers of absolute power, which the author justly considers an evil in itself, are to be countered by the familiar democratic processes of continuous control. It is at this juncture that many of the "exploded myths," such as liberty, social compact, popular sovereignty, *et alia,* come into the picture again. They are not institutionalized slogans but reflections of absolute values which are the sole effective limitations of absolute power.

This leads to a crucial point of disagreement with the book. Its ice-cold analysis of our social existence has the same effect as a theatrical performance seen from behind the stage. The visitor is more conscious of the shabbiness of the decorations and the grease on the face of the actors than of the words spoken and the plot acted. This clever book exudes disillusionment. Here is no belief in a system of absolute and intangible values; the ethical components of our intellectual existence, for which, after all, social institutions should serve, appear merely as abused instruments of the soulless mechanism of political strife. Liberty, if we follow the author, is at best a utilitarian concept, and moral certainties are only parts of the "dominant" ideology or of that of the opposition. Introspection in the social sciences begins to reach the stage of outright agnosticism. One should be aware that a philosophy of the state is above all a philosophy of values discovered by and applied to living individuals. There can be little doubt that in a democratic environment like ours the only solution is that sovereignty must be mollified by the categorical imperative.

KARL LOEWENSTEIN

Shorter Notices

THE CRUISE OF THE RAIDER WOLF. By Roy Alexander. Yale University Press. $2.75.

There is a grim topicality about this story of the exploits of the most daring German commerce raider of the last war. The Wolf was a large freighter equipped with carefully concealed guns and torpedo tubes and carrying a big load of mines. Slipping through the North Sea blockade one foggy November she made her way into the Indian Ocean and for nearly a year cruised Eastern waters sowing mines at strategic points. She could touch at no point without giving away her secrets, and so was solely dependent for food and fuel on the ships she could capture, loot, and sink. Their crews and passengers were transferred to the Wolf's hold, which gradually became horribly overcrowded. Among the prisoners was the author of this book, who was radio operator on a British steamer seized off the New Zealand coast. Writing in a straightforward fashion with no literary flourishes, he has contrived to do justice both to the sufferings of himself and his fellow-prisoners and to the really amazing feats of their captors. For the commander of the Wolf, Captain Nerger, he has a boundless admiration and time after time pays tribute to the seamanship, resourcefulness, and determination which eventually brought the ship safely back to Kiel after logging 65,000 miles in thirteen months.

ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH. By William Treat Upton. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

Sonneck led the way to the rediscovery of Heinrich, and Professor Upton has completed the task of revivifying that strange American composer—he always considered himself American—who was rather accidentally uprooted from his native Bohemia and came here in the early eighteen hundreds to settle for a while in Philadelphia and in Lexington, where he began his ebullient career. This was to end in his being dubbed the American Beethoven but without other more substantial rewards. Professor Upton might perhaps have given us an explicit analysis of certain of the major compositions since he has studied the scores, but his general portrait of Heinrich as a composer and as a man is admirable, and he has succeeded well in the difficult art of including long excerpts from contemporary journals without the effect of merely slapping down the raw materials of research. As glimpses of contemporary musical criticism these excerpts are invaluable, lighting up the taste, the knowledge, the hesitations, the courage of early adventurers in a difficult field. Sonneck left behind him a wealth of suggestions for further study. The literature of American musicology will be rich indeed if they are developed as thoroughly and as sensitively as is this biography of Heinrich.

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DRAMA

THE holiday lull gives me opportunity to comment upon three new books about the theater, and by any standards—including both weightiness and weight—Professor Odell's eleventh volume (1879-82) comes first. As the series proceeds, fewer and fewer years can be included in each volume, but the undaunted author refuses to relax his standard of completeness, and we may still rest assured that no public entertainment provided anywhere in the metropolitan area will go unrecorded. One result is to give us the impression—false no doubt—that our frivolous fathers lived in a continuous round of gaiety, diverting themselves with contortionists or midgets or lectures on "What Our Girls Ought to Know" on the evenings when they were not attending performances of "Hamlet" by Lawrence Barrett or admiring the sensational new beauty, Lillian Russell, in one of the productions of "Patience."

Professor Odell's work has been called—correctly I think—the most extensive contribution to the history of the theater ever made by any one man, and nearly everything which can be said in praise of it has been said on previous occasions. The present volume contains 649 pages of text, plus an apparently impeccable index of more than 100 pages and approximately 350 illustrations. Certainly no one alive in 1882 was in possession of as much information about the contemporary stage as is here available to anyone who can use an index. But most remarkable of all is a fact which the reader is every now and then startled to realize—namely, that an amazing number of the hundreds of persons referred to are not, to the author, merely names. They are individuals whose talents and histories he either remembers or, as was of course always the case in the earlier volumes, has reconstructed from the record.

In a recent review Walter Prichard Eaton remarked that a scholar who could perform such a prodigious labor would certainly not object to another little task, and suggested a series of maps showing the location of the various places of amusement referred to. I am emboldened to make a considerably less modest request—namely, that Professor Odell should also give us in a separate volume his personal recollections of the stage. The "Annals" are themselves by no means wholly impersonal, but the scheme excludes any considerable amount of reminiscence, and he could recreate as probably no one else could the atmosphere of a theater which is separated from us by more than mere time. The rise of our own "new drama" meant the death of an old theater. Probably no one today goes to a theatrical performance expecting or getting just the kind of pleasure which playgoers expected and got in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is evident that Professor Odell remembers all this with extraordinary vividness and particularity. A great many people would like to have him share his memories.

George Jean Nathan resembles Professor Odell in one—and probably only one—respect: he too has an encyclopedic knowledge of the theater and probably remembers in detail more plays and players of the last thirty-five or forty years than anyone else now writing. For that reason there is a subtle justification for the title of his latest volume, even though that volume is not what one would at first expect, the book being as a matter of fact a collection of short pieces on a great variety of subjects arranged alphabetically by title. At this late date there is no point in describing either Mr. Nathan's attitude or his style, both of which are as well known as those of any writer on our theater are ever likely to be. He lays about him with all his accustomed vigor, but the secret of his individuality is simply that, for all his cynicism, he has an abiding respect for the theater and that, for all his "sophistication," his deepest liking is for the most substantial things which the theater has to offer. Many years ago when for the first time I reviewed one of his books I called Mr. Nathan "little better than a highbrow," and that description will have to stand. No one is less often taken in, but no one is less likely to respond to the genuine with conventional flippancy. There is a great deal of good reading in the present volume, and it is hard to single out for comment individual pieces from such a varied assortment; but since Mr. Nathan's encyclopedic memory makes him a dangerous man to face with a generalization I suggest the article Morgan as a fine specimen of confutation by example and Everyman His Own Critic as an equally fine example of what the author can do in the way of collecting dramatic clichés.

"Annals of the New York Stage." By George C. D. Odell. Vol. XI. Columbia University Press. $8.75.

"Encyclopædia of the Theater." By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"The Theater Handbook and Digest of Plays." Edited by Bernard Sobel. Crown Publishers. $3.

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Mr. Sobel's "Handbook" is exactly what its full title suggests and should prove extremely useful despite the fact that it is not clear just what principles of inclusion and exclusion were adopted in compiling a 900-page encyclopedia of the theater of all time. There are brief synopses of nearly a thousand plays, brief biographies of hundreds of actors, playwrights, critics, and managers, as well as definitions of technical terms and many bits of curious lore. Probably, however, there is nothing that one can be quite sure of finding. I note for example, that Frank Harris and Sam Harris are here, but that Jed Harris is not; that Mrs. Malaprop is included, but Mrs. Grundy and the gay Lothario left out; that Thomas Rymer is given five lines while William Hazlitt is omitted entirely. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of information, including an excellent bibliography contributed by George Freedley, and the book has real usefulness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THIS column has its own little In the Wind department in which, with some compunctions, I record Vladimir Horowitz's statement to an interviewer that in recent years "the later Beethoven sonatas have drawn me very much, though I would seldom try to play them in public, since the musical thought, partly on account of Beethoven's bad piano writing, remains inaccessible to the majority of listeners." My compunctions are caused by the fact that while the statement is in all ways ridiculous the man who made it is not: describing the development of his taste he confessed it had taken him a long time to get from Grieg, who had captivated him at the start, to Beethoven, and added: "But one must develop in one's own way, without apologies and certainly without the attempt at taking an artificial position, and claiming to admire what one does not." This honesty increases one's respect for Horowitz as a man, but it does not lessen one's concern over his effect as a concert pianist. All over the country, that is, are people whose only contact with music for the piano is made at recitals which are given almost entirely by pianists like Horowitz, functioning on a high level of virtuosity and a considerably lower level of musical understanding and taste; and for these people the greatest works of Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Haydn, and Bach might as well not have been written. And this is not to consider what idea they would get of the last sonatas of Beethoven from performances by someone with Horowitz's idea of them.

With no compunctions I report the way some of the German conductors you never heard of, who are now in this country, listen to a Toscanini broadcast, beating time and exclaiming now "*So* he does it?" and now "*This* tempo he takes here?" and once in a great while "*That* was good"—the verdict in the end being that Toscanini can do justice to Rossini and Verdi but not to German music, and above all not to Beethoven (for an eminent German musicologist who heard the broadcasts of the Seventh and Ninth only the Trio of the Scherzo of the Ninth was rightly understood by Toscanini). Inevitably these men appeal to an American to explain attitudes of the American public which they can account for only by dark conspiracies of American critics: the inflation into a twentieth-century Beethoven of a composer, Sibelius, in whose symphonies they cannot hear one phrase worthy of being called a theme; and the lack of appreciation of the genius of Bruckner. Evidently the Teutonic mind that is impressed by mere aspiration to profundity when this is expressed in sufficiently bulky and ponderous terms is a mind incapable of perceiving the modest pleasures—of thematic material and formal construction—which Sibelius does offer; and it is a mind that will hear injustice to Beethoven in Toscanini's performances.

Being myself bored by Bruckner's attempts at profundity, and the more bored the more bulky and ponderous the terms, I have had no enjoyment from the fourteen sides of Victor's set of his Ninth Symphony, recorded by the excellent Munich Philharmonic under Hausegger (M-627, $14). Nor have I had more enjoyment from Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5, which is more fluent and slick but in its own way as pretentious and as empty and arid in its pretentiousness—and what that way is I will have to postpone to another time. The work is gorgeously recorded by Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra (M-619, $12).

After these I have had all the more pleasure from the first of the two volumes of Chopin's Mazurkas recorded by Artur Rubinstein. The genre is one in which Chopin and Rubinstein are at their best; and in this set (M-626, $10) nearly all the examples are fine, and some—such as Opus 6 No. 2, Opus 17 No. 4, Opus 41 No. 2—are among the finest. There has been pleasure also from Mozart's Violin Concerto K. 218 in a performance by Kreisler with the London Philharmonic under Sargent (M-623, $6.50), in which Kreisler's tone is silken, his technique and intonation clean, his phrasing simple and in good taste; but there are more vitality and sparkle and style in the performance, excellently recorded four years ago, of Szigeti and the same orchestra under Beecham. In the same way Koussevitzky's performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (M-625, $7) is excellent, but I like even better what Beecham makes of the work; and in this instance the Boston performance is less successfully recorded: one hears reverberation at times which may be what at other times coarsens the sound of an orchestra that is outstanding for the refinement of its sonorities. That has been true of other Boston recordings. On the other hand, the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski is beautifully reproduced, as usual, in the single record (15800, $2) of the Magic Fire music from "Die Walküre." Other January releases next time.

There is still a December set to report on—the beautiful Concerto Grosso in G minor of Corelli, excellently recorded by Bruno Walter with the London Symphony (M-600, $3.50). As for the December releases of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" and Haydn's Symphony No. 104, and the special releases of Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger," Lehmann's set of Wolf songs, Landowska's set of Handel suites—they are of the highest importance, and those readers who are interested in what I think of them may be more successful in persuading Victor to send them to me than I have been. To hear that many records in a shop is something not easily managed by the shop or myself.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Socialism in the U. S. S. R.

Dear Sirs: The appearance of such an article as Alan Mather's Militarism versus Socialism in the U. S. S. R. in *The Nation* (December 16) must set thousands of *Nation* readers wondering —wondering about many other things now appearing in *The Nation,* on subjects other than those covered by the article. Reference to the back files of the magazine will convince any reader that it is a type of article that would not have been printed four months ago, though the facts on which Mr. Mather bases his conclusions are supposedly three or four years old. I do not mean to imply that no rabid attacks on the Soviet Union appeared in *The Nation* before the signing of the Soviet-German non-aggression pact. Such attacks, however, were always of an ideological character and usually dealt with imponderables not capable of prima facie proof or disproof. In articles dealing with such factual matters as Mr. Mather's article purports to deal with, the editors of *The Nation,* in the past, have seen to it that the author observed the amenities of scientific research and have permitted no unsupported statement and no unverified figures to appear in its columns.

Mr. Mather's thesis is that since 1934 factors which the internationalists [Trotskyists?] had predicted have prevented the development of Russian economy into socialism. The factors to which he refers are inherent in the militarization of the Soviet Union, which has led to a supposed stasis of Soviet production. Even the old "nationalization-of-women" gag is revived—Mr. Mather cites the increased Russian birth rate of the last few years as a military measure which is preventing socialism by withdrawing women from industry. To support this thesis Mr. Mather declares that "the output of coal, pig iron, steel ingots, and rolled steel flattened out to an almost dead level in 1936, 1937, and 1938." Furthermore, he insinuates that Soviet statistics are deliberately falsified. "Industrial production," he says, "measured in tons, gallons, and other physical quantities, not in rubles as Soviet officials are so shrewdly measuring it these days, has been leveling off in the last three years," the inference being that an inflated ruble explains whatever current production increases may be claimed.

Nowhere does Mr. Mather cite the comparative production figures for the three-year period he mentions, 1935 to 1938. Here are the figures, *not in rubles, but in very physical tons.* In 1935 coal production was 109,000,000; in 1938, 133,000,000. In 1935 pig iron was 12,500,000; in 1938, 15,000,000. In 1935 steel was 12,600,000; in 1938 it was 18,000,000. In 1935 oil was 26,900,000; in 1938 it was 32,000,000. Certainly this does not read like a flat level.

Moreover, if Mr. Mather had ever looked at a Soviet statistical chart in which production is given in rubles he could not have failed to notice that in parentheses appears always the following statement—"in rubles, prices of 1926-27"; in other words, in the prices contemporaneous with the initiation of the Five-Year Plan. If a ton of steel was priced at ten rubles in 1927, it remained at ten rubles in 1938 statistics, thereby insuring that financial figures were strictly correlated with figures of weight and volume.

Either Mr. Mather accepts Soviet statistics as veracious, including their calculation of values of production in fixed prices of 1926-27, or he does not. If he does not he has no criterion of production to go by, and there is no use discussing the increase or decrease of Soviet production or basing any theories on it. But if he is looking for figures on the success or failure of socialism in the Soviet Union he might look up page 412 of the bound volume of the reports of the eighteenth congress of the C. P. S. U. "The Socialist system of production," says one of the reports, "has come to exercise undivided rule in the economy of the U. S. S. R. In 1937 it comprised 99.8 per cent of the gross production of industry and 98.6 per cent of the gross output of agriculture." From these percentages it would seem that the curve of socialism can hardly go very much higher in the Soviet Union.

ALTER BRODY

New York, January 2

Dear Sirs: In regard to Alter Brody's letter, that which is written on page 412 of The Book means that about 99 per cent of production in the Soviet Union came from farms and factories which had been labeled "socialist." But socialism, an economy superior to capitalism, is founded upon distributed material wealth—not upon speeches in congresses. The curve of socialism has only started to rise in the Soviet Union. Its progress awaits events in other countries.

Just as in my article I made a distinction between Stakhanov's work and the Communist Party's "Stakhanovism," or speed-up, so I accept Soviet statistics and reject the "clarifications" of them by Communist Party and Soviet officials. Sometimes the officials quote values in fixed prices of 1926-27, sometimes they don't. It was to protect readers against the times that they don't that I advised the use of weight and volume measurement. To reject falsification of statistics does not mean to reject statistics. I don't say that the officials are congenital liars. I say they can't afford to tell the truth.

Sure, production of coal, iron, and steel were so much in 1935 and so much more in 1938. So what? Of the net increase in steel production between the end of 1935 and the end of 1938, seven-tenths was made in 1936, two-tenths in 1937, and one-tenth in 1938. That's what I meant by leveling off. Coal and pig-iron production have the same unhappy profile. In the article I was concerned with a flattening production *rate* and a rising birth *rate.* Forget the absolutes, compare the rates!

I see by Alter Brody's letter that I said that socialism in the U. S. S. R. has failed because women there are nationalized and have too many babies. Or is that an exaggeration of an exaggeration? Finally, if I had meant Trotskyists I would have said Trotskyists. I said internationalists and I quoted Lenin. Was Lenin a Trotskyist? I'm no expert on sects. But maybe Lenin was a centrist, Bukharinite wrecker disguising rightist or fifth-column policies with left Trotskyist phrase-mongering.

ALAN MATHER

New York, January 9

Rivera's Fantasies

Dear Sirs: In Mexico, Diego Rivera's unchallenged place as public clown no. 1 has long overshadowed his fame abroad as his country's foremost painter. Consequently, his grotesque list of the G. P. U.'s Mexican agents, recently published in the American press, has been discounted here, by a public well inoculated against his noisy vagaries, as nothing but a characteristic bid for free headlines. This impression is fortified by Rivera's remarkable discovery of a sinister representative of the Cheka in the person of Harry Skipsey, a prominent and eminently conservative English banker who has been in business here for some thirty years.

However, as there may still be in the United States some persons gullible enough to be impressed by Rivera's irresponsible fantasies, and as he did me the honor of including me in his list, I should like the opportunity to advise them against uncritical acceptance of "denunciations" whose sole purpose is publicity for their inventor. The incident is without importance save as an illustration of the latest and most depressing phase in the degeneration of Diego Rivera. HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, December 11

First a Spaniard and a Liberal

Dear Sirs: May I take issue with Leigh White's inadequate review of Constancia de la Mora's "In Place of Splendor" which appeared in your issue of December 23.

Mr. White criticizes the book on three counts—because the first part is more interesting than the last, because it is not a "candid account of a Spanish government worker in the war," because, or so he claims, its last half follows the Communist Party line.

On the first and second counts the fault lies surely with Mr. White. To complain because the vivid autobiography of an intelligent and high-spirited rebel against the old, hard crust of Spain is not a critical account of the conduct of the war is to misunderstand the fundamentals of a reviewer's task. In claiming that Miss de la Mora follows the Communist line when she relates what came under her personal observation and what she heard, is Mr. White quite sure that he is not following the line of another and a competing party? This book breathes on every page the spirit of "some of which I was, all of which I saw."

As any number of us who knew Spain long before 1936 have tried to explain, the line which the Communist Party adopted there was in many respects similar to that which intelligent Spanish liberals had been advocating for years. Constancia de la Mora was first of all a Spaniard and a liberal. Whatever her later party affiliations may have been they never weakened the force of those primary allegiances.

And by the same token she was quite capable of making her own estimate of government officials. Other people who by no stretch of anyone's imagination could be called disciples of Moscow have found Caballero inadequate, considered Prieto an inflated politician whose bilious temperament affected his judgment. Nor must one be following any party line in order to find Negrín intelligent, effective, and deserving of loyal support.

It is regrettable that avowed friends of liberalism like Mr. White should continue to obscure the main struggle between liberal and reactionary Spain by raising clouds of factional dust. What he seems in some strange way estopped from understanding is that Miss de la Mora's book, in picturing with such warmth and spirit the life of a girl growing up in the ruling circles of Spain, is making comprehensible that main struggle to hundreds of Americans who have never understood it, and is winning such friends for the defeated Spanish Republic as might have changed the whole American attitude toward the conflict had it been published in 1936.

MILDRED ADAMS

New York, January 1

The Ideal Newspaper

Dear Sirs: Professor Lerner's proposals for remedying the abuses of the press (see *The Nation* for November 4 and 11) are hardly practicable. Yet something should be done. May a retired newspaperman with nearly fifty years' varied experience in journalism behind him venture a suggestion?

It is surely not out of the question to establish an independent, non-partisan, intelligent, and comprehensive daily paper in, say, Washington, and make it truly national. Would not such a paper soon command a large circulation? Would not liberals, wage-workers, thoughtful persons generally welcome and support a daily that was fair to all groups, that suppressed no news fit to print, that opened its columns to all points of view?

The editorials, the book reviews, the dramatic and music criticism, the special essays, and other such features could be syndicated. The paper would need, perhaps, half a dozen correspondents in Europe and Asia. But it would also need local pages—a Chicago page, a Boston page, a Denver page, a San Francisco page. A well-edited daily of ten or twelve pages would meet all reasonable requirements. There is too much padding, too much repetition in our "big" dailies.

At five cents a copy such a daily should before long pay expenses. But for a time it would need subsidies and gifts. I believe there are many men and women who, disgusted and discontented with the plutocratic and yellow papers, would cheerfully endow a progressive, enlightened, and decent newspaper. A small group of trained and competent newspapermen, plus a few generous financial backers at the start, should take the initiative and appeal for wide cooperation. The response to such an appeal would surprise them.

VICTOR S. YARROS

Winter Park, Fla., December, 29

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, for many years *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is at work on a book on Russia which will be published shortly.

JOACHIM JOESTEN, a German journalist, has lived in the Scandinavian countries for some years. He is the author of "Rats in the Larder," a study of Nazi influence in Denmark.

MAURICE FELDMAN, formerly editor of *Der Tag* of Vienna, was on the staff of the Stockholm *Tidningen* for more than a year.

WALTER WILSON is preparing a study of the convict lease system. To obtain material he has visited many prisons and prison camps in the South and interviewed ex-convicts, laborites, and important Southerners interested in improving penal conditions.

W. H. AUDEN is the well-known English poet and critic. He is at present in this country.

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

TENSION HAS RISEN AMONG THE WESTERN European neutrals in the past few days. Over the week-end Holland and Belgium received news which led them immediately to recall all troops on leave and to reinstate the frontier precautions adopted in November, when, there is good reason to believe, a German plan to invade the Low Countries was abandoned at the last moment. This time the alarm seems particularly acute in Belgium, where the evacuation of civilians from border districts has begun. The exact nature of the information which has prompted these steps is unknown, although there are unconfirmed reports of new German concentrations in the northern Rhineland. In any case, they seem to be taken seriously by the Allies. One theory held in Paris, however, is that German movements apparently threatening to Belgium and Holland are intended to cover an extension of the war to a new theater. The Balkans have been mentioned in this connection, but the increasingly strained relations between Russia and the Scandinavian states suggest the possibility of a joint Nazi-Soviet move in the North. Moscow has sharply rejected as "unsatisfactory" the replies of Norway and Sweden to its notes protesting against the assistance these countries are rendering to Finland. There is evidence, it declares, that their governments "do not offer resistance to the influence of those powers which strive to involve Sweden and Norway in war against the Soviet Union." Taken in conjunction with the bitter German press attacks on Scandinavia, this warning carries a sinister connotation for the Northern neutrals.

*

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT AFTER A LONG period of acute taciturnity has published an extended communiqué mainly devoted to assailing "the slanderous fabrications" of the foreign press. Regarding the activities of the Red Army in Finland, it asserts that operations during the past three weeks have been limited to ordinary clashes of reconnoitering detachments. It denies that the Finns have anywhere crossed the Russian frontier and scornfully denounces reports of the crushing defeat of the Forty-fourth Division at Suomussalmi. There is no doubt that the American press has been guilty of more than a little exaggeration in its presentation of Finnish news. Editorial blue pencils might well have been exercised more freely on many cables, particularly on those relaying reports from cities outside Finland. Nevertheless, it seems certain that our daily press has accurately reported the main events of the war. In particular the news of the destruction of the Forty-fourth Division has been confirmed by experienced and responsible American correspondents actually on the spot. For the fact that the war has been reported almost exclusively from the Finnish angle, the Russian government is itself largely to blame. Its official statements have been singularly uninformative; it has developed a censorship system apparently designed to prevent foreign correspondents from sending fresh news; and it has kept foreign newsmen not only away from the front but apparently even from Leningrad. Soviet apologists in this country are making a great to-do about the way the bombing of Finnish cities is being handled in the press. Here again there has no doubt been exaggeration. The actual number of casualties has been relatively small, and there is no clear evidence of deliberate bombing of civilians. But what sort of excuse is this for the real crime, for the damning fact that Finland is being invaded at all?

*

ITALY CONTINUES TO STRIVE WITH THE hydra-headed Balkan problem, seeking to build up a bloc under its influence which will compensate for its present military and diplomatic weakness. There are, however, so many conflicting interests to harmonize that the job would tax the genius of a Talleyrand, and Count Ciano hardly comes up to that standard. Last week we mentioned editorially a report from Budapest of an Italian guaranty to Hungary of military support against either Russian or German aggression. This story has not been confirmed, and according to a cable by Pertinax in the New York *Times* it clearly exaggerated the scope of the present negotiations between Italy and Hungary. The same authority states that Mussolini has obtained an assurance from Germany that it does not intend to disturb the status quo in Southeastern Europe, but this promise might easily be broken if Stalin decided on a move against Rumania. For Hitler would be in no position to oppose such a move openly and would either have to give his Moscow friend carte blanche or join his adventure on profit-sharing terms. Meanwhile Italy's primary effort is

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to find a basis for cooperative action between Hungary and Rumania. Both these states fear their Russian neighbor, but Transylvania seems too great a barrier between them to be breached by common funk. Italy's plan is to persuade Rumania to agree to a territorial adjustment after the war which would return to Hungary those parts of Transylvania in which the Hungarian proportion of the population is greatest. But neither King Carol nor the Hungarians dare lessen their intransigence on border questions in view of the menace of their own Nazis.

*

LITTLE CHANGE IN JAPANESE FOREIGN OR domestic policy may be expected from the new government under Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai. In solving the Cabinet crisis caused by the resignation of General Abe, the Japanese elder statesmen fell back on what has by now become an almost monotonous formula. Like Abe, Hayashi, Okada, and several other recent Premiers, Admiral Yonai is a non-party man, and a moderate who is respected chiefly for his service record. He has served as navy minister in three recent Cabinets but has no direct connections with the military extremists. Abe's downfall was due chiefly to discontent over economic hardships resulting from three and a half years of war. Criticism centered particularly on the recent sharp increase in the official price of rice, made after the farmers had disposed of their crops. In view of the continuing military pressure for an intensification of the China campaign, it is difficult to see how Yonai can succeed where Abe has failed in the domestic sphere. Abroad he may be expected to be somewhat more vigorous in pressing for agreements with the United States and Great Britain. But with the military holding the reins in China, it is doubtful whether he can go beyond his predecessor in offering effective concessions. According to all indications, the China policy will be unchanged. Plans still call for the establishment of a unified puppet government under Wang Ching-wei at the first suitable opportunity. But there is no evidence that the basic conflicts between the various Japanese military factions in China which have impeded its establishment have yet been settled.

*

OPPONENTS OF THE HULL TRADE PROGRAM would do well to study carefully the Argentine communiqué setting forth the reasons for the breakdown of negotiations for a reciprocal trade pact between Argentina and the United States. Argentina, it appears, was prepared to offer favorable quota arrangements and tariff concessions which would result in a decline of 7,000,000 pesos in governmental revenues in return for equivalent concessions from the United States. Such concessions, the Argentine government declares, were never offered. This statement completely refutes the assertion, frequently made by opponents of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, that the State Department has exhibited a flagrant disregard for the interests of American producers. Actually the shoe seems to be on the other foot. Solicitude for American farm producers has wrecked a pact which would have been of great importance to American exporters, as well as of utmost political significance. That the State Department's zeal in this case was not exceptional may be seen in the fact that our exports to the countries with which we have trade agreements have increased nearly twice as much as our imports from the same countries. Instead of correcting the serious maladjustment in our balance of payments, the trade agreements seem to be accentuating the export surplus. Responsibility for this anomalous situation rests primarily on the political groups which are constantly sniping at the Hull program.

*

A FLEET BIG ENOUGH TO PROTECT HAWAII, the Panama Canal, and Atlantic coastwise shipping against the combined forces of Germany, Italy, Japan, and Soviet Russia was set forth by Admiral Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, as the objective of the Vinson bill now in hearings. Even with the 25 per cent increase envisioned in the bill, the fleet would still be inadequate for the protection of the Philippines and Latin America, the Admiral asserted. Thus we have for the first time a clear-cut statement of the navy's defense policy. It is a far cry from the parity principle which has hitherto governed naval construction. For a paltry $1,300,000,000, or slightly more than the amount asked for unemployment relief, the North American continent is to be made safe from the four powers with which we have the least friendly relations. It might seem to be a bargain if Mr. Vinson would only tell us what the other powers are likely to be doing while this huge navy is being constructed. The Japanese have already implied that they expect to match us ton for ton. Soviet Russia cannot very well afford to let Japan gain such an advantage; so it may attempt to match Japan's program. The result may be that at the end of the building period our inferiority to the combined forces of the four powers will be greater than at present. It may be taken as axiomatic that no country wants to divert a huge share of its resources to the building of unproductive battleships. The United States with its unparalleled natural defenses should be the last country to take responsibility for plunging the world into a naval race of such gigantic proportions.

*

AFTER TOTTERING FOR YEARS IN A STATE OF constructive insolvency, the Associated Gas and Electric Company has crashed into the bankruptcy court. It applied for a receiver after the SEC forbade its chief subsidiary, the Associated Gas and Electric Corporation, to pay unearned interest and dividends on its 5 per cent note or its capital stock. Both these securities are held by the parent company, which in turn became unable to meet interest due on its publicly held debentures. Unpopular as the SEC is in financial quarters, its action in this case has not raised a murmur, for the very good reason that the A. G. and E. represents so flagrant an example of the holding-company racket that it is almost impossible to defend. It is not merely a holding company but a holder of holding companies—a set-up which vastly increased the amount of "water" in the system. Its final attempts to stave off bankruptcy are illuminating. Last year it applied for a loan to the RFC, which agreed to consider the proposition if certain strict conditions were observed, including its approval of management changes and salaries. While negotiations were in progress, Roger J. Whiteford, who had been general counsel for the FHA, was suddenly made president of A. G. and E. with the handsome salary of $10,000 a month. This appointment of an important Administration official failed to bring results. Jesse Jones of the RFC had not been consulted, and the change in management apparently did not impress him. The loan was refused, and when the SEC issued its ruling on dividend payments Mr. Hopson's hydro-financial empire filed its petition.

*

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THIRTEEN OTHER nominees, eight specifically in his favor, was a striking recognition of Kenneth Crawford's fitness to succeed Heywood Broun as president of the American Newspaper Guild. More than four years of yeoman work as chairman of the Washington Guild's negotiating committee and a record of courageous journalism for the New York *Post* and *The Nation* would have been enough to commend Crawford to the Guild's membership, but there were other factors that underscored his eligibility. Geographically and by conviction he occupies a strategic middle ground. In almost all national organizations there is a tendency to look upon leadership from New York with a jaundiced eye. Whether justified or not, this fear of being dominated by "the New York crowd" is present in the Guild, and, to a small extent, so is the labor-political factionalism that clings to every trade union in times like these. What looks like a blend of these two factors is contained in the statement issued jointly by three of Crawford's fellow-nominees upon his indorsement by the New York Guild: "We are glad that the New York leadership has finally been brought to realize the desirability of broadening of control in the American Newspaper Guild. We join in the support of Crawford, whose candidacy originated in the opposition to that narrow domination." But harmony candidate though he may be, Crawford is anything but a fence-sitter. He has ideas about how the Guild should be run, "some of which," he announces, "conflict with current practice." One of these, it appears, involves the Guild's extreme addiction to political resolutions. "It is not the Guild's business," Crawford said in his first statement as president-elect, "to reform the world or the world's newspapers." That is taking a bull by the horns; it is also good trade unionism.

*

WHEN YOU WALK INTO YOUR FAVORITE woods and find the brooks cleared, the trees trimmed, the brush in piles, and a new trail around the old pond, you can be pretty sure there's a CCC camp nearby. The Civilian Conservation Corps is perhaps the only project of the New Deal which everybody approves; even Republicans favor relief for trees. Robert Fechner, director of the CCC until his death on December 31, has left an eloquent record of his six years' work in his annual report for 1938, now issued posthumously. In six years the CCC has given jobs and valuable training to 2,600,000 men, most of them young men who might otherwise have been haunting the street corners of the nation. They have planted 1,855,000,000 trees, built 106,800 miles of trucks trails, and spent 9,375,000,000 man days fighting fires and preventing them. What this work in the open air under expert supervision—formerly military, but now civilian—has done for 2,600,000 men cannot be measured. "Work projects already suggested by federal and state departments would keep . . . 1,500 camps busy for from thirty to fifty years," says Mr. Fechner's last report. But for economy's sake the number is to be cut to 1,227, in face of the fact that according to one estimate four million young people are without jobs.

The Coughlin Terror

IN ARRESTING seventeen members of the "Christian Front," the FBI has drawn the curtain on a violent and ugly political underworld. Because only a handful of men have thus far been seized, there is a tendency in some quarters to minimize the disclosures, and to scoff at the notion of seventeen men preparing for *der Tag*. But this was no crackpot conspiracy of violence conceived by political lunatics. It contains all those recognizable elements of anti-democratic and anti-Semitic terror which were the preludes of European fascism. It is the most dramatic expression of a movement that is national—perhaps international—in scope and organization. The ringleaders arrested this week are political thugs who took the words of their leader seriously. Their leader is Charles E. Coughlin.

The precise number of persons intimately involved in the conspiracy is still unknown. Undoubtedly some members of the Christian Front were not let in on the details of the terrorist schedule which had been drawn up. But the art of terrorism has never required mass armies to achieve its prime objective. That objective is the inoculation of a populace with a sense of dread and panic in the face of an invisible enemy; it is accomplished by periodic, seemingly unrelated explosions, by sudden brutal forays against individuals. When hysteria is widespread, the chance for more serious business is at hand.

This exposure cannot be seen in its proper perspective without recognizing the role of Coughlin himself. Confronted with the revelations, Coughlin carefully disclaimed any link with the Front and blamed the plot on "Nazis or Communists." The words of his denial are disingenuous; the denial itself is a lie. Coughlin has not only advocated the idea of a Christian Front in general; he has been closely linked with this one in particular. On July 14, 1939, speaking by direct wire to a Philadelphia mass-meeting, he told his audience that "John Cassidy is our leader in the Christian Front." Cassidy himself delivered the principal address at the meeting, *Social Justice* reported on July 24. And it is Cassidy whom the FBI has now singled out as one of the two chief figures in the terrorist conspiracy. On July 31, 1939, *Social Justice* carried a lengthy report of the Front's progress under the headline: "Militant Units of Christian Front Being Formed in Middle West; Hosts Battle Communism in New York." The article reported enthusiastically: "Under the leadership of John F. Cassidy of Brooklyn there are now five central units operating in the metropolitan district." On several occasions Cassidy has shared speakers' platforms with Edward Lodge Curran. Curran is one of Coughlin's closest allies; he has frequently spoken on the priest's radio hour.

In view of Coughlin's palpable link with the Front, was he innocent of its preparations for violence? Would he shun such violent techniques? There is no conclusive evidence on this point. What we do know is that *Social Justice* recently reported approvingly the formation in New England of "rifle clubs" designed to "assist in quelling any revolutionary disturbance." We also know that less than two months ago *Social Justice* published "Father Coughlin's advice to the Christian Front"; it read: "Meet force with force only as a last resort." Behind the camouflage of the "defense mechanism," Coughlin has constantly hinted to his followers of impending violence and cited the Franco insurrection as a classic political model. Only a fortnight ago, in a national broadcast, he candidly announced his faith in the dictatorship idea.

What has been exposed thus far is only a fragment of the story. There is a visible effort in some newspapers to free Coughlin from embarrassment at the exposure. But without Coughlin himself the picture cannot be completed; and unless the FBI is prepared to unravel all the threads of Coughlinite intrigue, it may only have prepared a boomerang. It has accused the Christian Fronters of conspiring to overthrow the government; that accusation can hardly meet the "clear and present danger" test without far more sweeping revelations than have thus far been made.

Even the limited material already issued is a damning indictment of Coughlinism. It is also a startling commentary on the work of the Dies committee, which for two years has been looking under beds and behind fronts for "un-American activities." In the 5,000-page record published by that committee there are only parenthetical references to the Christian Front. And when Martin Dies addressed a New York "Americanism" meeting held in his honor last November, Christain Fronters crowded the balconies to cheer him. They had been admitted free.

When the Treaty Ends

ALL but a week of the six-month period of grace provided in the Japanese-American trade treaty has elapsed, and the United States has yet to formulate a policy to be adopted upon the expiration of the treaty. The most direct and logical action which could be taken would be to impose an embargo on the export of all war materials to Japan while that country persists in its illegal campaign of aggression in China. Such action was urged last week by Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of State, in a brilliant statement printed in full in the New York *Times*. The war in Europe, cutting Japan off from its preferred source of supplies in Germany, has greatly increased the potential effectiveness of such a step. Japan now obtains some 75 per cent of its imported war supplies from the United States, and as the European conflict develops, its dependence on the United States will increase.

An embargo on exports is not, however, the only means of depriving Japan of essential war materials. Without ceasing our efforts for such a measure, it is well to recognize, as was pointed out in last week's *Nation*, the practicability of discriminatory action against imports from Japan. Punitive measures of this type would have the advantage of following the orthodox lines of American commercial policy. They would require no additional machinery beyond that already provided in the customs service and in the main no additional legislation. By depriving Japan of foreign exchange, they would limit its ability to obtain needed war supplies.

The Tariff Acts of 1930 and 1934 provide the Administration with power to take rather drastic defensive action against Japan's hostile and discriminatory trade practices. Section 303 of the 1930 act gives the President the right to impose a countervailing duty against any country which subsidizes its exports to the United States. This section was invoked last year in imposing a 25 per cent additional duty on a long list of German goods.

Section 338 of the same act authorizes the President to proclaim additional duties, up to at least 50 per cent, on the products of any country which discriminates against the commerce of the United States, and to impose a special tax on goods carried in the ships of such a country. In case the discrimination continues, the President is empowered to ban all goods from the offending country.

While there is little doubt that many Japanese exports to this country are subsidized, and therefore liable to increased duties, the evidence of discrimination against American trade is even less disputable. In line with its general totalitarian trade policies Japan has deliberately discriminated against American exports and favored those of Manchoukuo, Germany, Italy, and the puppet Chinese regimes. The most serious form taken by this discriminatory policy has been the preferential treatment given cotton from North China to the disadvantage of American cotton. The result has been a complete wrecking of the traditional basis of Japanese-American trade, namely, the exchange of Japanese raw silk for American cotton. In the case of other goods, there is evidence that Japanese buyers have been instructed to place their orders in the Axis countries regardless of their individual preferences. Trade statistics issued just prior to the European war show a rise in Japanese purchases from both Italy and Germany at the expense of the United States. In the occupied sections of China, Japan has followed a systematic program designed to exclude the United States and other Western nations from the Chinese market.

In considering penalties it must not be forgotten that some 70 per cent of our imports from Japan consist of a non-dutiable item—silk. Percentage tariff increases, no matter how heavy, would be largely ineffective unless some duty were levied on silk. For this there are ample grounds. Section 338 of the 1930 act authorizes the President to levy new duties on the goods of countries which discriminate against American exports. We have referred to the flagrant discrimination practiced against American cotton. In addition, Japan has sought to take advantage of America's almost complete dependence on Japanese silk by boosting prices and levying increased freight rates on this one product—nearly all of which goes to the United States—with a view to making American consumers pay an increased share of Japan's war expenses. As a retaliatory measure, a duty of, say, 50 per cent ad valorem on silk would be wholly justified.

The Nation has steadfastly opposed high tariffs which are adopted solely on the pretext of protecting the American market. But low-tariff advocates have always recognized the necessity for penalties to protect American exports from discrimination by countries which profit by our own non-discriminatory policies. And in this instance the United States has, in addition, a moral obligation to dissociate itself in every way from active economic assistance to the Japanese war machine.

Jews in Hitler's Poland

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

SOMETIMES I hear decent peole who don't like war wondering whether a Nazi victory would after all be so tragic. They try to think of it as a more or less logical alternative to the "anarchy" and disorganization of the Europe of the past twenty-five years. Hitler is an aggressor, that's true; but so was Napoleon. Was Europe better for the twenty years of struggle to resist the Napoleonic "Continental system"? Hitler, too, is trying to create a system, a stable, unified Europe under his own domination. The day of France and Britain is done; they had their chance and they muffed it. Now let Hitler—and perhaps Stalin—try to create the "new Europe" that must supersede a run-down system supported by two run-down empires. This is the argument, though it is seldom so flatly stated.

People who feel that a Nazi peace and a Nazi-dominated Europe are preferable to their horrible alternative should stop to consider the state of the territories already in process of organization by Hitler. Austria, the Bohemian-Moravian Protectorate, German Poland, Memel—a great area contiguous to the old Reich—are being coordinated as fast as administrators and secret police and troops can do the work. Whole populations are being shifted as if they were armies in order to wipe out the cultural as well as the political boundaries that divided the conquered states from each other and from Germany. And the Jewish problem is being "solved." In a laboratory of occupied or incorporated territory the Nazis are constructing a working model of the "new Europe."

Mr. Villard wrote an article from The Hague, which appeared in our issue of December 30, describing the situation of the Jews deported to Poland from various parts of the Reich. It was based on the results of his own inquiries in Germany and is the best report so far published. I shall do no more than add items appearing in the newspapers before and after Mr. Villard wrote.

The scheme for shifting populations in the conquered territories to make space for Germans and to get rid of Jews was announced officially from Berlin. It was reported in October that a reservation between Lublin and the Soviet border would be set aside for Jews evacuated from Posen and West Prussia. Later, Nazi authorities announced that other areas in the same general region would be turned into Jewish reservations and that Jews would be sent in from all over the Reich. Early in November an item from Bruenn, Czechoslovakia, told of 300 unemployed Jews from that town being deported into Poland, there to be supported by contributions from the remaining Jews in Bruenn. Deportations, said the same dispatch, were to be made from the whole protectorate; only old people and some women and children would be left behind.

Later in the month it was reported, also from Berlin, that Warsaw's ghetto had been cut off from the rest of the city by barricades patrolled by armed guards. No Jews were allowed to pass through them without being thoroughly searched. A dispatch from Kattowitz in German Poland said that some 5,000 "women, children, and infirm men" must leave that town and Teschen for the Lublin reservation by December 15. Another item added the fact that Jewish men between the ages of fourteen and seventy and women under fifty-five who had been shipped to the reservation had been put to forced labor. An Associated Press dispatch from Lodz stated briefly that a curfew for Jews had been established and that any Jew leaving home between the hours of five p. m. and eight a. m. might be punished by death. The death penalty could also be applied to Jews who failed to wear the broad yellow arm band prescribed by law.

Figures and dates do not always coincide in these fragmentary dispatches. A story from Berlin dated November 26 reported that the Jews of Teschen had been given two extra weeks to evacuate the city, but must all be out by December 9. When they left they would be almost the last of 150,000 Jews to be transported from the former Czech provinces to Poland; the deportations from Austria were also virtually completed; from Moravská-Ostrava the whole Jewish population of 10,000 had left for the Polish reservation on the River San. The Gestapo was supervising the forced migration.

All the facts so far cited are from German dispatches, presumably censored and including only what the Nazis want known. Since the beginning of December reports direct from Germany have all but stopped. To discover the reason, it is necessary to turn to dispatches from other centers. These tell stories of unimaginable horror in the reservation and in the ghettos of Polish towns. Jewish deportees are starving, freezing, homeless, jobless, and without money; thousands are ill of typhus and other diseases. The reservation has become a place of death and a center of infection. The hospitals are overflowing. A recent dispatch from Paris reports that "Dr. Frank, who visited the reservation a few days ago, is reported to be dissatisfied. . . . He told his aides . . . that the idea of the reservation is difficult to work out and too costly, as foreign Jews are unwilling to pour relief money into a reservation." So 60,000 Jews from various parts of the Reich who were to have been sent into the reserved area are now "concentrated near Cracow" and ghettos are being established in various Polish towns.

This is only a fragment of the story, as the fate of the Jews is only a fragment of the fate of the subject peoples of the Reich. The Poles themselves have in thousands been arrested, or executed, or moved to other parts of Germany, or simply turned out of their homes to make room for Germans or the transplanted Balts. A mania of migration possesses Hitler. Into the new "living-space" Germans must spread to accomplish the Teutonic occupation of the whole land. The original inhabitants are being dispersed, to serve as workers under the master race and to shed the bonds that bind them to their native soil and customs and kin. And the Jews are merely to be segregated, without means—for their wealth is confiscated—and without rights, segregated to live or to die as their richer brothers in other lands may determine. Hitler washes his hands of them.

But the rest of the world, slowly awakening to the savage internal warfare that is destroying the lives of millions along with the basic human decencies, cannot wash its hands of either Hitler or his victims. The state of Poland, the new mass torture of the Jews form too clear a blueprint of what Hitler intends for Europe. It is a challenge to the humanity of all of us. It is also a challenge to our understanding and determination. If we don't like the picture of Hitler's "Continental system," what do we want? And how do we intend to get it?

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A Hull-Jackson Ticket

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, January 15

WASHINGTON is currently engaged in a game of blind man's buff with all but one player blindfolded. The President, it is assumed, knows what his Administration is up to. Everyone else is groping. It is obvious that he has been pursuing a policy of deliberate befuddlement. The trouble is that he has succeeded too well. He has confused his allies no less than his enemies.

Since the first of the year he has made three major speeches: his opening address to Congress, his budget message, and his "plate-side chat." The first was a straightforward statement of anti-dictatorship, non-isolationist policy, but it was immediately followed by the President's refusal to take the initiative in applying this policy to Finland. The second was an admirable defense of his spending policy coupled with a recommendation for budget economy. The third was a warning to his party not to lose the independent vote; it failed to tell how to hold this vote.

All is confusion, principally, of course, because there has been no answer to the key questions: Will the President run for a third term, and if not whom will he support? If his political plans were known, other pieces of the great puzzle would start falling into place.

The President himself supplied no clues on Jackson Day, but by dovetailing his speech with those of Attorney General Robert H. Jackson in Cleveland and Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace in Des Moines it was possible to make out a good prima facie case for a third-term intention. Indeed, the case was too good. It was too obvious that the President, in writing his own speech and approving the other two, was trying to revive third-term speculation, which had been obscured in the succession of booms for McNutt, Garner, and most recently Secretary of State Hull.

Instead of intensifying the impression that a third term is possible, the Jackson Day speeches had the opposite effect. The New Deal loyalists still hope the President will run, and they are still talking for effect of the chance that he would accept a draft nomination, but the grapevine carries apparently authentic stories that Mr. Roosevelt's intimates have despaired of persuading him to carry the awful burdens of his office for another four years, that he longs for renewal of the kind of personal relationship that is impossible in the White House and is literally counting the days until his term expires.

These stories account for the seriousness with which the recent Hull try-out has been taken. There can be no doubt that the President thrust Hull into the spotlight by talking up his availability to visitors and by underwriting his reciprocal trade program. In consequence of the President's strong support, it now appears that the Trade Agreements Act may be renewed despite Republican opposition and furious log-rolling by tariff-fed industries and agricultural interests. If it is, Hull's stock cannot but rise.

It is significant, too, that Attorney General Jackson has been advanced for the vice-presidential nomination on the Hull ticket. It is generally accepted as fact here that Jackson and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas are the two men to whom the President would most willingly hand over his office. But neither is conceded a chance of getting the Presidential nomination. Jackson might get by as Hull's running mate, however.

Viewed in the light of this political possibility, what goes on in Washington is somewhat less puzzling. The President is trying to keep attention focused on foreign affairs. He has won general acceptance of his foreign policy, which is also Hull's. He has ridden it back into high public favor if the polls of public opinion are to be trusted. It is a horse whose rider might be successfully changed in midstream. Where domestic policy is concerned, the President has given enough ground to his critics to shut them up. Robert Taft and the other Republican hopefuls can mutter about balancing the budget, but they can't justify any more red penciling than the President has already done unless they start crossing out national-defense items and brave the popular demand for more ships, guns, and airplanes. The President's compromise strategy also has gone a long way toward reuniting his own party and creating a situation in which Hull, who is essentially conservative, could run without compromising himself.

The jigsaw picture emerges, but there is one important piece missing. What about the liberals, the people who were for the New Deal before it was watered down? Have they disappeared? Would they be satisfied with the ghoulish comfort that Jackson might eventually get into the White House? They are weakly represented in this Congress, and their political effectiveness has been undermined by the split in the labor movement and other schisms. They are inclined to accept Roosevelt on faith, confident even when his immediate position displeases them that his general direction is good. They cannot be delivered in a drove to Hull or anyone else.

Conceding that there has been a swing to the right in public opinion, it has not been sweeping enough to wipe liberals off the face of the United States.

The President's greatest danger, if he is trying to hand the Presidency to a conservative on the theory that a liberal cannot be nominated, is that Congress will follow the figures in his budget message rather than the text. Competent economists expect a recession next spring. If it comes, the President's estimates for relief and public works will be tragically inadequate. There will be no government prop for business, and there will be hungry people. These consequences of this winter's policy of silencing conservatives by stealing their thunder will not be good advertising for a tired New Deal.

Liberals will have little voice in the Democratic convention, it is true, and even if the Democrats ignore them they cannot turn to the Republicans. But as Secretary of Interior Ickes has suggested, they might consider a futile third-party effort preferable to political orphanage. They will do nothing until the third term is definitely out, which may be one of the reasons for perpetuating the mystery.

Polling America

BY JAMES WECHSLER

TO 150,000 "men in the street," and women, the emissaries of the American Institute of Public Opinion last year propounded more than 500 questions. Should the Wagner Act be changed and in what manner? Do you know the words of the Star-Spangled Banner? Do newspapers lie, does Martin Dies? Where do you stand on Passamaquoddy, Tom Dewey, topless bathing suits, foreign policy, and shorts for women, and did you make any New Year's resolutions? Should the railroads be owned collectively; do you think so mildly or strongly? The replies were tabulated by men and machines in a Princeton, New Jersey, office; 106 newspapers published the findings several times a week as a candid-camera view of the American mind.

Dr. George Gallup, who guides the institute, and Elmo Roper, who directs the monthly survey for *Fortune,* are the leading lights of the flourishing public-opinion industry. Alumni of the school of market research, Gallup and Roper operate in visibly non-proletarian environments. Gallup divides his time between his duties as an advertising executive for Young and Rubicam and his supervisory work at the institute. When Roper isn't exploring the public mind for *Fortune,* he is running surveys for commercial clients who want private information on public preferences. The institute's surveys made their debut on front pages in 1935 shortly after the appearance of the first *Fortune* analyses. To advanced students there are some marked differences between the methods of Gallup and Roper, but in any general appraisal the similarities overshadow the contrasts. Critics of the polls make little distinction between them.

In some measure attacks on the polls stem from popular disbelief in the integrity of the findings. If Gallup's interviewers descend on 150,000 people a year, and Roper's surveyors question about 30,000, together they touch less than .002 of the population in a year. Most people think the accuracy of a poll proportionate to its numerical scope; so the suspicion grows that someone has been electioneering in the vicinity of the polls. Yet the *Fortune* survey, based on 10,000 personal interviews, not only forecast the Roosevelt landslide but came within .07 per cent of giving the precise plurality. More recently Gallup's institute, from fewer than 2,000 ballots, prophesied Governor Lehman's election over Tom Dewey within 1 per cent of the total vote. The secret of these success stories is simple: they prove that it is far more important to buttonhole a genuine cross-section than to correspond by mail with a million citizens whose names appear in the telephone book. The classic failure of the phone-book theory was the *Literary Digest* poll, which on the basis of 2,376,523 mailed ballots predicted that Landon was in. Nevertheless, it is still fashionable to ask, "Have you ever met anybody who knows someone who has met anyone who has been interviewed by the Gallup poll?" The odds are high that the answer will be no. The inference is obvious: Gallup makes up the answers as well as the questions.

As the polls grow older and their circle of chance acquaintances expands, this skepticism may quietly die out. Less likely to disappear is the school of thought which contends that the polls are intrinsically a menace to the republic: they reveal only the sum total of popular ignorance; they foster the heresy that Mr. Milquetoast has something to say and a right to be heard even between election days; they thereby imperil the structure of "representative government."

The right's laments are not *a priori* reason for cheers on the left. For if the right is afraid that the polls will disclose the majority will at embarrassing moments, liberals may legitimately fear the reverse—manipulation of the polls by the conservative interests which ultimately pay for them. The statistical accuracy of surveys of pre-election preferences is verifiable on Election Day; Gallup's findings on issues like the Wagner Act, which justifiably occupy the bulk of the institute's time, cannot be checked. If the results of a badly worded or miscounted poll are published at a critical legislative moment, the damage will be in proportion to the influence of the institute, and its influence is steadily mounting. When it reports that 75 per cent of the people who have any opinion on the subject favor another Congressional bounty for Martin Dies, the result is quoted in countless conservative editorial columns.

To what extent do these surveys offer authentic, meaningful glimpses into the American mind? I witnessed interviews in three cities, observing the "sample" persons questioned on a one-day Gallup—night watchmen, day nurses, policemen, bacteriologists, business executives, relief workers. Before interviews begin, two crucial steps in the manufacture of polls have been completed. The questions have been formulated and "pre-tested," and the cross-section has been selected. There is ample chance for sabotage along this assembly line.

Phrasing the ballots is a nightmare in semantics. At the Gallup Institute they are drafted by Gallup and four aides whose politics range from left Democrat to right Republican; the *Fortune* surveys are planned at editorial conferences in the *Fortune* offices with Roper and his staff. Roper voted for Norman Thomas in 1932 and for Roosevelt in 1936. Gallup is farther to the right but voices a faith in the "common man" that would not recommend him to the Union League Club. Both men are conscientiously groping for a vantage point above the battle where questions can be formulated in a spirit of peace and neutrality. Nevertheless, neither one escapes all the pitfalls of catechism construction. The most obvious can be indicated by a single case history. Roper conducted a test survey on the question: "Should the United States do all in its power to promote world peace?" Ninety-seven per cent of the answers were affirmative. To the same cross-section he addressed the question: "Should the United States become involved in plans to promote world peace?" Only 60 per cent said yes. The problem is rarely as simple as this exhibit might imply. While "involved" is a flagrantly "bad" word, the creation of a neutral vocabulary for polls is still an infant science. Nor are "bad" words the only device by which questions may be stacked. A recent Columbia University survey revealed the degree to which answers may be influenced by positive or negative formulation of questions and other variations in sentence structure.

Even if the poll makers lived in a shock-proof ivory tower, the chances of possible distortion would be many. As it is, they are constantly subjected to the slings and arrows of outraged pressure groups. When Gallup's institute reported that 42 per cent of America's Catholic population wanted the embargo on Spain lifted, its findings were at once assailed in Catholic press and pulpit. A priest informed Gallup that he had taken a "show of hands" in his own parish and his findings totally contradicted the institute's; hence Gallup must be either mistaken or mischievous. All partisan groups tend to inhabit a dream world in which they see only friendly nods. But their pressure may have its effects, however subtle.

What may prove more insidious than these demonstrations is the dependence of Dr. Gallup's industry on the good-will of a press which is predominantly conservative. The fees of subscribing newspapers support the institute; inevitably there have been rumors that the polls would be loaded to keep the clientèle contented. If editorial writers claim to speak for "the people" and these surveys reveal that they don't, Gallup's difficulties may become acute. So far there have been few illustrations of clear-cut bias, but the errors which have crept in dramatize the danger. In April, 1938, the institute asked: "In your opinion which will do more to get us out of the depression—increased public spending for relief and public works or helping business by reducing taxes?" When it reported that 79 per cent favored helping business, the result got widespread acclamation from tory circles. Was it a fair question? "Helping business" has affirmative overtones; "spending" is almost an epithet. Moreover, liberals argue that "spending" would "help business" while the stimulus of "reduced taxes" might prove negligible. Actually the question accepted a Wall Street diagnosis of our economic ills. More recently the institute queried: "Do you think that labor unions should be regulated to a greater extent by the federal government?" An overwhelming majority said yes. Such a poll could be used as evidence of popular clamor for federal curbs on labor unions. What would have happened if the question had posed specific federal restrictions instead of the general, amiable concept of "regulation"? Last April the institute asked: "Do you think there are any persons on relief in your community who could get jobs in private industry if they tried?" Sixty-nine per cent said yes. That was dynamite for the anti-relief offensive. But suppose the word "any" had been "many"?

These are random examples. In the course of a year the institute releases polls on more than 250 public issues; a large majority of them are susceptible to no such criticism. Moreover, there is evidence that the flaws are diminishing. One of the most conspicuous improvements has been the listing of "no opinions." When the institute took its first poll on the Wagner Act it reported that a majority desired alterations in the statute. What it failed to report was that nearly half the people interviewed had no opinion either way. The omission resulted in a woefully erroneous picture. The Roper poll has always reported its "no opinions."

In the fashioning of a "sample," the basic assumption is that from 3,000 to 8,000 people—if they are the right people—offer a pretty faithful picture of American

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thinking. Old-time "straw votes" were based on random interviews in the neighborhood saloon or on mail ballots from anyone who bothered to respond. Now it is recognized that a valid sampling must reach—in person—an accurate ratio (to the whole nation) of voters from each state, from rural communities, towns, and cities of varying size, of men and women, of different age groups and of every economic level, and of varying political allegiances. To get these proportions, election returns, census reports, and similar documents are constantly sifted. When an interviewer sets out he is not only given his printed sheets listing about fifteen questions, but he is told how many people in each category—"wealthy," "average-plus," "average," "poor-plus," "poor," "on relief"—must be accosted, on street corners or in their homes. A poll is normally completed within two weeks from the time the questions are sent out, and emergency surveys are sometimes rushed through in as short a time as twenty-four hours. With a staff of 1,000 interviewers who work part time for 65 cents an hour, Gallup can scarcely guarantee the integrity of each investigator. He believes none the less in maintaining a political balance in his field force: 35 per cent are Democrats, 37 per cent Republicans, 5 per cent belong to "other parties," and 23 per cent profess no allegiance. Roper employs only 72 interviewers, each of whom he knows intimately. With greater leisure to compile his *Fortune* surveys, he has wider opportunities for experimentation and checking. He suffers from the corollary disadvantage that if one or two of his staff go wrong, their defections will have proportionately greater impact on his results.

What have the answers to good questions, addressed intelligently to the right cross-section, proved about America? Above all they have revealed an incredibly animated populace anxious to articulate its fears, resentments, and loyalties. Although probably less than one in twenty of those interviewed have ever heard of the Gallup Institute, only a handful won't talk. At first they suspect that the interviewer is a salesman; they are occasionally reluctant to disclose their political affiliations, especially if they are on relief; and they are frequently awkward in framing their beliefs. Yet there is a perceptible undertone of excitement in these interviews which the statistics don't record; to a host of Americans the polls represent a unique adventure in democratic life. On issues which have immediate personal impact, like involvement in war, they grasp at the chance to divulge what they are thinking, with the hope that someone in Washington will see the answers.

Cumulatively the polls reflect that strange blend of self-interest, idealism, and stereotyped reaction which is the essential nature of "public opinion." They reveal major shifts in enthusiasms, preferences, and prejudices. They have shown the degree to which Franklin D. Roosevelt is almost a deity to rank-and-file citizens and the degree to which propaganda against specific New Deal reforms has been able to overshadow the Roosevelt magic. They are less able to tell us where we are going, or to define precise attitudes toward particular developments on the way. There is no reliable barometer of intensity. Both the *Fortune* and Gallup surveys, for example, show an overwhelming desire to stay out of war, even if the Allies are losing, and, in percentages, a similarly sweeping sympathy for the Allied cause. At some point there may be a collision between these two aspects of America's split personality. If the Allies are losing and need men, which symbols—isolationist or interventionist—will prevail? To what extent will a sudden shock—like the bombing of London—invalidate the form-charts? In trying to evaluate intensity Roper employs a "menu" type of ballot giving a detailed series of choices within the framework of a single issue. Gallup sometimes has his interviewers estimate the vigor of responses; on other occasions they ask the person being interviewed to tell how "strongly" he holds a particular opinion. The first method places enormous responsibility on the interviewer's perception and is subject to individual variations in language. The second leads to all sorts of complications, as in the following dialogue which I witnessed:

> *Q.* Do you think that labor unions should be regulated to a greater extent by the federal government?
>
> *A.* (strongly) Yes.
>
> *Q.* Do you believe that strongly?
>
> *A.* (weakly) Yes.

A housewife vigorously asserted that she favored a third term for President Roosevelt. When asked whether she favored that strongly, she shook her head. Consider the following dialogue:

> *Q.* In general do you approve or disapprove today of Roosevelt as President?
>
> *A.* (strongly) I think he's doing a good job.
>
> *Q.* Secretary Wallace says the war in Europe has made it necessary for Roosevelt to have a third term. Do you agree?
>
> *A.* Yes, I think it does.
>
> *Q.* If Tom Dewey runs for President in 1940 on the Republican ticket against President Roosevelt running for a third term, which would you prefer?
>
> *A.* (strongly) Tom Dewey.

I heard a transit worker passionately tell one of Roper's interviewers that "the reds should all be shut up by the government," and in the next breath assert that the government should support all the needy "even if it means the end of the capitalist system." There is nothing extraordinary about these contradictions. But they make the polls far more useful as a mirror of the moment than as blueprints of the future.

If polls on great and dramatic issues like the war reveal divided impulses, opinion on issues like the Wagner Act is far more difficult to evaluate. Questions may reveal anything from elaborate confusion to unadorned ignorance. This dialogue was held with a night watchman:

> *Q.* Do you think the Wagner Act should be repealed, revised, or left alone?
>
> *A.* I guess it ought to be changed.
>
> *Q.* In what way should it be changed?
>
> *A.* Well, to tell the truth, I don't know much about it but I read all the time in the paper that it should be changed, so I guess there must be something wrong.

And this answer was received from a laundry owner after the same question was put to him:

> *A.* Yes, it should be repealed for a lot of changes. First, they got to figure costs. Wagner don't know anything; he has an income. They just figure minimum wages; they don't care where it comes from.

Such answers may not contribute a great deal to the sum of human knowledge about labor relations, but they do show the stealthy power of anti-labor propaganda.

Possibly the most grotesque interview I witnessed was this one:

> *Q.* Do you think that Germany is carrying on propaganda in the United States?
>
> *A.* Oh, sure.
>
> *Q.* In what way?
>
> *A.* Oh, by sinkin' our ships.
>
> *Q.* Why do you think they are carrying on such propaganda?
>
> *A.* I guess they want to get us into war.

More common is the simple confession of ignorance: to questions about the undistributed-profits tax, 70 per cent admitted that they didn't know what the controversy was about. That, too, is worth recording.

After watching fifty interviews I could cite a large number of cases in which the answers were based on half-knowledge and intuition. But against those I could cite many others in which keen insight was revealed by people who were, in a sense, just learning to talk because nobody had previously asked them anything. When *Life* published its pictures of the "Birth of a Baby," all the decency legionnaires cried out in protest. It sounded as if America were unanimous in its repudiation of the facts of life. The Gallup Institute reported that a large majority of the persons it interviewed approved of the publication. This was important and useful news, and it is not a unique example; the polls have encouraged the suspicion that Americans have minds. Undoubtedly there are "blanks," but one "blank" is no proof that "the masses is asses."

During the recent Congressional debate on foreign policy Americans were confronted anew with a twentieth-century phenomenon: government by telegram. At periodic signals from Royal Oak, Father Coughlin's faithful didn't walk, they ran, to the nearest telegraph office. Simultaneously the Hearst newspapers published coupons supporting the embargo which readers were implored to send to Washington. If legislators had relied on mails and wires for their judgment of popular feeling, they would have been obliged to conclude that the United States was pro-embargo. Both the *Fortune* and Gallup polls revealed the falsity of that view. Frank Gannett has demonstrated the potentialities of open-letter writing, bulwarked by newspaper advertisements, radio appeals, mass circularizing. In these clashes God is on the side of the biggest financial battalions; so are the newspapers. The polls represent a tremendous effort to democratize the business of pressure.

They also have a long-term function. Democracy has been throttled elsewhere because democrats underestimated the strength and momentum of the anti-democratic crusade. The polls act as storm warnings. They reveal anti-labor hysteria, susceptibility or resistance to reactionary slogans, fluctuations in attitude toward social reform. In recent years Americans have been disturbed by the spread of anti-Semitic propaganda. The *Fortune* survey on anti-Semitism provided documentary evidence of the degree to which anti-Semitism has permeated American life. For some time we have suspected the range of political corruption in a state like Louisiana. The Gallup Institute directly and privately asked the voters of that state whether they thought the balloting was corrupt. The answer was appalling.

But if they are to serve as a brake on active minorities or as a map for sociologists, the polls themselves must be free from suspicion. It is true that the enterprises are competitive, and if Gallup's findings are strikingly dissimilar to Roper's, someone is likely to investigate the discrepancy. It is also true that one major scandal would bury any polling business. But as long as the major polls are private investments, a measure of skepticism will survive. Although it would be just as perilous to place the taking of polls exclusively in the hands of a government agency, the existence of a government-sponsored poll, functioning side by side with private ones, might well lessen some of the present risk. This does not mean a vote of no confidence in Gallup or Roper; Roper himself has vigorously advocated government-run polls—a "TVA" for the opinion-finding industry. They are both making a brave, thoughtful, and impressive exploration of heretofore uncrossed frontiers. I am suggesting that the assignment is too formidable to be restricted to a few private persons, subject only to the restraints of competition and conscience.

The polls are likely to grow rather than diminish in significance. The charge that they threaten to usurp Congressional functions is double-edged. For it is relevant only if the gulf between people and Congress has ominously widened. That disclosure alone would justify the industry's existence.

The Pound and Franc Unite

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

THE course of this war is dotted with surprises. Nobody expected it to start with the present amazing alignment of powers: Britain and France against a Germany bound to the U. S. S. R. by ties of close friendship and various trade treaties, with Italy really maintaining its neutrality. Nobody could have predicted that for several months after its start the war would be limited to occasional skirmishes on the western front. But one of the many predictions made by military oracles has come true: the war is being fought most vigorously on the economic front.

In 1914 the economic strength of Britain and France was very great, the two countries having enjoyed a comparatively long period of unbroken peace. Their reserves appeared practically inexhaustible. Consequently each country followed its own economic course. British and French purchasing commissions worked independently abroad and even competed with each other for badly needed foreign goods. Today the Allies have urgent reasons to join economic forces. Not only have economic weapons increased in importance, but Britain as well as France entered this war with impaired resources. Britain embarked on the first World War with a balanced budget. Today the remaining burdens of that war of twenty-five years ago still affect the financial equilibrium of the country. War debts to the United States remain unpaid. The books of the British Treasury still carry a national war debt amounting to about seven billion pounds, annual interest on which represents a heavy burden on the taxpayers. In the past ten years France has never succeeded in balancing its budget. Aside from its "ordinary" budget, it has been compelled to carry an "extraordinary" budget, covered by loans and short-term debentures. In addition, the franc has deteriorated in value by about 90 per cent since the outbreak of the first World War. The years from 1919 to 1939 were marked by much more economic disturbance than those preceding 1914. Further economic progress was not attained. On the contrary, the total amount of British and French foreign assets was reduced during this period. Moreover, the economic systems of Britain and France were adversely influenced by ever-increasing preparations for war that started years before the conflict broke out.

To overcome these disadvantages a joint Anglo-French Economic Staff has been created. A common economy is expected to compensate for the reduced resources of the Allies and to enable them to fill the gaps in their economic reserves.

What are the tasks facing the Allied Economic General Staff? With headquarters in London, it is subdivided into six departments—for aviation, armament, raw materials, oil, food, and navigation. The aviation department's immediate task is the acceleration of aircraft production. At the beginning of the war Germany had a distinct advantage in this respect. It is imperative to increase Allied production so that superiority in the air may be attained in the shortest possible time. In the matter of armament the highly developed British industrial system has already been able to render good service to the French army, which relies on a smaller industrial base. The production of armaments is being divided according to a common plan, and supplies are being distributed to the best advantage of both parties.

The remaining four sections of the Economic General Staff handle imports from foreign countries and the problem of their transportation. In this sphere it was soon found that the financing of foreign purchases required entirely new regulations. Britain's chief economic weakness soon manifested itself: the pound's international rate of exchange could not be maintained at its peacetime level. During the comparatively short period which has elapsed since the outbreak of the war the pound has lost about one-fifth of its value. The franc has followed a parallel course. Moreover, the devaluation of the pound took place before there had been any considerable increase of British imports. The static character of the warfare along the western front has required no great replacement of war materials, and the Anglo-French armament industries have been able to cope with the limited demand. This premature devaluation of the pound bodes ill for the future. If at a time of limited imports the pound lost one-fifth of its value, it may be expected to lose much more after imports have increased to correspond with greater activity on the western front. To mitigate the severe financial shocks that would result from the consumption of huge stocks of war materials, the Allied Economic General Staff decided on common financing of all foreign purchases. In their relations to foreign exporters Britain and France are thus a single economic unit. And the alliance goes even farther. While a firm relation between the pound and the franc existed prior to the war, the recent agreement makes this relation absolutely fixed. To all practical purposes Britain and France have now a common currency, even though it is still called "pound" in England and "franc" in France. All foreign purchases are made jointly, and the bills—

payable in England—are charged to separate accounts at a fixed ratio. Great Britain carries 60 per cent of all expenses accruing abroad and France 40 per cent, a ratio which Britain refused to accept during the first World War.

Two factors are responsible for Britain's decision to carry the financial burdens of the war at a ratio of three to two. First, Great Britain is an extremely wealthy country with foreign assets and gold reserves considerably in excess of those of France. Secondly, German propaganda has left nothing undone to separate France from Britain. The controlled German press refuses to accept France as an enemy. Mussolini's wisecrack, "Britain is determined to fight to the last Frenchman," was made into a slogan by the Nazi propaganda machine. German loud-speakers installed along the Westwall blare day and night trying to convince the poilus that they are being used for Britain's selfish imperialistic aims. The Anglo-French economic agreement is the Allies' answer to this German propaganda. It demonstrates their determination to achieve permanent cooperation on the basis of mutual interests. Also, the British are perhaps willing to carry the greater economic burden in return for the greater human sacrifices that may be demanded from the French. There are at present only a few hundred thousand British troops in France as against the almost four million mobilized Frenchmen. It is not expected that even in 1940 the numerical strength of the British expeditionary force will exceed one or one and a half million men. If the war develops large-scale actions in the near future or in the spring, French soldiers will be called upon to do the bulk of the fighting.

To the Germans Britain's assumption of the greater responsibility in financing the war demonstrates the stubborn determination of the English to mobilize and use all their resources. But the Germans cannot afford to admit that they are impressed. The old propaganda continues unabated in Berlin, and the Allies' economic cooperation is represented as another British trap laid for the gullible French. The Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau, the official German news agency, commented at length on the creation of the Economic General Staff, emphasizing that its remarks represented the official reaction of the Nazi government. The importance of the economic alliance was minimized in an explanation which bore all the marks of impotent fury.

> Following official cues [it ran] the entire British press and radio greeted this "economic alliance" with inspired hymns of praise whose extravagance made one suspect that something was to be hushed up. An examination of the purposes and consequences of the Anglo-French agreement confirms and justifies our suspicions. . . . Since all British gold reserves are exhausted, Britain has no gold at its disposal. During the past fourteen months Britain has sent no less than three billion dollars in gold to the United States. The losses of gold were sufficiently alarming to keep these shipments a closely guarded secret. At the request of the British government the Treasury of the United States ceased to publish the usual weekly reports concerning European gold shipments to the United States.
>
> To finance its American purchases, Britain has already been compelled to sell its shares of American corporations. Up to 50,000 such shares are being sold daily on American stock exchanges, a process which cannot of course be continued indefinitely. On the other hand, Britain spends considerable amounts in French francs for military purposes. If these francs and the dollars required for armament purchases were to be bought with English pounds, it would be impossible to hold up the pound on its declivitous course. Obviously, one of the main tasks of the Anglo-French agreement is to protect the two currencies and to enable both governments to dispose of the reserves of the two countries.
>
> To comply with these aims, France will be compelled to employ its still considerable gold reserves of almost 100 billion francs for the support of the English pound and to pay the bills of not only French but also English armament purchases in the United States. Furthermore, France will be compelled to cover British military expenses with francs at the pound's present rate of exchange. Thus France has renounced even the possibility of an independent exchange policy and hung the franc's fate permanently on that of the pound. Aside from using French gold for its own purposes, Britain has coupled its pound with the franc, thus dragging the franc into the abyss into which the pound, abandoned by all the world, has fallen.

Every sentence of this official German explanation is inaccurate. Anyone acquainted with the figures published by the Federal Reserve Board will be surprised to learn that Britain has no more gold at its disposal and requires the gold of the Bank of France to support the pound. There has been a fairly steady sale of British-owned shares on American stock exchanges, and it has in fact gone as high as 50,000 shares on a single day, as the Germans assert; but even if sales reached this figure every day it would take more than six years for the British to lose all their American holdings. The same *Frankfurter Zeitung* which printed the German government's fantastic explanation stated only a few weeks before that Great Britain's and Canada's financial reserves in the United States amounted to 1.8 billion dollars in gold and to 3.8 billion dollars in other salable assets. The sudden disappearance of these funds is a mystery. Only the German Propaganda Ministry knows the solution.

The Germans' unconcealed wrath testifies to the uneasiness with which official Nazi circles received the news of Anglo-French economic cooperation. In spite of what the Nazis say in their controlled press, France's position will be considerably improved, since it will be able to lean heavily on the enormous financial reserves and resources

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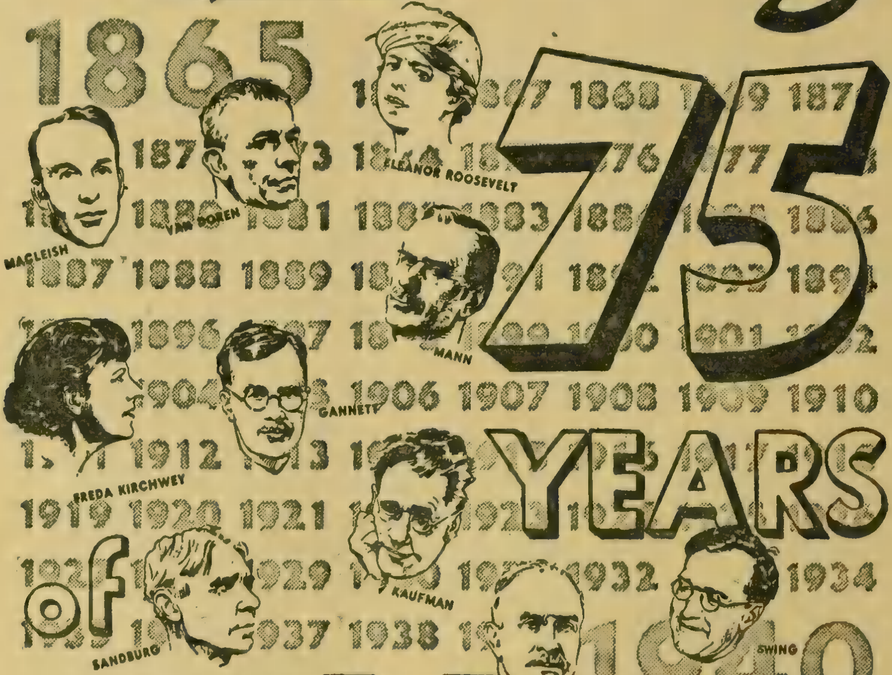
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of the British Empire. The immediate results of the agreement can be summarized as follows:

1. The stability of English and French currencies in their relation to foreign currencies and especially to the dollar will be increased. Britain and France together have foreign assets and gold reserves of from five to six billion pounds.

2. The trade of Britain and France and that of their two empires will be stimulated. Trade barriers between Britain and France will be partially removed. Since all English and French purchases from the United States must be on a cash basis, it is obvious that the Allies will try to buy as much as possible within their own empires, where practically unlimited credits are at their disposal and they need not draw on their foreign reserves.

3. As an ever-increasing section of the national economy is changed into a war economy under the direct control of the Allied Economic General Staff, the influence of the two states on their respective economic systems will simultaneously increase. In the process of this transition the sovereign rights of the two countries will be subjected to fundamental limitations, a fact which may be of extraordinary significance at a future date. The most important single feature of the Anglo-French economic agreement is that it will continue for six months beyond the duration of the war. Thus its final effect may be to change the entire economic structure of Europe.

Prior to the war Germany possessed the greatest industrial system in Europe. During the months that immediately preceded the outbreak of the war, German industrial production surpassed that of Great Britain by one-third and that of France by two-fifths. The two countries together, however, even without their empire possessions and dominions, take the lead from Germany. If this Anglo-French economic union can be maintained after the war, the combined industrial system will be definitely dominant in Europe. Certain events of past years foreshadow a development along these lines. The Ottawa conference of 1931 instituted closer cooperation between Great Britain and its dominions and colonies. This move turned out to be a step toward the consolidation of the British Empire along modern economic lines. Similarly, the present Anglo-French economic cooperation might result in a consolidation of Anglo-French economic relations which would persist long after the temporary emergency of war. The immediate importance of such a union to the rest of the world becomes clear when one considers that the Anglo-French bloc embraces more than five hundred million people scattered all over the earth.

Much is being said about the post-war reconstruction of a new Europe. Anglo-French economic cooperation may become one of the cornerstones upon which the work of reconstruction can be started.

Idealists as Cynics

BY REINGOLD NIEBUHR

NO NATION has ever been driven to political confusion in its judgments on foreign affairs by a greater variety of absolutist creeds than our contemporary America. The creeds are various, but they have in common the tendency to measure political realities, not in terms of possible historical alternatives, but by comparison with purely ideal possibilities. This is a fatal weakness in the realm of politics, for political values are highly relative. We never have the chance to choose between pure tyranny and pure freedom; we can only choose between tyranny and relative democracy. We do not have the choice between war and perfect peace, but only between war and the uneasy peace of some fairly decent and stable equilibrium of social forces. We cannot choose between violence and non-violence, but only between violence and a statesmanship which seeks to adjust social forces without violence but cannot guarantee immunity from clashes. We have never had the opportunity—and probably never will have—to choose between injustice and perfect equality, but only between injustice and a justice which moves toward equality and incorporates some of its values.

This obvious fact, to which all history attests, is denied either explicitly or implicitly by a wide variety of modern social creeds. These creeds, each of which probably has its own validity within measure, have combined their errors in such a way as to spread confusion. They have created an attitude of irresponsibility toward the tragic history of Europe and a spirit of cynicism in estimating the consequences of the war.

The pacifists and the Socialists are one in believing that nothing is at stake in the present European struggle. The Socialists take this position because they measure the evils of a capitalist society against the ideal possibilities of a socialist commonwealth of nations. The pacifists measure them against an ideal world in which there will be neither coercion nor resistance. The Communists and the national patriots make confusion worse confounded by insisting that these ideal possibilities have actually been realized in some nations. The Communists are certain that Russia cannot be imperialistic or prompted by nationalist motives; they believe that only capitalist nations can be imperialistic. This conclusion might give pause to the Socialists, who also believe that only capitalist nations are, or can be, imperialistic but who condemn Russia. Stalin may have corrupted the universalist ideal of socialism more than necessary; but history is bound to insinuate partial loyalties into universal ideals. The national patriots differ from the Communists only in their belief that it is America rather than Russia which is free of the egotism and imperialism they condemn in other nations. In either its communist or its American form the belief that one is free of the vices one sees in others is a comforting faith and betrays a self-righteousness as old as history.

Pacifism is usually the creed of only a small minority in any nation. It has achieved more than minority proportions in contemporary America largely because our churches are almost unanimous in their espousal of it. They have been driven to this position by their uneasy conscience over their hysteria in the last war. They have not been spiritually and morally profound enough to see that abstaining from all judgment between the contending forces is not the only possible alternative to proclaiming a "holy war." Pacifism is all the more popular in the churches because it is unconsciously mixed with the national fear of being involved in the war. In their anxiety to prove that they have purged themselves of the uncritical hysteria to which they yielded in the last war, the churches are inclined to identify religious perfectionism with the morally dubious impulses of an irresponsible nationalism. Religious perfectionism in ascetic terms probably has a greater validity than modern men realize. It may be a wholesome protest against all political relativities. But when a religious and moral absolute such as "perfect love" is introduced into politics as an alternative to the contest of power which is the very nature of politics, it breeds confusion. One form that this confusion takes is the disinclination of the pacifists to look at the horrible consequences of tyranny lest they be shaken in their conviction that nothing can possibly be worse than war.

The Socialists are inclined to cynical detachment from this war because they are secure in their conviction that war is the inevitable consequence of the capitalist economy. The genuine differences between Nazi tyranny and the cultural and social virtues of what is still left of civilization in Europe are thus obscured. It is of course important to be extremely critical of the motives and actions of the oligarchs who control modern democratic society. It is also well to remember that Hitler could not imperil all of Europe today if it were not for the treason of those oligarchs to the cause of democracy yesterday. It is also important to strive for a new organization of our economic life so that the capitalistic decay undermining the whole of Western civilization will not aggravate the anarchy of nations.

But it is hardly realistic to assume that a "new" society will automatically be free of national egotisms and rivalries, or even that the problem of preventing the "rulers" of a new society from becoming traitors to the essential interests of their commonwealths is permanently solved. Utopianism is always a source of confusion in dealing with immediate issues, because it accentuates the evils encountered by comparing them with perfections which history does not know and probably will never know. Many contemporary utopians, for instance, believe that a long-drawn-out war issuing in a stalemate would be a good thing because it would produce a general breakdown, in which the British tories and French reactionaries would be swept out before a socialist revolution. It is of course more probable that such a breakdown would bring, not socialism, but the totalitarianism from which Germany now suffers. If recent history has taught us anything it is that social organisms do not entertain the prospect of a breakdown, from which a new society is to emerge, with equanimity. Rather they seek to ward it off by reconstructions of their disintegrated economy under dictatorships. History ought therefore to have discounted social catastrophism as a political philosophy. Yet we find radicals who were once rigorous "social democrats" turning to catastrophism.

When utopian illusions are dispelled and one is not so certain what lies on the other side of social breakdown, either in terms of ideal possibilities or actual historical alternatives, one does not lightly hope for the breakdown of any social system in which there is still a degree of freedom and the possibility of achieving better social and economic adjustments. One hopes for such a breakdown only when any alternative is preferable to the existing tyranny.

The Communists, who still have a remarkably large following among intellectuals, add to the confusion of socialist utopianism by clinging to the absurd belief that utopia is in some measure a reality in Russia. This forces them to condone in Russian politics imperialist and nationalist motives which they profess to abhor in the capitalist nations, and to measure every political development by its effect upon Russian success. Thus they unite with the pacifists in deprecating American sympathy for Finland.

In this welter of conflicting dogmas it may be difficult to remember what ought not to be forgotten: that the anarchy of Western civilization has produced a particularly virulent form of tyranny in Europe; that this tyranny has destroyed every authentic form of culture in Germany and threatens every liberty in Europe; that the destruction of this tyranny, while only a negative condition of new health, is nevertheless a very important one. The fall of the Nazis will not of course of itself create a new Germany or a new Europe. The Allies, if victorious, will be tempted to take the French army's simple expedient for guaranteeing France against further German aggression. Whether another vindictive and abortive peace shall be made or whether Europe can lift the whole problem of security to a new level of international interdependence, is the paramount issue before Western society. A vindictive peace would mean that this war would be merely a milestone in the tragic course of European civilization toward ultimate disintegration.

Undoubtedly this issue will be fought out in the democratic nations on class lines, and the labor forces will have to make the largest contributions to a creative peace. But forces of sanity transcending class lines are engaged in the struggle. We may have reached a point in history in which the fear of alternatives too terrible to face will drive the usually stupid nations to seek security on a new level of creativeness. The fear of death, we are told, is an element in the travails of birth and furnishes some of the energy which makes birth possible. It is at any rate highly irresponsible to take a purely cynical attitude toward the possibilities of a decent peace. "If hopes are dupes, fears may be liars." Such an attitude is particularly blameworthy here because assumption of a responsible relation to this problem by America may well become a decisive factor in the peace.

However speculative the outcome of this tragic struggle may be, the attitude of cynicism, prompted by a disappointed idealism, is morally intolerable. But that is a lesson which our present generation of college students has yet to learn. They are now pretty generally engaged in proving that since all war news is propaganda they are absolved of the responsibility of seeking for the truth amid conflicting claims. In this they merely reflect the prevailing mood of their elders. America has contrived to brew self-righteousness, cynicism, idealism, and a fear psychosis into a pretty horrible mixture.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The Attack on the SEC

A HEAVY press attack on the SEC has developed as a result of its decision in the Consumers' Power case. Several of the biggest columnar guns have been brought to bear on it, and both the timing of their salvos and the nature of the high explosive employed suggest a common fire control and ammunition dump well camouflaged in the rear. The purpose of this bombardment appears to be to intimidate the SEC into reversing itself on the Consumers' Power issue.

One threat, developed by Frank R. Kent, is of a Congressional investigation, but there seems little likelihood of this being instituted at the present session, and probably Jerome Frank and his colleagues can treat this shell as a dud. More dangerous, perhaps, is the attempt of David Lawrence, among others, to outflank the SEC. Three of its five members, writes Mr. Lawrence, "must, in effect, confess by a reversal of their previous action that they allowed political motives and witch-hunting to be responsible for their refusal to approve a bond issue by Wendell Willkie's company, or else, by sticking to their guns, tie up new financing and new construction in 75 per cent of the utility industry, on which America has been depending for much help toward economic recovery in 1940."

What is it that the SEC has done to bring on this furious offensive? In the course of its duties under the Public Utilities Act it had to pass on a proposal by the Consumers' Power Company of Michigan, a subsidiary of Willkie's Commonwealth and Southern, to issue bonds totaling $28,594,000. Of this amount $10,000,000 was intended to finance new construction, while the remainder was required for the refunding of existing bonds carrying a higher rate of interest. The commission, by a majority, decided to approve that part of the bond issue that represented refinancing but refused to sanction the raising of new money in this form on the ground that the result would be to aggravate the already top-heavy capital structure of Consumers' Power. The common stock and surplus of the company, it pointed out, amounted to only 19.5 per cent of the total capitalization. In the case of the Detroit Edison Company and the Duquesne Light Company, comparable operating utilities, the ratios are 52.3 and 46.7 per cent, respectively, while a comparison made of the percentage of depreciated property applicable to common stock would be still more unfavorable to Consumers'.

Press critics of the SEC have seized on the fact that it has approved several recent utility bond issues which have been for companies with still lower ratios of common stock and surplus to total capitalization. But in each instance quoted these issues were purely for refunding purposes and therefore did not result in a lower ratio, as an increase in the loan capital of Consumers' would have done. This is a point most commentators found it convenient to overlook; nor did they mention the fact that while Consumers' is in a financial position to raise new money by the sale of common stock, these other companies are not.

Mr. Willkie has stated that a public sale of common stock of Consumers' Power is "impracticable," but he has not said why. Perhaps if he appeals to the SEC to reconsider its decision, as he still can do, he will explain his choice of this particular adjective. On the known facts it would seem that what he actually meant was that a common-stock issue would be extremely inconvenient for Commonwealth and Southern, which at present owns all Consumers' Power common and wants to maintain that position. In connection with the recent financing, it took up an additional 125,000 shares at a cost of $3,531,250, or $28.25 per share, which is the book value of the existing stock. This is a highly profitable investment, as is shown by the following statement of earnings available for common (on the basis of the stock outstanding on September 30, 1939) and dividends:

Calendar Year	*Earnings per Share*	*Dividends*
1936	$2.85	$1.60
1937	3.34	2.25
1938	3.31	2.00

Results for the first nine months of 1939 suggest that the full year will be at least as profitable.

With a showing like this there should be little difficulty in arranging equity financing for the purpose of supplying the funds needed for new construction. Back in December, when the case first came before the SEC, Otis and Company of Cleveland offered to underwrite the proposed 125,000 new shares "at a price substantially in excess of $28.25," and there can be no doubt, judging by market prices for the stocks of similar sound operating utilities, that a much larger issue could very readily be sold. Any investment banker would jump at the chance.

But Commonwealth and Southern, presumably, does not want to let the public in to dilute its valuable equity in Consumers' Power. Unfortunately, it could hardly subscribe $10,000,000 itself, for although its cash resources exceed this sum, thanks to the sale of its Tennessee interests to TVA, it has other subsidiaries to take care of. And it cannot raise new cash itself because, with arrears on its preferred stock amounting to $15,000,000, its credit standing is far inferior to that of Consumers' Power. It is possible that, faced by this dilemma, Mr. Willkie will have a change of heart and discover that an issue of Consumers' common stock to the public is not impracticable after all. But at the moment he seems to be taking the position that unless new financing can be arranged on the terms most profitable to Commonwealth and Southern, he will drop it altogether and blame the SEC for the cut in the Consumers' Power construction budget which will then become necessary. It is rather surprising that such a dog-in-the-manger attitude should be receiving so much support from journalistic guardians of the public interest.

The whole story throws a great deal of light on the utility situation and suggests strongly that the real barrier to increased capital investment in this very rapidly expanding field is not government regulation or high taxes but the obstructions placed by holding companies between operating utilities and the investing public. For years Mr. Willkie and the other holding-company bosses have been hammering on the theme that the root cause of the inability of utility corporations to raise new capital, particularly in equity form, was the New Deal's attacks on the industry. The truth is that a majority of the holding companies, whose stock for the most part never represented anything more substantial than the capitalized dizzy hopes of the boom era, are in such shape that nothing but a drastic use of the wringer could ever make them credit worthy. A great many of the operating companies, on the other hand, are in perfectly sound condition and always have been. It would be possible to quote many examples of such companies that paid substantial dividends on their common stocks all through the depression. The fact that these stocks can be bought on the market at comparatively low prices is a tribute to the bearish effect of Willkie's unjustifiable jeremiads rather than the result of any actual harm done them by New Deal agencies. But, no doubt, this situation suits the holding companies and their Wall Street controllers. So long as they are not in a position to provide new capital for the industry themselves, they prefer to put a damper on its provision from any other quarter. After all, if the result is to check new construction and thus hinder recovery, the press will always help to throw the blame on "that man."

In the Wind

JAY ALLEN, who has been lecturing extensively throughout the country, reports that audiences are uniformly "propaganda-conscious," and bitterly hostile to phrases reminiscent of the last war. "In the Midwest," Allen says, "you get the feeling that people are standing in the back of the hall with shotguns—waiting to shoot the first lecturer who mentions Belgian babies."

DEAN JAMES M. LANDIS of the Harvard Law School, whose decision saved Harry Bridges from deportation, is quietly trying to "deport" an American girl—with her consent. Engaged to an Englishman who will be in the trenches in two months, she wants to spend the intervening time with him, but the State Department has refused her a visa on the ground that her mission "isn't important." To State Department friends Landis has been pleading: "It's the most important thing in the world."

DIPLOMATIC NOTE: "A nobleman close to the entourage of exiled King Alfonso of Spain said tonight that rumors circulating abroad that Alfonso might soon return to Spain upon invitation of General Franco were 'absolutely untrue and above all premature.' "—United Press dispatch from Rome.

HEADLINE IN the Lowell (Massachusetts) *Sun:* "Officials Seek to Modernize Relief Department; Will Ask for Funds to Buy Addressograph Machine." . . . On Forty-eighth Street in New York there's a theater marquee reading: "She Gave Him All She Had, Every Day Including Sundays."

FRENCH "WAR-DEFENSE" regulations are causing a good many headaches for book publishers. Among the works that have been banned is Jack London's "Iron Heel," presumably because the French edition has an introduction by Paul Vaillant-Coutourier, who was a Communist.

IN THE SAME mail last week city editors got two releases from the publicity firm of Selvage and Smith. One was a story about Herbert Hoover's Finnish Relief Fund. The other was a plug for the Republican National Committee. . . . Heywood Broun's friends are collaborating on a book in his memory. . . . J. B. Matthews isn't talking to newspapermen these days. . . . Frank Gannett says: "I'll bet if I were President for six months we would have prosperity back."

HALF A DOZEN newspapers have launched a new stunt to boost their advertising appeal. The idea, originating in the Indianapolis *Star,* is to print "scented ads." The *Star* printed an ad for perfume in "perfumed ink"; it increased the ad's effectiveness, helped the paper's circulation, and pleased everyone except the printers. They complained that their wives were demanding to know where they had been all day.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

What Good Are Battleships?

IT IS good news, indeed, that there is a revolt on in Congress, that Senator Pat Harrison on the Democratic side and a strong group of the Republican minority have demanded the inquiry into army and navy budget demands so long urged in this column. With the New York *Times* also now favoring an inquiry, it begins to look as if something might be accomplished before long. I earnestly hope that if an investigation comes it will devote itself promptly to the question of battleships. The Navy Department has already announced that it wants two more. If these are granted, there will be ten of these monsters building. The seventh and eighth are already on the way and are to cost the Treasury no less than $90,000,000 apiece. The Navy Department, it appears, is now responding to pressure from the navy maniacs in the House and Senate and is actually considing increasing the size of these last two; it is to report also whether numbers nine and ten should not be of 80,000 tons—*35,000 tons larger than any battleship now building in the world.* The maniacs say that they want America to have not only incomparably the greatest fleet but ships of so great a size—costing probably $150,000,000 apiece—that no country will dare to attack us.

When the news was printed that some Congressmen were urging 80,000-ton ships, a cablegram from London stated that British authorities were utterly nonplussed by the report and could not understand why the United States wanted to build bigger ships when the whole trend in Europe was for smaller vessels. That this should be the prevailing opinion in England is hardly surprising. The British battleships have been nothing but a liability since this war began. One has been destroyed and another seriously damaged, and the others have been chiefly in hiding, precisely as they were during most of the last war. The only useful purpose they have served, so far as I can discover, has been to convoy Canadian troops from Canada to Great Britain. This has been done by "the main battle fleet," according to Winston Churchill. I have not seen this astounding fact commented upon in this country, yet there it is: the main battle fleet has been doing the convoy work ordinarily assigned to destroyers and light cruisers. This speaks for itself.

I should particularly like to hear the comment of those experts on both sides of the Atlantic who have been saying that even if the main fleet never moved out of Scapa Flow it was still performing a very useful service in that it was giving England control of the seas. Apparently that control was not so important that the main battleship fleet could not be taken away from England for a period of at least four weeks, during which time it was certainly not available to check any raids of Germany's remaining battleships and battle cruisers. The truth is that ever since the Royal Oak was sunk, the battleships have been hiding in various places, notably the Shetland Islands, which is one reason why German bombers have so frequently been visiting those islands. The fleet was rushed out of Scapa Flow when the Royal Oak went down for fear that the German U-boat was resting on the bottom. The Flow was dragged again and again by trawlers to see if the U-boat was still there, although it had come in on the surface with its searchlight going and had gone out on the surface after its successful attack.

An 80,000-ton battleship is such a monstrosity that it is hard to see how any intelligent man could urge it. There are very few harbors which such a ship could enter. It could not pass through the present Panama Canal, and the new locks would have to be widened to let it through. With the German pocket battleships being used, though with little success, as commerce destroyers, the time is certainly more than ripe for a careful inquiry into what purpose battleships serve anyway. Is their chief value to convoy troops and act as commerce raiders—work done successfully by the little Alabama during our Civil War and the light cruiser Emden during the World War? If we must have more ships, should we not build fast, heavily armored cruisers? It must not be forgotten that Admiral Sims, commander of our fleet in European waters during the last war, declared publicly that the only thing to do with our American battleships in the next war would be to send them up the Mississippi River and keep them there. If he were alive he would be the first to protest against 80,000-ton battleships. Why not 90,000- or 100,000-ton ships, if it is really true that the existence of two such leviathans would act as a complete deterrent to any naval attack upon us?

Finally this war is still young and we are not in any danger. It would be impossible to put an 80,000-ton ship in service under seven or eight years, and by that time either this war will be nearly forgotten or the whole world will be in ruins. To appropriate the sums the President is asking for will be to yield to hysteria and to act without intelligence.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

AMERICA is not Europe. No cold pogroms, no bombed civilians, no fascist terror. But wait. From the middle of 1935 to May, 1939, 300,000 refugees, nine-tenths of them native white Americans, entered California in cars, carrying all their belongings, their native tall talk, and their homespun ideas: independence—"We ain't no paupers. We don't want relief"; hope—"But what we do want is a chanst to make an honest living like what we was raised"; pride—"I've wrote back that we're well and such as that, but I never have wrote that we live in a tent." In California they don't get much relief; they are shunted from one jurisdiction to another because they are residents of nowhere. They are social outcasts. They find that the promised land is controlled by a few large owners. When they get work it's for wages that wouldn't keep a chicken alive, and when they resist to the point of organizing they are subjected to a police terror under the auspices of the Associated Farmers that feels just like fascist terror to the man who gets hit over the head.

The forced migration of thousands of people from Germany or the evacuation of children from London receives far more attention from the American press than the forced migration of thousands of men, women, and children from Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, to California, Oregon, Washington, or wherever hope leads. Yet these American refugees are a serious and continuing threat to the way of life of all other Americans. What is needed is a first-class crusade that will not end until the migratory slaves are free to settle, with guaranties of economic security and self-respect.

We have had several excellent books dramatizing the great migration, including "The Grapes of Wrath," which is, by the way, still selling as fast as ever. "An American Exodus: A Record of Human Erosion," by Dorothea Lange and Paul S. Taylor (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.75), is the latest and one of the best of the books devoted to the dispossessed farm worker. Miss Lange is on the photographic staff of the Farm Security Administration. Mr. Taylor is professor of economics at Stanford University and one of the best-informed men in the country on agriculture and its migratory workers.

With camera and typewriter Miss Lange and Mr. Taylor have covered all the territories—the Old South, the machine plantations to the west, the Plains, and the Dust Bowl—from which thousands of families have been swept toward the Far West, like so much top soil, by the ravages of nature, the encroachment of technology, and the desire of owners to substitute day laborers for tenants in order to avoid sharing AAA checks. Both the text and the many photographs of "An American Exodus" are excellent; together they provide a vivid story in brief space of the nature and extent of the disaster, and of the measures, so far very inadequate, with which it has been met.

The last chapter is headed Directions, which are badly needed. The authors point out among other things that as yet we do not even know the magnitude of the problem, and that reminds us that we do not know either with any accuracy the extent of our industrial unemployment. This would seem to be a primary task. We do know that the country requires fewer farmers rather than more and that about 21 per cent of our gainfully employed are in agriculture but received less than 9 per cent of the national income in 1938.

The authors reject the small subsistence farm as a solution; the advance of the machine, they think, should not and probably cannot be halted. They advocate associations of tenants and small farmers for joint purchase of machinery, large-scale corporate farms under competent management with the working farmers for stockholders, and cooperative farms. (I should advocate as well strong unions to improve present conditions and press for genuine solutions.) Finally, they emphasize that the agricultural problem cannot be isolated. "Industrial expansion alone," they write, "offers hope of permanently raising agricultural income to high levels and of employing at good standards the population produced but unneeded on the farms."

This is a large order, but it is the order of the day. The authors do not provide a blueprint. They do make the human and the economic dilemma clear. They also issue a warning. The European war "may appear to some like a life preserver thrown to the displaced. But the acceleration of agriculture will be felt most in those very forms which now are displacing and limiting the opportunities of our people. . . . The false prosperity of war is no solution to the problems we describe. It is more likely to aggravate them."

One of the more striking photographs in the book shows three families with fourteen children camping beside a huge billboard which advertises a fast luxury train. "Travel while you sleep." While we sleep the migratory worker continues to travel an endless road. Unless his dismal trek is brought to a close by a real solution, we shall wake up some fine day to discover a fascist fire, not three thousand miles away, but in our own back yard. It is already smoldering in California.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Fiction Between Two Worlds

THE NOVEL AND THE MODERN WORLD. By David Daiches. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

IN THIS study of the relation of modern fiction to the state of modern civilization, David Daiches is obviously indebted to Marxism for a good deal of his insight into his subject. His theory is that the most serious and significant part of twentieth-century writing represents an "attempted adjustment" of literary artists to the peculiar and arduous conditions of a transition period between the decay of one code of values and beliefs and the establishment of another. He examines the work of Joyce, Conrad, Galsworthy, Huxley, Katherine Mansfield, and Virginia Woolf in order to discover individual variations of this effort at "adjustment" and to estimate their success or lack of success on this score. In

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addition, the book includes three essays in which the main theme and some of its tributaries are explored along more general lines.

According to this view the contemporary writer is the denizen of an ideological no man's land. Thus removed from the norms of security, he is driven toward unceasing experimentation not only on the plane of form but also on the plane of meaning. Single-handed he must grapple with values, symbols, and moral formulas—precisely those elements of literature which in the past were provided by a stable and unified society. Hence technique is forced to solve problems which heretofore were outside its sphere. It has to devise ways and means of making private truths publicly credible, of rendering recognizable and convincing—"as a world apart, unjudged, unimportant, except for the importance the artist can give it by his method of presenting it—a shifting, neutral, arbitrary subject matter with no necessary or dependable emotions attached to it."

Mr. Daiches has made the experimental synonymous with the modern, and the modern with private standards of truth and a personal valuation of reality. In itself this approach is not new, for both revolutionary and traditionalist critics have used it extensively in order to explain as well as combat the chaos of belief that prevails in literature. Mr. Daiches, however, has applied this mode of analysis in a vivid and concrete manner. To confirm his principal concept he resorts neither to philosophical speculations nor to political moralizing; unlike some of his Marxist colleagues he is not addicted to manipulating, for the sake of immediate tactical advantage, such volatile, promiscuous, and easily reversible categories as "progress" and "reaction"; on the contrary, he confronts us throughout with specific and verifiable evidence drawn from actual works of art. In most cases he is able to establish an efficient correlation between the mutations of technique and the mutations of experience and consciousness. The result is that he clearly demonstrates that all experiments, no matter how formal they may seem, are at bottom experiments with nothing less than life itself.

But one dilemma implicit in his method—the confusion of the aesthetic value of the art-object with its social and historical origins—this critic has not escaped. For example, despite all the care and caution of his formulations, it nevertheless appears that "Ulysses" somehow falls short of achieving first rank as a work of fiction. Why? Because in a social sense it can be described as negative, indifferent; because its criteria of selection and significance have been not collectively but individually determined. As a social characterization this may be correct, yet in itself it does not constitute a test of the novel's literary merit. In fact, this confusion of genesis and value pushes Mr. Daiches into flagrant contradictions in his judgment of "Ulysses." On the one hand we are told that it is subtle and brilliant, "one of the great novels of civilization," and on the other that, stemming from a "defeatist desire to retreat from the contemporary situation," it represents a "flat, static, craftsman's world . . . not our world at all, nor anybody's world, but an artist's misunderstanding." Facing in two directions at once, this judgment of "Ulysses" is plainly unsatisfactory. Surely Mr. Daiches, if he wishes to be consistent, must either accept the full consequences of the utilitarian theory of art or else reject it altogether.

Since Marxists have been unable to prove that modern literature is inferior to the literature of the past, it seems to me they are not justified in condemning the spirit of individualism that animates it. Whatever our social needs may be, it cannot be denied that it is largely the strategy of individualism which has enabled the artist to survive in an environment inimical to his purposes. And though it is true that an art of "private truths" does not make for cultural integration, still it is utopian to expect the art of the present to incorporate a set of "public truths"—such as Marxism presumably offers—that so far have not been realized in the very structure of society.

PHILIP RAHV

The Old Southern Story

THE SOUTH TO POSTERITY: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WRITING OF CONFEDERATE HISTORY. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IN THIS brief book, which pretends to be no more than a series of essays about the records which Southerners, and a few others, made in memory or justification of their cause, Dr. Freeman has added such grace to his scholarship that what might be the dreariest bibliography is instead one of the clearest and most moving descriptions of the very human Confederacy which we possess. It is, of course, a Confederacy which did not begin in 1861 or end with Appomattox. Most of the material Dr. Freeman describes deals with such tangible things as time and battles, but the essence of the writings he discusses was such stuff as filled the hearts and preoccupied the minds of Southern generations. Such a book goes far to explain the continuing fascination that still in America attends the old Southern story which came to its climax in the fields of Virginia but grew in glamour steadily after defeat.

It was a strange literature which so compelled American thinking, North as well as South I think, to romantic attachment to the cause of the South. There are no great writers in the company of the record makers Dr. Freeman has assembled here. Indeed, in those days which both preceded and followed war the best American writers were understood to be living in the North and shaping their sentences to conform with Northern views. In the South in Dr. Freeman's listing there were soldiers and politicians writing as soldiers and politicians generally do, no better and no worse; there were solemn and sometimes rhetorical apologists; there were slim volumes of memoirs; there were letters; there was the stenographic report of an old lady in Birmingham testifying before an investigating Congressional committee. The huge, honest, unadorned Official Records kept the military story clear and straight. But somehow out of the mass of writing which was not in its component parts generally distinguished the emotional victory grew for the South, while the G. A. R. and the Republican politicians ruled the land. They were the Yankees who bought and loved "Gone with the Wind."

Dr. Freeman makes that process understandable here. From pages and volumes, many of which must make dull reading, he has drawn the human essence of that appealing Confederacy at war—a story of brave men and bad, simple and homesick and good, of women and generals and backwoods-men. The constitutional questions of secession, the moral questions of slavery are almost lost from memory in drama in which man attained dignity even in defeat. The war itself becomes less a war over a dispute than war in symbol for all times and all people, colored with glory certainly, but also, as Dr. Freeman points out, with sickening tragedy: "The hunger of Vicksburg and the terror of the Bloody Angle . . . the waning, three-day cry of Federals between the lines at Second Cold Harbor—'Water! For God's sake, water!' "

For any Confederates who may remain, Dr. Freeman has set forth in warmth and wisdom the details of their records. But he has done more than that. He has described the records to show that the Confederacy and its struggle for independence, or in rebellion (such terms are equally irrelevent now), is not merely a part of the history of the South but a stirring item in the dramatic history of man himself, of the veritable American. Far beyond passion, the Southern cause is now a part of poetry in which the homesick South Carolina boy, the impeccable Lee, the Richmond girls, even the mangled bodies in the Bloody Lane at Sharpsburg are as much the past of us all as Lincoln is. What the South has brought to posterity, as Dr. Freeman shows, is a past sad and angry, argumentative and dramatic, humorous too, and loving, and in the sum good and grand. It justifies the pride of Vermont as much as that of Virginia. The book could not be so American if it were not so Southern. JONATHAN DANIELS

The Science of Power

ACCENT ON POWER: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MACHIAVELLI. By Valeriu Marcu. Translated by Richard Winston. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

DICTATORSHIPS are born when one established order is perishing and its successor is not yet ready to claim the legacy. When opposing social and political forces keep each other in check and neither is strong enough to vanquish the other, then a dictatorship steps in to submit both to its iron rule. Dictatorships mark the end of one period and the beginning of a new era. An old world declines and a new one is about to be born.

When Niccolo Machiavelli was appointed secretary to the Second Chancery of the "Ten of Liberty" in Florence, on July 15, 1498, he was given an unusual opportunity for observing the coming and going of despots in an age of transition. The European state system was breaking down in the struggle between the Catholic world and the new centralized empires in the West. Shifting trade routes were destroying the supremacy of the Mediterranean. New social forces, the burghers and peasants, were pressing forward, and the feudal rulers were in retreat. Power was destroyed and established almost overnight. Niccolo Machiavelli, himself powerless but close to the seat of power in Tuscany, set out to write what was to be the first modern essay of a science and philosophy of power.

As long as power seemed established forever, rooted in God, there was no reason to analyze how power was won or lost. It needed a crisis such as the one at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, shaking almost the whole of the known world, to induce men to examine what the rulers preferred them to believe an eternal, God-sent institution. In a period of constant change Niccolo Machiavelli believed that he could serve his ideal prince by describing the mechanism by which power is won, retained, or lost. Nevertheless, Machiavelli performed a revolutionary deed. To explain power in secular terms, to make it understandable to human intelligence, was a serious threat to a ruler in an age of absolutism.

Valeriu Marcu's book tells little about Machiavelli's writings. It is true that a long series of studies on this subject is now at our disposal. But the author gives us something else which adds greatly to our understanding of Machiavelli, namely, the historical and social background of his work. The struggle of the Medici, who won control over Tuscany at the expense of the two rival forces of the nobility and the *populani,* with the city business men and the guilds represents the typical three-cornered fight out of which dictatorships emerge. The Medici in Florence, the Borgias in Rome, the king in France were the rulers whose example inspired the little city clerk in Florence. From them he learned the art of winning and retaining power, of intriguing and betraying in the service of power, and he was the first to understand, from their example, that the main purpose of politics was success. He who was himself unsuccessful throughout his life, sitting in the anterooms of the powerful, pestered by petty money worries, came to establish one single yardstick of politics—success—and one end of politics—personal power.

But the little secretary who did all the work without obtaining more than passing recognition, who was an efficient though unpretentious diplomat, proved utterly helpless when he lost his job by a change in Tuscany's political situation. He pinned his hopes on his friends, whiling away his time writing books, waiting for another opportunity of working in the shadow of power. Fate, however, was against him. Moderate success came to him not in politics, where alone he appreciated and desired it, but through his comedy "Mandragola," which he wrote as a pastime.

Machiavelli knew power from the point of view of the ruler and from that of the masses. Perhaps the best part of Mr. Marcu's book is that in which he shows how Machiavelli spent his private life among the rabble of the city. He did not realize, as perhaps the author does not, that a new social force was emerging out of the depth of the city and the miserable huts of the countryside, and that Savonarola's iron rule was a forerunner of social struggles far more important for the history of the world than the conflicts between the despots of his age. Yet Machiavelli understood that the support of the common people alone could give the ruler lasting power. The common man, as Machiavelli saw him, could not yet aspire to rule himself, but he could bring about the rise and decline of the power of the great.

Almost every great man in history is judged by Machiavelli's yardstick of personal success. However, what Machiavelli had in mind was but one type of despotism, that for which personal power is the goal. He did not and could not think of rulers who sincerely aspire to power not for its own sake but in the service of an ideal. Napoleon III is a classic example of a modern dictator of Machiavelli's type, as Karl Marx has shown in his famous study. So are Hitler and Mussolini, and perhaps Stalin, to judge by most interpretations of his new foreign policy. To measure a man like Lenin, however, in the same terms would be completely misleading, for Lenin did not wish power for himself but for his idea, and he measured his own success not by the power he personally wielded but by the advance of the philosophy and of the party to which he devoted his life.

Machiavelli himself was more than a cold admirer of power. Throughout his life he dreamed of the unity of Italy, but he failed to see that the common people alone could make his dream come true. He believed that by brutal force and skilful and lying propaganda the masses could be coerced eternally into serving their masters' ends. Yet by advocating a citizens' militia he served the coming democratic movement, though he failed to understand the significance of what he was doing.

All politics are means to ends which power alone can realize, but the pursuit of power for power's sake is merely the symptom of a social crisis bound to decline when a new equilibrium supersedes the precarious balance of forces upon which dictatorships are built. Long as they may appear to contemporaries, dictatorships are episodes in the evolution toward a self-government of free men. And Machiavelli taught the technique of dictators to their enemies.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

Recent Fiction

ASK THE DUST. By John Fante. Stackpole Sons. $2.

YOUNG ARTURO BANDINI, a passionately confident young writer who resembles the legend of William Saroyan, is the hero and narrator of this, Mr. Fante's second novel. Living in a cheap California hotel and mailing stories to Eastern editors, following up the scripts with purely personal letters of thirty or forty pages which the editors sometimes buy and print as stories, he vacillates between ecstasy and degradation, exultant with the beat of warm Italian blood in his veins yet keenly self-critical, eyeing his own antics with the detached amusement of an outsider. Almost morbidly determined to immolate himself, he details his infatuation with a Mexican waitress who despises him because he sublimates his desire and is a Great Lover only on paper. There is a lot of lush sentimentality in the book, but also a glowing fervor of youthful intensity that lights up all but one or two banal episodes, such as Arturo's vicarious comforting by a middle-aged nymphomaniac. Even his final gesture of farewell, throwing a copy of his novel into the desert in which Camilla has disappeared, escapes utter melodrama because it is made up of that same mixture of laughing and crying that flavors the whole story. Together with the author's first novel, "Wait Until Spring, Bandini," the present book may well form a part of a larger series, a "Young Manhood of Arturo Bandini." Unless I miss my guess, Mr. Fante intends to give us further adventures of his ingenuous, impulsive hero, who may very possibly be Mr. Fante himself.

ACROSS THE DARK RIVER. By Peter Mendelssohn. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Whatever the Nazis may have done and may still do to civilization, they have supplied fiction writers with a fund of ready-made plots for thrillers. "Across the Dark River," the author of which is himself a refugee, tells the sufferings of a group of Austrian Jews who after the Anschluss are shorn of all their belongings and marooned on a sand bar between Austria and Czechoslovakia, later shunted back and forth by jittery Czech and Hungarian governments, and finally given temporary refuge aboard a vermin-ridden French barge in the Danube until the survivors of disease, exposure, and rifle bullets are rescued by an international refugee organization. The two central figures, who do most to sustain the morale of the pitiful little band as calamity after calamity threatens to annihilate them, are Baron von Roth (crime: one Jewish grandmother) and Jakob Weiss, a cobbler, who in spite of his Semitic name, is relatively "Aryan" but has a sense of decency and fair play that naturally clashes with storm-trooper ideals. Although every incident in this saga of persecution could probably be documented with newspaper reports, the plot moves so rapidly from episode to episode that it reads more like an adventure story than like a novel of protest. Perhaps, after all, the best we may hope for the future is that in days to come readers will turn away from stories like "Across the Dark River" and "Mr. Emmanuel" with a smile of disbelief, classifying us as a generation whose tastes in fiction ran to the bizarre and fantastic.

TO THE END OF THE WORLD. By Helen C. White. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

An ambitious, many-faceted chronicle of the French Revolution, without any of the usual clichés of that breed. Its central figure is a young priest, of aristocratic family but ascetic temperament, who, just as he is about to enter the ancient monastery of Cluny, is caught up in the whirlwind of the Terror and enlists his whole strength in the heroic underground struggle to keep the church alive in France during the years of anticlerical fanaticism. There must have been many priests like him who, not by intrigue but by unselfish devotion to their parochial duties in the face of persecution, endeared themselves to the simple peasants, to whom the Worship of Reason was never anything but a name.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

FILMS

THE film "Mice and Men" (United Artists) is apt to reopen in the movie columns the critical discussion of John Steinbeck's stunt story—so painstakingly has Lewis Milestone, producer and director, followed the original. There are small changes: Lennie is less stupid in the picture, and Curly's wife has a bit more soul, but otherwise the plot and the lines are the same. Hollywood for once displays deep respect for a serious writer. Can it be that "Mice and Men" was from the beginning a Hollywood story?

It is as a rule no virtue for the movie version of a novel or play to keep too close to the letter of the original. The film, as a different medium of expression, has its own laws. These are necessarily violated by mere photographic reproduction, however perfect it may be. Steinbeck's story touched upon an important theme at those few points where the account of the clinical case left space: the loneliness of the farmhands and their longing for a piece of land of their own. Of course, one could not expect Hollywood to accentuate social themes. But on second thought I am not able to praise its shrewd capitalization of the sensationalism of the original.

On the indicated level a marvelous job of production, direction, and acting has been done. That one is never really captivated by the Lennie of Lon Chaney, Jr., is not the actor's fault, and it would be a gross injustice to call him the weakest of the lot. He is as good as if not better than Burgess Meredith as George, but no enduring interest can be held by the repetitious, unchangeable stupidity of the character he has to play. A broken leg or an undeveloped brain as such is not dramatic, and few people will persuade themselves into the suggested intellectual detour at the end of which, allegedly, Lennie stands as the symbol of a mysterious, childlike folk-soul. They will rather take their money's worth in sentimental or melodramatic sequences and a few beautiful shots of wide farm land. They will get, besides—and in this respect the picture represents respectable progress—some realistic scenes of ranch life, which is usually romanticized. There is an unforgettable dinner sequence in which the girl (Betty Field) can no longer bear to watch or listen to her husband and father-in-law as they eat. The epigrammatic realism of this scene moved me more than the overplayed sequence in the bunk house where one farm hand after the other displays his good heart while waiting for the shooting of the dog. What is missing here is missing throughout the picture—sharpness and complete truthfulness. But I need not criticize John Steinbeck's story again.

"His Girl Friday" (Columbia) "from a play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur" is a remake of "The Front Page," the movie success of 1931 and stage hit of 1928. The original has been changed this time into one of those fast-moving and idyllic comedies in which the lovers behave like villains to each other—sophisticated is the usual word for the genre. Hildy Johnson has become a woman for this purpose. She has been married to the fanatical editor and divorced from him because there was never time for love. Coming to tell him that she is going to marry a simple insurance man from Albany, she soon finds herself, against her will, back on her former job as reporter. There follows the plot of "The Front Page," with the managing editor playing his tricks partly on the insurance man. By the change the accent is shifted to the lovers' quarrel, and the original story loses much of its sense and punch. Yet Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant give such entertaining performances that nobody in the roaring audience seems to notice the tastelessness, to say the least, of playing hide-and-seek with a man condemned to death. The tragic elements of the original story are misused for boy-meets-girl nonsense. Charles Leder has written the new version with great skill and Howard Hawks has directed it with liveliness but with too great a concern for the deaf.

FRANZ HOELLERING

In an Early Issue
"Church and State," by Don Luigi Sturzo
Reviewed by G. A. BORGESE

DRAMA

Lucid Interval

DURING the last few weeks I have spent a good deal of time wondering what a play by James Thurber would turn out to be. Obviously it could hardly contain either of his most frequently employed symbols, since his dogs do not exist, and his women—who unfortunately do—would not be allowed to reveal themselves on the stage with that completeness which contributes so greatly to their lack of charm. It seemed to me that if he actually did succeed in creating a dramatic equivalent of his familiar pictures and text, the result would be like Strindberg only different. It would have the grotesque logic of a bad dream, but it would also be funny in some very upsetting way.

The actuality recently revealed on the stage of the Cort Theater turns out to be a hilarious farce pretty certainly destined to great and well-deserved success but by no means so nearly *sui generis* as one was inclined to anticipate. Mr. Thurber's collaborator and featured performer, Elliott Nugent, appears to have been an important contributor, and "The Male Animal" is revealed as approximately one-fourth recognizable Thurberian madness and one-fourth mild social protest. The remainder is skilful domestic farce of a thoroughly American kind and not wholly unlike the vehicles which the Nugent family used to provide for itself in the twenties. The central character, a mild young professor in a Middle Western college who raises a storm in a teacup when he proposes to read Vanzetti's farewell letter to his class in English composition and then, in the midst of it all, has to endure the presence of his wife's old football-playing sweetheart, is unmistakably related to all Mr. Thurber's thoroughly bedeviled males. For that matter this hero's comic rebellion and not over-successful determination to behave with a primitive virility hardly native to his character also suggest one of Mr. Thurber's favorite themes. But the fact remains that the treatment is fantastic in a traditionally farcical way rather than in the more disturbingly insane fashion one has come to expect in his other work.

The incident of the teacup and the incident of the door knob, to speak cryptically, are probably his and are not wholly uncharacteristic. So too, one imagines, was the bit about the wife who was necessary to her husband because she alone could fix the ribbon in his typewriter, though the elimination of this bit by Mr. Nugent was, according to Mr. Thurber's published account of his agonies, the beginning of their collaboration. But even such incidents as these would represent for Mr. Thurber relatively lucid intervals and do not wholly obviate the impression that, delightfully funny though the play is, it is not quite what one expected. Mr. Thurber's Strindbergian quality has been described by innumerable adjectives ranging from the homely "goofy" to the portentous "dissociated," but perhaps the most general statement of the difference between the atmosphere of this farce and the atmosphere which he usually generates would be achieved by saying that while the world of his text and pictures is a private world, the world of "The Male Animal" is a public one. The wife, the husband, and the ex-football player are immediately rather than remotely recognizable and so are the predicaments in which they find themselves. The symbols are equally familiar instead of being, like those which Mr. Thurber commonly employs, part of a private mythology of his own invention. But it would be less than fair not to repeat that "The Male Animal" provides a highly entertaining evening and that the performances of Mr. Nugent as the professor and of Leon Ames as the football player are especially good.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

TO ITS existing set of Verdi's "Otello" (M-152: 16 records, $24), made a few years ago by singers, chorus, and orchestra of the Milan Scala, Victor has now added a set (M-620: 6 records, $12) made by leading singers, chorus, and orchestra of the Metropolitan. The older set offers the entire work, the new one only a few of the best-known arias and ensemble numbers; and the older one offers the work much better sung and more agreeably recorded than the excerpts of the new one. The constricted, threadbare sound of Martinelli's voice these days is in sharpest contrast with Nicolo Fusati's youthful warmth; and while Jepson's and Tibbett's voices are fine, hers does not have the loveliness of Maria Carbone's, and his lacks the weight and darkness and richness of Apollo Granforte's. Nor do the two Americans achieve the style in which Carbone and Granforte sing this Italian music; and Tibbett's American pronunciation of Italian is hard to listen to. And the new set, finally, offers the excessive sharpness of some present-day recording.

Record companies, an executive remarked to me recently, are in business not to produce art but to make money; and in the record business, as in the toothpaste business, money is made not on the quality of a product but on its name. I don't mean that the quality is necessarily poor: a celebrated artist is sometimes celebrated because he is a great artist. But in this Metropolitan "Otello" set, certainly, Victor is selling an undistinguished product on the strength of a distinguished name—which is exactly what the Metropolitan itself is doing. In the performance of "Otello" that I attended, Tibbett—whose boyish face peeping out at one through make-up and false whiskers, and whose gestures right out of dramatic school have provided a good share of the things that have made me laugh at the Metropolitan—contributed a comically villainous Iago that I might have ascribed to the stage director's malice if I had not known it was to be ascribed to his helplessness. Most revealing was what happened in the very first scene, in which Tibbett, with nothing to sing or do, should have kept himself rigorously within the stage picture contrived by the director, but in which instead he destroyed illusion by presenting the distracting figure of an important star waiting for his part to begin, bored meanwhile by the action around him, and drawing attention away from it, now by fussing with his cloak, his sword, his stance, now by conversing with another singer, now by turning to look the audience over—his power to destroy the scene's effect in this way evidently greater than the director's power to stop him.

Ah, yes, the star system, you will say. Yes and no. It depends on what is done with the stars, on whether they are used for the operas, or the operas for them—whether, that is, a manager decides to produce "Otello," assigns roles in the production to his outstanding singers, and gives to conductor and stage director the authority to make the best use of the singers' capacities and limitations; or whether, casting about for roles in which to exploit a singer's box-office appeal, the manager lets a Tibbett have his fling at Iago.

On the other hand consider the revival of "Orfeo" last year. The prestige of the Metropolitan's name is based on historic performances in which the great stars of the past were subjected to the authority of great conductors—the 1909 performances of "Orfeo," for example, in which Homer, Gluck, and Gadski sang under Toscanini. This prestige was attached last year to a production that had Thorborg's superb performance as Orfeo, but that suffered from scandalously inferior singers in the other roles, and from Bodanzky's heavy-handed conducting. There may not be as great singers today as in 1909, or as many of them; but I am not sure the Metropolitan has all it could have; and I know that from those it had last year it could have put together a more respectable cast for "Orfeo." Nor are there Toscaninis to be picked from trees; but "Orfeo" might have been conducted by Reiner, who has been drifting around doing odd jobs like the brilliant Philadelphia Orchestra "Falstaff" and "Figaro" and "Meistersinger" while Bodanzky was producing those driven, tight performances at the Metropolitan, and who will go on conducting an orchestra in Pittsburgh while the entire German repertory at the Metropolitan is handled by a young conductor of phenomenal technical equipment who has yet to acquire depth and breadth as a musician.

But as a matter of fact the Metropolitan has had one of the greatest singers of all time, Kirsten Flagstad, whose voice today shows the effect of its misuse through managers' conscienceless greed and her own recklessness—five years not only of incessant Brünnhildes and Sieglindes and Isoldes but of Brünnhildes, Sieglindes, and Isoldes four times in seven days, three times in three consecutive days—whereas Caruso never sang more than twice a week. The loveliness, the incredible freshness of the voice when it was first heard here were due to the fact that it had never been taxed in this way—for one thing that Flagstad had sung very little Wagner and a great deal of Italian opera. And with its performances of Verdi positively disreputable and Mozart out of the repertory altogether for lack of singers, the Metropolitan, looking about desperately for new roles for Flagstad, could think of nothing better to do than to put on "The Flying Dutchman" so that she could sing Senta. However, even that is better than putting on "Louise" for Grace Moore.

Two good Handel records from Victor are E. Power Biggs's of the Organ Concerto No. 2, played with the Fiedler Sinfonietta (15751, $2), and Webster Booth's of "Comfort Ye, My People" and "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted," sung with the London Philharmonic (12598, $1.50). And Paul Robeson sings the Russian folksong, "Night," in English and Russian very well, but introduces Negroid syncopations into the Lermontoff-Gambs "Lullaby" on the reverse side (26409, 75 cents).

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

What Does France Want?

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading the first piece of Nazi propaganda which has ever caught my eye in *The Nation.* I refer to Robert Dell's The Menace of a Great Germany, in the December 23 issue.

No more effective argument is available to Hitler, both for German consumption and for world consumption, than that "French imperialism," having learned nothing and forgotten nothing, wants to repeat, in still more drastic form, the crimes of Versailles. What Dell advocates in effect, is to chop Europe up into a series of statelets, each about as big as a tennis court, though he pays lip service to the idea of one big federation for Europe economically. It would be interesting to watch him hang himself in trying to unravel the crazy crisscross of provincial interests, each seeking protection against the other, which such a return to stark eighteenth-century madness must necessarily involve. It may or may not be true, as the *Iron Age* recently reported, that the French are now trying, via Belgium, to barter their surplus iron ore for German surplus coal. But true or premature, the fact remains that no stable Europe is possible until all the ingredients of economic life are scrambled in the same frying pan.

If a victorious France splinters Germany again and holds it down for another generation, a still more voracious German nationalism will feed on the unworkable injustices of such a *Dictat* until it is strong enough to create still another pre-war situation followed by a third World War. If France really means to go for the map of Europe like a hobo reaching for a dish of free lunch, that of course is its business, just as it is undeniably Mr. Dell's privilege to let cats out of heretofore well-guarded bags. But Americans will perhaps be pardoned if they temper the platonic idealism with which they have been expected to regard the war and simply shrug their shoulders, as France prepares to set the clock back.

Little wonder that honest enemies of Hitlerism are just as well satisfied that the Allies are reluctant to state their war aims. More to the point, little wonder that the British embassy in Washington, which is more practical in these matters, has for some weeks been conversationally warning its American friends not to mind any overexcited French talk about the next partition of Germany.

ELIOT JANEWAY

New York, January 11

Robert Dell's Solution

Dear Sirs: Eliot Janeway's extreme indignation at one of the proposals in my article appears to have prevented him from reading it very carefully. If he will look at it again he will find that I did not propose "to chop Europe up into a series of statelets." Germany is not Europe. Nor did I "pay lip service" to the idea of European economic federation. I said that a European customs union was essential and that, without it, Europe would perish. Nor did I propose that a victorious France should "splinter Germany again and hold it down for another generation." What, by the way does "again" mean?

Mr. Janeway apparently thinks that the break-up of Germany into its constituent parts would intensify German nationalism. I am convinced, on the contrary, that it is the only way of getting rid of it, for I do not accept the thesis that it is due to the Treaty of Versailles. I have given some reasons in my article for not accepting it, and I could have given them in more detail, had space permitted. My arguments in favor of my various theses may or may not be valid, but they need to be refuted. I regret that Mr. Janeway did not attempt to refute at least some of them.

I am convinced, as I said in my article—Mr. Janeway seems to have forgotten it—that political federation, the United States of Europe, is the only solution of the European problem. We must get rid of national sovereignty and suppress political and economic frontiers. Frontiers should be cultural. This solution would make it impossible for any country to dominate or hold down another and would make the existence of even very small countries possible. The Swiss Confederation has four million inhabitants speaking four different languages and contains more than twenty cantons, some of them extremely small, but the system works admirably and there is no "crisscross of provincial interests, each seeking protection against the other." European federation might ultimately increase the number of cultural frontiers, but what if it does?

What Mr. Janeway reports about the private conversations of the British Embassy in Washington is interesting, if it is accurate. It does not surprise me. Whatever Lord Lothian may be saying now, he started the pro-Nazi movement in England by his articles in the London *Times* on January 31 and February 1, 1935, and he is one of the men most responsible for the "policy of appeasement" to which we owe the present war.

ROBERT DELL

New York, January 15

The Streit Plan

Dear Sirs: Oswald Garrison Villard refers, in your issue of December 23, to "Clarence Streit's plan for the federalization of Europe." Clarence Streit has no such plan. In his "Union Now" Streit proposes a federation of the world's existing democracies, with the addition of other states as soon as they are prepared to guarantee to their nationals the civil liberties and rights which are enjoyed by citizens in a democracy. Streit explicitly rejects the idea of a European federation both because of the impracticability of uniting democracies with totalitarian states and dictatorships and because of the difficulty of determining where "Europe" ends. England as the center of the British Commonwealth of Nations carries Europe westerly to Alaska; the U. S. S. R. reaches eastward to the same territory. Robert Dell, in your same issue, clearly differentiates between Streit's idea and a federation of Europe—which he prefers.

W. EDWIN COLLIER

Philadelphia, January 12

The Real Catholic Press

Dear Sirs: There is no doubt that Mr. Southworth intended to make an accurate presentation of the facts about the Catholic press in his December 16 article, He did not succeed because he is not a Catholic and therefore, while he can cite figures and quote excerpts, cannot evaluate influences. For instance, it is true as he says that the diocesan papers have an enormous circulation, but—and this is what Mr. Southworth could hardly know—they make almost no impression on Catholics because so few read them. Catholics buy their diocesan paper but do not even intend to read it, just as they contribute to the Catholic university and do not intend to send their sons there.

Catholic magazines, however, are bought to be read and are read. *Social Justice* is far and away the most influential Catholic magazine. And it is Catholic; it is useless for the authorities to disown it since we all know that it could not be published if Father Coughlin's immediate superior or the authorities in Rome decided that it should not be published. And this is the problem which keeps Catholics of good-will awake nights. Why do not the bishops of the United States ask for an investigation of *Social Justice* by the proper authorities in Rome, an investigation similar to the one which led to the condemnation of *Action Française?* That rabble-rousing journal was put on the Index, and its editors, management, and supporters were excommunicated because it "used the church for the political ends of the group while pretending to serve the church." A more exact parallel would be difficult to find. Of course it was another Pope who condemned *Action Française*. Pius XII has restored it to favor after accepting retractions differing hardly at all from those which Pius XI had considered inadequate guaranties of good behavior.

Mr. Southworth is correct in his estimation of that suave Jesuit journal *America* as the most important magazine of reaction on the "approved" list. But he fails to emphasize the growth in recent years, in numbers and influence, of magazines of opposite tendencies. The *Catholic Worker*, only a few years old, has a circulation of 150,000 and is growing steadily. The *Queen's Work* and *Christian Social Action* have large and increasing circulations. And this is true of less well-known pro-democratic publications such as *Our Lady of Perpetual Help*, the *Michelman*, and a great many others.

Few are less inclined than I am to minimize anti-democratic tendencies in the church, and no one is more puzzled or dismayed at the failure of our clerical authorities to control the un-Catholic activities of Catholic priests in our press and in other less open ways. But that does not blind me to the fact that there are quiet voices in our press speaking the language of strict Catholic morality and offering here as in France a growing hope of change and reform. The non-Catholic who fails to give due weight to the best we have to offer not only presents an incomplete picture; he also misses a chance to encourage a movement which may be as important to this country as it will certainly be to the church. RUTH O'KEEFE

Lynn, Mass., December 9

Mr. Hall Sums Up

Dear Sirs: Mr. Southworth insists that the Catholic Press Association—which, with some publicity, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1936—was founded in 1890; he cites an article which plainly deals with a "progenitor" of the C. P. A. He does give us a chortle by describing that grand old historian Tom Meehan as a priest. Whereas I said wealthy laymen controlling Catholic papers are "a rarity," he cites one, then is stopped. He says *Social Justice* until January 9, 1939, printed ecclesiastical "permission to publish"; if he will look again, he will find no reference at all to such permission.

As for the hoped-for bill of particulars—well, for whatever reason, none is given. There are several admonitions to me to read various propaganda pamphlets. For the rest, Mr. Southworth pleads "reasons of space" kept him from trying to substantiate his unsupported charges. To my citation of William Philip Simms and Hugh Gibson, Mr. Southworth merely says of these distinguished and objective eyewitness commentators that they don't know what they are talking about. Well, let us send it now to the jury of *Nation* readers, even though it is regrettable they must judge with no evidence even yet submitted. FRANK A. HALL,

Director, N. C. W. C. News Service

New York, January 9

Mr. Southworth, Ditto

Dear Sirs: That "grand old historian" Thomas F. Meehan—I should not have called him "Father" but I trust I did him no harm—writes that on the first Wednesday of May, 1890, Catholic press representatives met in Cincinnati "and then and there the Catholic Press Association of America was founded." There is not the slightest indication that the article deals with a "progenitor" of the C. P. A. *Social Justice* until the issue of January 9, 1939, carried on its editorial page Father Coughlin's name and under it "by permission of his superior." These are verbal quibbles.

I mentioned the books I did because, since they were published in Franco Spain, they should be acceptable evidence to Mr. Hall, but the N. C. W. C. News Service insists on being now as during the war more pro-Franco than Franco himself. The books were possibly "propaganda pamphlets," but they were written as pro-Franco propaganda and published under an official censorship powerful enough to ban the Pastoral Letter written last August by the Spanish Primate. (Both the Pastoral and its banning, facts demonstrating the shallowness of the Catholic victory in Spain, have been ignored by the Catholic press in the United States.)

Let me say in conclusion that Mr. Hall correctly interprets my opinion of the testimony given on the Spanish struggle by his "distinguished and objective eyewitness commentators."

H. RUTLEDGE SOUTHWORTH

New York, January 12

CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post* and *The Nation*, has just been elected president of the American Newspaper Guild to succeed the late Heywood Broun.

FRITZ STERNBERG, a German economist now living in the United States, is the author of "From Nazi Sources: Germany's War Chances."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, delivered the Gifford lectures at the University of Edinburgh last summer.

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

REPRESENTATIVE FRANK HOOK OF MICHIGAN has already made public most of the material contained in the article by James Wechsler which appears elsewhere in this issue. We do not begrudge Mr. Hook the scoop. As we go to press he is fighting to head off the renewed appropriation for the Dies committee, and the exposure is timely. For almost two years Dies has been spending taxpayers' money to track down "un-American activities." He has discovered atheism in the New Deal, the hand of Moscow in the C. I. O., and the finger of Berlin in the German-American Bund. At the same time he has found it possible to hobnob with Merwin K. Hart, whose unsavory connections are set forth in the Wechsler article, and to exhort meetings indorsed and packed by Christian Fronters. To what should be his acute embarrassment, it now emerges that Hart is a close collaborator of the Front and that the Front itself is the center of a plot to destroy the "American way" so prominent in the rantings of Mr. Dies—and to do it through violence and terror. His contention that it was through his probing that the Department of Justice was put on the trail of the Christian Front is feeble to the point of fatuousness. If he knew of the Front's "un-American activities," what was he waiting for? Was it that Mr. Dies wanted to shun publicity? Or was he touched by the "Martin Dies for President" campaign in Father Coughlin's *Social Justice?*

*

IF LOW COMPANY PROVES THE UNDOING OF Mr. Dies, his position is comfort itself compared with Coughlin's. The priest's wriggling and squirming since seventeen of his men were picked up for conspiracy have been unholy, to say the least. Panicky at first, he told the press that he "had roundly disavowed" the specific Christian Front whose members were under arrest, had branded them fakers, and had refused a money contribution from them. In truth, he had repeatedly extolled John F. Cassidy, one of the ringleaders of the group, and the money he had spurned came not from these men but from a rival gang, the Christian Mobilizers. But in this case the lie was dangerous. Hit-and-run tactics and so crass a betrayal of his followers might ruin his organization. Coughlin reconsidered and emerged with as oily a performance as ever dripped from his microphone. He called himself "a friend of the accused," and dwelt fondly on their pure family life, their "Christian" background, their Irish names. Although he admitted no connection with "any unit of the Christian Front," he considered himself in a position to refute the statements of the Justice Department agents concerning the haul of munitions. The Springfield rifles turned out to be innocent sport guns or antiquated heirlooms handed down to these Christian young men by their Revolutionary or Civil War ancestors, and the home-made bombs were tin cans used for "photographic" experiments. The Catholic *Tablet* speaks of the prisoners as "seemingly poor, unfortunate victims of their own excessive patriotism" and calls them "misguided." Who misguided them? The Catholic *Commonweal* provides the answer: "Father Coughlin, the *Tablet, Social Justice,* and their many abettors and sympathizers must bear the direct responsibility for the plight of these seventeen young men."

*

MR. CHURCHILL'S ADVICE TO THE NEUTRAL states of Europe to align themselves with the Allies has not been well received by those to whom it was addressed. Public opinion in most of these countries is in substantial agreement with the main theme of his speech —that their hopes of future independence are bound up with an Allied victory. The small neutrals are aware, too, of the danger that they may be forced into the war one by one as the exigencies of German strategy dictate. Each, by itself, is comparatively weak, but if they acted as a unit they would bring overwhelming strength to the Allies and write finis to the Hitler plans of domination which are a menace to them all. But at this stage in the war there seems little chance of any such development, and for this Britain and France are themselves largely to blame. Had they given Europe real leadership in the organization of collective security, neutrals would not now be cowering in their storm cellars praying that by some miracle the whirlwind will pass them by.

*

THE RELUCTANCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY to go openly to the aid of Finland is clearly connected with their fears that the result would be an attack by Germany and the merging of Europe's two wars. At the

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same time they are not prepared to leave the Finns altogether in the lurch and are therefore employing the "non-intervention" technique. As a result a comparatively large number of volunteers are finding their way to the Finnish front, and despite Russian protests, Norway and Sweden are continuing to send supplies of their own as well as permitting the transit of armaments made available by the Allies. Whether more active measures should be taken appears to be a question on which public opinion is acutely divided, particularly in Sweden, where former Foreign Minister Sandler has spoken strongly in favor of the dispatch of troops to assist in the defense of the Aaland Islands, and of definite military collaboration between the Scandinavian countries. Meanwhile, military operations in Finland appear to have been slowed down by the weather. The Soviet air force, however, remains extremely active and is making a special effort to smash the port of Abo, which is Finland's chief link with Sweden. Continual raids on this and other cities underline Finnish appeals for more material aid from the outside world, and particularly for fighting planes.

*

HOWEVER GREAT FINLAND'S NEEDS MAY BE, its prospects of obtaining financial assistance in this country for the purpose of buying arms have been seriously dimmed. The first flush of indignation at Russian aggression and of enthusiasm for Finnish courage has given place to an acute attack of isolationism. The President's letter to Vice-President Garner and Mr. Bankhead on the subject of loans to Finland was extremely cautious. He suggested merely an increase in the funds of the Export-Import Bank so as to make possible credits for the purchase of agricultural surpluses and industrial goods, excluding implements of war. Everybody knows that Finland's urgent needs are not for food, but it has been hinted that it would be possible for it to resell the goods obtained and use the cash to buy arms elsewhere. Whether so devious a method will appeal to Congress is still uncertain. A number of Senators have made known their opposition to any loans to Finland. Since nobody suggests that Russia will declare war on us, even if we supply Finland with arms, this Congressional hesitation must be ascribed to the belief that the war between Russia and Finland cannot long be separated from the war between Germany and the Allies. Hence the fear that commitments to Finland will lead to commitments to the Allies. But if Finland is crushed and the Russian army sweeps on into Scandinavia, the danger of our involvement will surely be greater.

*

BRITAIN'S BLOCKADE AND OTHER MEASURES of economic warfare are proving inconvenient and irritating to this country just as they did from 1914 to 1917. Some weeks ago Mr. Hull protested against the forcing of American ships into control ports, and so into zones forbidden them under the Neutrality Act. Now an even stronger protest has been made, charging discrimination against American vessels at Gibraltar and demanding that the situation be corrected. Meanwhile a new controversy has been started by British assertions of the right to detain and examine mails carried on American and other neutral vessels. In a note dated December 27 the State Department pointed out that it considered this procedure contrary to Article I of Hague Convention No. 11, which declares: "Postal correspondence of neutrals and belligerents, whatever its official or private character may be, found on the high seas aboard neutral or enemy ships is inviolable." Britain's note in reply insists that this immunity does not cover parcels and applies only to "genuine postal correspondence." It therefore claims the right to examine all mail to make sure that it is "genuine" and does not contain contraband such as securities, money, or industrial diamonds. This reasoning seems to us to conform with the letter rather than the spirit of the convention. In any case the British government is foolish to attempt to make the blockade absolute at the cost of antagonizing American opinion.

*

WASHINGTON REPORTS INDICATE THAT NO immediate action will be taken against Japanese trade with the expiration of the trade treaty on January 26. In an effort to conciliate American opinion at this critical stage of its East Asia policy, Japan has announced that there will be no discrimination against imports from the United States unless this country takes steps against Japanese trade. The State Department has allowed word to go out that it will take no action as long as negotiations are under way. Senator Pittman, on the other hand, has pointed out that there could be no agreement based on equal rights as long as Japan continued its "New Order in East Asia" policies. Although there has been a flood of inspired articles from Tokyo recently indicating a more conciliatory attitude toward the United States on the part of the new Yonai government, there has been no suggestion of a change in Japan's basic China policies. The opening of the Yangtze, as Senator Pittman points out, is but a minor aspect of the situation. All trade in the occupied sections of China is under the control of Japanese agencies; all regulations, duties, and laws governing this trade are, for all practical purposes, made in Tokyo. For the moment, however, circumstances have played into the hands of the United States. The European war leaves Japan more dependent than ever on American economic assistance. The long-term interests of American trade, as well as the immediate interests of the Chinese people, can still be salvaged by prompt action along the lines outlined in last week's issue of *The Nation*.

IN TURNING BACK A JAPANESE OFFENSIVE north of Canton, the Chinese have scored a victory which, from preliminary accounts, appears even more significant than that won at Changsha three months ago. The Japanese followed up their initial successes too rapidly, with the result that they were attacked simultaneously on both flanks as well as in front, suffering a severe defeat. Their advance had taken them as far as Yingtak, an important railway center eighty miles north of Canton, but the Chinese counter-attack has forced them back a full fifty miles and placed them in a more vulnerable position than when the offensive started. This rather startling setback, coupled with notable Chinese victories in northern Hupeh and southeastern Shansi may serve as a further obstacle to the early establishment of the Wang Ching-wei puppet government. Equally embarrassing, from the Japanese point of view, has been the publication in the Hongkong *Ta Kung Pao* of the purported terms of the agreement between Wang Ching-wei and Japan as furnished by two of Wang's most important aides. The terms go far beyond the notorious Twenty-One Demands in reducing China to a condition of vassalage to Japan.

William E. Borah

SENATOR BORAH was intellectually the ablest man in the Congress of the United States, with a reputation which reached to the Europe he always refused to visit, although he was for years chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Yet he was a contradiction, an enigma, a mystery that no journalistic observer of his thirty-three years of service was ever able to explain adequately. Within party lines he was fearless and independent, often espousing unpopular causes to which the leaders of his party were opposed. He did not hesitate to demand the release of political prisoners when the war madness was still at its height. He was ever ready to uphold civil rights, and he was the foe of corrupt big business and monopoly. Yet he could not support such human and humane legislative proposals as woman suffrage, the abolition of child labor, and the pending anti-lynching bill because he felt that they jeopardized states' rights, even though the two former were legally added to the Constitution. His attitude toward that document was almost like the worship of a fetish.

Despite this long record of independence Senator Borah could never bring himself to cut loose from his party ties except in 1896, when he plumped for Free Silver. He ardently desired the election of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, yet he would not become a Progressive. His whole heart was with Senator La Follette when the latter ran independently for President in 1924, but he would not speak out for him, although he had begged and received from his Wisconsin colleague a letter of indorsement for his own candidacy. Often it seemed as if his interest in an issue waned when it disappeared from the front pages. Still he was no publicity seeker. He could have made large sums of money by lecturing throughout the country, but he deliberately sought to restrict his utterances to the floor of the Senate so that they might carry the more weight there, and when he spoke the seats were filled and the galleries too. He had statesmanship, and his leadership of the fight against the United States' putting its name to the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles was of the highest order. Yet it is not too much to say that Borah made Harding and Coolidge possible. After saying that Coolidge was unfit to be President he became his supporter and for a time cooperator; after having said that Hoover was unfit to expend $100,000,000 in behalf of the Russians he declared that Hoover was the best-fitted man in the United States to be President. When questioned concerning this inconsistency he declined to answer.

Borah was a speaker whose words never failed to carry weight. One instinctively felt that he was one of the last links with the period in which there were intellectual giants in the Senate. Certainly no American ever served his state, his country, and his people more faithfully and more loyally. His bitterest opponents recognized his devotion to duty, his rugged adherence to principle, his freedom from any improper control or motive whatsoever. Yet he could not bring himself to take the leadership of the progressive forces in the United States which could have been his for the asking. That is the tragedy of Senator Borah's life—and not merely the fact that he failed to enter the White House, as he could have. In view of the completeness with which he spent his powers in his Senatorial duties, it seems paradoxical to say that he nevertheless denied the fulness of those powers to his countrymen, and yet the paradox is fact.

Is Mediation Possible?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ON HIS regular page this week Oswald Garrison Villard makes as good a case as can be made for an immediate peace in Europe. He tells what he would do if he were Mr. Roosevelt. He would, he says, offer mediation every day in the week. And he would invite the Pope to join him in asking the European neutrals to demand that the belligerents state their peace terms. He believes that one more effort should be made to bring Hitler and the Allies together. "The alternative," he says, "is a knockout blow inflicted by one side or the other, or a stalemate with all Europe going to pieces from economic and financial exhaustion."

In every country pacifists like Mr. Villard cling to the desperate hope that somehow the war may be ended before it begins in bitter earnest. They share his conviction that any peace is better than war; that no evil was ever cured by the greater evil of mass destruction; and that, in the particular issue of the present struggle, Germany "can no more be cleansed of Hitlerism and National Socialism by forces from the outside than it was purged of militarism by the Allies and the United States in 1918."

It is impossible not to sympathize with this position even when one dissents from it. It carries all the appeal of decency and some of the appeal of reason. Certainly victory over Hitler is not enough; it is only the beginning of peace. And peace will not grow out of victory. It will have to be fought for on an even wider front, and in the post-war struggle for peace the United States will have to be counted among the leading combatants. But in my opinion, the defeat of Hitler is a prerequisite to the fight for peace; and I cannot help wondering, after reading Mr. Villard's impressive plea, just how he visualizes the process of bringing the war to an early end.

Let us suppose that Mr. Villard is the President of the United States and can follow his own advice. He offers mediation, publicly, to all the belligerents. The Allies, for obvious reasons, delay their reply. If they reject the offer out of hand they lay themselves open to an effective attack by pacifist and pro-appeasement forces. If they accept—but they cannot possibly accept unless it is understood in advance that the war shall go on while mediation is under way. And they cannot accept on any condition without abandoning their one clearly enunciated war aim—the "end of Hitlerism." In any case they will do well to think the proposal over for a few days. Because clearly the President has maneuvered them into an uncomfortably hot spot.

Meanwhile Hitler is laboring under no such difficulties. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose by a prompt acceptance. He becomes again the man of peace in the eyes of his people, and he thrusts upon the Allies the responsibility for keeping the war going if they refuse. Hitler accepts and asks for an immediate armistice. He points out, quite plausibly, that it is impossible to discuss peace while ships are being sunk and guns roaring. He offers to ground his planes and call home his submarines, provided the British and French simultaneously lift the blockade. This is a reasonable demand from every point of view except that of licking Hitler. It is a demand that a neutral mediator will find it hard to refuse.

But if the Allies are still hesitating, this demand will resolve their doubts. They cannot lift the blockade. To do so would be to surrender all the strategic advantages they have won or hope to win. With the blockade lifted and the processes of mediation under way, Hitler can import and store up oil and iron and foodstuffs, he can shunt populations from place to place and crush internal resistance, he can turn Poland and the Protectorate into true German lands and mend his fences in the Balkans.

For Hitler delay is all to the good—as long as the blockade is lifted. For the Allies delay is fatal—unless the blockade is continued. So Britain and France are cast in a thoroughly unsympathetic role. They accept mediation grudgingly if at all, and insist upon their right to continue seizing their enemy's ships and strangling his economic life. Hitler makes no conditions. He asks only an end to the struggle while peace is being discussed.

If I were President of the United States I would hesitate to offer these easy advantages to Hitler. I would not give him the chance to pose before the world as a generous, decent, peace-loving fellow. I would not make it possible for him to demand a breathing-spell in which to prepare for the next round of his battle. I would keep in mind the unspeakable fate of those parts of Europe that have already fallen into his hands, and I would in no way impede the belated efforts of the French and British to prevent the westward spread of Nazi dynamism.

If I were President I would offer no mediation as long as Hitler remained in power.

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The Christian Front and Martin Dies

BY JAMES WECHSLER

WHEN the FBI exposed the Christian Front's terrorist conspiracy, it also shattered Martin Dies's conspiracy of silence. After the arrests government officials said they had merely "scratched the surface" of the intrigue. That was an overstatement. For investigation into the origins and growth of the Christian Front leads not only to the seventeen who plotted violence but to the priest whose sermons inspired them. It leads not only to shabby tenements in Brooklyn but to ornate homes on Park Avenue. And from these Park Avenue residences of the Front's "fellow-travelers" it leads to the doorstep of Martin Dies.

The interlocking relationships are largely a matter of record. They are corroborated by material in the record of the Dies committee itself and supplemented by correspondence that has just been revealed. Pieced together, the exhibits show that while Martin Dies was chairman of the Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities, he was collaborating with men who were the "respectable" periphery of the Christian Front. The exhibits may also show that while Dies hounded the left, he deliberately granted immunity to the right.

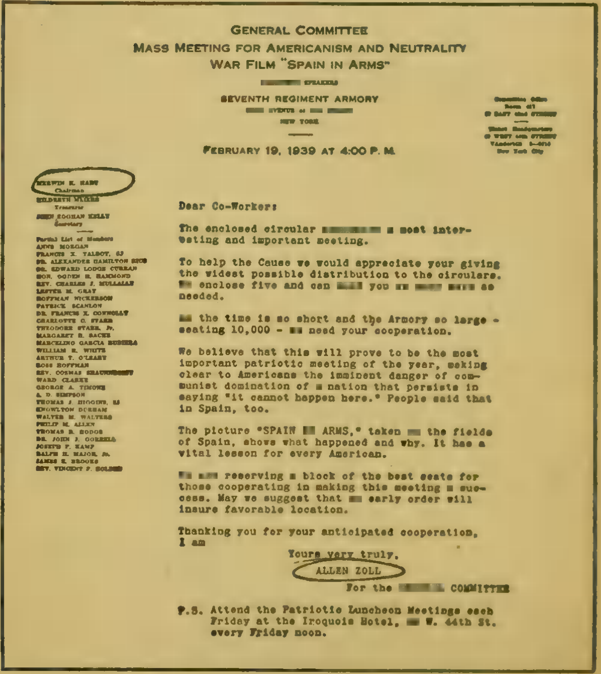
The story is chiefly about the relations of two men—Merwin K. Hart and Martin Dies. But there are a number of other names—names like Allen Zoll, John E. Kelly, James True, John Trevor, and William Dudley Pelley—which help to illuminate the record.

On December 8, 1938, Dies was the guest speaker at a luncheon in New York officially sponsored by the New York State Economic Council, whose president is Merwin K. Hart. While the council's perennial mission is to combat social legislation, Hart's activities and connections are a good deal more varied. At this luncheon Fritz Kuhn and James Wheeler-Hill, secretary of the Bund, were guests, and their names appeared on the advance list. When a *Times* reporter asked Wheeler-Hill the significance of their presence, he replied: "We have many friends on the council." During the luncheon members of the Christian Front distributed leaflets announcing a mass-meeting of their own. Reporters who covered the affair say that Dies could not have overlooked the Front's presence; he was practically surrounded. Hart presided.

Eight days later there was another luncheon. Dies wasn't present, but Hart was. The luncheon was ostensibly sponsored by the now defunct American Patriots, whose president was Allen Zoll. Zoll presided; and the fact is worth noting because Zoll's connections with both Hart and the Front are beyond dispute. Only the night before, he had appeared as a speaker at the Manhattan Opera House, on the same platform with John F. Cassidy, one of the Christian Front men just arrested by the FBI. On July 2, 1939, Zoll was arrested for trying to extort money from officials of station WMCA in return for calling off the Christian Front picket line. Other speakers at the American Patriots luncheon included General Van Horn Moseley and John E. Kelly, whose Christian Front link I shall cite later. The principal address was delivered by Merwin K. Hart.

If Dies was innocent of the facts concerning his host in December, 1938, he presumably knew better a month later, especially in view of the fact-finding facilities of his committee. Yet on January 26, 1939, Dies and Hart once more performed a duet. On that day there was a meeting of the "American Coalition" at the Carleton Hotel in Washington. This is another thinly disguised wing of the anti-democratic machine; its promoter is John B. Trevor, millionaire patrioteer and a close associate of Hart's. One of the Coalition's chief sponsors is James True, notorious anti-Semitic pamphleteer. At the meeting there were two notable addresses. One was delivered by Martin Dies, the other by Merwin K. Hart.

Less than a month after this joint appearance with Dies, Hart reappeared, surrounded by familiar faces. This time he was running a mass-meeting at the Seventh



GENERAL COMMITTEE
MASS MEETING FOR AMERICANISM AND NEUTRALITY
WAR FILM "SPAIN IN ARMS"
[illegible] SPEAKERS
SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY
NEW YORK

FEBRUARY 19, 1939 AT 4:00 P. M.

MERWIN K. HART
Chairman
HILDRETH MEIERE
Treasurer
JOHN EOGHAN KELLY
Secretary

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FRANCIS X. TALBOT, SJ
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HON. OGDEN H. HAMMOND
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RALPH H. MAJOR, Jr.
JAMES E. BROOKS
REV. VINCENT F. HOLDEN

Dear Co-Worker:

The enclosed circular [illegible] [illegible] most interesting and important meeting.

To help the Cause we would appreciate your giving the widest possible distribution to the circulars. [illegible] enclose five and can [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as needed.

[illegible] the time is so short and the Armory so large - seating 10,000 - [illegible] need your cooperation.

We believe that this will prove to be the most important patriotic meeting of the year, making clear to Americans the imminent danger of communist domination of [illegible] nation that persists in saying "it cannot happen here." People said that in Spain, too.

The picture "SPAIN [illegible] ARMS," taken [illegible] the fields of Spain, shows what happened and why. It has a vital lesson for every American.

[illegible] [illegible] reserving [illegible] block of the best seats for those cooperating in making this meeting [illegible] success. May we suggest that [illegible] early order will insure favorable location.

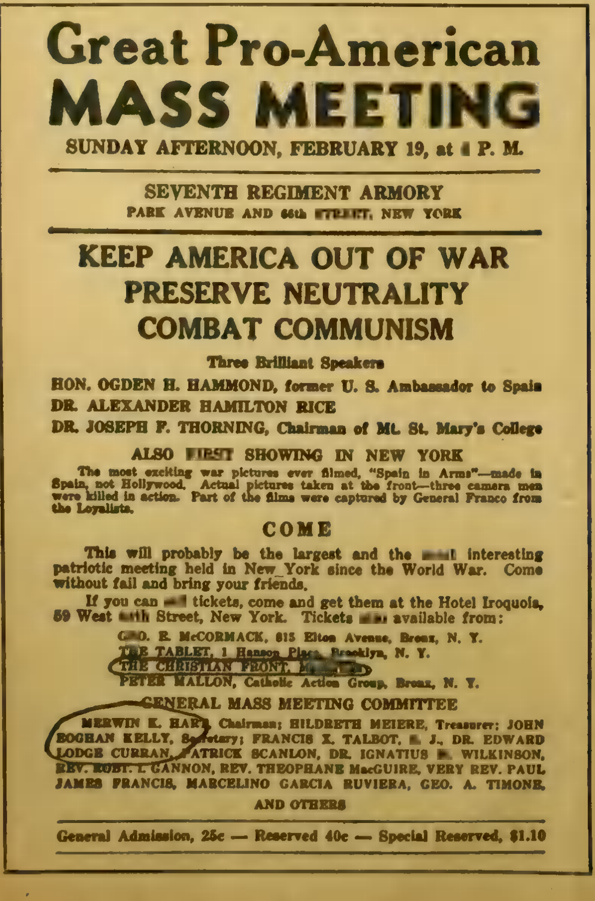
Thanking you for your anticipated cooperation, I am

Yours very truly,
ALLEN ZOLL
For the [illegible] COMMITTEE

P.S. Attend the Patriotic Luncheon Meetings each Friday at the Iroquois Hotel, [illegible] W. 44th St. every Friday noon.

Regiment Armory in New York. Officially it was called a "pro-American" meeting, as the accompanying photostats show. That was transparent window-dressing. In fact it was a pro-Franco demonstration; more important, it showed Hart again collaborating with the Christian Front. As the leaflet reproduced here shows, the Front was one of the chief agencies of ticket distribution for the meeting. The mimeographed letter, also reproduced here, indicates that Allen Zoll actively aided the sponsoring committee, of which Merwin K. Hart was chairman. Zoll issued an appeal for support of the meeting on the committee's stationary (see facsimile); and in the same letter it was stated that tickets were available at the Hotel Iroquois. That hotel was Zoll's and Kelly's headquarters. Another major figure in the committee's preparations was Bernard D'Arcy, agent for *Social Justice* in New York. On the same stationary and in the same vein D'Arcy wrote to his followers: "I am assisting the committee to make a big success of the mass-meeting described above." On February 5, 1939, D'Arcy and John F. Cassidy were jointly advertised as speakers at a Christian Front mass-meeting; on June 25, 1939, at another Christian Front meeting, D'Arcy delivered a eulogy of Cassidy.

The armory mass-meeting was Hart's show. His chief aides were Zoll, D'Arcy, and John E. Kelly; and the "mass base" of the meeting was the Christian Front. Special seats were reserved for Christian Front members who arrived late because they had been out picketing. When they entered, carrying Coughlin's picture aloft, "the speaker was drowned out by applause," according to the New York *Times*. Prominently listed on Hart's sponsoring committee for the affair were Edward Lodge Curran, who has frequently appeared on Christian Front platforms, and Patrick Scanlan, who has made similar appearances and whose paper, the Catholic *Tablet,* is a virtual house-organ for the Front. Inside the armory only Coughlinite literature was sold. Merwin K. Hart presided at the meeting.



Great Pro-American

MASS MEETING

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 19, at [illegible] P. M.

SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY

PARK AVENUE AND 66th STREET, NEW YORK

KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR

PRESERVE NEUTRALITY

COMBAT COMMUNISM

Three Brilliant Speakers

HON. OGDEN H. HAMMOND, former U. S. Ambassador to Spain

DR. ALEXANDER HAMILTON RICE

DR. JOSEPH F. THORNING, Chairman of Mt. St. Mary's College

ALSO FIRST SHOWING IN NEW YORK

The most exciting war pictures ever filmed, "Spain in Arms"—made in Spain, not Hollywood. Actual pictures taken at the front—three camera men were killed in action. Part of the films were captured by General Franco from the Loyalists.

COME

This will probably be the largest and the most interesting patriotic meeting held in New York since the World War. Come without fail and bring your friends.

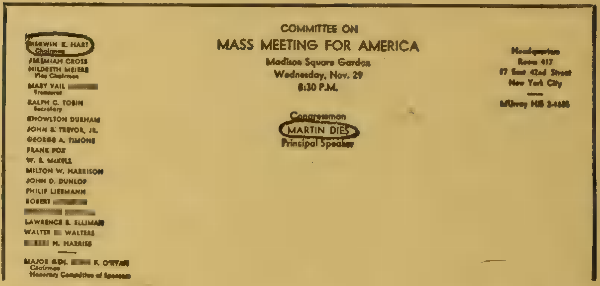
If you can [illegible] tickets, come and get them at the Hotel Iroquois, 59 West [illegible] Street, New York. Tickets [illegible] available from:

GEO. E. McCORMACK, 815 Elton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.
THE TABLET, 1 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
THE CHRISTIAN FRONT, [illegible]
PETER MALLON, Catholic Action Group, Bronx, N. Y.

GENERAL MASS MEETING COMMITTEE

MERWIN K. HART, Chairman; HILDRETH MEIERE, Treasurer; JOHN BOGHAN KELLY, Secretary; FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S. J., DR. EDWARD LODGE CURRAN, PATRICK SCANLON, DR. IGNATIUS [illegible] WILKINSON, REV. ROBT. I. GANNON, REV. THEOPHANE MacGUIRE, VERY REV. PAUL JAMES FRANCIS, MARCELINO GARCIA RUVIERA, GEO. A. TIMONE, AND OTHERS

General Admission, 25c — Reserved 40c — Special Reserved, $1.10



COMMITTEE ON
MASS MEETING FOR AMERICA
Madison Square Garden
Wednesday, Nov. 29
8:30 P.M.

Congressman
MARTIN DIES
Principal Speaker

MERWIN K. HART
Chairman
JEREMIAH CROSS
HILDRETH MEIERE
Vice Chairmen
MARY VAIL [illegible]
Treasurer
RALPH C. TOBIN
Secretary
KNOWLTON DURHAM
JOHN B. TREVOR, JR.
GEORGE A. TIMONE
FRANK FOX
W. B. McKELS
MILTON W. HARRISON
JOHN D. DUNLOP
PHILIP LIEBMANN
ROBERT [illegible]
[illegible]
LAWRENCE B. ELLIMAN
WALTER [illegible] WALTERS
[illegible] M. HARRISS

MAJOR GEN. [illegible] F. O'RYAN
Chairman
Honorary Committee of Sponsors

Headquarters
Room 417
[illegible] East 42nd Street
New York City

MUrray Hill 2-[illegible]

On the stationary of the committee promoting the meeting, you will note that John E. Kelly is listed as secretary, under Hart. Kelly's work for Hart was not confined to this venture. Actually the mass-meeting was run by the same men who controlled the American Union for Nationalist Spain—chief pro-Franco propaganda agency in the United States. The president of Franco's union was Merwin K. Hart. The secretary was John E. Kelly. And Kelly also figures in the Christian Front network. He was especially prominent at a meeting held at the Great Northern Hotel on May 24, 1939. Jointly sponsored by the Christian Front and Zoll's "American Patriots," this meeting was an anti-Semitic orgy according to newspaper accounts. Zoll gave one of the main addresses; Kelly, Hart's Man Friday, gave the other.

Numerous other case histories of meetings and manifestos could be cited, dramatizing the collaboration between Dies, the well-dressed sympathizers with the Front, and the rowdy Front members themselves. There is, for example, the case of Robert Appleton. Appleton appears on several of Hart's committees; he is closely identified with Hart, Trevor and company. He is also the man, said the New York *Post* on November 30, who provided free office space for Joe McWilliams, formerly a key figure in the Christian Front and now leader of the Christian Mobilizers. On December 4, 1938, Dies appeared as the guest speaker at a luncheon sponsored by the American Defense Society. Robert Appleton is president of the American Defense Society.

In December, 1938, Dies could plausibly have feigned ignorance of the Coughlinite network. A year later he

BURLINGAME
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Burlingame, Cal.

was still openly flirting with the same men and movements. By that time the testimony of witnesses before his own committee had established the anti-Semitic links of Zoll and Kelly; and by that time no G-man was needed to demonstrate their link with Hart. But in November, 1939, when Dies decided to launch a new self-promotion drive, he conceived a Madison Square Garden meeting in his own honor; and he chose Hart to direct the proceedings. Soliciting help from business men, Hart made clear that the initiative for the meeting had come from Dies, not himself.

Hart attended to all the details. The sponsoring committee which he assembled has a reminiscent look: it is a cross-section of those who served on Hart's pro-Franco committee—A. Hamilton Rice, Hildreth Meiere, Ogden Hammond, George Timone; and of the Christian Front's fellow-travelers—George Harvey, John Trevor, John B. Snow, and Robert Harriss (the last-named is Coughlin's long-time associate and author of his monetary program). Once again the members of the Christian Front provided the "mass base." Admitted to the balconies on free tickets, which they boasted they had obtained *en bloc*, they cheered wildly for every speaker except Jean Mathias, commander of the Jewish War Veterans, whose presence was an obvious concession to the amenities.

Dies delivered the principal address. Merwin K. Hart presided. In his book "America, Look at Spain," Hart had written: "American citizens may heed the clear lesson of Spain and draw their own conclusions as to the consequences if they permit state or federal statutes to curb their right to own and if need be to carry arms, to protect themselves against the Communist menace."

Less than two months after the Garden meeting, the FBI caught the Christian Front in possession of weapons alleged to have been stolen from National Guard armories.

I have not dwelt at length on the strong foreign allegiances of the men whose domestic "mass base" is the Front. Hart's services to the Franco regime are well known. The Dies committee exhaustively probed the pro-Loyalist agencies here; it never touched the pro-Franco agencies. This negligence was typical of the virtual whitewash it provided for rightist groups. Was the whitewash deliberate? Reproduced here is a letter, written two months after the Dies committee was set up, from William Dudley Pelley, head of the Silver Shirts, to David Mayne, then his Washington agent. Note that in this letter Pelley boasts: "The conference verified belief that we may safely continue in the understanding that Dies will not go out of the way to call us or to embarrass us—True—Father Coughlin—George or the Legion." He obviously referred to the Silver Shirt Legion.

On July 26, 1939, Pelley, who had criticized Dies for taking pot shots at rightist groups, wrote to the same man:

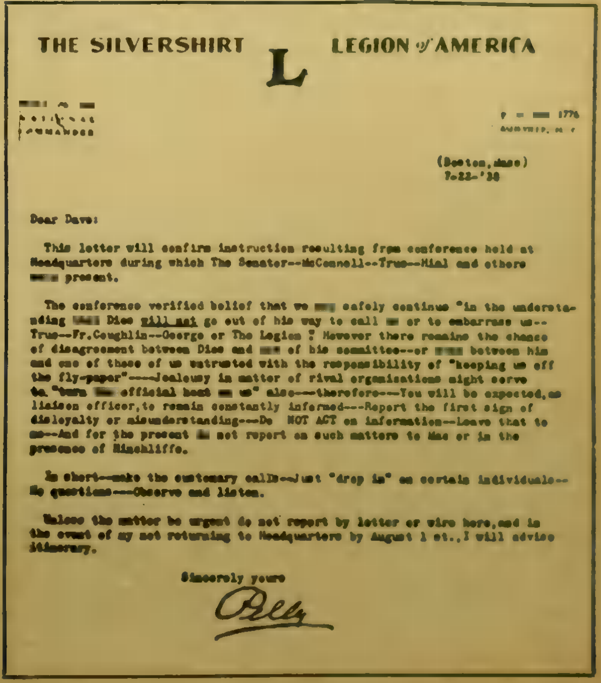
> As to the booklet [attacking Dies] which although caustic was not intended other than to create the general impression that there existed between Dies and myself a personal "gripe" sufficient to keep us apart from any form of cooperation . . . and was actually intended . . . to offset any rumors—in the event of suspicion—that he and I through mutual contacts have an understanding.
>
> Realizing that I owe him much—I want you to "contact" one close to him and advise—"that I covered the matter in a much too realistic manner—and will take proper steps in Texas among his and my friends to convince him of my appreciation and sincerity."

And as late as August 25, 1939, when the Dies committee was allegedly "getting" Pelley, the chief of the Silver Shirts wrote to Mayne:

> Recalling that there existed a gentleman's agreement I do not feel disturbed over the present state of affairs even though the sub-pena [*sic*] has been issued—however I trust you to make discreet calls ascertaining Martin's attitude and if I may *continue to depend* upon past advice to the effect that he would not require my presence unless forced to do so.

The Dies committee never found Pelley. Under insistent pressure it did publish some anti-Pelley evidence. It never summoned Coughlin or True; it did put Deatherage on the stand. Were these weak stabs at the right merely concessions to popular suspicion? Had there been a "gentleman's agreement" between Martin Dies and William Pelley, as these letters boast?

The chain of documentary and circumstantial evidence is beginning to emerge. But it is already clear enough to make mandatory a full and exhaustive investigation of the background, connections, and activities of Martin Dies.



THE SILVERSHIRT L LEGION of AMERICA

(Boston,Mass)
7-22-'39

Dear Dave:

This letter will confirm instruction resulting from conference held at Headquarters during which The Senator--McConnell--True--Mial and others were present.

The conference verified belief that we may safely continue "in the understanding that Dies will not go out of his way to call us or to embarrass us--True--Fr.Coughlin--George or The Legion" However there remains the chance of disagreement between Dies and one of his committee--or even between him and one of those of us entrusted with the responsibility of "keeping us off the fly-paper"---Jealousy in matter of rival organizations might serve to "turn the official heat on us" also---therefore---You will be expected, as liaison officer, to remain constantly informed---Report the first sign of disloyalty or misunderstanding---Do NOT ACT on information--Leave that to me--And for the present do not report on such matters to Mac or in the presence of Hinchliffe.

In short--make the customary calls--Just "drop in" on certain individuals--No questions---Observe and listen.

Unless the matter be urgent do not report by letter or wire here, and in the event of my not returning to Headquarters by August 1 st., I will advise itinerary.

Sincerely yours

Pelley

Mass Murder in Poland

BY HOWARD DANIEL

It is our duty to cleanse this land ruthlessly of all scoundrels, robbers, Poles, and Jews.—Albert Förster, Nazi leader of Danzig.

THE German occupation of conquered Poland is something quite different from the usual military occupation of a conquered country. Behind the hermetically sealed frontier the depopulation of vast areas which fall within the German *Lebensraum* is being carried out with characteristic German *Gründlichkeit.* It is *vae victis* again, a repetition of the laying waste of Italy by the barbarians, but with this difference: the Gauls who sacked Rome had no philosophy of killing and destruction, whereas the highest Nazi official in German Poland, Governor General Hans Frank, is the man who when Reich Commissar for Justice enunciated the famous doctrine *Recht ist was dem deutschen Volke nützt, Unrecht was ihm schadet*—anything that benefits the German people is justified. Evidently the annihilation of millions of Poles and Jews falls under this head.

There have been previous German administrations of Poland, but they were not like the present one. During the first World War when the Germans occupied Poland nothing happened to the population at large. Even the Jews were invited in the famous Yiddish letter of General Ludendorff—*"zu di Jidden in Paulen"*—to cooperate with the German administration. Of course the war had a serious effect on Polish life, but the invaders made no attempt to interfere with it fundamentally.

At the beginning of this present war a Polish buffer state was spoken of, but the idea was abandoned. Now it is plain that the Germans plan nothing less than the total destruction of Poland. In a recent speech to the House of Commons, Neville Chamberlain said that evidence considered by his government, checked by all the sources available, showed that the Nazis were carrying out "a policy of deliberate depopulation" with special emphasis on the liquidation of intellectuals. This tallies with an interesting report which has just come from Berlin. Secret instructions from the Gestapo, the real rulers of the conquered nation, to General von Rundstedt, one of the highest army commanders in Poland, reveal that a rate of 5 per cent per month has been set for the liquidation of the Polish intellectuals. An extensive campaign of sterilization is planned for 1941, in preparation for which a large force of S. S. medical specialists has already been sent into the country.

In carrying out their policy of destruction, the Germans have started with the easiest victims, the Jews. The persecution of Jews in the newly conquered territory is infinitely worse than in Greater Germany. As one eyewitness of both terrors puts it, "even the frightful events of last year's November pogroms in Germany are pale by comparison." In Germany the feelings of the great mass of the people have always been a strong brake on the brutality of the S. S. and the Gestapo. And in addition the presence of many foreigners in the Reich has had the effect of restricting the torturing and killing to the privacy of government buildings and concentration camps. But in Poland there has been no such brake, and the unrestrained violence of the Gestapo and the S. S. has ranged all the way from confiscation of property to murder.

It seems certain from the reports of the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee and other reputable welfare agencies working in and around Poland that at least 80 per cent of the 1,500,000 Jews in the German-occupied areas are completely dependent on public relief. The economic position of the greater part of the Polish Jews has for years been worse than that of Jews in other countries. Hundreds of thousands have not been able to meet their most urgent needs without assistance. After having been pauperized for years, they now face the alternative of emigration or extermination. The possibility of emigration is being used as a stick to beat a ransom in foreign currency out of them. At the present moment all the facts point to extermination. The "Black Book" to be published shortly by the Jewish World Congress estimates that the Jewish toll in dead since the second world war began amounts to no less than 250,000. If there is any inclination to regard Jewish reports as exaggerated, an account of the terror published in the Breslau *Schlesische Zeitung* will dispel it. The account is based on German police reports in the province of Lodz. It reads:

> A hundred Jews were executed because during the house-to-house search for arms many Jews offered resistance. Acting on a report which came to the police that Jews surrounded a synagogue in Lodz in order to prevent Germans entering, fire was opened on the Jews and hundreds of them were shot. . . . Jewish streets were blocked hermetically. Jews were strictly forbidden to approach the local peasants because it was alleged that they were obtaining milk, potatoes, and vegetables for hoarding. As there was a typhoid epidemic, Jews were permitted to consult Jewish doctors on condition that these doctors prepared their own medicines. In the town of Sieradz thirty-six Jews were shot because they had fired on German soldiers; ninety-one Jews were publicly

> flogged because they had omitted to salute police officers in Pabianee. In the town of Kolo 217 Jews were publicly flogged because of a theft of provisions. Among the thieves were the town rabbi and thirteen of his scholars. . . . The work of the authorities was simplified because in some houses many Jews committed suicide before they could be arrested. In many houses the Jews resisted with iron rods and hatchets. More than 100 of these criminals were executed on the spot.

Some of the official German measures show clearly that the action against the Jews is part of a carefully calculated plan to remove them from most of the occupied area by creating conditions intolerable or impossible for human life. Jewish bank deposits must not exceed 2,000 zloty (formerly about $400). Anyone possessing more than this amount of money was ordered to give an inventory of all his possessions, including clothes and household goods, before January 19 on pain of extreme penalties. The clothes and household furnishings are for the Baltic Germans, who came into the conquered areas short of almost everything. Without a special permission which is either very expensive or impossible to obtain Jews are prohibited from buying shoes or clothes. On the flimsiest of excuses bank deposits are confiscated. Enormous levies and fines have been imposed on whole Jewish communities for crimes which the Gestapo alleges have been committed. Dr. Szoszkes, a well-known banker of Warsaw and a vice-president of the Warsaw Jewish Community who has just arrived in this country after escaping from Poland, reports that the Nazis extorted 12,000,000 zloty ($2,400,000) from the Warsaw community alone before he left. The much smaller community of Lublin had to raise 1,000,000 zloty at forty-eight hours' notice, half of this in gold and jewelry.

A recent order from the German administration in Cracow that all male Jews between sixteen and sixty will have to serve a period of forced labor, and the latest news about the Jewish reservation in the Lublin district indicate that male Jews who escape death will be herded in concentration camps so gigantic and brutal that Dachau and Buchenwald will seem like kindergartens by comparison.

Jews are forbidden to change their place of residence, and many streets are barred to them at all times. They are not permitted to be out of their houses—those who are lucky enough still to have a roof over their heads—between 9 p. m. and 5 a. m. without written permission from the police. The inhabitants of whole towns and villages have been driven out at thirty minutes' notice. Nominally they are permitted to take with them a few pounds of goods, but anyone who has had experience with the application of regulations by the Gestapo knows that it would be a lucky person who got away with more than he had on his back. The S. S. and Gestapo go out of their way to round up Jewish Laborites and Zionists, who are given special "treatment" or even killed outright.

In the train of war, starvation, and torture has come typhus. At the moment a typhus epidemic is raging in Warsaw, Lodz, and many other cities. It is hardly accurate to say that there are Jews still living in Poland. They are all dying, but for some the tempo is slower and more painful than for those who were dispatched in the market-places, falling into graves dug with their own hands. A plan to set up a ghetto in Warsaw where nearly four hundred thousand Jews would be confined in the space of a few city blocks appears to have been held up, probably because of the typhus epidemic and the fact that most of the buildings in the selected site were ruined by the bombardment. The reservation that is being created around Lublin, formerly a flourishing industrial city in East Poland, will be not only for Polish Jews but also for Jews from Greater Germany, especially from Austria and the Bohemian Protectorate.

Conditions in the no man's lands surrounding the German-occupied areas are little better. A representative of a welfare agency who recently visited the Suwalki district along the Lithuanian border writes:

> We found two children of about twelve years of age, fourteen women, and fifteen men. This was the third day they had been on the frontier in sub-freezing weather. Most of them were unable to talk coherently but kept screaming to us and crying to be taken away. I learned that each day they had been visited by German guards and searched to the skin again and again to make sure that they had not succeeded in hiding some money or valuables. One man with a bandaged leg had had the wound opened when the Germans ripped off the bandage to see whether he was hiding any money. With the aid of the peasants, some of whom I saw standing about crying while we talked with the refugees, they had built crude unroofed huts which offered some protection against wind but none against rain. One young woman had died during the night and her body lay on the field covered with a burlap bag.

Jews who lived in the Russian-occupied areas or who managed to escape there are better off. With the exception of a small number of upper-class factory owners and business men, the 1,500,000 Jews in what is now Russian territory have not been robbed of their property. While most of the government offices have been taken over by Ukrainians, several high positions have been filled by Polish Jewish Communists. Henryk Grünbaum, son of a well-known Jewish leader, has been appointed governor of Galicia. A Cracow lawyer, Droppner, has been appointed mayor of Lemberg. In small towns, it is reported, many Jewish non-Communists have been given government positions.

The Nazi authorities have encouraged the mass exodus to Russian territory, and at first the Russians did nothing to stop it. Of late an attempt has been made to prevent any further entry since the number of immigrants is presenting a problem. With the exception of orthodox Jews and Zionists, whose activities are curtailed in Russia, the situation of the newly arrived Jewish population is, considering the circumstances, satisfactory. A case has come to my knowledge of a young Jew whose relatives had all his papers in order for his emigration to the United States. He has decided to stay in the Soviet Union, where a job as a skilled worker has been offered him.

The economic condition of the 100,000 Polish Jews scattered through Hungary, Rumania, Lithuania, and Latvia is almost hopeless, but at least they are outside the annihilation taking place in Poland.

The horror of Poland is not very different from the hell which is war. We are witnessing the execution of a cold-blooded plan to eliminate those "inferior races" unfortunate enough to dwell in that part of Europe marked by Hitler as German *Lebensraum*. The outcry of the whole civilized world was needed to stop the Turkish atrocities in Armenia. To remain silent now is to condone an unspeakable crime. There can be no neutrality toward this mass extermination.

Trade Treaties and "Realism"

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

OPPONENTS of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act pride themselves on what they like to call hard-headed realism. Most of them readily concede that Secretary Hull is motivated by sincere idealism. They will even admit the essential truth of his contention that the reciprocal pacts have checked the deterioration in international trade. But they insist that we dare not allow idealism or a sentimental interest in world trade to interfere with the legitimate interests of American business men and farmers. There has been just enough sentimentalism in the claims made for the Hull trade program to make these tactics effective.

The Administration has sought to meet the attack by presenting facts showing that the gains from the pacts have far outweighed the losses. This has not been difficult. Twenty-two agreements have been concluded, covering three-fifths of America's foreign trade. During the two years of 1937 and 1938 our exports to the countries with which we have trade agreements rose 61 per cent over the pre-trade-agreement period of 1934-35, whereas our exports to other countries gained only 38 per cent. Our imports from countries with trade agreements increased only 35 per cent in the same period, leaving the United States with a substantial net gain in exports. Our export surplus in 1938 was higher than in 1929, while that of 1939 was only slightly lower.

This would seem pretty conclusive evidence that the United States has not been taken for a ride. It suggests, on the contrary, that this country has taken advantage of its economic strength to drive some pretty sharp bargains. If, as now seems possible, we find ourselves possessed of nearly all the world's available gold supply in the not too distant future, we may wish we were not such sharp traders.

But that is not what troubles our realists. They are concerned, they say, about the farmer. Ironically enough, the strongest attacks on the trade agreements are being made today in his name—ironically, because farmers, more than any other group, have benefited by the pacts. Theirs is America's principal export industry, and they are therefore the chief beneficiaries of any increase in trade. Moreover, special attention has been given to farm products in the pacts thus far concluded. Countries which have made agreements have granted concessions on about three-fourths of the agricultural products they normally import from the United States. Included are tariff cuts on fresh meats, bacon, ham, lard, fruits, vegetables, and grain. Great Britain, the world's leading wheat market, removed its discriminatory duty on American wheat as part of the Anglo-American pact.

In contrast, the reductions granted by the United States on farm products entering this country have been negligible. Only 14 per cent of our total agricultural imports have been affected by tariff concessions granted under the trade pacts. Sugar alone accounts for almost half of this total. And the reduced duty on sugar has been largely offset by rigid quota restrictions. The only tariff cut on a farm product which opponents of the Hull program have been able to make much use of in their campaign has been the reduction in the duty on cattle in the Canadian agreement. But even here the facts are against the opposition. Instead of being ruined by the importation of 225,000 cattle a year, domestic cattle producers are receiving 60 cents a hundredweight more for cattle today than they were three years ago when the Canadian trade agreement went into effect. Moreover, they enjoy a larger portion of the home market than they did in 1929. Imports of farm products as a whole have risen substantially in the past few years, but the bulk of the increase has been in products not affected by the trade-agreement program. The increase may be attributed chiefly to the drought and enlarged domestic buying power. It has in no sense been harmful to American agriculture.

To the protectionist it seems incredible that the United States could make as many concessions as it has made in the twenty trade agreements still in effect—and extend these concessions under the most-favored-nation clause—without disrupting the American economy more than the facts seem to indicate is the case. That such a disruption has not occurred may be explained by the fact that most of the American concessions have been made on tariffs that had no real economic justification. Many of the concessions have been on commodities like manganese which the United States cannot produce in sufficient quantities for its own needs despite tariff protection. Others have been on special grades of commodities which differ basically from the grades produced in this country and are, in fact, non-competitive. Still other concessions, such as the cuts in the duties on sugar, cattle, and shoes, have been made in connection with quota limitations which amply protect the domestic producers. And not a few of the reductions have been on duties which were so high as to be prohibitive rather than protective.

Nor has the extension of American tariff concessions to other countries under the most-favored-nation clause had the disastrous effects predicted. This is due to the safeguards which the State Department has employed in applying the policy. Concessions are usually granted only on products or grades of which the negotiating country is the chief supplier. For example, the tariff reduction on cattle in the Canadian agreement was restricted to cattle weighing over 700 pounds, excluding the smaller Mexican breeds.

Facts such as have been cited indicate that the "realism" of the protectionist opposition to the Hull trade policy is hardly more than a combination of provincialism and ignorance. But there exists another type of realism which cannot be disposed of so easily. Among those opposed to the trade pacts is a small group which regards the Hull policy as a nostalgic attempt to restore a world economy based on the principles of laissez faire. In this view there is at least a germ of truth. A large measure of the support for the trade-agreement program has come from those whose economic philosophy found expression in the Van Zeeland and similar plans. Mr. Hull's own background is essentially that of a free trader, and there is no reason to believe that he has drastically modified his views. Laissez faire economics collapsed with the failure of the 1933 World Economic Conference. It can no longer be doubted that we are entering a period of increasing economic controls. It is fair to ask, therefore, whether the Hull trade policy can be reconciled with a realistic program of domestic planning. On the answer to that question, rather than on the price of cattle, should rest the true realist's attitude toward extension of the Trade Agreements Act.

In reply it should be emphasized that trade is important in any type of economy. The exchange of something you have in abundance for something you badly need is good sense and good economics under any system. An increase in trade is beneficial since it implies a more efficient use of a country's natural resources.

The reciprocal trade program provides a flexible machinery for increasing trade which is adaptable either to planning or laissez faire. This flexibility is illustrated by the fact that the United States has been able to conclude a trade agreement with the Soviet Union as well as with Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries. It is true that no agreements have been concluded with the fascist countries, but this is because of their refusal to accept the basic American principle of non-discrimination. The fascist conception of trade as a political weapon rather than a means of improving living standards is perhaps the controlling factor in their rejection of the most-favored-nation principle.

Drawing by Eva Herrman

Secretary Hull

It is obvious that tariff bargaining is in no sense inconsistent with the flexibility which is essential in market-place economy. Yet it can just as readily be adapted to planning. Tariff-making is inevitably a form of economic control. The agency which determines the tariff rates is, whatever else it may be, a planning agency. For years these powers rested solely in Congress. And the experience of these years showed very clearly that a popularly elected body, subject to pressures of all types, is not a fit agency to assume this responsibility. Nearly all countries go farther than the United States in leaving the details of tariffs and quotas to administrative bodies. Only under these conditions can there be any hope that the commercial policy will be relatively free from the influences of special interests.

The weakest of Mr. Hull's arguments, from a realistic point of view, is the contention that his program affords the only lasting basis for peace. Again no one doubts Mr. Hull's sincerity. But the skeptic is to be pardoned if he fails to find that five years' experience with the trade-agreements program shows it to have made any measurable headway against economic nationalism or the other factors making for war. This is not so much a criticism of the Hull policy as of the arguments that have been offered in its defense. However, we should not allow the value of the policy to blind us to its very real limitations. The reciprocal trade program represents the one real effort made during the thirties to stem the tide of economic nationalism. If it has failed, a large share of the blame must be placed on the totalitarian powers. Yet some blame must also rest on the program itself. For, with all its merits, the reciprocal program is too limited in scope to compensate for the basic blunders in commercial policy made by the United States from 1919 to 1933.

Space does not permit a detailing of these blunders here, but in the main they sprang from a failure to recognize and adjust our policies to our changed position as a creditor country following the war. The situation was aggravated by the passage of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff of 1930, the collapse of the World Economic Conference in 1933, the passage in 1934 of the Johnson Act, forbidding loans to countries that have failed to meet former obligations, and the devaluation of the dollar in 1935. Contrasted with these powerful nationalist influences, the reciprocal trade program dwindles in significance. It has scarcely made a dent in our protective trade walls. It has not produced a passive trade balance, such as America's creditor position requires. On the contrary, as suggested above, the United States seems to have used its superior bargaining position to swell its export balance. The increasing hoard of gold at Fort Knox is silent testimony to the continued unsoundness of our policies, despite Mr. Hull's valiant efforts. He is doubtless as aware as anyone of the inadequacy of the agreements. But the Republican outcry against the minor concessions proposed in discussion of the Argentine pact is a striking demonstration of the obstacles which he faces.

Adjustment of our commercial policy to hard facts may be "unrealistic" to the Republicans. It may antagonize some voters, as Representative Treadway of Massachusetts suggests. But by greatly increasing trade it would provide jobs throughout the country, particularly in farm areas. And, if pursued vigorously, it might yet reverse the nationalistic tides which threaten to destroy the basis of international relationships. While the Hull trade program may be an imperfect weapon, it is the only one immediately available for the purpose. Therein may be found the realism of Mr. Hull.

Industrial Farming—Preview

BY ARTHUR EGGLESTON

San Francisco, January 12

FEW Congressional committees have ever stood, pencil in hand, taking notes on a social revolution. That, however, is what the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee is doing in California. It is taking notes on what is perhaps the most important change in national life since the era of small shops and small factories closed and great industrial and business empires took over. Farming as a way of life is going to smash under the impact of drought, depression, dust storms, and the great ribbed tires of the all-purpose farm tractor. It is going to smash under a burden of debt and insecurity, land exhaustion, and lack of credit. The California investigation offers a preview of what is going to happen to American farming and of what the change will mean in political, economic, and social life.

Disclosures made before the committee about violence and vigilantes in California's rural area, about strikes and the suppression of civil liberties with the connivance of local law-enforcement officials, have had sensational headlines. We have become familiar with similar ingredients of labor strife from the La Follette committee's exposure of the machinery of anti-unionism in Harlan County, Chicago, Cleveland, and other places. But new and ominous developments have been revealed by the California hearings—something more serious than interstate transportation of strike-breakers, the sale of industrial munitions, the use of labor spies and back-to-work movements, and refusals to bargain collectively. Evidence before the committee records the birth of a new era, an era in which the working farmer-owner is being replaced by "employer-growers who produce on factory pattern and hire and fire disorganized workers in the manner of industrialists." This new employment pattern has shattered the old relationship between farmer and hired man and as yet provided no satisfactory substitute. The effort to create one has lined up California's false-front, industry-financed farmer organizations against the labor movement.

The employer-growers are opposed to any attempt, even by the state or the federal government, to step in between them and the underprivileged class doing the farm labor. Testimony showed that they have refused to take part in any proceeding which would interfere with the unilateral fixing of wage scales and conditions of labor for migratory farm workers. Even impartial wage boards are fought. The announcement by representatives of agricultural industrialists at the Los Angeles hearings that they are willing to bargain with workers must be taken as the sign of a last-minute but probably not lasting repentance.

The changing economic conditions revealed by the investigation have reached their farthest development in California, but they are spreading over the whole country. Traditional patterns of land use are being broken and others substituted in Arizona, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Washington, New Mexico, Texas, and Florida—on the Atlantic seaboard as well as in the cotton South and Southwest and the Corn Belt. Industrialized and mechanized agriculture, in conjunction with other forces, is making migratory farm workers out of farm-owners, tenants, and share-croppers. Dr. Paul S. Taylor, University of California economist, testifying before the La Follette committee, said: "Every American farmer who is in the path of those forces is potentially an agricultural laborer who some day may be forced to depend for sustenance on wages earned by working on the land of another."

In California an army of some 200,000 migratory farm workers exists "outside the general social, economic, and political life of the state." The problem of protecting their civil liberties, including their right to organize and bargain collectively, is a large one, as Governor Olson told the committee. They have no bargaining strength and not much prospect of acquiring it very soon. Disfranchised through inability to establish residence, they "lack the means of political retaliation for unfair or illegal treatment." Against them and against their efforts, as well as those of government, to better their condition stands one of the strongest and most militant employer organizations in the country, the Associated Farmers, whose principle is collective action by employers to prevent collective action by employees.

It has been disclosed to the committee that among the founders of the Associated Farmers and the heavy contributors to its funds were banks, railroads, public-utility corporations, major oil companies, cotton-seed-oil and ginning companies, metropolitan employer associations, can, box, and lumber companies, sugar refineries, canners, and processors. There wasn't a farmer in the lot, as that term is understood, when the Associated Farmers was brought into existence in 1934. The organization has received $178,542 from 1934 to the present time, and only 26 per cent of it came from rural areas. And this sum of $46,472, listed as from "county units of Associated Farmers" on the committee records, was not necessarily from farmers. The committee is now awaiting evidence which will show how much of it came from local units of the same big industries, from their corporate farms, gins, canneries, and packing houses.

The evidence about the make-up of the Associated Farmers is bound to have a tremendous effect in Congress and in states like Minnesota where the Associated Farmers of California hope to form units. Congress has been warned to be on its guard against lobbies "purporting to represent the farmers of California" when it studies proposals to eliminate farm laborers from social-security, labor-relations, wages-and-hours, and other social legislation. Such a warning was delivered to the La Follette committee by Governor Olson in person in the following words: "If you have occasion in the future to hear from lobbies of this character in Washington, I would suggest that you inquire closely concerning the type of farming interests that they represent in this state, and determine for your own satisfaction if you can whether or not these lobbies are maintained by actual farmers in California or by interests that masquerade as farmers." It was for this statement, as much as anything else, that the Associated Farmers in convention assembled a day or two later attacked Governor Olson and every single suggestion he had made for government measures to alleviate the condition of the migratory farm laborers. Yet it is important to note that they have not attacked the testimony about their financing.

Nor have they questioned the evidence that a sharp distinction must be made between the traditional working farmer-owner of America and the great corporate enterprises which carry on the large-scale industrial farming of California. As Dr. Taylor expressed it, "The recurrent conflict between employer and employee in the agricultural and processing industries of California and in areas of neighboring states where similar conditions prevail has been heralded widely as a conflict between 'embattled farmers' and 'farm laborers.' To describe the issue in these terms, however, is to mislead all who understand the words 'farmer' and 'farm laborer' as they commonly are used in other parts of the United States." Where is the hired man-farmer relationship, for example, between the employees and the management of the Balfour, Guthrie Company, a British-controlled firm and a member of Associated Farmers, which owns growing, processing, and packing facilities, works 5,800 acres, and had a pay roll in 1938 of about $300,000? Or of the gigantic DiGiorgio Corporation, worth $10,500,000 in 1938? The Earl Fruit Company, DiGiorgio's wholly-owned subsidiary, has land worth $5,500,000 and an irrigation system valued at over a million. This company also owns a winery that will produce 6,000,000 gallons a year and a 95 per cent interest in the Klamath Box Company. In 1939 it hired 5,220 farm workers at the peak of the season, and its pay rolls for the year were approximately $2,200,000. Its marketing outlets include the Baltimore Fruit Exchange, which it owns, an interest in a New York fruit exchange, and auctions in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh.

Senator La Follette wanted to know about its labor policy. The answer was that it paid the prevailing wage rate in the area as a minimum. Had the corporation ever taken part in any collective bargaining with its workers? "No," was the answer, "we have found it was not necessary." Had the corporation, in any of its activities, had any agreements with labor organizations? Not to the witness's knowledge.

One of the two most determined strikes of agricultural workers that California has seen took place last year at the Earl Fruit Company ranch near Marysville. A number of pickets were arrested for violating one of those famous anti-picketing ordinances which the Associated Farmers have persuaded numerous county boards of supervisors to pass. Senator La Follette asked what was the purpose of the ordinance and what was permitted under it.

> *A.* Its purpose was to preserve the peace and it permitted peaceful picketing.
>
> *Q.* And what is your idea of peaceful picketing?
>
> *A.* There isn't any such thing.

In Sutter County, where the Board of Supervisors submitted a similar ordinance to the county unit of the Associated Farmers for their approval before passing it, the sheriff had never read the law; he thought it allowed two men to picket but not three. These county ordinances as a rule ban all picketing inasmuch as they prohibit "one or more persons" from engaging in it.

When the inquiry swung to the violent Stockton cannery strike of 1937, it developed that union officials had told the sheriff they were ready to return to work and open the cannery if the specially mobilized deputies did not prevent them.

"In the face of this," said Senator La Follette, "you took no steps to stop the posse from forming?"

"They were already on the way," said the sheriff. "I couldn't reach them."

"You could have prevented them from forming."

"I thought the best thing to do was let them come in," was the reply.

The result was one of the bloodiest battles of the past several years. Industrial-munitions purchases in that county totaled $2,215; among them were 446 pick handles, 11 shotguns, 1,675 shotgun shells, 351 rounds of pistol ammunition, 12 rifles, 1,140 rounds of rifle ammunition, one tear-gas gun, and 104 rounds of tear-gas ammunition.

Their gross income, the value of their products, and their cash expenditures for hired labor show that the large agricultural employers control farming in California. Large-scale farms, that is, farms with an annual gross income of $30,000 or more, constitute only about 2 per cent of California's total farms, but they produce nearly 30 per cent, by value, of all agricultural produce, and they spend 35 per cent of all cash paid to agricultural workers. The demand of the employer-growers for complete control of wages is assigned as one of the chief causes of California's agricultural-labor conflicts, which are out of all proportion with those of the rest of the country. Each year more than a third of the nation's agricultural strikes occur in California.

There seems little chance that collective bargaining will take the place of the ex parte fixing of wages and conditions which is believed to underly so much of the trouble now. It certainly will not until agricultural labor is given the protection of the National Labor Relations Act. In the absence, too, of the protection given low-wage areas by the wage-and-hour law, the only solution, according to evidence before the committee, seems to be special wage boards, which will hold public hearings and fix wages under governmental authority wherever the employers are the recipients of federal benefit payments. The Congressional provision for public wage hearings under the Sugar Act in the sugar-beet industry has been cited as precedent. There has been no strife in the beet fields since the passage of this act, which provides that growers who accept benefits must pay the wages fixed by the Department of Agriculture after public hearings in the various sugar-beet areas. Governor Olson tried to make use of such hearings to head off the recent Madera cotton strike, which was the result of unilateral wage-fixing. Figures introduced into the evidence show that in 1938 federal agricultural conservation payments to 8,700 California growers totaled $3,356,361. Of this group, 204 members of the Associated Farmers received $1,107,544.

When the California hearings are over and the La Follette committee makes a report to Congress, the refusal of large growers to deal with their field-factory employees on a collective basis, the unprotected status of these workers, and the resulting disproportion of strife will probably call for remedial recommendations. Such recommendations must take into consideration the very legitimate fears of growers, brought out by several witnesses, that the perishability of their crops entitles them to some protection against the delays that may grow out of collective bargaining. It is doubtful, though, whether either the La Follette committee or Congress will pay much attention to the plea of Associated Farmers' representatives that everything would be lovely in California if it were not for Communists and agitators and the C. I. O.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

The Crime of Georges Bonnet

BY ROBERT DELL

IT IS usually wise to take with a grain of salt any information given out by the German government, but I am convinced of the authenticity of the information concerning Georges Bonnet reported from Berlin in the New York *Times* of January 17. The documents published by the German government, purporting to show that Bonnet just before the Franco-German peace declaration of December 6, 1938, indicated France's willingness to give Germany a clear way in Eastern Europe, confirm the information that I myself obtained in Paris last May. It is, however, impossible to subscribe to the German thesis that the change in French policy after March 15, 1939, was a betrayal of the Franco-German understanding of December 6, 1938. The German government betrayed that declaration and violated the Munich agreement by invading and annexing Bohemia and Moravia. Nor was the change in French policy due, as the German government pretends, to British influence. Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons on March 15 is sufficient evidence of this, for he announced then that he had no intention of altering his policy. The change in French policy, like the change in British policy, was due to the pressure of public opinion.

Georges Bonnet remains a member of the government—although he is now Minister of Justice instead of Foreign Minister—probably because Daladier himself was so completely compromised that he dared not get rid of him. Starting July 28, 1939, *L'Ordre* published a series of articles by that very able journalist André Stibio, on The Past, Present, and Future of the Daladier Experience. Stibio said that it was to be regretted that Daladier had "established his power and gained his immense popularity by the most disastrous swindle at the expense of peace" (*la plus funeste escroquerie à la paix*), that is to say, the Munich agreement. What Stibio thought even less excusable than the signature of the agreement was Daladier's defense of it after he had signed it. He should, Stibio said, have frankly admitted that he had been wrong, told the French people the truth about Munich, and solemnly put an end to the policy of concessions, whereas he allowed his head to be turned by flattery and tried to justify a policy that he knew to have been disastrous. Munich was followed by "a sort of Franco-German honeymoon," by which "the mistrustful peasant, who calls himself a Jacobin," was taken in.

The German documents show how far the "honeymoon" went. They make it clear that, as nearly all well-informed people thought at the time, the Franco-German declaration of December 6, 1938, although innocuous in appearance, covered an understanding to give Germany a free hand in Eastern Europe. Before the declaration was signed, German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop appears to have made it plain to Bonnet that, to quote the Berlin correspondent of the *Times,* "Germany regarded Eastern Europe as her own private sphere of interest and considered the French military alliances with Poland and the rump Czechoslovakia to be 'atavisms' that the new and powerful Germany could no longer accept." Bonnet signed in full knowledge of this attitude.

The documents published by the German government include reports, telegraphed to Berlin by the German ambassador to Paris, Count von Welczek, of various conversations that he had had with Bonnet. The remarks attributed to Bonnet in these reports are so characteristic of that gentleman that it is impossible to doubt their accuracy. On January 26, 1939, Bonnet made a speech in the Chamber in which he reaffirmed the interest of France in Eastern Europe and insisted on the maintenance of the alliance between France and Poland. According to the German ambassador, Bonnet read several passages of this speech to him before it was delivered and said that some of them were meant only for internal consumption and that France adhered "to her present policy on Eastern Europe," that is, the policy of giving Germany a free hand.

Naturally, the speech excited the wrath of von Ribbentrop, who instructed the German ambassador to protest against it on the ground that it would give Poland and Czechoslovakia the impression that France "was taking up again a policy of encirclement directed against the Reich." Bonnet, according to the German ambassador, denied this and said that in foreign-policy debates in the Chamber things were often said that obviously were only for internal consumption.

On February 6, 1939, Ribbentrop, according to the German documents, complained to Robert Coulondre, the French ambassador to Berlin, of Bonnet's speech on January 26. Coulondre replied that it was difficult for France to renounce Eastern Europe while making concessions in the Mediterranean, but that it would undertake no policy in Eastern Europe that would disturb Germany.

The Munich agreement provided for a guaranty by England, France, Germany, and Italy of the new frontiers of Czechoslovakia. In an article published in *The*

Nation on October 22, 1938, I declared this guaranty to be "an insult added to injury" and "a piece of arrant hypocrisy." This was afterward proved to be true by the fact that the guaranty was never given even by England and France. The German documents provide further evidence that I was right. It appears from them that the question of the guaranty was discussed between Ribbentrop and Bonnet before the signature of the declaration of December 6, 1938. In the course of this conversation, according to the documents, Ribbentrop said that Germany would regard a French guaranty to Czechoslovakia as a form of intervention in Germany's sphere of interest. Bonnet gave him to understand that, although "France was forced by the pressure of events to foresee the possibility of guaranteeing the Czechoslovak frontiers," as the promise of the guaranty had been the price paid for the Czechoslovak renunciation of the Sudeten territory, France would in certain circumstances regard a four-power guaranty of the Czechoslovak frontiers "as an onerous remnant of the defunct French-Czech alliance that was of no particular importance."

The Franco-German "honeymoon" manifested itself in the secret negotiations early last year between influential groups of French and German industrialists and big business men, which had official approval in both countries. The French group proposed close commercial relations between France and Germany which would have amounted almost, if not quite, to a customs union. The proposal was aimed against England and would almost inevitably have led to a Franco-German alliance, although its authors disclaimed any political aims. Not to be outdone, Chamberlain sent a delegation of British industrialists to Berlin to conclude a commercial agreement. The events of March 15 put an end to both schemes.

One of the worst results of the "honeymoon" was the free hand given to German propaganda in France. When I returned to Paris in the middle of July German propaganda had made ravages on French opinion, and the Abetz scandal had made it clear that German money had been pouring into the country. Most people in Paris believed that Bonnet himself distributed the German funds to the French press, just as Poincaré distributed funds supplied by the Russian government before the last war. The scandal broke when the news-editor of the *Temps* and the business manager of the *Figaro* were arrested for receiving German money. The latter died in prison. A veil of secrecy was then drawn over the affair, and the public was given no further information. This was not surprising, for Abetz, the German agent involved, was on terms of friendship with Bonnet and his wife. He was finally called upon to leave France, and his attempt to get permission to return, although it had influential French support, was unsuccessful. When I arrived in Paris in the middle of July the morale of the French people had been seriously undermined, but, as has always happened, the menace of war united them, and when I left Paris for Geneva on August 28 their morale was splendid.

André Stibio said in the articles already mentioned that Daladier's conversion after March 15 was sincere and had been lasting, and his opinion was shared by others in a position to know and in whose judgment I have confidence. Nevertheless, it is not to the advantage of either England or France that the men responsible for the blunders that led to the present war should be still in office. At the least, Bonnet ought to go.

In the Wind

DURING THE recent West Coast deportation hearings on Harry Bridges, Examiner James M. Landis and Bridges never conversed outside the proceedings. One day, however, a Coast newspaper published pictures of Landis and Bridges with the captions reversed. The next morning Landis found a copy of the paper on his desk with this notation in Bridges's handwriting: "Look out—or you'll be deporting yourself."

THE ELKS LODGE of Cincinnati invited Martin Dies to address one of the meetings. Dies agreed, and the date was set for February 19. Now members of the lodge are threatening to withdraw the invitation because of the financial terms set by Dies's lecture agent. He proposed to assign 200 tickets to the Elks to sell for $2.50 each and retain 600 for himself to sell at $10, giving the Elks $2.50 on each and keeping the remainder except for a $500 fee to Dies. While the Elks are considering canceling the affair, the Cincinnati Business League is investigating the promotion methods of The Great Investigator's promoter.

OVER ITS story of the President's message to Congress the Chicago *Daily News* carried the banner headline: "Roosevelt Calls for Unity." Directly below appeared the picture of a woman; it was captioned "Unity Freeman-Mitford."

IN ITS DECEMBER 30 issue *Liberty* magazine carried an article by H. G. Wells on British war aims. In the article Wells sharply attacks Chamberlain. The Canadian edition of the weekly carried a box explaining that Mr. Wells's views "do not necessarily represent those of *Liberty's* editors."

ADVERTISEMENT IN a Berne, Switzerland, newspaper: "We are going to see the price of stone and marble rise. Take advantage of my very reasonable prices and give me your orders without delay. If you don't need a tombstone now for one of your family, order one for yourself. I will keep it without charge in my shop till the day when it can be used."

READER'S DIGEST recently ran this heading over an article: "Give 'Em Grade A." And directly below: "Condensed from *Fortune*."

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SOMEBODY asked me the other day what I would do in the matter of mediation in the present war if I were President of the United States. I replied that I would offer mediation on even Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and odd Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, with all Sundays thrown in for good measure. In other words, I favor continuing mediation. I should also, were I Mr. Roosevelt, immediately ask the Pope to join me in getting the heads of Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden to sign a joint request to the belligerents that they once more state their peace terms, without recriminations and without self-laudation—just in the fewest words possible. It would then be possible to see whether they should be invited to send representatives to discuss, together with representatives of the neutral states, the question of a settlement.

I know that there will be strong dissent from some of those who read these words. I have had the reasons against such a move stated to me over and over again in Germany, Holland, England, and the United States. In London a high official thought the difficulties in the way of even formulating exact terms very great. I replied that I knew more difficulties than he did, because I had just been in Berlin and had heard the matter discussed there. But whatever the obstacles, right-minded men everywhere I went were of the opinion that one more effort should be made to see if the Allies and Hitler could not be brought together. The alternative is a knock-out blow inflicted by one side or the other, or a stalemate with all Europe going to pieces from economic and financial exhaustion. The fighters will lose nothing if the President makes this effort. They can go right on bombing and sinking ships and guarding both sides of the Rhine. If the effort comes to nothing, the military situation will not have been changed.

Naturally the first objection is, "But how in the world could you get Hitler to consider setting up small Polish and Czech states—no sane man believes that it would be possible or desirable to reconstitute the old Czechoslovakia, and Poland cannot be restored without a war with Russia?" To this my answer is that no man can foretell what Hitler will do, but that I am more than ever convinced that there is a split both in the German army and in the German Foreign Office and that considerable elements in both of them would like peace negotiations for various reasons. Hitler and his generals must also be aware of the total lack of enthusiasm for the war, even opposition to it, on the part of the bulk of their fellow-countrymen. The officer in the Frankfort tram who said openly one day, "Why, the spirit of the people in this city about the war is devastating. It is better at the front," revealed a great deal. I do not know whether those dissenting governmental and military forces, plus the attitude of the public, are sufficiently powerful to induce Hitler to consider terms which would be a profound humiliation and defeat for him. Nor does anyone else know. I am only urging that the method suggested above be resorted to in order to ascertain this.

More than that, I am convinced that if such an offer were made by the Pope, President Roosevelt, and the heads of the countries I have enumerated, it would not be possible for Hitler wholly to suppress the news of the move. If he did try to conceal it and it leaked into Germany, it would do him a tremendous amount of harm and increase the ill-will of the majority of his people toward him and the war. Similarly, I cannot think of any better anti-Hitler propaganda than to publicize his refusal to reply to an offer from such sources. The news would be bound to get into Germany and would immediately raise the question why he had taken this extraordinary attitude against such important mediators.

Of course much would depend upon how confident the pro-Hitler generals are that they will win the war next spring. Undoubtedly many military men and a great many civilian officials believe that they will win easily. The stake that Hitler and his gangsters are playing for is the domination of the European world. They may be willing to gamble their lives and the success of their party on the chance of rising to a height of power never before achieved in the history of Europe. On the other hand, if they lose they lose everything; they will be lucky if they get off with exile like that of the Kaiser at Doorn. That is the exact situation. The question each reader of these lines must decide for himself is whether he thinks that this statement of the case warrants one more effort being made before such blood-letting takes place that no further effort to stop the war will be possible until a knockout blow has been delivered or all Europe is completely finished. I hope that no reader will overlook the fact that Germany can no more be cleansed of Hitlerism and National Socialism by forces from the outside than it was purged of militarism by the Allies and the United States in 1918, when our joint efforts, plus the Treaty of Versailles and the inflation, produced a vastly more dangerous militarism than that of the Kaiser.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Telephone Company

A. T. & T.: THE STORY OF INDUSTRIAL CONQUEST. By N. R. Danielian. Vanguard Press. $3.75.

AMERICAN TEL & TEL: THE STORY OF A GREAT MONOPOLY. By Horace Coon. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

UNTIL now the student of corporate business, its operation, financing, and regulation, has had relatively little information on the affairs of the giant of corporations, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. As a result of the Federal Communications Commission's recent investigation, there is now an abundance of data, which, though of public record, is far too technical and complex, and too inaccessible, to be of great service to any except specialists. A general summary has been sorely needed, and the two present volumes are designed to fill that want.

Of the two books, Dr. Danielian's is by far the better done and the more comprehensive; it bears the unmistakable marks of a skilled hand and an inquiring mind. Fortunately, the scope of the book is broad and the subject-matter well balanced; thus the treatment of the immediate problem of the control of the price of telephone service is not allowed to overshadow the less pressing but far more basic aspects of the A. T. and T. as an organization of economic and political importance. In readable fashion Dr. Danielian tells of the beginnings and growth of the Bell System of telephone service and of the course by which the control over the system was transferred from a group of small-time Bostonians to New Yorkers with plans for a nation-wide monopoly.

Dr. Danielian lays to rest the myth that the A. T. and T. is a "publicly owned" institution by virtue of the fact that its 18,662,275 shares were owned in 1935 by 664,095 stockholders, and that no single person held as much as 1 per cent of the total shares. These data do not accurately represent the situation, for 50.5 per cent of the total shares were held by 5.2 per cent of the stockholders, and 1,034 persons held 16.6 per cent of all shares. In contrast, small holders, with ten shares or less, comprised 57.5 per cent of all shareholders, but owned only 9.9 per cent of all shares. Thus, while it is true that telephone-company shares are somewhat more widely scattered than those of other corporations, nevertheless, the majority ownership is highly concentrated, and, as Dr. Danielian shows, control is lodged in the hands of a self-perpetuating management.

Every chapter of "A. T. & T." is illuminating and challenging. The much-publicized research activities of the A. T. and T. are carried on not only for the purpose of improving performance and advancing technical knowledge but also for the protection of the present domain of A. T. and T. from invasion by newcomers armed with patents upon new and competing techniques. Patents have played a large part in the struggles between A. T. and T., Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, and others for the control of communications, broadcasting, and motion pictures. From time to time, after tests of strength and considerable maneuvering, these contests have been settled by various private agreements to divide the contested field and thus to preserve monopoly.

The contrast between the telephone company's dividend policy and its treatment of workers is very telling. From 1929 to 1935 approximately 185,000 persons lost jobs in the Bell System (including the Western Electric Company), some because of change from the manual to the mechanical switching system, others as a result of the "speed-up" in pace of work, and still others because of the decline of traffic and the cessation of new construction. Yet while Bell System employment in 1935 was almost 40 per cent less than in 1929, dividend payments in the same period had increased. The far-famed $9 dividend was paid regularly. Total stock outstanding, on which dividends were paid, increased by 5,400,000 shares. From 1932 to 1935, inclusive, it was necessary to dip into surplus to pay dividends. Dr. Danielian is justly critical of the A. T. and T. policy of maintaining dividends and reducing employment and pay rolls, which, if followed everywhere, intensifies the disparities between rigid and flexible elements in the economic system, restricts expansion of investment and consumption, and increases economic instability.

Space is lacking to sketch even briefly the nature of the material in the remaining chapters. These include a damaging analysis of the Bell System's pension plan; a description of the way in which A. T. and T. benefited by federal operation during 1918; a vivid, and sometimes too detailed, account of the A. T. and T.'s attempts to mold the public mind and "sell" the system; a résumé of the behavior of telephone profits; a clear-cut summary of the problems involved in regulating the A. T. and T. as a public utility; and, finally, a suggestive chapter on political economics, which includes Dr. Danielian's specific recommendations for control of the A. T. and T.

A work of this kind is bound to be controversial, more as to interpretations of facts and conclusions than as to the facts themselves. Dr. Danielian hits hard, but, it seems to the present reviewer, fairly. The A. T. and T. may feel aggrieved at being singled out for special attention and analysis, when, in some respects, it has a cleaner record than that of many other large corporations. Yet it cannot hope to escape the attention that it richly deserves, for as a modern super-corporation its functioning presents clearly and insistently the major issues in the social control of business. Certainly whoever is interested in the origins, development, behavior, and consequences of modern business enterprise will welcome Dr. Danielian's able, suggestive, and penetrating treatment.

Mr. Coon's book suffers by comparison with that of Dr. Danielian. It stresses the earlier history of the A. T. and T. and skimps on the analysis of the behavior of the full-grown system. It may be of value to the reader who looks for a rapidly moving narrative, enlivened by the "color" of personalities and not too burdened with evidence and proof. But it is far too superficial to be of great use to the serious student of economics.

HUBERT F. HAVLIK

"Without Architect or Plan"

REVOLUTION IN LAND. By Charles Abrams. Harper and Brothers. $3.

OF ALL our myriad social and economic headaches, the land problem is undoubtedly the one that has received the least attention during recent decades. Although theorists, politicians, and special interests, as well as local and federal government, have busied themselves with closely related problems, such as conservation, housing, zoning, erosion, no one since Henry George has tried to deal with the land problem as a whole. No one, that is, before Charles Abrams, former counsel to the New York City Housing Authority, wrote "Revolution in Land."

In fact, "Revolution in Land" bites off far more than Henry George ever tried to chew. It attempts to trace the economic evolution of land from feudalism to monopoly capitalism. It tries to analyze the farm problem *in toto,* as well as the New Deal's farm program. It surveys the position of land in economic thought. It dissects the construction industry. It analyzes mortgage financing and real-property taxation. It traces the course of federal land policies and federal housing policies. It asks for an integrated, long-range approach to the problem.

Unfortunately, the reader is sometimes forced to question whether Charles Abrams has not also bitten off more than he can chew. His approach is so all-embracing that at certain points in the book the author could have devoted an entire chapter to the astronomical problem of land in motion without causing much surprise to the average reader. But the difficulty, essentially, is not that too much has been bitten off, but that there has been too little chewing. There is often a disconcerting vagueness in terminology, too great a shying away from basic problems, and too little constructive criticism.

Yet despite these faults—or perhaps because of them—the book is what can be unreservedly classed as "stimulating reading." First of all, it raises a myriad pressing questions. Moreover, it minces no words in showing the necessity for a coordinated policy of urban and rural zoning, federal land purchase, federal housing, and federal farm aid.

> In no case are the expenditures [writes Abrams, referring to government housing programs] part of a permanent working program. In no case are fundamental changes of any kind contemplated. FSA has developed a few farms for selected tenants. USHA has undertaken a small housing program for urban wage-earners. Farmers have been subsidized. Bank deposits have been guaranteed. Old home mortgages have been refinanced. New home mortgages are being insured. Yet as a whole these measures utterly lack integration. We have simply underpinned, here and there, as cracks appeared in the walls that support almost the whole economic structure. We have done it without architect or plan. . . . Perhaps this has been possible because we were reluctant to think through the whole complex and difficult problem, and we were very quick to assume, on the slightest of all possible evidence, that somehow the weakness in the land economy would disappear and all would be well again with those involved with it.

Furthermore, the book presents a striking, albeit oversimplified, picture of the evolution of land. In earlier centuries land was a dominant economic and political force. Today, says Abrams, its former position has been lost; it is the slave of industry. On the one hand, industry has triumphed over agriculture. On the other, once the early period of speculation was over, it refused to invest even in urban land; there was more liquidity, more profits, in railroads, automobiles, and steel. And to make matters worse, the declining rate of population growth means that there will always be an oversupply of land and that land values will never rise. Accordingly, if nationalization of land becomes absolutely necessary, it will not be because of the excess profits that Henry George thought the inevitable result of private property in land but for "the opposite reason that land today yields excess losses."

Finally, an enthusiastic word must be said for the style in which the book is written. Abrams's prose is beautifully rhythmic—at times almost Spenglerian, although lighter and more concise. Few books dealing with economic problems can compare with it in liveliness and fluidity of expression. For this reason alone—if not for the book's ambitious scope—it deserves a place of honor upon the bookshelves of the serious reader.

BERTRAM M. GROSS

New Life into Old Forms

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AND OTHER POEMS. By Reuel Denney. Yale University Press. $2.

THIS is the most brilliant first book of poems to appear since "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," but whereas Mr. Schwartz unevenly gyrated on the plains of heaven between the gods of form and meaning, Mr. Denney always keeps at least one foot on the ground. The result is less spectacular, certainly. Mr. Denney attempts no ambitious syntheses of Aristotle, Marx, and Freud. Nor does he achieve any of the originalities of rhythm or symbol that made Mr. Schwartz's book an experimental landmark. He does, however, through a quiet conjunction of acute hearing and clear thinking, achieve both a style that is his own and a uniform record of successful communication that in the serious poets of the post-Auden generation is unique.

Mr. Denney's title poem is a sort of social "Bateau Ivre," owing something to Crane and Spender as well as to Rimbaud, sifting the heritage of New England with more discrimination than is usual, rejecting the generation that "brought the fans but not the hold-stench home," accepting entirely only

Our bride . . . the river in the valley
And all the hills around that did not die
When father moved his office into death . . .

Mr. Denney, like every true poet, can write in the traditional forms. Even the "anapaestic" comes to life, and sometimes he blows so much new life into old forms that they bulge. Though always moderately, he uses Hopkins's device of spinning a line out suddenly with extra syllables like a whip. Boldly and successfully he fuses the unexpected Elizabethan words—encysted, signet, perfect—with the contemporary. The Iroquois "packed a wicked arrow." The Hammer-Thrower, in the finest poem about an athlete I have seen, is "golden-jointed and new-eyed." And symbolically as well, the past is used to illuminate the present: "The old men rake the leaves. The thin skies hone the spire."

We would recognize in Mr. Denney an "intellectual" poet without being reminded that he teaches English in Buffalo and heads a City Planning Association. The miracle is that while he never discards his learning he is never encumbered by it. The secret of this is that Mr. Denney is looking for life rather than knowledge. The search is illuminated by the knowledge, and when the poet says, "Call all the birds of Audubon!" the reader moves forward toward the bird rather than backward into the book.

> Science is what the world is, earth and water.
> And what its seasons do. And what space fountained it.
> It is forges hidden underground. It is the dawn's slow salvo.
> It is the closed retort. *And it is not yet.*

The italics are mine. SELDEN RODMAN

Californiana

NAVAL SKETCHES OF THE WAR IN CALIFORNIA. By Gunner William H. Meyers. Designed and printed by the Grabhorn Press. Random House. $25.

SELDOM in one book has historical and typographical interest been more arrestingly combined than in "Naval Sketches of the War in California," by Gunner William H. Meyers. The portfolio of sketches was acquired by President Roosevelt some years ago, and this volume of reproductions was undertaken because of his recognition of their rare historical value. In an introduction Mr. Roosevelt gives some, but not all, of the reasons for the annexation of California, which was decided on just after the outbreak of the Mexican War, and recalls the real danger of violation of the Monroe Doctrine by certain European powers which were casting greedy eyes on California, where revolt against Mexico simmered. This foreword is followed by a detailed account of the campaign by Captain D. N. Knox. His narrative explains the sketches.

Of chief interest, however, are the quaint water colors, executed with delightful naivete by the young artist-gunner. With a genuine flair for landscape, he sketched the barren, desolate harbors along the coast from California to Panama. Ships too must have fascinated him, for his picture of his own sloop of war, "the good ship Dale," and of other naval vessels are done with meticulous attention to detail and sometimes with real beauty.

Spirited sketches of naval bombardments showing the loading and firing of cannon give amusing glimpses of old-time techniques. And in numerous battle scenes on land the diminutive warriors, for all their occasional woodenness, have a comical, sprightly life, particularly the Mexicans in their multicolored uniforms. Horses, too, share the emotions of their riders, sometimes rearing and prancing, sometimes hunched in abject misery, or, again, scuttling ignominiously out of danger.

The colored reproductions, done by means of linoleum cuts, are a new departure in the work of the Grabhorn Press and will delight amateurs of fine printing. For the historian, these eyewitness sketches of half-forgotten battles by sea and land, whose results were of such vital importance to our national development, throw new light upon a hitherto obscure phase of American expansion. RUTH PIELKOVA

The American Negro Family

THE NEGRO FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES. By E. Franklin Frazier. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE Negro family has many characteristics which make it a special problem in the study of American institutions. In desertion and illegitimacy rates, in the role of father and mother within the family and the attitudes of collateral relatives, as well as in other aspects, it is found to differ from the general American pattern. The Negro family thus offers a twofold challenge to students; one methodological, the other historical.

Professor Frazier paints his subject on a large canvas, but this in no wise impairs his attention to detail. The book is both extremely well organized and engagingly written; not the least ingredient of its charm is the almost Biblical terminology of the titles given its parts and chapters.

The first part of the book treats of the Negro family during the period of slavery. The development of the post-Civil War family is next discussed—the adjustments that had to be made by the newly freed Negroes, and the importance during this period of the Negro mother and grandmother. The development toward the conventional type of American family with the father as its acknowledged head is then described. The account of the effect of the great northward migration on Negro family ties is a distressing tale of disorganization and desertion; the contemporary situation, considered in the final section, In the City of Rebirth, shows how the initial clash between the older established families and the aggressive newcomers is working out. No better presentation of the *mores* of Negro middle-class life is to be found anywhere, while the discussion of the black proletariat shows a fine grasp of the situation in which the Negro worker is caught.

Mr. Frazier takes it for granted in his discussion, however, that all African patterns have been completely forgotten, and that only the tradition of slavery remains as background:

> Probably never before in history has a people been so nearly completely stripped of its social heritage as the Negroes who were brought to America. Other conquered races have continued to worship their household gods within the intimate circle of their kinsmen. But American slavery destroyed household gods and dissolved the bonds of sympathy and affection between men of the same blood and household . . . of the habits and customs as well as the hopes and fears that connected the life of their forebears in Africa, nothing remains.

From this starting-point further assumptions follow. "The family" has valid meaning only as it signifies the accepted pattern of white family organization; "morality" is morality solely in terms of the values of the white American majority.

Yet, one must ask, does not this position attempt the logically almost impossible task of proving a negative; and does it not deny the pluralistic nature of social phenomena? We are told that Africanisms persisted in the West Indies. Was the situation in the United States so different?

It is not possible in the space of this review to document the answers to these queries. Yet, as one case in point, one may well wonder whether the facts of Negro life under slavery are sufficient of themselves, without reference to

African custom, to explain the importance of the mother in the Negro family. For the regions of Africa from which the slaves were drawn not only contain many cultures in which descent is counted on the mother's side, but exhibit the attitudes engendered by a type of family organization based on a man having a number of wives. In such an organization, while a child shares his father with the children of other women, he shares his mother only with his "real" brothers and sisters. One must ask if such traditions and attitudes have not been reinforced by the situation of slavery rather than suppressed.

Professor Frazier, it is to be feared, has not ranged as widely over the materials dealing with African social organization as he has over data on the American Negro family, and the day has gone by when the problem of Africanisms in New World Negro life can be discussed without an adequate command of African ethnology. With such equipment he would realize that his account of a Negro family reunion could with a few changes in wording be placed before almost any Africanist as a satisfactory generalized description of the ancestral rite of an aboriginal African group. Yet this American Negro family comprises persons who hold higher degrees, and is one of those "black puritan" groups which Mr. Frazier cites as an important force in acculturating Negro family life to general white patterns.

While this book, therefore, is a major source of facts concerning the present organization of the Negro family in this country, its historical interpretations must be regarded with some skepticism. Yet it must be stressed that in taking his uncompromising interpretative stand, Mr. Frazier does a service by bringing to the fore the issue of the African background of American Negro life. For this is one of the most vital elements in the psychological foundation of race prejudice in the United States, just as it is the most important single factor in the spiritual demoralization that comes to many Negroes from their deep-seated conviction, which I believe is a false one, that they have no past except in slavery.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

War-torn China

CHINA AT WAR. By Freda Utley. The John Day Company. $3.75.

"HUMANE ENDEAVOR": THE STORY OF THE CHINA WAR. By Haldore Hanson. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

CHINA'S misfortunes in the past few years have conferred one indirect benefit on the outside world. For the first time we have been given, not one or two good books on that distant land, but a whole series of them as experienced correspondents have journeyed through the country and put their findings to paper. Miss Utley's volume is distinctly a war book. It portrays the horror, the suffering, the inefficiency, and the idealism of a China fighting against great odds. It is primarily a factual account of day-to-day events as the author traveled from Canton to Hankow, and thence to the front. The closing chapters contain a brief review of recent political developments and an evaluation of China's prospects for victory. The author has great sympathy for the Chinese, and her adventures, like those of anyone who visits China today, make absorbing reading. Old China hands may find many of her observations a little obvious, but for those who do not know China intimately her account will be definitely more readable and instructive than the esoteric books of persons long resident in China.

Although fundamentally the same type of book, Mr. Hanson's volume is much more substantial. Mr. Hanson, an Associated Press correspondent in Peiping, lived in China from 1934 until last spring. Few other correspondents have visited as many sections of the war front. He was in Peiping when the war started, having just returned from an extended trip to the Yangtze Valley. He was the first American to visit Paotingfu after the capture of that city, and was arrested for his zeal. Afterwards he penetrated the Japanese lines and covered nearly all of the Eighth Route Army's zone of operations. After a visit to the mecca of modern China—Yenan—he spent three months in southwestern China visiting Chiang Kai-shek's base of operations. On the basis of this unparallelled experience, Mr. Hanson has written the most complete of all the recent books on China and one of the most interesting. The chapters on the guerrillas are particularly fascinating. No foreigner except the Snows and Agnes Smedley have spent so long a time with the Eighth Route Army, and Hanson's material is by far the most up-to-date available on the Communists. Although not as politically astute as some observers, he is an excellent reporter. One does not need to accept his rather uncritical picture of the central government or the Eighth Route Army in order to profit from his experience and reportorial ability.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Shorter Notices

J. PIERPONT MORGAN: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT. By Herbert L. Satterlee. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

This biography of the elder Morgan is by Pa's son-in-law, who explains in an introduction that "no book, magazine article, or newspaper story about Mr. Morgan has heretofore been written with his permission or with that of his family, *and none has had their approval.*" The italics are ours. It need hardly be added that Mr. Satterlee does not regard the banker as a robber baron. The biography is curiously bucolic in tone: "In December (1891) Mr. Morgan's old railroad enemy Jay Gould passed away, and E. H. Harriman was the only man left who antagonized him in the transportation world." This is the domestic view. Father must not be antagonized. The government was constantly annoying him: "It was while he was kept at home with a bad cold that the United States government brought suit to dissolve the Steel Corporation." When Junior worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder, there was rejoicing. "On January 1, 1892, Jack was admitted to partnership in Drexel, Morgan and Company . . . and it was a proud and happy day for both father and son." He was a religious man, and his great wealth did not embarrass him in the performance of his duties as a parishioner: "Mr. Morgan attended the morning service at St. George's as usual, joined in the singing of the carols, and passed the plate." Mr. Satterlee writes that "people who are not familiar with the history of business in the United States during the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth century may wonder why, in this portrait of Mr. Morgan, only casual mention is made of the large purchases and sales of securities . . . which passed over his desk during those interesting years." After getting to know Mr. Satterlee better, we do not wonder.

ENGLAND'S MONEY LORDS. By Simon Haxey. Harrison-Hilton Books. $2.50.

Simon Haxey has carried out an elaborate and useful piece of research which proves all too well the unpleasant amount of truth contained in that favorite fascist epithet—"plutodemocracy." The British House of Commons has long contained a majority of Tories who, in addition to representing their constituencies, are members of and agents for a small and narrow class. As this book shows, in the achievement of the position of Tory M. P. brains and eloquence are of much less importance than cash and connections. Tory local organizations expect a candidate to pay his own heavy expenses and contribute generously to the local funds. As a result the average Tory M. P. is the son of well-to-do parents, educated at one of the great "public schools" and at Oxford or Cambridge. If not a business executive, he is likely to be a landowner, a military or naval officer, or a practitioner of one of the more lucrative professions. Either directly or by marriage he is probably related to a titled family. He is a director of one or more great corporations, has an income around $40,000, and can expect to leave a fortune of nearly $1,000,000. He has a town and a country house, belongs to an exclusive club, and is a devotee of hunting, fishing, shooting, or golf.

This composite portrait is built up from the facts and figures provided by this book. They include a fascinating diagram showing the relation of members of Parliament to a small group of aristocratic families, and an analysis of business interests indicating that almost all leading British corporations have their Parliamentary spokesman. This may account for the fact that the cruder forms of corruption are much less prevalent in Britain than in this country.

MUSIC

COLUMBIA'S January records being late, I will go on for the time being with the subject of opera. And what I would like to point out first is that on this as on other musical subjects discussion continues to be carried on in the terms of certain ideas no matter how many times these ideas are shown to have no basis in fact. In the case of opera one of the ideas is concerned with the effect of government subsidy: repeatedly one encounters the statement that the greatness of the Vienna Opera, among others, was one that could be achieved only by a subsidized company which was able to ignore the box office, and that the defects of the Metropolitan's repertory and productions during the Gatti regime, on the other hand, were due to the fact that it had to pay its own way—which it did by giving popular operas, by giving more performances than could be kept up to a high standard, by merely throwing together, under these mass-production conditions, performances with a few popular stars.

This statement is based on a wrong notion of the purpose and the effect of the Vienna Opera's subsidy. Whether it came out of the emperor's pocket or out of the republic's treasury, its purpose was not to make the management indifferent to what happened at the box office, but to cover the deficit that was inevitable under prices scaled to make the performances accessible to persons of small incomes. At that point the difference between Vienna and New York ends; from that point on they are alike: like the Metropolitan directors the Austrian emperor or government expected seats to be sold and performances to be given that would cause the seats to be bought.

But the similarity goes farther. You may have read the New York *Times* correspondent's reports of the defects in the Vienna Opera's repertory and productions during the last years of the Austrian republic—among other things the performances thrown together with a few popular stars. From my own seven months' experience in Vienna in the winter of 1928-29 I can testify that these reports were correct—that many of the performances were as poor as those that were to be heard at that time at the Metropolitan. And it may seem at first that they were poor for the same reason—that the Vienna company, too, had to attract audiences with popular stars in popular operas, and that it operated under even worse mass-production conditions, since it had to give performances seven days a week not for twenty-four weeks but for ten months of the year, and to work during the remaining two months at the Salzburg Festival.

But the fact is that under the same working conditions the Vienna company had a period of extraordinary brilliance early in the century—the period on which its fame and the current views about subsidized opera rest. And if under the same conditions the results were different—if repertory, singing, staging, and all the rest added up to productions that are still talked about today—the reason was solely in the fact that the artistic director of the company was Gustav Mahler, with all this meant in taste and personal force. The decline to the 1928-29 level began with Mahler's departure; but even in 1928-29 I heard several performances of memorable quality in Vienna—those conducted by Richard Strauss. Mahler went to the Metropolitan; and the fact is that there were great productions there also in the early years of the Gatti regime—those which represented the taste and authority of Mahler and Toscanini; that it was the absence of such taste and authority that brought the Metropolitan to the low level of the later years; that only with their return will the productions acquire distinction once more. As yet they have not returned; and the situation is like the one in a European Foreign Office, where the ministers who come and go count for less than the permanent undersecretary who remains: Mr. Johnson has been able to renovate the orchestra and restore a few important works to the repertory; but Messrs Ziegler and Lewis, who have remained from the Gatti period, keep the Metropolitan today essentially what it was then.

Mozart's Mass in C minor received its first New York performance from the Schola Cantorum, which pointed out "the

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unfortunate fact that even recognized choral masterpieces, if difficult, are heard very infrequently in New York," and that Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, for example, "has been given on only four occasions in the last twenty years." The C minor Mass has some extraordinarily beautiful sections and a few passages of great power, but I think W. J. Turner goes too far in ranking it with the Missa Solemnis and Bach's B minor Mass: I don't think it reaches the spiritual heights of the one or has the sustained constructive power of the other. Its companion work is rather Verdi's Requiem.

B. H. HAGGIN

DANCE

The Dances of Mexico

ODOR of roses and excrement . . . a shower of sparkling fireworks, the flash of white teeth in a brown face, gleaming *granadas* piled high under ancient colonnades, copper pots reflecting the sunlight . . . a pockmarked six-year-old selling lottery tickets with a grim insistence. Pottery the color of soft, rich earth, hand-loomed textiles in brilliant shades, and tawny leatherware mingle with the sleazy rayons in ice-cream colors, glass jewelry, and second-hand hardware —rusty screws and nails cast off like scum from the great industrialized world. An ulcerous hand drips pus into tortillas. Files of silent Indians drive loaded burros before them, their women following with downcast eyes. Exchange of goods and of talk, splashes of laughter in seas of silence. Heaps of refuse where hungry dogs pick their food . . . corners where drunkards sleep, where women pick up their skirts to squat, where a man whispers to a girl, where an agrarian leader outlines his plans to a few trusted men . . . soft voices, sharp haggling, the twang of a guitar, the tolling of a bell. Red roses, calla lilies, and sky-blue paper flowers on a gold-leaf altar. A peasant chases his wandering sow out of the church. And as the steady beat of the drum grows louder, a single flute enunciates its theme. The dancers, fantastically attired in masks, wearing elaborate costumes and headdresses, have begun an ancient dance, weaving through the streets of the town till they come to the atrium of the church, where they will dance throughout the day and night. Sweetness and sweat of fiesta.

Some place in Mexico it's always fiesta time. Each village celebrates the day of its patron saint with a fair, festivities, fireworks, church services, and dances. These religious celebrations provide an excellent opportunity to study the indigenous dances of the country. Many of the dances now performed on a Catholic saint's day are modified primitive rituals that were offered to Aztec gods in the days before the Conquest. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico with the sword and the cross, thousands of converted Indians built Catholic churches which they decorated with primitive carvings. On some of these seventeenth- and eighteenth-century buildings one finds, on either tower, the symbol of the two pagan deities, the Sun and the Moon. The ritual dance performed today in honor of a Christian saint is as strange a

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compound of paganism and Catholicism as the church on which its shadow falls.

Spanish civilization has, of course, been a dominant force in Mexican life and, consequently, in the Mexican dance. Three other influences, though of infinitely lesser impact, must also be noted: the French, the Negro, and more recently the American. The French influence, which was introduced in the mid-nineteenth century, was of brief duration, and since the forms of national aesthetic expression had already crystallized, effected few changes. These appear mostly in the furniture and architecture of urban homes of the middle and upper classes and in the literature produced by these same groups. In the dance, modifications are shown in costuming and in the introduction of French soldiers in some of the religious war dances and carnival dances. The Negro influence is visible in Vera Cruz and Oaxaca, where it has slightly affected some of the social dances, such as the *danzon.* Along the Costa Chica and inland from the Pacific there are Negro colonies which have never mixed with the native population. Here a variety of totemic dances of African origin can be seen. But owing to the isolation of these communities, they constitute a special type which has not contributed to or been affected by the general stream of the Mexican dance. The American influence is really that of modern industrial civilization, which arrived in Mexico with American capital. As yet it has not radically altered the life of the nation, though specific localities have undergone tremendous changes and almost all localities have undergone slight changes. In the dance this influence is even slighter than in social and economic life, though it exists in the jazz of a brass band accompanying a religious dance, in the gawdy rayon of a costume, and in the fox trot, pronounced "fawx," which has invaded some of the remotest villages. But the sum of the impact of all three cultures is as nothing compared to the deep infiltration and wide distribution of the Spanish culture, much of which still exists in the arrested form imposed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Throughout the centuries that have intervened between the Conquest and the present day, the Indian has responded to the Spanish culture in a number of unvarying modes. In some instances he has refused to function in the new civilization and has retained old habits and customs in a virtually unchanged state, yielding only an exacted surface obedience to the new masters. In other instances he has eagerly accepted the foreign patterns, incorporating them with established primitive forms which he still follows. Here the Spanish elements serve as an enhancement and decoration for what is still a basically Indian design for living. In other cases the eagerness to accept Spanish ways has been so great that the old has completely given way to the new, and only a few ineradicable hints of the pre-Conquest days remain, like the tenacious thorns of a cactus. In still other cases the Indian and Spanish cultures have interfused and mingled so harmoniously as to destroy the salient characteristics of each in the evolution of a new type. The resultant genre is neither Indian nor Spanish but typically Mexican.

The first three attitudes can be clearly seen in the ritual dances that take place during fiestas. The occasion for their performance is generally a Catholic celebration, but often the dances themselves have no connection with the Catholic tradition. There is good reason to believe that the "Volador," performed during Holy Week, is a sacrificial rite connected with an agricultural deity. When I witnessed it in the sierra of Puebla last spring, I asked some of the villagers why they did the dance. They answered that they had to perform it to insure good crops. Yet the ostensible occasion for the dance is the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Actually the dance has nothing to do with the Christian religion. It is a highly dangerous and spectacular ritual in which the participants dance in turn on a two-foot platform placed fifty feet above the ground on the upper extremity of a slender pole. After this, suspended by ropes attached to their bodies, they fly head first through the air in ever-widening circles until they reach the ground. Very often one or more of the performers never complete the dance but fall from the pole and are hurled to their death either before or during the flight. Despite government discouragement and actual prohibition, the dance persists. This is in large part because of a belief in its magic properties. From a description of the "Volador" written by an early Spanish chronicler one can see that it has hardly altered since the sixteenth century. Thus it provides an excellent example of the first attitude, the retention of primitivism. In this case the only influence of the new culture is found in the performance of the dance during Easter.

The dance of the "Moors and Christians" is an instance of the second attitude, which, while incorporating Spanish characteristics, subordinates them to the Indian elements. An Indian rhythm and dance concept triumph over a theme and costume that are distinctly Spanish. The dance originated in the "Moresque," which was extremely popular in Europe during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and which dealt with a sword combat between Moors and Christians. In adapting it the Indians have identified themselves with the conquerors, and have become the champions of the church against the heathen. In some versions lengthy dialogues in formal Spanish verse occur. A manuscript in my possession taken down in Chilpancingo, Guerrero, extends to thirty-five typewritten pages. In other versions there is no talking at all. Sometimes the dance consists of continuous mock skirmishes with flashing swords. At other times it is performed on horseback. In the execution of the dance the Indian element in rhythm and movement is dominant. Though the subject matter is Spanish, it is used decoratively in much the same fashion as a story is used by the European classic ballet as an excuse for a dance, as a thread on which to hang the movement.

The "King's Dance" exemplifies the third attitude, in which Spanish characteristics dominate. This is shown in its rhythm, manners, and quality of movement, although the dance does not appear to be an adaptation of any known Spanish dance. Its origin cannot be traced, but it seems to be a dance of some antiquity created by the inhabitants of the New World in complete harmony with the Spanish modes. Its psychological origins probably lie in the Indian's desire to emulate his conquerors. In the pointed toe work and air of would-be elegance it is unmistakably Spanish of the eighteenth century. It is mincing and courtly in its every gesture despite the occasional interpolation of Indian elements, which in this case appear more as gaucheries than as distinct attributes.

All the Mexican ritual dances can be considered as expressions of one of these three attitudes, exhibited in varying degrees: unmixed Indian, further classifiable according to region; Indian elements dominant, Spanish subordinate; Spanish elements dominant, Indian subordinate. These categories are not rigid. There are an infinite number of variations within the groupings; not all the dances of the second and third categories exhibit racial dominance in equal degrees or in similar ways. There are dances all along the scale, and at the central point the division of dominance is equal. Often it is the never completely reliable testimony of the senses that will designate a dance as a member of one rather than of another classification. Neither subject matter, costuming, nor musical instruments have been used as a basis for differentiation, though they are useful and highly suggestive as indications. It is the rhythm, choreographic plan, and type of movement which have served as the basic criteria.

The fourth attitude, which occurs in the very midpoint of the scale, where Spanish and Indian characteristics meet with equal force, is expressed in a large but homogeneous group of social dances. These mestizo dances of regional character originated some time after the Conquest and are performed at social gatherings, fairs, fiestas, weddings. The possible origin of the "Huapango," the most widely distributed of the group, is in the Spanish Fandango, which was popular in Spain during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the Mexican wooing dances, as in the Fandango, the partners never touch each other though they dance in pairs or in two facing lines. The rhythm is maintained, as in many of the Spanish dances, by stamping feet. Yet the rhythm itself is distinctly not Spanish. It is also distinctly not Indian. It is Mexican as is no other dance or music of the country. It represents the most striking manifestation of cultural interfusion in the dance. Though the dances are lively and spirited, they lack Spanish sensualism. They bear the imprint of the Indian's restraint and quietness. The purely Spanish dance combines two elements—a sustained languorous movement interrupted by sudden, staccato gestures. But the Mexican social dance exhibits neither of these qualities as opposing entities. It is a more moderate dance in which these two elements modify rather than contrast with each other. In some of the Mexican dances, as in the woman's part of the "Sandunga," dignity prevails, and the movement is gliding. In the man's part of the "Sandunga" and in the man's and woman's parts of the "Jarabe," there is a constant broken movement. The abrupt hold and sustained gesture of the Spanish dance have merged into a gay, continuous stamping trot, the characteristic feature of the Mexican social dance.

The Mexican dances express, in concrete form, a basic national problem, the conflicts and adjustments of two races and civilizations inhabiting a single land. The various ways in which it has been and is being resolved in the dances are the same four methods of adjustment which can be seen operating in every activity of national life. VIRGINIA MISHNUN

Coming Soon in *The Nation*
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—**ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, in *N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."***

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—**PROFESSOR JOHN L. CHILDS,**
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Letters to the Editors

The Sick Railroads

Dear Sirs: The health of our railroads is of vital importance to the country. One-third of them—more than 76,000 of their 238,000 miles of track—are in bankruptcy. Their outstanding capital of almost 20 billion dollars is woefully shrunken. Almost 6 billions of investments are tied up in the bankrupt roads. The ICC has reported that in 1938 American railroads carried one and a half billion tons of freight; their passengers traveled some 22 billion miles; the wages of nearly a million employees amounted to not much less than 2 billion dollars.

Many of these roads have remained in the toils of bankruptcy despite federal statutes of 1933 and 1935 enacted to revive them. For this, economic conditions rather than the courts or the ICC are perhaps responsible. It is, however, widely recognized that the double-barreled jurisdiction of the courts and the ICC as created by those laws is unsound in principle and has failed in practice.

To remedy the situation both Senate and House in 1939 proposed far-reaching new laws which will doubtless be debated during this session of Congress. The Senate plans a new special Railroad Court. The opponents of this idea argue that such a court would open the way for mining, oil, and motor courts, on down to a court for delicatessen stores. Thoughtful men look on such a system as a blow at the American conception of the relation of our federal judiciary to the state.

The efforts of the House follow closely the pattern of the industrial-reorganization act of 1937-38 enacted under the lead of Congressman Walter Chandler and of William O. Douglas, then chairman of the SEC, now Justice of the Supreme Court. They would create functions for the ICC similar to those created by the Chandler Act for the SEC in respect of industrial reorganization.

The extensive investigations which Mr. Douglas conducted convinced the SEC that industrial reorganizations were dominated by insiders—old management, bankers, underwriters, and the like. The main feature of the Chandler reorganization statute was its constitution of the SEC as a body, not of coordinate jurisdiction with, but of advisory service to, the courts and also to the security holders. Thus the vice of double-barreled jurisdiction, similar to that embodied in the railroad-reorganization statutes, was removed, yet the service of an expert governmental agency was assured to give impartial advice to the court and all parties in interest. The Chandler Act also assured a fair and equal opportunity for small interests as well as large to have a genuine voice in reorganizations.

We note, then, that two sharply conflicting theories of railroad legislation are to be laid before Congress. These will probably be the subject of wide debate.

There is one unfortunate point of agreement between the two new proposals. Both have taken from the 1935 railroad statute a series of provisions giving the ICC and the courts strict control over committees of security holders —going so far indeed as to provide fine and imprisonment for wrongdoers—yet at the same time expressly reserving full freedom to the large interests to act together, namely, "groups of not more than twenty-five bona fide holders of securities or claims or groups of mutual institutions."

How will the public welfare be affected by such restrictions upon the free formation and activity of the characteristic independent committees of the past, while full freedom of action is granted to small powerful groups? Will railroad reorganization as carried out under either the Senate or the House proposals be dominated by the huge insurance companies? Is such domination desirable? Is it in line with that "democratization" which has been assured to industrial reorganizations? These are questions of no little moment.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

New York, January 19

Nature's Miracles in Finland

Dear Sirs: Isn't nature wonderful! Her works as reported in official and unofficial dispatches from Helsinki reveal extraordinary power and variety. For example, she appears to have given the intense cold of northern Finland a selective quality: it freezes Russians stiff, but leaves Finns untouched. Then, too, missiles fired from rifles and cannon easily penetrate Muscovite bodies, but fall harmless at the feet of Finns. It must be so, because, by Helsinki reports, something like half a million Soviet soldiers have been "annihilated" without a single Finnish soldier being killed or wounded. A new mathematics comes into being, sub-zero like the temperature, when more Russian soldiers are killed than there were on the entire front. Yesterday, in Arctic air, I saw a Russ who wasn't there.

Even light does not act according to the usual laws. To the human eye it exposes Russian soldiers as ragged, hungry, gloveless, and freezing. To the Russian camera it shows them heavily clothed, with felt boots and thick gloves and a captured supply wagon disgorging a big supply of black bread.

This peculiar operation of natural laws in Finland seems forceful enough to project its influence across the seas by a kind of radio wave which softens the brains of newspaper editors, so that they believe anything that's told them. Not a skeptical voice is heard. Nine Finns kill 700 Russians; 38 Finns exterminate a division of 18,000.

The Russian armies have been thwarted in their first operations and in some sectors thrown back with heavy losses. From stupidity or overconfidence or enthusiasm they have made a military mess of it by outrunning their supply. But because the Russians have been stupid is there any reason why we should be simpletons and believe every fantastic tale that is told? H. G. P.

Washington, January 19

Hallett Abend's Travels

Dear Sirs: Maxwell Stewart, in your issue of November 11, reviewed my latest book with sympathy and understanding, but criticized the way I run my job here as New York *Times* correspondent.

"Failure to bestir himself out of Shanghai into the interior of China," was his expression. I have been out here for nearly fourteen years, and I am certain no foreign correspondent has traveled as far as I have in that time. Except for Sinkiang, Thibet, and Kweichow, there is no province that I have not visited many times. My expense accounts in the New York offices of the *Times* will attest this boast, as will a review of the date lines of my cables and mail stories.

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Before this war broke out I maintained sub-correspondents, full-time men, in Peking, Nanking, Hankow, and at one time I also had a full-time man in Manchuria. Part-time men are now in Hongkong and Hankow, in addition to full-time men in Peking and in Chungking. All of these men work entirely under the direction of this office. With a "set-up" of this kind it would be easy for me to stay in Shanghai month in and month out, and to count upon the reports of my scattered staff, but this I have never done. At least twice annually I visit and inspect our sub-offices, and also make excursions into the surrounding territories.

I think that those who censure me for a supposed failure to "bestir myself out of Shanghai" do so because they are disappointed that when I do go to the interior I do not take along rose-colored glasses. HALLETT ABEND

Shanghai, December 12

Note of Praise

Dear Sirs: Louis Fischer's first article on Soviet Russia Today, in *The Nation* of December 30, is to me the first logical, sensible, informative explanation of why Joe and Adolf got together.

I also think you were quite right to rebuke Sheen for his funeral oration on Heywood Broun. His conduct was utterly and unjustifiably shameful. I am glad you collected a few of Broun's best gems and reprinted them.

T. SWANN HARDING

Falls Church, Va., January 3

Mr. Meehan to You

Dear Sirs: Having been an attentive reader of the 149 volumes of *The Nation,* I note on page 27 of No. 1, Vol. 150, in a letter to the editor from H. Rutledge Southworth, this reference to myself: "Let me cite my authority, *Father* Thomas F. Meehan who wrote in *America,* June 24, 1939, etc., etc." (Italics mine.)

Now I began my newspaper work in this town in November, 1873, and have been laboring under the delusion that I carefully concealed its intent and purpose—you know, Jesuit in disguise, etc.; or to quote the pertinent old *Punch* saga:—

> They both belong to the Society
> I can tell a Jesuit by his look
> Half cunning and half piety
> Disraeli has it and my cook

It has gone along without question until Mr. Southworth tears off the disguise and reveals me in Holy Orders. I take it amiss though. It must have been professional jealousy that prompted him to keep the fact hidden until this week. If it had been disclosed a few days earlier I am sure I would have been rewarded for all these years of loyal service by one of the vacant archbishoprics of Chicago or Milwaukee.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

New York, January 14

Correction

Dear Sirs: An error was made in your contributors' column in the issue of January 13, which carried my article, Twilight of the Chain Gang. I am working on the prison-labor problem under the New Deal and not on the "convict lease system." As I say in the article, the convict lease system was abolished finally in 1927.

WALTER WILSON

East Chatham, N. Y., January 18

Protection of Foreign Born

Dear Sirs: I am writing to invite the support of readers of *The Nation* for a work which I am certain will meet with their approval.

You must be aware that the existence of the war in Europe has intensified the efforts of demagogic alien-baiters who seek to destroy our rights as Americans behind the subterfuge of attacking the so-called alien. Because I am anxious to do my part in helping to defeat this attack upon American democracy, I have agreed to serve as co-chairman of the Committee of 100 Sponsors for the Fourth Annual Conference of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born. Dr. William Allen Neilson, president emeritus of Smith College, is serving with me. An important undertaking of the conference is to prevent the passage of any of the seventy "anti-alien" bills in Congress. These undemocratic proposals for deportation of noncitizens, for concentration camps, for registration and finger-printing are a menace to the continued existence of American democracy.

In preparing for this important conference, the committee is handicapped by an extremely limited budget. Contributions are urgently needed if the work is to be carried on. They may be addressed to me at Pre-Conference Headquarters, Suite 1505, 79 Fifth Avenue, New York

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

New York, January 10

German Communists

Dear Sirs: In his second article on Soviet Russia, in *The Nation* of January 6, Louis Fischer wrote: "German Communists are returning from Russia to Germany under a promise of immunity."

Mr. Fischer does not substantiate that assertion, and I wonder whether he can. According to my knowledge, numerous former Communists and Socialist workers have been arrested in Germany since the outbreak of the war, and there are more Communists in prisons and concentration camps than ever before. Their lot has not improved as a result of the Hitler-Stalin pact. On the contrary, those Germans who formerly worked for the Communist Party have to fear the closer cooperation of the secret state police in both countries against any kind of internal opposition, and therefore also against German Communists who do not subscribe to the totalitarian rule of Hitler or Stalin. HANS BERG

New York, January 20

CONTRIBUTORS

HOWARD DANIEL is an Australian who after the 1938 pogrom in Germany went to Central Europe to work on refugee problems.

ARTHUR EGGLESTON, labor columnist for the San Francisco *Chronicle,* was cited in *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1940.

ROBERT DELL, distinguished English journalist, regards France as his "second country."

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INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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Birthday Greetings

[*Next month* The Nation *will celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary, and we have already received many messages of congratulation and comment. We are grateful for these greetings—even the critical ones—and plan to print as many as we can find space for in the next few issues.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

HARRY HOPKINS
Secretary of Commerce

Although the editorial viewpoint of *The Nation* has not always coincided with mine, nevertheless I have found your publication a stimulating habit for many years. Its broad, liberal approach is particularly refreshing during these tumultuous days that are upon us now.

UPTON SINCLAIR

The Nation has come to my desk fifty-two times a year for I cannot remember how long, but it must be over thirty years. That represents fifteen hundred issues, "all different and no two alike," as we used to say when I was a boy. I have thought different thoughts about each one. I have found myself in agreement with *The Nation* much more in recent years than I used to be, and I have always found information and interest. To those who have kept it going all these years I owe a sincere tribute of thanks.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL
Vice-Chairman of the TVA

Under its present editors *The Nation* each week is demonstrating that intensity of feeling need not be synonymous with dogma and intolerance, and that idealism need not beget self-righteousness or lack of humor. *The Nation* may find the second seventy-five years the hardest, but they will undoubtedly be no less useful ones.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

I got aboard *The Nation* in the middle eighties as a student in the University of Kansas. It was recommended by the head of the English Department in that far day to students in English as a model of dialectic and controversial writing. I was amazed as a boy from a little country town to know that such a point of view as that which *The Nation* held could be maintained, for I was a deep-dyed conservative. But gradually *The Nation* got me. The first paper I subscribed for after coming to Emporia and buying the *Gazette* was *The Nation.* And it has been a thorn in the flesh ever since. I and my kind have needed it and I think it has done its job well. I may be called a lifetime subscriber and such as I am, "Well, you made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied"—I know of nothing less complimentary I can say to you on this great birthday.

JOHN M. COFFEE
Representative from Washington

I congratulate *The Nation* upon having achieved seventy-five years of life. Its longevity in these hectic days of short-lived periodicals should be an encouragement to all liberals throughout America. Its championship of unpopular causes, of humble groups and citizens, its fearless portrayal of international events, its depiction of the progressive issues confronting the nation, its literary tone and quality have all endeared it to the intellectual liberals of America. May it continue on the course to ever greater prestige and influence!

I have not always agreed with *The Nation's* editorial policy, or with its opinions, but on the whole I have found my reactions coincide with it. Regardless of one's agreement with editorial opinions, no fair-minded observer can fail to accord to *The Nation* an accolade of hearty appreciation for its provocative and challenging articles, its debunking researches, its laying of hands upon hallowed arks of the covenant, its refusal to be cowed by tradition, and its unwillingness to be intimidated by the "sacred cows" of modern life. May its shadow never grow less and may its influence expand! We need colorful publications of the character of *The Nation* in the United States. We suffer from a paucity of such literary deflaters of pomposity.

The Nation readily discerns the feet of clay possessed by tory strutting statesmen. It keenly penetrates through the camouflage with which certain super-patriotic persons and groups surround themselves. It blows aside the aura of sacrosanct respectability which too often befogs the judgment and heart of Casper Milquetoast liberals. May your tribe increase!

CULBERT L. OLSON
Governor of California

The long and checkered history of American journalism has had at least one bright and steady beacon of truth, integrity, and liberalism for the past seventy-five years in *The Nation.*

I read *The Nation* with interest and with profit during the many years when Mr. Villard was its editor and mainstay; and I have read it with equal interest and profit during its present editorship. *The Nation's* numerous articles on the California scene have evoked much comment out here; and I believe I am right in saying that the influence of the magazine upon public opinion has been a real factor in making possible our present progressive Democratic administration.

CAREY McWILLIAMS
Commissioner of Immigration and Housing of California

I began to read *The Nation* while I was in college (1922-27), and I have been a consistent and diligent reader from those years on to the present time. I doubt if I have neglected many issues during the last twelve years, as I usually manage to go through each number pretty thoroughly. This should be some indication of my opinion of *The Nation.* I think that those of us who live in the West have a peculiar and special affection for *The Nation* because of the fact that the local press, as in Los Angeles, has always been so atrociously bad from every point of view. *The Nation* may be important to liberals and progressives in the East, but it is vital to those who reside in this land of sunshine among the kind of county sheriffs that Senator La Follette has been quizzing so effectively for the past ten days. Here on the West Coast *The Nation* has been a real influence. If I may say so, I think the magazine showed marked improvement during the period when Max Lerner was on the staff—a steadier and more consistent approach, less emphasis on indignation and greater stress on political realities, and a willingness to gamble now and then on developments which might at first have given rise to theoretical misgivings. If you ever need any copies of past issues, let me know; I think I have most of them on file.

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THE VATICAN'S REPORT OF MASS KILLINGS of Catholics in Poland shows that the earlier stories of atrocities against the Polish Jews could scarcely have been exaggerated. It is difficult to imagine worse conditions than those imposed upon the Polish population, including the clergy, in the sections of Poland now incorporated into the Third Reich. The names and addresses of nineteen priests known to have met death at the hands of the Germans are listed. Tens of thousands of Poles have been driven from their homes and forced to migrate, without property or personal possessions, to the sections of the country not annexed to the Reich. They have been crowded into factories, barns, and camps and kept there for weeks without heat in Europe's coldest winter in fifty years. No estimate is even ventured as to the number who have died under these conditions. That the Vatican, which was unperturbed by the mass killings by the insurgents in Spain, should suddenly awaken to the atrocities committed by an Axis power is of great political as well as humanitarian significance. It suggests that the breach between the Nazis and the church has reached a stage where the two can no longer work side by side in international affairs. The fact that these stories were released over the Vatican radio may be expected to have a profound effect in Italy. For Mussolini, despite his personal anti-clericalism, can scarcely expect under the circumstances to lead his Catholic population into war on the side of priest-killers.

*

THE TRADE TREATY WITH JAPAN EXPIRED without sensational developments either here or in the Far East. For the moment no action is likely to be advocated by the State Department. The Administration appears to be satisfied to hold the threat of retaliatory measures as a club to force a change in the Japanese policy toward American interests in China. Japan, for its part, is desperately anxious to avoid incidents which might lead the United States to utilize the weapons now at its disposal. The resumption of the anti-British campaign, involving new restrictions against Tientsin, seems to represent a typical Japanese effort to divert the attention of the public during this crisis. Unfortunately for the success of this strategy, British and American interests in China are closely linked, and it is doubtful whether the army extremists, who are opposed to an agreement with the United States in any case, will be careful to distinguish between the two. Nor is the United States likely to be reassured as to Japan's good faith by a renewed campaign of brutality against foreign civilians in China. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee meets this week to consider the Pittman and Schwellenbach embargo resolutions introduced last spring. Although public-opinion polls show 82 per cent of the American people in favor of stopping the export of war materials to Japan, it is probable that there will be a delay unless those opposed to aid for Japan are more articulate than they have been in the past. Another loan to China has been suggested as a means for salving our consciences while maintaining our war trade with Japan.

*

HAVING REFUSED TO GIVE CREDIT TO THE Allies and forced them to count their dollars carefully, the United States is hardly in a position to grumble if they fail to buy here as freely as we should like them to do. Nevertheless, some bitter protests have been heard because Britain has ceased to import tobacco and fruit from this country and has sharply reduced its takings of certain other goods below the normal level. Apart from the importance of economizing dollars, the ban on tobacco is inspired by the necessity of giving support to Turkey, on which the Allies must lean in order to safeguard their position in the Near East. Another complaint is against the large orders which Britain has placed in Argentina on condition that increased quantities of British goods are taken in return. This action is said to be hampering American trade in that country, but considering the barriers we persist in maintaining against Argentinian goods, we can hardly make out a very good case. In any event the war has enlarged American exports as a whole even though particular commodities have been hard hit. December exports were at a ten-year peak, and for the final quarter of 1939 sales to Latin American countries were 41.3 per cent higher than in 1938. Total shipments to Britain and France have notably expanded and the former alone is now said to be spending at the rate of

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$9,000,000 a week. Not unnaturally this buying is concentrated on goods not easily obtainable elsewhere, with airplanes, machine tools, and chemicals the leading categories.

* * *

CANADA HAS NOT FOLLOWED BRITAIN IN arranging a political truce for the duration of the war. On the contrary, party strife has grown more acute. In the fall, Premier Duplessis of Quebec forced an election in that province as part of the nationalist campaign against participation in the war and suffered a severe defeat. But since then the federal administration of Mr. Mackenzie King has been sharply attacked on another flank by political groups who favor the war but are critical of the way in which it is being waged. There have been accusations of lack of energy, inefficiency, and favoritism in the placing of contracts. These attacks came to a head on January 18 when on the motion of Premier Mitchell Hepburn the Ontario Legislature passed a resolution censuring the federal government for failing "to prosecute Canada's duty in the war in the vigorous manner which the people of Canada desire to see." The Conservative opposition in the Legislature unanimously supported this resolution, but ten members of Mr. Hepburn's own Liberal Party refused to follow him. This incident appears to have been the decisive factor in persuading Mr. King to appeal to the electorate for a new mandate. Parliament met for a new session at Ottawa on January 26 but only to hear that it would be dissolved immediately with a view to a general election at the end of March. Taken by surprise, the opposition, which had expected at least a short session during which they could develop their offensive against the government, reproached Mr. King for trying to escape from his critics by a "snap election." The campaign threatens to be both bitter and confused, with the Liberals badly split by the personal feud between King and Hepburn. Progressives will no doubt attempt to raise the question of the wartime suppression of civil liberties, but in the general mêlée there is danger that this important issue will be shoved aside.

* * *

EVEN MORE SERIOUS POLITICAL ISSUES ARE disturbing the Dominion of South Africa. There former Premier Hertzog recently brought forward a resolution favoring an immediate and separate peace with Germany which was defeated by 81 votes to 59. This is not a very large margin, but it indicates a weakening in Hertzog's position in the House of Assembly since September 5, when his anti-war stand was voted down by a majority of only 14. This may be the result of the definitely pro-Nazi sentiments he expressed in the course of the debate, apparently to the disgust of some of his followers who, while believing that neutrality would be in South Africa's best interests, are by no means ready to whitewash Hitler. However, Hertzog is likely to continue in command of sufficient strength both in the country and in Parliament to place a severe handicap on Premier J. C. Smuts's conduct of the war. Moreover, the differences which have hitherto separated his group from Dr. Daniel F. Malan's Nationalist Party now appear to have been overcome by his acceptance of the principle of complete separation from the British crown. Henceforth the opposition in South Africa proposes to run neutrality and republicanism in double harness. It is difficult to see how a revival of the tragic rift between the Africander and British elements in the dominion is to be avoided.

* * *

R. C. LEFFINGWELL, REPUTED TO BE THE "brains" of the house of Morgan, has submitted a memorandum to the Temporary National Economic Committee diagnosing our economic ills and proposing remedies. His most interesting suggestion is the need for a mild shot of inflation with a view to widening profit margins and thus encouraging our dispirited entrepreneurs. Mr. Leffingwell is on firm ground in his criticism of the mercantile policies pursued by this country ever since the last war. One of the consequences of those policies is our steadily increasing hoard of gold, which is at last beginning to be recognized as a major financial problem. As Mr. Leffingwell rightly points out, it would be "sheer lunacy" to raise the price of gold any farther, while decreasing it would be politically impossible and dangerously deflationary. He therefore suggests that commodity prices should be allowed to rise gently, thus reducing the "present gross disparity" between the gold price and the commodity price level. The result would be, he says, to save business from being squeezed between high costs and low prices. His memorandum does not, however, make it clear what changes in monetary policy would produce this effect. Actually prices of basic commodities have shown a definitely upward trend in the past four months. Industrial goods have remained comparatively steady, thanks, at least in part, to the restraining influence of the TNEC. This, perhaps, is the real object of Mr. Leffingwell's criticism. But in this field prices depend less on direct market influences than on planning by industrial executives who have been encouraged by the TNEC to look for results in greater turnover rather than in higher margins. Judging by 1940 corporation reports now being published, this policy has hardly been destructive of profits.

* * *

GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S PROPOSED INCREASE in surtax rates for New York State appears to have met no better fate than the President's proposed defense tax based on capacity to pay. The situation is in many ways an ironical one. In both the state and nation, critics of the Democratic administrations have based their fire chiefly on the recurrent unbalanced budgets. They have talked economy but have presented no plan under which the budgets could be balanced. Governor Lehman's tax is an eminently sound one. Described as a tax on the "middle brackets," it falls most heavily on the upper income brackets. Ninety-five per cent of families—those with incomes of less than $3,000—would be wholly unaffected by the rise, while the brunt of the tax falls on the $6,000 and over brackets, a group that can afford the modest increase. In the howls of protest which have gone up against the tax—which always seem inversely proportionate to the number of persons affected by the proposed levy—the groups which have been urging a balanced budget are especially conspicuous. It now appears that in New York the Republicans do not want a balanced budget after all; they would prefer to make a few feeble gestures in the direction of economy and then wait until next year in the hope that by some lucky accident revenues will be greater than anticipated. A more irresponsible attitude toward the financial problems of government would be difficult to find.

*

THE WAR HAS TRANSFORMED PUERTO RICO from a poor relation into a potential "Gibraltar of the Caribbean," reports from that island seem to indicate. Tremendous progress has already been made toward carrying out the Administration's $27,000,000 program for converting the island into a military, air, and naval base capable of guarding the Panama Canal and the north coast of South America from attack by a major power. A huge area in the northwestern part has been cleared for an air base. Approximately 2,500 of the 10,000 troops scheduled to be stationed on the island are already at their posts. The strategic importance of Puerto Rico in America's new defense plans has not been without incidental value to its population. The army and navy, we are told, are placing great emphasis on public-relations work with the natives. Moreover, the Administration seems to be making a belated but none the less real effort to attack the island's economic problems. An economic mission has been invited to come to Washington to assist in drafting a program for relief and economic rehabilitation to be considered at this session of Congress. Meanwhile the demand for immediate independence seems to be subsiding. The Nationalist Party under Pedro Albizu Campos is still for independence, but it stands alone. Among the larger parties, the Popular Democrats under Luis Marin have definitely forsaken independence as an immediate issue, while the members of the Union Republican Party have indicated their intention of removing all mention of independence from their party platform. The attitude of these parties is at least a realistic one, because once the island is fortified the chances for independence will become slight indeed.

THE FILM VERSION OF "ABE LINCOLN IN Illinois" opened in Washington last week at the RKO-Keith theater. As an advance build-up the management conducted a contest to find a "perfect double" for Lincoln within the city limits. Scores of photographs were submitted; finally the judges selected that of Thomas P. Bomar, secretary of the National Alliance of Postal Employees, as the closest likeness. Amid considerable fanfare Mr. Bomar was summoned to the Carleton Hotel. He was showered with eulogies, compelled to face a battery of cameras, and presented with two front-row tickets for the première, where he was to receive a $25 award. There was general agreement that Mr. Bomar was an amazing "double" for the Great Emancipator; if there was any pronounced difference, it was that Mr. Bomar's complexion was perceptibly darker. But not dark enough to excite any grim suspicions until somebody, after the ceremony, noticed his address. He lived in a Negro neighborhood. On the night of the opening Mr. Bomar went to the theater. Outside he saw a picket line of Negroes protesting against the exclusion of their race from the theater. Mr. Bomar went in anyway, and the doorman, eyeing him a little suspiciously, didn't interfere. But the presentation was omitted; the climax of the Great Contest was unaccountably skipped. Mr. Bomar just sat in the front row of the theater waiting for his cue; it never came. The next day there was a brief press notice that Mr. Thomas Bomar had won the contest. But the usual tub-thumping never took place. He was a Negro.

Lewis in a China Shop

FOR a man who in his time has done as much backtracking as John L. Lewis, the C. I. O. leader is rashly casual about the bridges he burns behind him. It is not enough for him to tell his assembled United Mine Workers that the New Deal has failed here, there, and the other place; he must renounce Roosevelt, suggest that the Democrats would have to be "coerced or dragooned" to give him another nomination, and prophesy that should that high-handed technique succeed, the President would face "ignominious defeat" at the hands of the electorate. As to whether or not this is the long-heralded break between Lewis and Roosevelt there would seem at first glance to be scant room for speculation. But circumstances have on more than one occasion changed pre-convention gall to post-convention nectar. They would almost certainly do so again if the Democrats should submit to the "coercion" Mr. Lewis warns of. And that possibility gives his words a flavor of tactical strategy rather than finality.

Lewis's tactics have two possible objects: to scare the convention away from any thought of a third term by threatening the loss of the powerful C. I. O. support, in which case the break with Roosevelt would be completed, or to use the same threat to bring Roosevelt and the party around to a more militant pro-labor stand, now and at the convention.

With the second of these objects, at least, we can find no quarrel. We share Lewis's rejection of the notion that the Democrats, or any other party, should be permitted to take labor's support for granted. We believe, too, that the President has yielded far too much to the reactionary wing of his party: in the matter of relief cuts, as attested by his budget speech and by the shocking WPA prosecutions in Minneapolis described elsewhere in this issue by Dwight Macdonald; and in the campaign of subtle red-baiting which he has come to tolerate if not to encourage. Moreover, we appreciate Mr. Lewis's obvious desire to balance the influence of the Southern reactionaries and the Northern city machines with a strong labor counterweight.

Nevertheless, we are convinced that Lewis's tactics are self-defeating and dangerous. He did not warn Roosevelt that further surrenders to the right would undermine his labor support; there was no question of alternatives. His attitude, on the contrary, was wholly negative: the New Deal was a proved failure, Roosevelt had already surrendered, and there was no good in him or in his works. The results of this categorical and petulant approach can differ only in their degree of infelicity. The most obvious and probably the least important is the awkward position in which Lewis would find himself should Roosevelt or a candidate picked by him get the nomination. Lewis can hardly prefer a Taft or a Vandenberg, or even a Dewey; and to launch a third-party effort on such short notice would certainly be feeding peanuts to the elephant.

More serious is the rift which Lewis's action is bound to cause in the C. I. O. Sidney Hillman's powerful Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Textile Workers under Emil Rieve, the Industrial Councils of New York, New Jersey, and California, and various local unions have already indorsed Roosevelt for a third term; and the United Rubber Workers, the United Automobile Workers, the United Retail and Wholesale Employees, and the Federation of Hosiery Workers will in all probability follow suit. Lewis's own Mine Workers, unprepared for the quick turn of events, brought in no fewer than forty-seven third-term resolutions. Disunity in the ranks of American labor has had a major part in weakening the New Deal along the very lines that Lewis deplores. By his latest move he not only has made peace with the A. F. of L. less likely than ever, but he has divided his own house as well. It is this failure to carry along the whole C. I. O. which underscores the doubtfulness of his strategy. Effective, it would have been dangerous; ineffective, it is futile as well as dangerous.

On the Balkan Fence

THIS week-end the Balkan Entente, composed of Turkey, Greece, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, is holding a meeting in Belgrade. With the exception of Turkey, which is strongly committed to assist Britain and France in certain contingencies, these countries wish to remain strictly neutral. They may pray quietly for an Allied victory, knowing that if the Nazis win they must face a bleak future, but like other neutrals they want to stay peacefully on the sidelines and carry on as profitable a business as possible with both sides.

Under these circumstances it might seem a wise course for these countries to join in a defensive alliance for mutual aid against any invader and for mutual resistance to the pressures constantly exerted by both belligerents. Such a scheme may in fact come under discussion at the present meeting. There are, however, many obstacles to be overcome, the most serious being that some of these countries are much more dangerously placed than others. The one subject to the most immediate threats is Rumania, which, it is reported, is anxious to obtain guaranties of military aid in case of attack by either Germany or Russia. It is extremely doubtful whether its partners in the Balkan Entente will be willing to provide a pledge of this kind. The Greek government, for instance, is Germanophile, even though Greece relies in the last analysis on the British fleet for its defense. Turkey, on the other hand, is already in Berlin's bad books and might risk some additional displeasure. But it is still on nominally friendly terms with Russia, although the relationship is much cooler than it used to be, and it would hesitate to commit itself to waging war if the Soviets moved against Bessarabia.

It seems likely, therefore, that Rumania will have to continue its efforts to maintain its neutrality unaided by extraneous guaranties, apart from those given by the Allies, which it regards as hardly an unmixed blessing. Nevertheless, in some ways its position has been growing rather stronger. Russia's involvement with Finland has both lessened the immediate danger of an attack on Bessarabia and encouraged the Rumanians to prepare more strenuously to defend it. Nor is the threat of German invasion so acute as a few months ago. There are, indeed, signs that Berlin is in a serious dilemma regarding Rumania. Partly because of transport difficulties, aggravated by the freezing of the Danube, and partly because of the aggressive commercial and diplomatic campaign of the Allies, it has not been receiving oil, grains, and other commodities in the quantities it needs. Each new form of pressure it puts on King Carol is met by counter-pressures from Britain and France, which, thanks to their gold and their financial control of the Rumanian oil industry, are occupying an economic line

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very hard to assail. The threat of military action remains as a German trump card, but its effectiveness is declining for a number of reasons. Paramount, perhaps, is the difficulty of moving except in conjunction with Russia, whose appeaarnce on the Balkan scene might involve a definite split with Italy. Again there is always the problem of how to kill the goose without destroying its egg-laying capacity. Lastly, there is the fact that the Allies might welcome an invasion of Rumania since it would provide them with the flank they are obviously seeking in order to end the deadlock on the western front. In view of these considerations, it seems probable that the German high command will hesitate a long time before it orders a Rumanian *Blitzkrieg*, and that King Carol will maintain his position on the fence even without physical support from his Balkan neighbors.

Purge by Passport

THE four-year sentence imposed on Earl Browder is fantastically excessive. It is only less grotesque than the five-year term which United States Attorney Cahill asked; and it can only be interpreted in the extra-legal terms of America's political temperature. Both the harshness of the punishment and the approbation it received from the press reflect the degree to which anti-red fevers have risen. Browder is only the first victim.

The case itself rested on a narrow, technical point. Since the statute of limitations had expired, Browder could not be prosecuted for traveling under a false passport, as he had done in the 1920's. His offense was traceable to one word written in 1934. When applying for a passport in that year, he was asked whether he had had one before; he answered "none." In 1937 and 1938 he returned to the United States from trips abroad carrying the passport he had obtained in 1934; and the government charged that his entry constituted unlawful "use" of a passport obtained by false statement.

If the offense was real, it scarcely represented a major menace to the republic. More flagrant violations by non-political travelers have been less severely punished. It is not even certain that the government case will survive the scrutiny of the higher courts. The section of the law under which Browder was prosecuted is ambiguous: there is no clear statement that it is intended to apply to citizens; and the fact that lack of a passport is no bar to the reentry of a citizen into the United States strengthens the claim that the section was exclusively aimed at aliens. Browder is a citizen.

But because he is also a Communist, there have been no newspaper editorials in which the severity of his sentence is even mildly deplored. We have heard no commentator hint that if Earl Browder had been John Smith he might have been treated more leniently. No columnist has bothered to point out that men from Justice Brandeis down have frowned on the practice of imposing consecutive rather than concurrent sentences, as Judge Coxe has done in this trial.

If the Department of Justice had merely prosecuted the case and requested a punishment commensurate with the crime, and if this case were an isolated one, there would be little ground for alarm. After all, the New Deal didn't bring the subject up; Browder did, when he told the Dies committee of his travels in the 1920's. Apparently confident that the statute of limitations protected him, he made the confession in full view of press and public. He was wrong; the Administration's failure to exploit his error might have provided dynamite for its right-wing enemies and embarrassed its own efforts to prosecute right-wing terrorists. But while these facts may justify the launching of the prosecution, they do not explain Mr. Cahill's effort to transform a technical violation into something approaching high treason. The case called for a responsible effort to make the punishment fit a minor crime. Instead, Mr. Cahill talked grandiosely of the "sacred right of passport"; and editorial writers assured Browder he was lucky to live in a free country.

Browder's courtroom demeanor was impressive. His subsequent Madison Square Garden address, in which he reproached the New Deal for "betraying" the Communists and boasted that Communists had once shaped Frank Murphy's policies and written New Deal speeches, hit a new low in political immorality. But this gratuitous gift to Martin Dies's war chest is relatively unimportant; the real question is what Browder's sentence portends.

The passport laws were originally designed to curb the influx of suspect aliens in war time. Now they are becoming an instrument for purge by technicality. Communists have no special claim to immunity from them, but neither is there any excuse for a sudden and sweeping descent on violators because they are Communists. The succession of indictments handed down since the Browder prosecution was launched testifies that this is happening; behind the camouflage of passport accusations and similar non-political charges, an anti-Communist drive is under way. Revolutionaries are accustomed to such maneuvers by a hostile state and cynically regard them as an occupational risk. To democrats they are a storm warning. For they are invariably a prelude to indiscriminate war against the left. There is no evidence that the Communists or other left groups are guilty of unlawful political acts such as those charged against the Christian Front. But there is a growing clamor to eliminate them by "technical knockout" if other avenues are closed. In the same week that Browder was sentenced, the *Fortune* poll reported that 40 per cent of America wanted free speech for the left curtailed; it defined "left" as "Browder, Communists, reds, radicals, Norman Thomas, Socialists." In that atmosphere nobody is safe.

Children in a Democracy

NOT for many years has the American social structure been subjected to a more searching scrutiny by a semi-official body than it underwent at the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy held recently in Washington. On the assumption that the America of tomorrow is being formed in our children of today, the social and economic conditions affecting childhood were rigorously appraised. It was acknowledged, for example, that the safety of our democratic institutions requires that as many families as possible be enabled to earn a decent income. And figures were assembled showing that nearly three-fourths of the families in the United States do not have enough income to give the children an adequate diet. Between six and eight million children are to be found in families dependent on government aid or some form of relief. Figures were also assembled showing the effect of this poverty. Forty per cent of city families live in houses without central heating; one out of six in houses either unfit for use or in need of major repairs. Half a million children under sixteen have cut short their education in order to go to work. At least ten million school children have defective eyesight, and a million and a half have impaired hearing. Approximately a quarter of a million mothers and their babies have no medical care at childbirth or immediately thereafter.

Facts such as these, far too often overlooked if not actually suppressed, provided the basis for the conference discussions. Consideration was also given to the special problems of children in minority groups, as well as to religion, education, and recreation. While a two-day conference was not expected to produce a program for the solution of all these problems, it did make many useful suggestions. It advocated, for example, that in addition to maintaining work relief for employable adults and grants in aid for dependent children, the federal government assume at least partial responsibility for general relief. Similarly, the conference went on record as favoring an expansion of the low-cost housing program with special attention to rural areas, where half the country's children live. It recommended federal grants in aid to the states for education, and made a number of specific proposals for the improvement of our educational system. And it set forth an elaborate public-health program with special reference to the needs of mothers and children.

Most of the conference discussions dealt with what might be called the physical basis of democracy. It was recognized that true democracy cannot flourish as long as a few children are privileged and the majority are denied the opportunity of developing into normal, healthy, trained citizens. But the necessary psychological atmosphere of democracy was not neglected. In discussing family life it was pointed out that democracy must begin at home—that it must not only be inculcated but practiced in the home if the child is to grow up with an appreciation and understanding of the democratic process. Similarly, the section of the conference dealing with education felt that the child's learning experience should include participation in the activities of community life. Only in the field of religion did the conference seem to dodge the basic issue. It recommended making "more available . . . the resources of religion as an important factor in the democratic way of life," but failed to consider the basic problems raised by the coexistence of autocracy in religion and democracy in politics.

Another grave omission in the findings of the conference was the absence of any reference to the democratic value of youth's own efforts to face and solve its problems. We trust that it was not fear of the Dies committee that accounted for the absence of any approbation of the work of the American Youth Congress. Except for these omissions, the findings of the conference are honest and courageous and well deserve the study of every American interested in his country's future.

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Dies, 345; Decency, 21

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, January 29

DIES got 345 votes and decency got 21. It was as simple as that and as bad as that. Neither the blustering arguments of conservatives who led the movement for continuation of the Congressional Committee for Investigation of Un-American Activities nor the elaborate sophistries of liberals who went along could conceal the issue. The question was whether a committee whose rules of procedure resembled lynch law, a committee which had shown itself both unscrupulous and inept, was to be given a vote of confidence and a new lease on life. The answer was almost unanimous approval of a resolution renewing the committee's authority for one year followed by appropriation of $75,000 to defray expenses.

The House answered the question with its eyes open and all the facts before it. In debate on the resolution almost every speaker who did not attack the committee outright offered some apology for its misconduct. Two members of the committee—Casey of Massachusetts and Voorhis of California—admitted that they had not been able to reform the Dies procedure. Congressman Hook's evidence that Chairman Dies had consorted and collaborated with patrioteers on the periphery of the Christian Front cordite ring and that William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts has boasted of immunity from investigation was in the record where everyone could see it.

Yet only twenty-one members voted no when the roll was called. It was an extraordinarily bad score even for the House the 1938 reaction built. The principal reason for the stampede was, of course, the fear of many members that dissent would cost them their seats. They knew the Gallup poll had recently shown overwhelming public sentiment for continuation of the committee. A vote against the resolution would be called a vote for communism. It would be a custom-made slogan for opposition candidates in the fall campaign.

Some members who would have voted against the resolution had they followed conscience rather than political judgment were consoled with the Lippmannesque reasoning that the committee could be excused for using un-American methods because it was investigating un-American activities. Since it was poking into the affairs of the political underworld, it had to borrow underworld tactics—"it takes a crook to catch a crook." It is the same mental process by which ordinarily kindly citizens shrug at third-degree methods in the back room of the police station. If the rubber hose is used occasionally on an innocent man, one must not be unduly disturbed because the guilty deserve to be beaten and mistakes will happen.

That argument wasn't used in debate, but it appeared in several influential columns and editorial pages. It was effective. Most members speaking in support of the resolution gave Dies credit for jailing Earl Browder and Fritz Kuhn, although one was a victim of the Department of Justice and the other of New York State officials. Both were under investigation for their crimes before Dies got around to them. No one, except Dies himself, had the crust to credit the committee with the Christian Front arrests. He put in a claim from his sick bed in Texas. The other achievement most generally credited to Dies was education of the public to the ways and wiles of the Communists. The information that Communists get into liberal organizations and then by dint of energetic and systematic work try and sometimes succeed in making them toe the party line seemed to be new to Congress. Any liberal joiner could have told them about it, or they could have read about it in any one of a dozen periodicals long before Dies took his feet off a cloak-room chair.

There was only one lengthy defense of Dies. This was an extension of remarks by Representative Cox of Georgia, the one-man angry mob of the House. He asserted that there couldn't be anything to Hook's documents because Dies had been threatened with physical violence by the Christian Fronters and criticized in Pelley's periodical.

Some of the speeches against the committee were more substantial, but none of them went into the question of Dies's responsibility for the hysteria that translated itself into an assassination plot in the little minds of seventeen Brooklyn boys. In the process of getting publicity for its chairman, carrying on the left-wing political feuds of its research director, J. B. Matthews, and arousing fears that a Communist revolution is just around the corner, the Dies committee unquestionably has contributed to the growth of such crackpot aggregations as the Christian Front.

The most important speeches of the debate were those of Casey and Voorhis, the two liberals added to the personnel of the committee last year. Casey told the House how Dies held a meeting with himself at six p. m. on a Sunday night to receive Matthews's report on consumer organizations, how in this report Matthews, "a renegade Communist and formerly associated with Consumers' Research, Inc.," had declared rival consumer organizations communistic, and how all this had then been represented as the conclusion of the full committee. He also told how, in the final report of the committee, which he signed, the C. I. O. Electrical Workers' Union had been declared Communist-dominated on no more evidence than a hearsay report that its president once spoke at a meeting of the American League for Peace and Democracy. Voorhis supplied the information that he had proposed rules of fair conduct for the committee which had been rejected on the ground that they would "hamstring" its operations. But the two liberals both urged continuation of the committee.

The question now is what the committee will do with its $75,000. Will it take its courage in hand and investigate Father Coughlin, the spiritual inspirer of the Christian Front? Asked this question from the floor, Voorhis indicated that he would favor such an inquiry but pointed out that he could not speak for his colleagues. It is doubtful whether the committee, even now, will take on the radio priest. It may investigate Merwin K. Hart and some of the other lesser lights named by Hook as Christian Front collaborators. Will it reform its methods? Casey and Voorhis probably will be able to force some improvements, but it must be remembered that they were on the committee when the consumers' report was issued. So far as is known, Dies offered no promises to House leaders in exchange for their support of his renewing resolution beyond the understanding that he would not conduct hearings between the political conventions and the November election.

He has intimated to a few friends that he is tired of it all, wanted the renewal merely for vindication, and now will be content to let Casey and Voorhis have their innings. But he has smelled the headline ink, and no such resolution is to be taken too seriously. If Dies doesn't use his new coil of rope to hang liberal candidates in the forthcoming campaign, as he did in 1938, there will be a lot of surprised and disappointed Republicans—and not a few Democrats.

WPA Cuts—or Jail

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

WHEN Frank Murphy became a Supreme Court justice, he left to his successor, Attorney General Jackson, one awkward and embarrassing piece of unfinished business—the mass trials of WPA strikers which the Department of Justice has been carrying on in Minneapolis since last fall. Awkward, because the Minneapolis trials are flagrantly incompatible with the New Deal's frequently avowed devotion to democracy and yet the President's relief strategy appears to demand that the trials be carried through to the end. Embarrassing, because Attorney General Jackson, like Murphy, is personally honest and liberal, with little stomach for the dirty work his department has undertaken in Minneapolis.

The trials have received almost no attention in the national press, for excellent reasons. The situation at present is that 162 citizens of Minneapolis have been indicted by a federal grand jury on charges which can send each of them to the penitentiary for two years and subject him to fines up to $10,000. To date, 37 have been tried. Of these, 33 have been convicted and 4 have been acquitted, 2 of them on instructions from the judge. These 162 men and women are charged with having "intimidated" fellow WPA workers during last summer's WPA strike and with having "conspired" to do this. As I shall presently show, the trials are frame-ups in the sense that the government is perverting the intent of legislation in order to railroad the defendants to prison.

There is no dispute about what happened in the strike in Minneapolis. The strike was called by the Minneapolis Building Trades Council and was backed by the whole union movement of the city, A. F. of L., and C. I. O. alike. The mass of unskilled WPA workers was strongly organized by the Federal Workers' Section of General Drivers' Union, Local 544. This local, led by the Dunne brothers, has for years been the heart of the Minneapolis trade-union movement; it won nationally famous strikes in 1934 and has supplied the generalship which has made Minneapolis the best-organized major city in the country. The teamsters have done a notable job of organizing the unemployed, and when the WPA movement started last July, Minneapolis strikers quickly took the lead in militancy and effectiveness. At the height of the strike about 90 per cent of the local WPA projects were closed down.

The present defendants are being tried for their alleged presence on mass picket lines which were thrown around the chief projects. There was some violence on these picket lines—fist fights, feminine hair-pulling, and the usual police clubbing and shooting. There were two deaths—of a policeman and a bystander. The policeman collapsed on strike duty and died in the hospital. Although the press reported he had been beaten to death by the strikers, the hospital records show he had an acute

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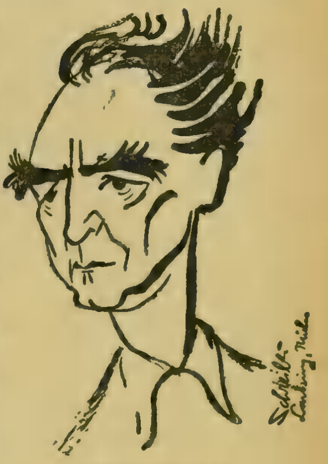
heart condition and died of heart failure. This is now admitted even by the prosecution. The other death was that of a middle-aged workman who was killed by a stray bullet, presumably from a police gun, since no evidence has been brought forward at any time to show that the strikers were armed. On the day this bystander was killed, seventeen of the pickets were injured by police guns, clubs, and tear gas severely enough to require hospitalization.

The strike in Minneapolis was finally called off on July 21, after the union had obtained relatively favorable terms. The pay cuts were not rescinded, but it was agreed that strikers would be taken back on the WPA rolls without prejudice; in places where the WPA workers put up a less effective fight, the usual practice was to blacklist all strikers.

But this was by no means the end of the story. Three days after the strike was settled, a federal grand jury began an investigation which had been prepared for by several weeks of intensive espionage by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Victor Anderson, young and ambitious United States Attorney for the Minneapolis district, did a thorough job on the case, building it up in collaboration with the FBI and the reactionary city administration of Mayor Leach. The grand jury sat for three weeks and heard almost two hundred witnesses. On August 18 indictments against 103 strikers were handed down charging "intimidation" of WPA workers, a felony under the Woodrum Relief Act of 1939. In most cases the "conspiracy" charge was also thrown in for good measure.

The 162 indicted strikers are a cross-section of working-class Minneapolis. There are college kids, housewives (a third of the defendants are women), war veterans, skilled craft workers, Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Irishmen, Swedes, people of all ages and races and religions. They have been treated as though they were dangerous criminals. United States Attorney Anderson refused to make public the names of those indicted, on the ground that they might "escape." At first, arrests were made in the small hours of the night, by armed deputy marshals who routed the victims out of bed and carried them off to jail. The pounding of these homegrown Gestapo agents on the door was the first intimation many of the defendants had that they were "wanted." Later arrests were made in daytime, the captives being paraded through the streets in handcuffs. As the strikers arrived at the Hennepin County jail, they were "mugged," and the photographs were released for publication in the local papers.

Federal Judge Bell set bail for the first forty-three defendants arrested at the fantastic figure of between $5,000 and $10,000 apiece. (Former Judge Manton's bail was $10,000.) This for workers who were completely without resources and had been earning about $60 a month on WPA, and who furthermore had not the slightest temptation to "escape" since they would have been ineligible for relief in any other place. The total bail set for these forty-three defendants came to $213,000. At the local rate of $75 a thousand for bail bonds, it would have taken $16,000 to get them out of jail. It was pressure from local unions that forced a reduction of the total bail to $57,000. As security for this bail from the bonding companies, the unions voted to put up the Labor Temple—a remarkably generous, and rare, gesture of solidarity between organized labor and the unemployed.



Justice Murphy

For purposes of trial the defendants have been divided into ten groups, according to the time and place of the violence in which they are alleged to have taken part. There were eight defendants in the first trial, which involved, among other things, a knife attack on a picket by a man appropriately named Slaughter. (It was Slaughter's *victim* who was on trial.) The jury consisted of seven farmers, a lumber salesman, a former deputy sheriff, a real-estate dealer, a restaurant owner, and a hardware dealer. In this as in later trials the judge was Matthew M. Joyce, formerly chief counsel for the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway. He instructed the jury to acquit two of the defendants. Five of the remaining six were found guilty of intimidation, and four of them were also found guilty of conspiracy.

Three days later, on October 20, the second trial ended, with three out of four defendants found guilty. Anderson then moved for a mass trial of no fewer than ninety defendants, all charged with violence on the picket line around the sewing project. Judge Joyce cut the number down to twenty-five at a time. He overruled the defense counsel, Tom Davis, who wanted a seventy-two-hour recess so that he could have an investigation made of each of the seventy-five talesmen from which the jury was to be picked. Davis was also overruled when he asked permission to question each prospective juror.

The reason for Davis's solicitude about the jury panel was that it had been made up of names submitted by county attorneys and other court officials, by postmasters, and by the Minneapolis Junior Chamber of Commerce. Fifteen of the names had been taken at random out of *rural* telephone books. Only one man on the whole panel —he didn't get on the jury—had any sort of a union past; he had been a member of one of the Railway Brotherhoods fifteen years ago. The defense soon exhausted its allotment of ten challenges, and another typical federal jury filled the box—five farmers, a filling-station owner, an accountant, a road-grader operator, a non-union carpenter, a salesman, a garage owner, and a housewife.

In the course of this trial, which dragged on for a month, Anderson put 158 witnesses on the stand. Suspicions have been voiced that his strategy was to build up so huge a court record as to make the cost of an appeal prohibitive. (The defense must have all testimony printed at its own expense in order to take an appeal.) Whatever his motives, he dragged the case out interminably. The defendants showed plenty of spirit, cracking jokes about the glass-framed American flag behind the judge's chair—"Even the flag is framed in this courtroom." One of the prisoners admitted she had called non-strikers names, adding, "Anyone that crosses union picket lines is a fink, scab, or rat." When Anderson asked her if she would call him that if he did, she replied that she would. It is charged, by the way, that some of the defendants were not even on the picket line on the day in question, and that many of the indictments are the result of grudge or spite accusations by personal enemies. In his final speech Anderson threw a red scare into the jury with such statements as, "Minneapolis is not going to become the Moscow of America so long as I am district attorney." With the issue defined as communism versus Americanism, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on both charges for all twenty-five of the defendants. It seems clear that, with juries of this sort, the trials still to come will have the same outcome. As for the "Moscow of America," it is the trials themselves which are giving Minneapolis a Muscovite flavor.

It is hard to see how the charges are anything but a gross perversion of the clear intent of the Woodrum Relief Act of 1939. The section of that law forbidding "intimidation" of WPA workers was put in to protect them against political pressure, particularly against New Deal pressure. That it would later be used to send strikers to prison could have been in the minds of few if any Congressmen when the bill was passed. The "conspiracy" clause in the same act was aimed at contractors who might try to get together and defraud the government on materials for WPA projects. (The $2,000 fine bears out this interpretation: such a fine makes no sense whatever applied to WPA workers.)

The "conspiracy" charge is really a revival of an old legal weapon much used against labor back in the unenlightened days of Cleveland and McKinley. The New Deal is picking up this club again, just as Assistant Attorney General Arnold has begun once more, after a twenty years' lapse, to use the anti-trust laws against organized labor. In these trials it has been most effective. Judge Joyce's charge to the jury in the first trial stated that to be guilty of conspiracy it is not necessary that a defendant know the other defendants previously or that he be present at the conception of the plot. "Those who come in later and cooperate to obtain the unlawful results of a conspiracy become partners and assume responsibilty for that which went before," he said. By this definition, any striker is guilty of "conspiracy" the moment violence starts on the picket line. "This is the most outrageous thing I have ever witnessed," said a prominent Minneapolis lawyer after sitting in on one of the trials. "If these people have done anything, why not try them one by one in a police court where such offenses should be examined?" His question is unanswerable. Fist fights and hair-pulling are normally matters for the police court, not for the federal grand jury.

Attempts have been made to pass off these trials as the excesses of a local federal attorney. It is reported that Attorney General Murphy was "pained and disgusted" at Anderson's vindictive attitude. But Murphy, pained or not, never interfered, for the good reason that the trials represent the direct and conscious policy of the White House. The whole machinery was set in motion by President Roosevelt. The day after the policeman died, before it was generally known that he died not of a beating but of heart failure, the President announced that the Department of Justice was beginning an investigation of the Minneapolis WPA strike. A few days later Murphy specified Minneapolis as a place where "evidence of labor racketeering or criminal conspiracy against the nation's relief program may result in indictments." On the following day, with the strike still hot in the nation and hottest in Minneapolis, Roosevelt gave his press conference his famous personal message to WPA strikers: "You cannot strike against the government." He underlined this by giving special permission to quote his words directly.

Just how much the Federal Bureau of Investigation has had to do with building up the case against the strikers is not known. There have been indications that the G-men played a major role, under cover. One of Anderson's chief advisers in the grand-jury investigation was Daniel M. Ladd, who is in charge of the Chicago office of the FBI. In the third trial a police sergeant became flustered under cross-examination. Asked, "Did you discuss your testimony with anyone?" he replied, "I just merely rehearsed—I mean, just went over my testimony with Noonan and J. H. Rice." These two men are FBI agents. An even worse slip was made by the Minneapolis *Tribune* when it reported on July 24: "The FBI agents, about twenty-five of them, were in a good position to learn what took place around the sewing project in the series of riots July 14, it was disclosed Sunday. Wearing overalls and other articles of workmen's clothing, the agents, posing as pickets and on-

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lookers, mingled with the crowd surging around the project building."

President Roosevelt has made it quite clear where he stands in the Minneapolis affair. On August 3, as the grand jury was beginning its investigation, he nominated Linus Glotzbach, Minneapolis WPA administrator, for promotion to Regional Director of WPA for the Seventh District. It was Glotzbach who insisted on keeping the projects open, under heavy police guard, although the usual policy was to close down all projects where mass walk-outs occurred. Glotzbach worked closely with Mayor Leach and Governor Stassen, reactionary Republican politicians, to smash the strike. At the request of Minneapolis unions Senator Lundeen moved in the Senate that Glotzbach's nomination be sent back to committee for action at the next session of Congress. This automatically suspended the promotion. Roosevelt has now reintroduced Glotzbach's nomination and apparently intends to fight it through the Senate.

There was violence in many cities during the WPA strike, and yet only in Minneapolis has the government taken legal action of this sort. Why? In Minneapolis the WPA workers put up the most effective fight. To smash this strong WPA union is the chief aim of the trials. But the strategy does not stop there. There are indications that the government is trying to strike at the powerful General Drivers' Union, Local 544. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* reported, "Activity of 'higher-ups' in Local 544 during the WPA strike is being investigated by the federal grand jury." And the Minneapolis *Tribune* noted, "Witnesses who told about union operations in connection with the strike spent more time in the jury room than did those who told of interference with workers." The government seems to be interested in Local 544 for two reasons: (1) 544 organized the Minneapolis unemployed and supplies them with extremely competent leadership, and (2) the leaders of the local have played the chief role in the conversion, since 1935, of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters from a craft union of some 60,000 members into a semi-industrial union of 400,000 members, with contracts covering all over-the-road truck drivers in eleven Middle Western states. The existence of such a huge body of militant union members in so strategic an industry as trucking is a real threat to the New Deal's current plans for war-time "coordination" of unions, particularly when the union is politically as antagonistic to the Administration as is 544.

What of the future? Judge Joyce is due back in Minneapolis on February 10 for the fourth trial. President Roosevelt seems to be determined to go on with the trials. When the subject was brought up at his press conference on December 12, he reiterated his prohibition of "strikes against the government" and added that WPA workers not only may not strike but must also be careful not to "create a disturbance or disrupt the peace." Through the Minneapolis prosecutions Roosevelt is serving notice on WPA workers that they had better take quietly and submissively the pay cuts and decreased appropriations the future holds in store for them if they want to keep out of the federal penitentiary.

War on the Short Wave

BY HENRY B. KRANZ

FOR twenty-four hours every day since September 1 scores of short-wave stations have filled the air with sound. From London and Berlin, from Paris and Moscow come salvos of accusation and hate, of lies and vilification. To the military, economic, and diplomatic war fronts has been added a fourth—that of radio propaganda.

This front has already found its war correspondent—the short-wave monitor. He sits in the listening room of a broadcasting company, with the loud-speaker on the ceiling connected with a short-wave receiving station. His ear roves the ether while his hand makes notes. When he strikes an important item, he passes it along to the news commentators.

As a correspondent of this new type, I hear about half a million words a week—brightly colored news broadcasts, propaganda speeches, the clamor of politicians, speeches addressed to countrymen in enemy camps. I hear kings and statesmen, officers and privates, scientists, artists, workers—all possessed by a sense of the righteousness of their cause. I listen to a different station every fifteen minutes, returning to each in succession from five to ten times a day to get a panoramic picture of the methods and goals of the forces on this front. Often a strange voice will bring an exciting piece of news—a battle in the air, a ship sunk—hours before it comes over the ticker of the news agency. It was a correspondent in the radio war who first gave America the news of the signing of the Soviet-German pact and first announced the Russian advance into Poland.

Reichssender Berlin, the official German broadcasting service, with six stations speaking in ten languages to all corners of the earth, and the British Broadcasting Corporation of London, with nine stations sending out fifteen-minute news bulletins in seventeen languages no fewer than forty-nine times a day, are the most active. England and Germany not only compete for the attention of millions of listeners in enemy territory and neutral countries but also carry on a running debate with each other. Berlin's radio salvos are the more booming and insistent, especially when given in German for the benefit of the fifteen million Germans outside the Reich. London is fairly mild except when it is urging the malcontents in the Third Reich to rise and throw off the Nazi yoke. (I have heard that two exiled Viennese actors are the voices of these broadcasts.)

In English and other foreign languages Berlin is much more moderate. "Lord Haw-Haw," an announcer with an Oxford accent whose identity is a puzzle to the British, attempts to ape the milder English tone. Completely different techniques are used by the same broadcaster, depending on the audience he has in mind. Many stories told in German transmissions are not given in English. They would sound too gory and blatantly propagandistic. Broadcasts in English for America and in Afrikaans for the Boers of South Africa are expressed in much more vigorous language. All German broadcasts end with the stubborn battle-cry: "Germany fights for the removal of an injustice, the others for its continuation." The theme of all German stations is, *Am deutschen Wesen wird die Welt genesen* (the spirit of Germany will cure the world).

In the daily schedule of a Berlin station approximately four hours are given to reports in various languages of the latest events in the war. These are embroidered with partisan comments and with quotations from native and neutral papers. Three hours are used for announcements which are actually disguised propaganda: discontent is increasing among the British laboring class; wives of soldiers get only half as much support in the British Empire and France as in Germany; the submarine and mine campaigns are so successful that soon England will have no food or raw materials; the Scandinavian countries and Belgium are cooling toward the Allies; according to the Paris *Jour* French soldiers have no shoes; there is unrest in India (an Indian physician is brought to the microphone to tell the world of the horrid destruction perpetrated by the British in his homeland) and also in Palestine and South Africa; the dominions are groaning audibly under their war burdens. Included for contrast are reports on the quiet and order in Bohemia and the purposeful reconstruction work in Poland. The British blockade is asserted to be a complete failure; we hear a child tell how you can get everything your heart desires in Germany—butter, milk, meat. (But a few hours later a speaker may thunder about the ruthless hunger-war the Allies are waging against German women and children.)

Intimate views of the war and home fronts are put on the air two or three times a day. The microphone visits a submarine dock. It interviews officers of the army and navy who have covered themselves with glory. It visits a camp for Hitler Girls, or reports a conversation with an English woman who is joyously astonished at the peace and order in Berlin, the lights and laughter, the theaters sold out, the stores crammed with the most magnificent goods. "You can see," cries the Berlin radio, "that the blockade is a complete failure. Germany already rules the waves. And Russia will send us everything we need."

More time, from four to six hours a day, is given to out-and-out propaganda, chiefly savage assaults on the British Empire. The English have long been set on dismembering Germany, which is fighting only for its existence; Chamberlain owns thousands of shares of war-industries stocks; Churchill is "world famous for his lies and boasts"; Eden is "known for his good tailor and his poor speeches."

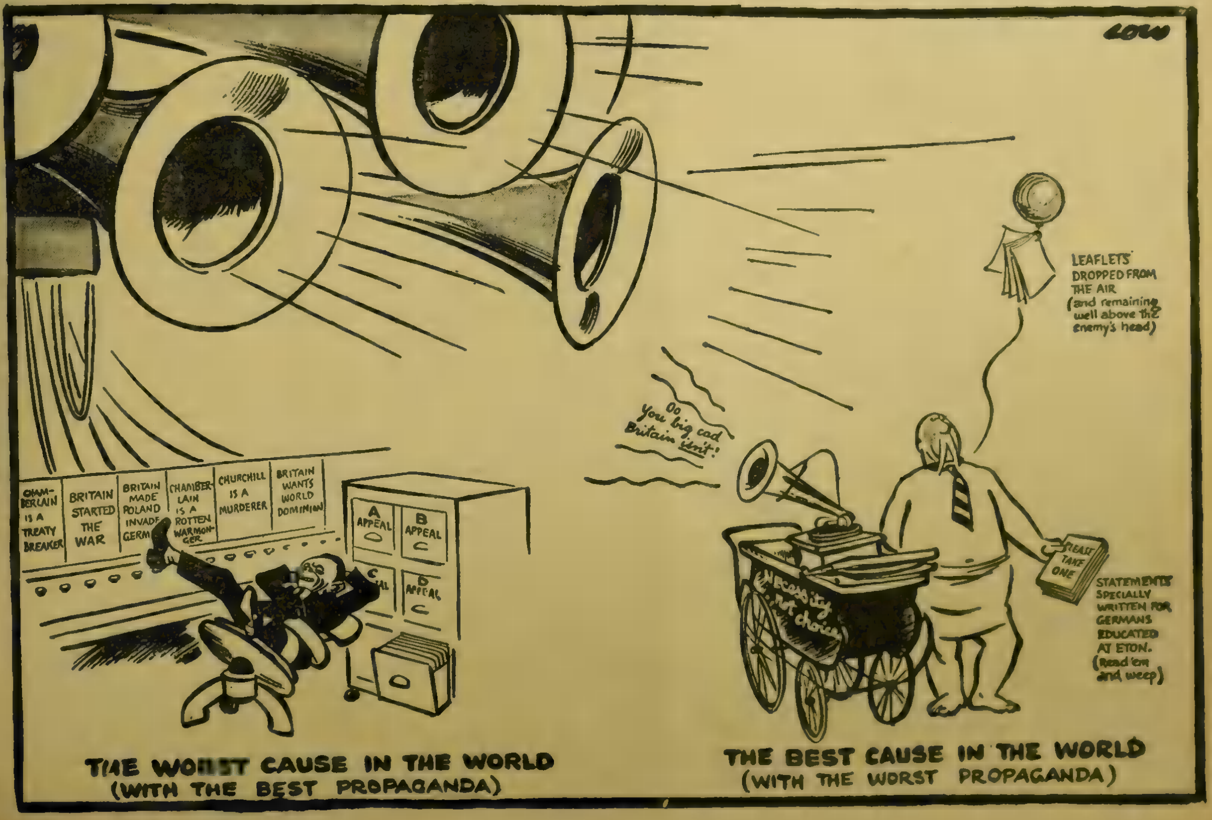
"We are desperately fighting the Jewish-plutocratic spirit of England," is Berlin's newest line. Every week a new supply of mutilated German corpses is found in Bromberg and Posen, evidence of the "inhuman brutality" and the "low level" of the Poles. Polish Jews are pictured as "the scum of humanity, filthy, verminous, and crawling"—probably in a report by a "soldier just returned from the Polish front." The Jews in England and France, the brothers of these Polish Jews, are the real "war-inciters." Coughlin's *Social Justice* is quoted to show that this war was cooked up by the Jews, who were also responsible for the attempt on Hitler's life in Munich. That the American embargo on the sale of arms was lifted through the efforts of the Jews is clear, avers Berlin, from the remark of the Jewish banker, Baruch: "Why shouldn't we sell arms to the Allies? If we don't, others will."

Again and again the German radio paints the French *poilu* as a poor devil who is picking the chestnuts out of the fire for the British Tommy. "England expects every Frenchmen to do his duty," it shouts. "We have no grudge against France. Doesn't France realize that it is fighting for the benefit of the plutocratic Jewish gentlemen of the London Stock Exchange?" The Führer asks nothing more than their rightful place in the sun for his eighty million people. England, with forty million people, rules a fifth of the world's surface, and "we Germans, the most capable and industrious people on earth, have not enough to eat." "We did not want the war, it was forced upon us, and we did not want to go to war against Poland either."

Bernard Shaw's utterances are quoted in support. Or perhaps a reference is made to the Berlin correspondent of the Rome *Tribuna,* who reports that the simplest man on the street in Germany knows that England is waging this war against the entire German people, not just against Hitler. Hungarian, Spanish, Belgian, and Japanese papers are drawn upon, but the favorite sources of confirmation are the Russian and Italian press. Hugh Johnson, Lindbergh, and Ford are often quoted a few hours after publication. Statements by H. G. Wells and G. K. Chesterton are exhumed from their books to prove that the English have always been hypocrites, shopkeepers, and aspirants for world domination. The "narrow circle of British Jewish-plutocratic capitalists" and the British Intelligence Service are blamed for all sorts of things: for explosions in Rumanian oil fields and Yugoslav factories, for the murder of the Rumanian Premier, Calinescu, and for the Bromberg massacres.

Three times a week, at 2:15 and 6:15, New York time, one can hear the voice of the editor-in-chief of the Berlin station, Hans Fritsche, speaking for fifteen minutes on the events of the past few days. He passes for a Berlin counterpart of Noel Coward. Here are samples from his speeches: "Too bad that television isn't further advanced, so that I could let you see a few of the pictures that appeared in the *Berliner Illustrierte*. In England pictures like these would be stored in an armored safe with two guards before it. They are photographs by our fliers who recently paid a visit to England: shots of the Thames estuary, the London docks, the Firth of Forth. If I were an Englishman and saw these pictures I'd break out in goose-pimples that didn't come from the lack of wood in the fireplace. . . . Lately the B. B. C. took up an old idea and reported that discussion of a tunnel under the Channel had been resumed. We can understand that. Didn't a Danish trade delegation to England make a detour through Switzerland, instead of going by water? The neutrals already know that the road to England is the road to death. . . . After we spoke of the 'winged eagle,' the well-known symbol of the German air force, we heard B. B. C., to our astonishment, oppose the British falcon to the German eagle. It seems that the eagle gave the lion such a pecking and plucking that English propaganda has abandoned the lion for good. They did it on purpose, people tell us, because the falcon is a much nobler animal than the eagle. We merely remark that the falcon has been known to eat doves for dessert. Shame, shame, falcon, is that democratic?"

Berlin has for some time been using the following trick to attract listeners. A musical program is announced, perhaps a series of waltzes. But after the second piece one hears a voice saying, "The richest country with the poorest population, England, is fighting the poorest country with the happiest people, Germany." Then another waltz is played. And in the next intermission one hears, "Germany is the most peace-loving country on earth. In the last three centuries England has waged 144 campaigns, France 89, but Germany only 39, of which 14 were against Austria and 16 against Bavaria, to establish the unity of the Reich." London countered with a better trick to bring German listeners to their radios in spite of the imminent danger of the concentration camp, beginning its broadcasts with the announcement of the names of from six to ten German fliers or sailors in English prison camps. It assumed that no worried mother or


LOW
CHAMBERLAIN IS A TREATY BREAKER
BRITAIN STARTED THE WAR
BRITAIN MADE POLAND INVADE GERM
CHAMBERLAIN IS A ROTTEN WARMONGER
CHURCHILL IS A MURDERER
BRITAIN WANTS WORLD DOMINION
A APPEAL
B APPEAL
C AL
D APPEAL
Oo You big cad Britain isn't!
LEAFLETS DROPPED FROM THE AIR (and remaining well above the enemy's head)
Necessity not choice
PLEASE TAKE ONE
STATEMENTS SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR GERMANS EDUCATED AT ETON. (Read 'em and weep)
THE WORST CAUSE IN THE WORLD (WITH THE BEST PROPAGANDA)
THE BEST CAUSE IN THE WORLD (WITH THE WORST PROPAGANDA)

wife, eager for news of this kind, would let herself be frightened away from the radio by the Gestapo.

London exploits the Nazi ban on listening to foreign broadcasts. "Your leaders have told you that you are not to listen to foreign broadcasts because they are bad for your nerves. But it is your memory and thoughts they are afraid of. We in England have no fear of the truth. Our papers even publish the daily programs of the German short-wave stations. But ten of your people have already been condemned to long prison sentences for listening to our talks."

The Overseas Service of the B. B. C., like the German stations, carries on a campaign of attack and vindication. It makes daily assaults on Hitler and his "henchmen." "They have made themselves rich and sent millions out to neutral countries while the people go hungry. They have robbed you of every liberty, turned you into slaves without freedom of speech or freedom to work. . . . Hitler has always lied to you. He said that he was persecuting the Communists to save Europe from Bolshevism, and he allied himself to Stalin. He declared that he wanted a racially pure Germany, and now he is ruling Czechs and Poles. He solemnly declared that Poland was his good friend. You have seen how he kept his word. And you can read what he thinks of you in 'Mein Kampf.' In it he says, 'The great mass of the people believe a big lie quicker than they will a small one.' " It often plays a few sentences from a phonograph transcription of a speech by Hitler or Goebbels or Hess, and then adds the comment, "His words are not worth the paper they are written on or the air into which they were bellowed." I consider this method of direct refutation one of the most telling techniques of the radio propaganda war. A quotation from "Mein Kampf," always with a mention of the exact page, followed by an excerpt from a later speech of Hitler's has a dramatic and convincing effect.

The Nazis always insist that they are fighting for their lives because their enemies "want to dismember Germany." London's view of where the war guilt lies is very different: "We always want peace. But we were tired of mobilizing every few months because Hitler had overrun another helpless little country. England does not want world empire; it is prepared to give all its dominions and colonies independence when the time is ripe. But Hitler stole every vestige of national self-determination from Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland." To substantiate such attacks, it broadcasts daily reports which may be classed as "disguised propaganda"—accounts of massacres in Poland and of unrest in Austria and Bohemia (these are always immediately labeled lying reports by Berlin). It repeats little stories to show what hard times the Germans are experiencing. A professor in Switzerland received a letter from a friend in Berlin which said: "My dear friend. Don't on any account believe that we have not enough to eat here. Our food is at least as good as what you get at the St. Antoine Hotel in Geneva." And London adds, "The German censor did not know that St. Antoine is a Geneva prison."

London has learned much about propaganda from the Nazis. The B. B. C. gives not only the news but newspaper comment from all over the world. (Of the American press, the New York *Times, Herald Tribune,* and *Post* and *The Nation* are often cited. Among the favorite writers are Dorothy Thompson, Oswald Garrison Villard, and Ludwig Lore.) A moving report of the tearful farewells of the Baltic Germans may be followed by an appeal to German workers, in German, by a Labor Party leader: "Isn't it amusing to listen to what Goebbels has to say since Ribbentrop had a champagne banquet with Stalin in the Kremlin under Lenin's picture? Now the Nazi watchword is 'Down with Capitalism.' Before it was 'Down with Socialism.' The truth is that the National Socialists are neither Nationalists nor Socialists. Our message to you is, We are fighting not only the brown Bolshevik but also for your freedom."

The German army is incited to revolt, now by a French, now by an English veteran of 1914: "They have dismissed or shot down your most able generals. Can you be sure that Brauchitsch still believes in Hitler?" A joke is made of the accusations with regard to the Munich bombing. "So we English are supposed to have done it. Perhaps they will dig Churchill's cigar ashes or Chamberlain's umbrella out of the ruins, as evidence against us." Of the submarine and mine campaign a speaker says, "The extent of Hitler worship can be seen in a Christmas article in Göring's paper, the *Essener Nationalzeitung*. It declares that 'the Führer is to the German people what Jesus was to the world two thousand years ago. The Führer is the Messiah sent to liberate the German people from slavery.' And what do the assistants of this Messiah do? On Christmas night they torpedo the steamer Stanholme without warning, just as the crew is celebrating Christmas below decks—one of the most gruesome acts of this war." Recently London has made the distinction between Hitler and Germany less often. It indicates more and more emphatically that the economic resources of the great British Empire are inexhaustible, that Germany is cut off from all the world, and that Russian help will never come.

The Berlin radio, in accordance with the German nature, affords only a meager amount of humor. However, there is a comic called Charlie who gives a one-man show in English every Wednesday night. He specializes in topical parodies on American popular songs. "I can't give you anything but love, baby," will be changed by him to Chamberlain singing to a German child, "I can't give you anything to eat, baby." Every Saturday there are a few rhymed verses on current events by the "week-end

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poet," but they are dull and humorless. The best humor comes from the American Fred Kaltenbach, of Waterloo, Iowa. Every Monday night he addresses "dear Harry" and "the folks back home," all of whom, investigation has proved, are greatly annoyed by his attentions. He is a former member of the American Legion and his wife is a former secretary of Göring's. He warns the United States against entering the war: "Will England or France pay? Did they pay for the last war?" And he goes on, "Talking about Christmas, I want to make a few belated presents: to Chamberlain I want to give a new umbrella, to be opened whenever one of these German planes flies over London, so he won't be recognized. To Halifax, a brand-new iron halo, with adjustable supporters, to be worn either inside or outside his derby. He has earned it as the British heavyweight champion of international morals. To Churchill, past master of the seas, a packet of invisible paint for his ships; and an out-size foghorn for the Ministry of Information, plus a medal for deceiving the English people about the number of sunken ships."

What is the effect of these battles on the radio front? The question is hard to answer because we cannot count the number of listeners or learn their reactions to what they hear. But their interest is revealed by the vast and growing use of short-wave sets throughout the world. While they are prohibited in Japan, short-wave facilities are almost universally owned by radio listeners in Argentina, Bulgaria, Costa Rica, Cuba, Honduras, Netherland Indies, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Norway, Portugal, and Rumania; and they are achieving widespread popularity in Bermuda, Belgium, Brazil, British India, Denmark, the Dominican Republic, Greece, Guatemala, Hongkong, Mexico, Palestine, Peru, Sweden, Switzerland, South Africa, Uruguay, and Yugoslavia. Recent arrivals from Germany and Austria tell me that "everyone"—excluding the Jews, who have no radios—listens eagerly to the B. B. C. broadcasts. In the last war, German propagandists admit, active propaganda was able to shatter German morale and make it ripe for collapse. Its effect on neutrals was also great. In the last war there was no radio propaganda.

Slumming with Zanuck

BY MICHEL MOK

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored . . .
—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coruscating assemblage that attended the private preview of Darryl F. Zanuck's film version of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" at the Normandie Theater in New York.

Mine eyes were dazzled by the diamonds, the sapphires and emeralds, the silks and satins, the sables, ermine, and fox of the lovely ladies who, on the arms of tailed-and-toppered escorts, swept into the lobby of the little picture house in East Fifty-third Street. Dressed in bibs and tuckers from the ateliers of Mainbocher and Molineux, the gals from Park Avenue came in gleaming limousines with their men-about-town to take a peek at the raggedy Joads and the miseries of their jaloppy migration.

Among the freshly pressed and perfumed pilgrims there were such Blue Book, Broadway, and Beverly Hills magnificos as the W. Averell Harrimans, the Theodore Roosevelts, the Sonny Whitneys, the William Paleys, the Gilbert Millers, the Irving Berlins, and Miss Hedy Lamarr, the "Ecstasy" lass, fully clothed for this occasion in pink satin and three or four feet of diamond necklace. Many of the women, in addition to baubles that would buy sizable farms, wore bunches of orchids the cost of which might have kept the Joads in sidemeat for a year; the plump torso of Miss Jane Darwell, the actress who plays Ma Joad in the picture, was covered with the blooms from chin to waist.

The preview was scheduled to start at 8.30. At 8.45 Mr. Zanuck himself arrived with Miss Dorothy Lamour, the whilom siren of the sarong. By that time the theater was filled with a swanky, glittering, noisily chattering, neck-craning, hand-waving crowd. Photographers dashed up and down the aisles, snapping the members of that small group of personages whose faces provide a never-failing treat for city editors' eyes. Only another dozen camera men and the strains of the Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" would have been needed to turn the scene into a duplicate of a Metropolitan Opera opening.

Three rows in the parquet were occupied by officers and directors of the Chase National Bank and their ladies. The Chase National controls Twentieth Century-Fox, which produced the picture, and by an odd coincidence it is also one of the Eastern financial institutions, along with the Irving and Manufacturers' Trust companies and the National City and Central Hanover banks, which control the Western land companies that tractored the Joads, and thousands like them, off their farms.

The presence of the Chase National gentlemen and their resplendent women furnished a graphic and enlightening demonstration of the virtues of our system of free competition and individual enterprise without too much government interference or regulation. Here they were, having added greatly to their wealth by taking possession of the lands of the Joads, and about to wax still richer from the profits of a dramatization of the agonies of those unfortunately stupid and shiftless people. The Chase National, its sleek officials seemed to say, can't lose; it gets 'em coming and going.

After a newsreel the Okie odyssey was finally unveiled. In the dark it was of course impossible to get a clue to the reactions of Mr. Zanuck's chichi guests, and that, perhaps, was just as well. Except for a smattering of applause from the balcony when the migrant farmers at the government camp foiled the deputies' scheme to break up their dance and a general polite round at the finish, the invited audience witnessed the picture in silence. The crowd on the lower floor returned to its limousines after Ma Joad had made her final speech: "Rich fellas come up an' they die, an' their kids ain't no good, an' they die out. But we keep a-comin'. We're the people that live. Can't nobody wipe us out. Can't nobody lick us. We'll go on forever. We're the people."

Well, maybe so. Meanwhile, the Park Avenue gals and their escorts drove to Fefe's Monte Carlo for a little champagne supper tossed by Mr. Zanuck. From the Dust Bowl to the flowing one—Glory, glory hallelujah!

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The Golden Tide

A LITTLE less than a year ago, in the first of these columns, I drew attention to the problems created by our huge hoard of gold and suggested that, as nothing was being done to remove the causes of our persistent accumulation of this metal, the capacity of the Treasury vaults would be subjected to further strain. When I wrote, our total holdings were approaching $15 billion; today they are nearing the $18 billion mark, representing over 60 per cent of the world's monetary gold. And now the questions raised by this concentration of gold in one country are beginning to seep into the public consciousness. Bankers are making speeches about it; newspapers are publishing editorials. Is there any way of reversing the golden tide? Is our mass of bullion a genuine asset? What would happen if other nations entirely abandoned the use of gold as money? Is there danger of inflation owing to the injection into our monetary system of an amount of gold which enormously exceeds any monetary needs?

The advent of the war has not made answers to these questions any easier. It has, indeed, dried up one spring which fed the golden stream, for British and French nationals are now prohibited from transferring capital to this country. On the other hand, if the war continues long, purchases of the Allies in this country are likely to exceed by an ever-widening margin the total of goods they sell to us. The difference will be paid by means of their investments in this country and by gold. Over 50 per cent of the world's annual gold output comes from the British Empire, whose mines are marking up new records annually. There seems little doubt that the whole of this gold production will reach our shores, and in addition there will be a steady draft on the still large reserves of Britain and France.

So long as the war lasts, any attempt to redistribute our surplus gold is out of the question. If the plans of the Administration for promoting Latin American trade mature, we may be able to divert a small part to the banking systems of our southern neighbors. But a general restoration of the international gold standard cannot be contemplated until the world is at peace, and even then it would require a fundamental change in our attitude toward foreign trade.

We could, of course, decide to stop swapping our goods for a metal whose future value is problematical, but we should have to be prepared for very disagreeable consequences. At this time the United States Treasury is the only agency in the world prepared to accept all gold offered at a fixed price—$35 per ounce. No other country is able or willing to take on the burden of pegging the price at anything like this figure, and the result of our withdrawal from the market would be to place gold in the position of an ordinary commodity with its value dependent on the demand for dental purposes, jewelry, and so on. Inevitably the price would fall, for at present only a fraction of the annual output of the metal is absorbed by industry and the arts. Consequently we could no longer pretend that our gold reserves were worth $35 an ounce and would have to write off billions from the figure at which they are entered in the national books. Actually this operation would not make any difference to our real wealth, nor would it necessitate a deflation of credit. But its psychological effect would almost certainly be disastrous, and it is improbable that any government would dare risk the experiment.

The war also imposes a barrier against checking the gold inflow in this manner. For by ceasing to accept gold for goods and depreciating its buying power everywhere we would cripple the economic strength of the Allies and present Hitler with an advantage worth twenty army corps. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that we would automatically insure a German victory.

This point is well brought out by Frank D. Graham and Charles R. Whittlesey in "The Golden Avalanche" (Princeton University Press, $2.50), which is the best exposition of the causes and effects of the American gold problem yet published. Nevertheless, the authors propose a method of checking gold imports which, if employed during the war, would prove a severe handicap to the Allies. Their suggestion, briefly, is that the internal price of gold should be maintained at $35 per ounce, but a substantial tax should be placed on imports. As a result, the dollar purchasing power of foreign gold would be reduced and its production discouraged. Probably foreign currencies would depreciate in terms of dollars because their present relative stability is dependent on the regular shipment of gold to offset our continuously favorable balance of international payments. In this case American sales abroad would under normal circumstances be reduced, and imports into this country be facilitated. Under war conditions, however, the Allies' needs for American goods might be so urgent that they would be forced to maintain orders here regardless of price and in this case might be compelled to increase gold shipments in order to obtain the same sum in dollars as before.

With the majority of Americans fervently hoping for an Allied victory in the war, it is doubtful if any policy which would definitely lessen their chances can be regarded as practical politics. When peace comes, it will be more possible to consider Messrs. Graham and Whittlesey's proposals on their economic merits. Even then, in so far as they proved effective in achieving their object, they would be equivalent to a reduction in tariffs drastic enough to produce a steady excess of imports over exports. Such a change in our international trade is, indeed, absolutely essential if we are ever to transform our gold hoard into a live asset. But before it can occur we have to surrender many cherished illusions. We have to accept the fact that trade is an exchange of wealth and that the man who tries to be always a seller and never a buyer ends by bankrupting both himself and his customers. For long years we have followed the tariff rainbow, but now that the promised pot of gold is ours we find it a staggering burden and wonder how on earth we shall ever get rid of it.

[In my next article I shall discuss the possible dangers to our domestic economy arising from our excessive gold holdings, together with some recent proposals by leading bankers for dealing with the problem.—K. H.]

In the Wind

STUDENTS AT Kalamazoo (Michigan) Teachers' College recently translated "Romeo and Juliet" into French and forwarded the manuscript to their French instructor, who was on a Christmas vacation in the Bahama Islands. When the manuscript was returned to the students, they found that the British censor had deleted a number of lines—in particular, all references to a "feud" or an "enemy."

SHORTLY AFTER the FBI exposure of the Christian Front plot and Coughlin's hasty disavowal of the Front, the editor of a well-known magazine had a private conversation with one of the Front leaders. "It looks as though Coughlin was running out on you," said the editor. "No, he won't do that," was the confident reply; "if he doesn't defend us we know enough about him to finish him—and we've told him so." Two days later Coughlin publicly changed his mind and embraced the Front again.

ANTI-NAZI DRAMA: Three men were sitting at a table in a Berlin cafe. One was reading a newspaper while the others talked. Suddenly the newspaper reader stopped, pointed excitedly to an article, and passed the paper on without saying anything. The second man looked at it, gasped, wrung his hands, but also said nothing. The third man jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "If you fellows are going to talk politics I'm leaving."

COLUMNIST ELEANOR ROOSEVELT recently ended her column with an appeal for help for Spanish refugees. Roy Howard's New York *World-Telegram* omitted the appeal. A few days later Mrs. Roosevelt asked for financial aid to Finland. This time her column was not cut.

THE REPORT that the arrested Christian Fronters stole arms and munitions from a United States army base was headlined in the Boston *Post:* "Trace Reds' Powder to Army Base." . . . The Chicago *Daily News* carried this headline on a recent column by Westbrook Pegler: "Pegler Urges Less Thinking at U. of C." . . . In the continuation head on an account of protests against exports of war materials to foreign countries, the New York *Times* blundered: "War Experts Held a Peril to Defense."

NEXT TO MANNERHEIM, the chief target of Soviet attacks on the Finnish government is Väinö Tanner, who has also been bitterly assailed in the Communist press throughout the world. It is not widely known that in 1937 Tanner was recommended for the presidency of the Finnish republic in a manifesto circulated throughout Finland. The manifesto was signed by Otto Kuusinen, new premier of the Russian-inspired Finnish "republic."

NAZI PROPAGANDA flooding the United States mails is still unbelievably crude. The latest "scoop" in the propaganda bulletin "News from Germany" is the tale that "Thomas Mann, the author and Czech citizen, has been interned by the British authorities." The story is attributed to "British newspapers." As most Americans know, Thomas Mann is right here—lecturing to American audiences.

ELMER RICE, the playwright, was telling friends recently of his only meeting with the late Congressman Sirovich. Sam Goldwyn was also present, and Sirovich was speaking to the two of them about the influx of Nazi agents into the United States. Goldwyn listened attentively; when Sirovich finished he shouted approvingly: "By God, you're right, it's terrible—this country is loaded to the hills with them."

A GOOD MANY years ago, before he had achieved worldwide recognition, Paul Robeson was invited to a dinner at a fashionable New York club. When he arrived he found that because he was a Negro he had to eat in a private room. Recently the same club invited world-famous Paul Robeson to another dinner at which he was to be one of the guests of honor. Robeson formally accepted the invitation—and carefully failed to show up.

ONE OF THE foreign lecturers who have been reciting pro-German doctrine to American audiences starts with a fatal handicap. His name, actually, is Baron Münchhausen.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted in January goes to R. S. of Kalamazoo, Mich., for the first item printed above.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

If This Be Treason—

I AM guilty of another crime—at least so I am told. I had thought there wasn't another in all the category of wrongdoing which could possibly be attributed to me of which I had not already been declared guilty by somebody. Now it appears that I have sold out to the British, that I have been taken into camp by them—all because I have been praised and flattered for having published in London a certain article that gave pleasure to large numbers of people. Some warm friends have told me that I have become "much too friendly" to the British and have asked what the reason is.

Well, here is my explanation. In the first place, I have been in Germany and seen the Nazis in their stronghold, and after that I am prepared to embrace the Patagonians. In the next place, having something that might be described as human sympathy and perhaps even understanding of people, I was profoundly moved by the bearing of the British masses when the war came. I was in England at the time. My emotions *were* stirred. Why should they not have been, and why should I not have expressed those emotions on leaving the country. The words of mine that appealed to many persons were in praise of the plain people who are England. I said that there would always be with me hereafter "the quiet faces of those without uniforms, without titles, the plain people who carry on; who have nothing—yet if they have sons everything—to lose; who must pay and pay and pay, for these are England—the England that must be made free of war, free of fear, free of injustice—for them after the war must be built the England that is to come, better and finer than ever before." If that spells surrendering to the powers that be in Great Britain, to the specially privileged, I must indeed plead guilty to having been taken into camp.

Of course I have not changed my pacifist position. Of course I have not taken back one word of the many criticisms that I have written in past decades about British imperialism. I am just as much aware that the British Empire was built up by wholesale piracy, by the theft of lands, by cruel and unceasing wars. I said freely in England that this war was the result of a contest between idiocy on one hand and insanity on the other; that I thought 40 per cent of the blame for it rested squarely upon the last three British Prime Ministers. But all that is now over the dam. Whether they wished it or not, and many of them did not wish it, the rulers of England have actually come to occupy a position where they are defending everything that is decent in the life of nations. Naturally, since the war is here, is going on, I want with all my heart to have the Allies win—I am as much concerned for the future of France as for that of England. That does not mean that I therefore condone all the sins of the past, that I can excuse the incredible stupidities of British foreign policy at Versailles, and after, or that I no longer desire peace. It does mean that I think that everything that is honorable and possible should be done to save the British people from the threatened results of their leaders' mistakes.

Can any good come out of this war? I have never believed that any good can come out of war beyond temporary relief. It would be a fine momentary gain to purge Germany of the present government and to reconstruct a Czech and a Polish state. But, as I have said before, the real sanitation of Germany, the cleansing of the land of the horrible sins of which its rulers have been guilty since Hitler rose to power, must come from within. Only the Germans can do away with the Nazis and their totalitarian state. If, as so many people believe, this war is but one phase of a world-wide proletarian revolution, even that may not be accomplished. We tried purging Germany of militarism in 1917-18, and we know just what we got. At least we knew then that there were liberal forces in Germany to which the Kaiser's government might yield its power. We have no such assurance today; Hitler has destroyed them. And because resort has been had to war, England is risking everything upon the outcome of a struggle which may be lost by the blunder of a single general, as the Germans lost the Battle of the Marne, or of a single admiral, or of a war minister.

But the faces of those quiet English people continue to come back to me; they are my chief concern. It was not they who set up concentration camps in South Africa; nor was it their grandfathers who instigated the opium war in China. I feel akin to them since half of my ancestry is purely British. They have their faults, heaven knows; they still have their caste system, their lords and ladies. They have not yet seen to it that full justice is done to Ireland. Still, these are the people whom I would do anything—short of war—to help preserve. If this be treason, if this means that I have been purchased by the friendliness of my treatment in England, please make the most of it.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

THE first part of "The Censor Marches On" by Morris Ernst and Alexander Lindey (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) arouses a positive nostalgia for that age of innocence ten and fifteen years ago when obscenity was a major issue. Then the word "totalitarian" hadn't been invented, Sumner, not Goebbels, was the name for censorship, and one of the compensations of returning from France was getting a blue-backed copy of "Ulysses" through the customs.

The old pattern of censorship was relatively simple. It was an attack from without—by a professional obscenity hunter, a customs official who had never heard of Michelangelo, or a post-office inspector on an off day. To be sure, the Sumners often won their cases by default through the simple device of picking on a bookseller who could not afford to fight or by bringing pressure to bear on public officials. But at least there was a chance of bringing the matter into court, where it could be subjected to public ridicule and judicial examination. When a few publishers decided to make a fight, they found judges with intelligence and a sense of humor who interpreted antiquated laws in such a way as to offset their more stupid provisions. The possible effect of a book on a child or an idiot is no longer the legal test of obscenity; classics and books of recognized literary merit have won immunity; a book must be judged in its entirety, not on the basis of isolated passages. The dissemination of birth-control information has become relatively free. The old laws remain on the statute books and should be repealed, but judicial interpretation plus nullification by a public opinion which is not so easily shocked as it once was have made the work of snoopers much harder.

Today, however, we are confronted with a new pattern of formal censorship which is more dangerous and harder to deal with for the simple reason that it is imposed from within. And this new kind of censorship, which, like all censorship, has come to have an increasingly political tinge, is in operation in the two industries in position to influence the largest sectors of mass opinion, the movies and the radio.

When the bill establishing motion-picture censorship in New York State was introduced in the legislature, some of the producers in California decided it must be fought. They sent a representative to New York to rally the support of exhibitors. But the exhibitors were not interested. On the contrary they wanted pre-censorship as protection against possible charges of violation of the already existing obscenity statute. Today the whole industry operates under the Motion Picture Code, which exercises a complete pre-censorship all the more drastic for being self-imposed. The radio industry also recently adopted a code. Whether it will follow the course of the movie industry in the direction of caution and more caution remains to be seen. As part of big business it is not likely to go out of its way to be hospitable to political opinion unfriendly to the status quo; and since the Federal Communications Commission has the power to allocate wave lengths and since the industry fears federal censorship, it seems more than likely that it will follow Hollywood's example. Nor will it be any less susceptible to the pressure of such groups as the Catholic church. (One of the framers of the movie code is reported to have been the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S. J.) Neither the movie code nor the radio code is likely to come into court for judicial scrutiny, and it is difficult to make a burning public issue of censorship that is self-imposed.

"The Censor Marches On" makes lively reading, if only for the amusing views it provides of the minds of censors from Sumner to Will Hays; and it is an indispensable handbook for anyone interested in the workings of censorship That should be everyone. At the moment Americans are likely to be a little smug about their freedom of expression because the contrast between totalitarian nations and the United States in this respect is so vivid. This book is a timely reminder that the censor never sleeps, and that eternal vigilance, preferably with a little action thrown in, continues to be the price of liberty.

An exiled German writer is my authority for the latest story of the never-never land of the Motion Picture Code. He was engaged, after long negotiations and flying trips to Hollywood, to adapt "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" for the screen. Finally he found himself one morning actually at work. He had a three-hour conference with the manager of production. Before lunch he received a slip of paper asking him to come to Projection Room Number 8. He spent the afternoon in Number 8 looking at an old silent version of Don Juan. It was rather amusing, and though he was impatient he followed instructions and saw it through. Then he asked why he had been summoned. He was told that Grischa had been canceled and that it had been proposed that he do instead a talking version of Don Juan with Errol Flynn in the leading role. Hollywood, it seems, has discovered that pictures which do more than entertain don't pay except in cities like New York. And at least one German writer is twice a refugee, from Hitler and from Hollywood.

Harold Ickes deals with freedom of speech in another sector, the press, which exercises its own informal brand of censorship. He opens his book, "America's House of Lords" (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50), by reprinting the seven rules of conduct adopted in 1923 by the American Society of Newspaper Editors. He then measures the press by its own yardstick. And he could not have found a better stick with which to beat the publishers than this one of their own devising. Indeed, at the end one wonders why newspaper editors in convention assembled insist on turning out codes of ethics so nicely designed for the use of their critics. The answer is of course that editors in convention assembled are different from editors confronted with specific issues and pressures in the privacy of their own offices, and that high-powered spokesmen for the publishing business like Elisha

Hanson operate on the principle that if the press talks often and loudly enough about ethics the public tends to take the word for the deed; finally, as long as the publishers control freedom of speech in the newspapers their critics won't get much of a press anyway.

Mr. Ickes analyzes the economics of the newspaper industry, its role as part and partner of big business; he discusses the rise of chains, the effect of advertising on a press which depends on its advertisers rather than its readers for financial support, and the development of radio as a rival of the press both as advertising and news medium. He points out that the radio serves as a check on the press and quotes President Roosevelt: "In some communities it is an unhappy fact that only through the radio is it possible to overtake proclaimed untruths or greatly exaggerated half-truths." This device is open to the President of the United States; it is not open to labor, which has little access to that freedom of the press the publishers are so pious about, though labor comprises a large section of the public opinion to which Elisha Hanson is always appealing. Publishers, as Mr. Ickes points out, are on the whole unfriendly to labor, first because they represent big business, and second because the press itself is a large employer of labor. The press is therefore allergic to the truth about strikes but has plenty of space for attacks on the National Labor Relations Board.

Mr. Ickes devotes some thirty pages to the Chicago *Tribune*. Few would dispute its selection by the Washington correspondents as the "least fair and reliable" of our newspapers, especially after reading this account by an old Chicago hand. In another chapter he pays his respects to columnists. His book does not reveal any startling new facts; but in a little more than two hundred pages Mr. Ickes has brought together from reliable sources the pertinent facts about the American press which its readers should know. It is written with his usual gusto, but he gives credit where credit is due, and in my opinion his case is not overstated. It is a pretty damning case. MARGARET MARSHALL

The Muse at the Microphone

AIR RAID: A VERSE PLAY FOR RADIO. By Archibald MacLeish. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 75 cents.

AMERICA WAS PROMISES. By Archibald MacLeish. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 75 cents.

"THE situation of radio is the situation of poetry backwards. If poetry is an art without an audience, radio is an audience without an art." So Archibald MacLeish wrote to James Angleton in a letter published last summer in *Furioso*. For a poet to allow his lines to be printed on so small a scale as that provided by the magazines of verse is to look for few readers or none. He is certain to find there no reader but himself. The audience which rightfully belongs to poetry and which surely can be brought to listen to simple, sensuous, and passionate speech is elsewhere. "Air Raid" is addressed to that immense audience which nightly hears the news broadcast. It presents through commentary and scene an imaginary event, but one all too probable in the contemporary world, the bombing of a hill town on the border of an unnamed country, the massacre of women and children. It is not quite accurate to call it, as has been done, a verse play for radio. Rather, it is the poetic equivalent of a report from the scene of a catastrophe.

T. S. Eliot wrote long ago, in his essay on The Possibilities of a Poetic Drama, of the advantage to the poet who wishes to reach a large audience of taking over an existing form, not merely because it was there, ready for his use, but because his audience has already accepted its conventions. "To have, given into one's hands, a crude form, capable of indefinite refinement, and to be the person to see the possibilities"—no words could better describe than Eliot's the fortunate position in which MacLeish found himself writing "Air Raid." His Announcer does nothing that any announcer might not do. At the same time, he is subtly translated in such a way that he carries out the part of the Messenger in a Greek play. The women from the tenement of the town are now heard singly and now they combine into a Chorus. They, too, do nothing strange. But to his form MacLeish has brought the consciousness of a poet. And having taken it from others, he has been able to concentrate almost the whole of his effort on finding an appropriate verse for the form.

For his verse there can be only praise. It is formal without being forced; it is elaborate and yet, if well spoken, should seem perfectly natural. It was, from all accounts, effective on the air. I have heard it only on the records. If it seems better read than heard, that is the fault, not of the poet, but of his players.

When war comes, it comes now to women. MacLeish has already said, in many of his poems, what he now allows one of his women in "Air Raid" to say, that life is more truly itself for them than it is for men. But they live unconsciously until told by a man what their lives are. The young woman lying beside her lover implores him to say that what they are living in that moment is happiness. "How can a woman know that the world is good? She can't tell. She can't and be a woman." But he only implores the moment to stay. Below in the courtyard the women chatter, neither knowing what is in store for them nor wanting to know. They are a nation without history,

> the ancient nation
> Settled in the seasons of this earth as
> Leaves are and oblivious as leaves.

It is against them—against life—that war now comes. And it comes by no apparent will of men. The Announcer says of the planes over the town:

> They move like tools not men;
> You'd say there were no men;
> You'd say they had no will but the
> Will of motor on metal . . .

The implications go beyond war. The enemy is mechanical, and the living are always its victims.

"Air Raid" is true. It is not tragic. For in taking consciousness away from his women the author has denied them the possibility of tragedy. Where there is no awareness, nothing is tragic. There is no one in the play who can both acknowledge and sustain defeat. So that, at the end, it is as depressing as a catastrophe. It is depressing as poetry has no right to be.

The conflict out of which all that is most moving in MacLeish's poetry has come is a conflict between silence and sound—between a sensuous sound and a spiritual silence. It is a conflict that lies at the heart of the age, and because this is so, MacLeish is a poet important to the age. For him the report of the senses has always been lively in the extreme. But they cannot prevent his asking the most pressing questions, and when no answer comes he knows he is in at a death of the spirit. He would deny that death if he could. He likes to end his poems on a question, for as long as his question is in the air, he can put off silence. In "America Was Promises" he attempts himself to supply an answer, to speak to Americans, as he believes the "speaking dead" would, were they, as he is, alive. But the answer when it comes fails to dissipate the silence. For all that it is delivered on a high pitch, it fails to convince us that what was once living is not now dead.

For this new poem MacLeish elaborates a form which he first worked out in "Public Speech." But public speech, even when made by a poet, demands ready solutions; it must point the way to action. But action is scarcely the way out of this conflict. It can be resolved, if at all, only through poetry.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

Cycles and the System

BUSINESS CYCLES. By Joseph A. Schumpeter. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Two Volumes. $10.

PROFESSOR SCHUMPETER is preeminently an economists' economist. Following in the footsteps of a small but distinguished band of predecessors—one might mention Quesnay, Cournot, Walras, and Edgeworth as outstanding examples—he has written mainly for his scientific colleagues. His real influence consequently has been much more extensive than the general reading public is in a position to realize.

In a way this is inevitable, and Professor Schumpeter himself would doubtless be the last to complain. Yet it is open to a reviewer who disagrees with him on many points of fundamental importance to assert emphatically that his work deserves a much wider audience than it has yet reached, in this country at least. It is one of the many paradoxes of our present economic system that the worse it operates, the fewer really penetrating economists it seems able to produce. It is Professor Schumpeter's distinction to be one of a very few at a time when the system is working very badly.

"Business Cycles" is a somewhat misleading title for this comprehensive treatise. The subtitle, "A Theoretical, Historical, and Statistical Analysis of the Capitalist Process," comes somewhat nearer to indicating its true scope. But the careful reader will soon discover that the title is not capricious. For in Professor Schumpeter's view the business cycle is the *inevitable* form of capitalist development; and development, in turn, is the *sine qua non* of the capitalist system. In the absence of change, profit and interest would be wiped out by forces inherent in the system. Hence it follows that so far as the system possesses vitality it must also contain forces making for change. These forces consist primarily, though not exclusively, in technological innovation. But innovations are not introduced smoothly and continuously. In the nature of the case they come discontinuously and in clusters. The business cycle in its essence is nothing but the effect of the introduction and assimilation of these clusters of innovations.

In expounding this view of the capitalist process Professor Schumpeter makes use of two very important and closely related assumptions: (1) that innovations are typically financed through the creation of credit; and (2) that in each case they are introduced by a new firm and hence involve an act of net investment. Now it is possible to argue that these assumptions were borne out under nineteenth-century conditions but that in the latter-day economy of trusts they are no longer valid. There are reasons for believing that today innovations are predominantly financed out of depreciation quotas and furthermore that they tend on balance to displace labor. If this is so, they may not only involve no economic stimulus; they may actually operate to aggravate the problems of unemployment and depression so far as the great majority of the population is concerned. At the same time the widespread existence of monopoly may serve to preserve profits for the owners of a relatively few privileged corporations. Under these conditions no automatic decline or collapse of capitalism could be expected. Moreover, the introduction of innovations would not bring in its train the typical phenomena of the business cycle. This is not to affirm that such a system would be free from cycles. It does suggest, however, that a more general explanatory scheme than that put forward by Professor Schumpeter may be necessary if we are to avoid confining our theory to one particular phase of capitalist development.

It is possible that Professor Schumpeter would admit, perhaps even claim, that his theory is applicable primarily to pre-World War conditions; certainly he shows none of the orthodox economist's traditional weakness for constructing theories valid for all time and space. If so, there is not much to be said in criticism of the fundamental contour lines; they can be accepted with little reservation. At the same time, however, he should be willing to agree that his theory can, in principle at least, be subsumed under a more general theory applicable to the entire capitalist epoch.

On points of less importance there is, of course, bound to be disagreement. Here I shall mention just two such points. First, Professor Schumpeter's method of dealing with problems of money and total output seems to me to be less satisfactory than that of the Keynes school. I realize, however, that he would take strong exception to this view. Second, it seems to me that he draws too fine a line between "economic" phenomena on the one hand and "political" and "social" phenomena on the other. Methodologically and provisionally, *any* line can be drawn so long as it leads to useful results. But when a methodological scruple is carried over into substantive judgments on the course of events, scientific validity is sacrificed to theoretical purity. Capitalism is not *only* an economic process in the narrow sense, and to regard it as such, as Professor Schumpeter is inclined to do, inevitably leads to distorted judgments.

In spite of all reservations and criticisms, however, this remains one of the great economic treatises of recent years. Better than any economist since Marx, Professor Schumpeter has succeeded in viewing capitalism as essentially a transitional historical epoch with its own ethos and its own laws of development. He has brought to his work a wealth of learning and a keenness of insight which may well be the despair of lesser minds. Finally he has demonstrated once and for all the utter inadequacy of all merely "monetary" or "external" theories of the cycle.

"Business Cycles" is a great achievement by one of the half-dozen foremost economists of our time. No serious student of the problems which it treats can afford to neglect it.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Mussolini's Battles

FASCIST ECONOMIC POLICY: AN ANALYSIS OF ITALY'S ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT. By William G. Welk. Harvard University Press. $4.

FASCIST ITALY. By William Ebenstein. American Book Company. $2.50.

PRICE CONTROL IN FASCIST ITALY. By Henry S. Miller. Columbia University Press. $2.

A BOOK entitled "Fascist Economic Policy" should be devoted to Fascist economic policy. But Dr. Welk gives over the first 155 pages of his book to a description of the origins of the Fascist movement and the political and administrative institutions of Fascism. In addition, he devotes an appendix of 176 pages to legal texts, most of which are concerned with the very machinery described in the first part of the book. To be sure, historical antecedents and political institutions cannot be ignored. But the author merely rehashes all the well-known slogans of "propaganda," adding an extravagant array of inaccuracies of his own.

No more than ninety pages deal with Fascist economic policy, and they, too, swarm with misstatements. For instance, on pages 160 and 220, the author credits the Fascist regime with having balanced the budget within its first two years. He should not have ignored the fact that the liabilities connected with the World War declined from 18.2 billion lire in 1921-22, the last pre-Fascist fiscal year, to 4.8 billions in 1922-23, the first Fascist fiscal year, and to 1.8 billions by 1925-26. With such a drop in liabilities the Fascist balancing of the budget represented no great heroic task. Moreover, the author should have pointed to the fact that the surpluses in the budgets from 1924-25 to 1929-30 were faked, as evidenced by the steady increase in the national debt, whether domestic or foreign, avowed or hidden, during those fiscal years. When speaking of the conversion of consols into redeemable bonds and vice versa, and of the loans which fill Italian financial history from 1934 onward, the author takes good care not to explain that conversions were never actually optional and loans never free. Thus, instead of stating that the government in 1935 "forced" the owner to reconvert consols into redeemable bonds, he writes that the government "agreed" to carry out that operation (p. 227), as if the owners of the bonds had required the government to do so. Again, on page 228, the author writes that in October, 1936, the government passed a decree "requiring" all owners of real estate to subscribe to a new loan. The correct word would be "forcing." On page 245, the author states that "millions of square miles of marshland" have been reclaimed under the dictatorship. The whole area of Italy does not exceed 120,000 square miles.

The author concludes that "while the leading economic policies adopted by the Fascist regime may have served to increase the country's economic independence and prestige, they cannot be said, so far at least, to have contributed to its economic advancement or to an increase in the economic well-being of the Italian people. Population growth, economic independence, and colonial expansion are being paid by the mass of the Italians through a lowered standard of living" (pp. 248-49). One may doubt whether Mussolini has increased Italy's prestige if by prestige one has to mean the respect which decent people feel for decent people and not the terror a gangster spreads around him.

In appraising the lowering in the standard of living of the Italians, the author accepts official Italian statistics on wages, cost of living, unemployment, etc., with the same candid faith with which a fundamentalist swallows all there is to be found in the Book of Jonah. Had he looked beyond official figures he would have reached a far more pessimistic conclusion than that which even official statistics cannot keep hidden.

Whoever turns from Dr. Welk's to Dr. Ebenstein's book will find all the information needed for a comprehensive and clear picture of political and economic developments in Italy since 1919. I believe I can affirm in all conscience that very few of the statements contained in this book could be challenged by those sharing Dr. Welk's point of view. I cannot quite understand, however, how a well-informed scholar like Dr. Ebenstein can have listed among the "indispensable" sources Mussolini's so-called "Autobiography." Mussolini himself let it be known that he never wrote a word of it, but that it was concocted by his brother Arnaldo and the former ambassador of the United States to Rome, Richard Washburn Child. The lies in this deliberate mystification were contributed by Arnaldo Mussolini and the inanities by Child.

Among Mussolini's infinite battles—the battle against bolshevism, the battle of wheat, the battle against birth control, the battle against unemployment, not to mention the battles against the Ethiopians and the Spaniards—the battle against the high cost of living deserved a doctoral dissertation. Dr. Miller has described with painstaking diligence the institutions created or utilized in Italy by the Fascist dictatorship to stem the high cost of living, from the first crude local committees which ought to have checked the mounting price of bread, to the elaborate system of national committees which is expected today to enforce "just prices."

Dr. Miller reaches the conclusion that "price control in Italy has been a success." However, on page 19 of his book we learn that by the spring of 1934 "prices were no longer declining but beginning to rise"; and on page 34 we read that by the fall of 1935 "it was clear to every student of the problem that local price control had been inefficient. It had suffered prices to rise without hindrance in the first nine months of 1935." This statement would lead us to the conclusion that the success of price-fixing became manifest only in 1936 and 1937, that is, after "central control" was set up, and particularly after "central control" had become "corporative control" in the spring of 1937.

In fact, during the last months of 1935 and the first months of 1936 there was no appreciable increase in the cost of Italian staple foods. But was this the effect of "central control," which had been set up in the autumn of 1935, or was it due to some other cause? In explaining this phenomenon Dr. Miller overlooks the fact that in the autumn of 1935 the

Burlingame, Cal.

League of Nations, because of the Ethiopian War, boycotted all Italian exports. Since Italian exports are mainly staple foods and finished goods, it is no wonder that there was no appreciable increase in the prices of these commodities. As soon as the League of Nations lifted its embargo on Italian exports, prices which had remained stable during the months of the sanctions began to soar once more to new peaks.

Dr. Miller lived in Italy from June, 1937, to April, 1938. During that period he was in a position to gather immediate and valuable information about the movement of prices from hundreds of housewives, workers, petty clerks, and professional men. It would not appear that he made the most of this opportunity.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Shorter Notices

SIDNEY HILLMAN. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Some vital catalytic agent was lacking in the preparation of this book, which has all the ingredients of a first-rate piece of work but never quite comes off. Its hero, Sidney Hillman, is a dynamic, brilliant personality of great and growing importance in the current labor and political scene. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which he heads, is an example of progressive unionism and a pioneer in developing saner and more enlightened industrial relations in the United States. The author is a distinguished economist who published "The New Unionism in the Clothing Industry" (with J. M. Budish) in 1920 and has remained ever since in close contact with the special problems of the needle-trades worker. Yet when mixed together, all these promising elements result in a pot-pourri quite painfully dull and disappointing. The Hillman portrait is done in the Sir Galahad tradition of biography. In the background the narrative of the Amalgamated's career flickers like an old-fashioned movie, always on the verge of breaking down into whorls and splotches on the screen and the "Turkish March" on the piano. Like writers seeking to convey sex knowledge to children, Mr. Soule tends to linger over-long with the bees and the flowers, neglecting many of the facts of life—as they relate to labor and its leaders in these troublous times.

MEN, WIND, AND SEA. By Riley Brown. Carlyle House. $2.25.

The Coast Guard and the Lighthouse Service, recently unified, comprise one branch of the government service that functions with so much efficiency that we scarcely ever hear of it. Prohibition made us slightly conscious of the Coast Guard's existence, but in a manner not at all to its liking. This book, written by a member of the service, is a collection of anecdotes about its activities; but it shows only too plainly that intimate knowledge of the facts is no guaranty of a readable story. The adventures of the Ice Patrol, the burning of the Morro Castle, the sinking of the I'm Alone, to mention but a few, are all gripping stories; but it is only because they are so heavily freighted with excitement that they survive the author's adolescent pen. The Coast Guard deserved a much better press. Nevertheless, the book would make an excellent gift for boys from twelve to sixteen.

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DRAMA

Bagdad on the Subway

AS THE second offering of their second season the Playwrights' Company is presenting a romantic satire in eleven scenes entitled "Two on an Island" (Broadhurst Theater). Its author, Elmer Rice, was last year responsible for the only failure among the offerings of this group, and I complained that he seemed to have lost one of the most entertaining of his gifts—that for catching the gesture and accent of his urban contemporaries. I am happy now to withdraw that complaint without any reservation, and "Two on an Island" promises to be more than successful enough to reestablish him as a member in good standing of the Playwrights' Company.

The island in question is Manhattan itself, and the two who serve as hero and heroine are a boy and a girl arriving simultaneously from the hinterland. They do not actually meet until the last act, but they are, as the author points out, representatives of that great company completing the strange circular migration begun by their forefathers when the latter set out to conquer those great open spaces from which the new generation is returning for a new conquest. Through their eyes we see what is the real subject of the play—the panorama of metropolitan life sketched in broad, bold, and telling strokes.

Jo Mielziner has designed an extremely effective series of skeletonized and stylized settings, which include a subway and the gigantic head of the Statute of Liberty. Mr. Rice has provided a series of delightfully telling vignettes, and the combination is perhaps the most successful attempt ever made to state in theatrical terms the humors of O. Henry's Bagdad on the Subway. Mr. Rice's mood is, indeed, almost as unashamed in its humorous romanticism as was that of the author of "The Four Million." O. O. McIntyre would have loved the play, and it is only the author's shrewd observation and shrewd craftsmanship which lift it above the level of the familiar heartbreak-and-glamour style of contemporary romance. But it is above that level because, even when Mr. Rice uses a method almost broad enough to suggest the cartoon, the sharpness and directness of his observation, together with his extraordinary gift for recording the speech of real people, give the thing a sincerity and a verisimilitude wholly delightful. The theatrical method which he employs has been all but discredited by "advanced" playwrights who have used it as an excuse for laziness and inepitude, but Mr. Rice has rehabilitated it partly by the crispness of his atmospheric scenes, partly by the knowingness with which he has alternated them with the more fully developed scenes involving his hero and heroine, most of which are written with great vigor and originality. Take, for example, that in which the heroine is all but seduced by the illustrator for whom she is posing. Obviously this scene is inevitable in any such story. One is ready to assume that it could not be other than stereotyped and banal. Yet actually it is neither. Aided by the very fine performance given by Miss Betty Field, it becomes, instead, perhaps the best single scene in the play, freshly humorous as well as pathetic.

With "Two on an Island" Mr. Rice, I think, resumes his place among the best of our comic writers, along with the Messrs. Behrman, Barry, and Kaufman, and it is interesting to notice how different the quality of the wit of each one is. Mr. Behrman is literary and, in the most favorable sense of the word, artificial—not really of any time or any class; Mr. Barry speaks with the accent, idealized of course, of the smartest of the best families; Mr. Kaufman with that of Broadway and Twenty-one. Neither the comic insight nor the wit of Mr. Rice is like that of any of the others, and it rests, one might say, on a broader base, derives from the spirit of a larger mass of people. It is not merely that his favorite characters are landladies, taxi drivers, and the like, persons whose knowingness is combined with an innocent unsophistication. It is also that the whole flavor of his writing is more robust, more earthy, less narrowly local, and less highly specialized in spirit if not in manner. Of the four he is the most inclusively American, and without him the quartet would represent far less completely than it does the comic spirit of this nation.

"Two on an Island" probably owes almost as much to the author's skilful staging as it does to his writing. It also owes a great deal to a company of more than fifty persons, among whom some of the minor performers are excellent. I have already mentioned Betty Field among the principals. Others are Luther Adler as a Broadway producer and John Craven as the young man from Iowa. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

A BROADCASTING company's sense of its own virtue would do for an Inquisition burning the proper faith into heretics or a Soviet government bombing it into Finnish villagers. Anyone who cannot see in a musical program of N. B. C., Columbia, or Mutual the utmost in devotion to music, in understanding, in wisdom, is—in the eyes of N. B. C., Columbia, or Mutual—a person blinded by his own mean nature. But the people at N. B. C. who continue to fit late Beethoven quartets into half-hour periods every Sunday evening by slicing out movements are—in the eyes of anyone with real devotion to music and real understanding—barbarians blinded by their pretentiousness.

Bloch's Violin Concerto had a superb New York first performance by Szigeti with the Boston Symphony; and it was interesting to see that the audience, which was almost intensely quiet during the first movement, became restless and inattentive during the third, and in this way expressed a correct appraisal of the two movements. Bloch, that is, reverts in the third movement to what he has already said impressively and at sufficient length in the first.

Bloch, who is very particular about the kind of performances his works get, has spoken enthusiastically of the performances of his String Quartet by the Griller Quartet, which played it in New York recently (and then did a much less distinguished job with Mozart); and he supervised the Stuyvesant Quartet's excellent recording of the work for Columbia (M-392, $9). The work is characteristic in the intensity and complexity of its feeling, the richness and complexity of the idiom in which this feeling expresses itself, the remarkable sensitiveness to tone, and in particular to the tonal resources of the four strings in combination, which this idiom exhibits. These produce passages of unforgettable individuality and power; but the work is not without its occasional inferiority—the so-called second subject of the first movement, for example.

Another fine Columbia set (X-154, $3.50) offers Handel's Concerto Grosso Opus 6 No. 6 in an excellent performance by the London Symphony under Weingartner. But for the rest Columbia's January list offers several items that I consider wholly negligible: Reger's Suite for unaccompanied 'cello Opus 131c, however well played by Feuermann (X-152, $3.50); the Introduction to Act 3 of Wagner's Tannhäuser," however well done by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Weingartner (69793-D, $1.50); a wooden-toned recording of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony by Columbia Broadcasting Symphony under Barlow (M-391, $6). And as for Roland Hayes's Song Recital (M-393, $5), it is regrettable that no recordings were made of this artist's singing in its prime; but it is regrettable also that when Columbia does get around to it he records none of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms that he sang so beautifully and can still do well, but instead the Dream from "Manon," Quilter's "It Was a Lover and His Lass," and Beethoven's "Adelaide"—these in addition to some old Italian and French things, Bach's "Bist du bei mir" (which Mr. Hayes thinks is a secular song), and two Negro songs, "He never said a mumberlin' word" and "Roun' 'bout de mountain." In these last three and in the thirteenth-century "L'Amour de moi" Mr. Hayes does his best singing.

The surfaces of these records show considerable improvement.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

THE eagerly awaited movie version of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" (Twentieth Century-Fox) is one Hollywood production you cannot afford to miss: for its general excellence in direction, acting, and photography, for the fact that in places it breaks out of the strait-jacket of formulas and codes; for the significance of the whole undertaking, whatever its motives. With it a new period in the development of American moving-picture art could begin. But even if this hope is not confirmed, the standard which the film sets will remain. To make it a beginning instead of letting it be a mere single accomplishment is now—partly at least—up to the audiences. It would be a great pleasure to see the conventional school of producers that operates on the easy assumption that movies are and should be nothing but (mild) entertainment get a licking at the box office. But of course, no costly manifestation of a society, such as the press, the radio, and the movies, can be freer than the society itself.

Nunnally Johnson, who wrote the movie version, has done

Oswald Garrison Villard

has just returned from a journalistic assignment in Europe where his articles evoked the following comment from a foremost English liberal editor: "I can recall no journalistic achievement in recent years comparable with the effect your articles have had, not in this country only, but throughout the world."

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LET'S BUILD OUR "HOME LINE"

TWELVE months ago, in the first of the Calling America Series of *Survey Graphic*, we attempted to turn outrage and protest at the persecution of minorities abroad into positive lines of thought and action and to strengthen our democracy at home. Last October we published as second in the Calling America Series: SCHOOLS—The Challenge of Democracy to Education. Now Comes HOMES: Front Line of Defense for American Life.

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front line of defense for AMERICAN LIFE

In this issue nineteen experts explain in vivid and authoritative articles, charts and illustrations why a home in the very fullest sense of the word—the house itself and its setting in a neighborhood providing adequate amenities—stands far beyond the reach of millions of Americans to rent or to buy. Moreover, *they point the way to a solution of the problem.*

Under the editorship of Albert Mayer, architect, writer, consultant to official housing and planning authorities and of Loula D. Lasker as associate, this number answers the following challenging questions:

How do good homes *strengthen our democracy?* How are builders, financiers and planners attempting to solve the problems of the *family who wants a real home?* What is *our government doing* to raise the standard of home life? What progress has been made in the fields of public housing, investment housing, home and community planning? How can we solve the *riddle of taxation* in relation to housing? Where will the back-to-the-country movement lead? What sort of homes and communities can we expect *in the America of tomorrow?*

Contributors include Secretary Henry A. Wallace, Raymond V. Parsons, Irving Brant, Catherine Bauer, Edith Elmer Wood, Ira S. Robbins, Carl Feiss, Benton MacKaye, David Cushman Coyle, Charles Abrams, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Canfield, Harold S. Buttenheim, John H. Crider, John Palmer Gavit.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

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his work skilfully. Since "The Grapes of Wrath," unlike "Gone with the Wind," was not assigned the status of a super-production, Mr. Johnson had to cut sharply into the original. The whole last part of the book is out—the box-car camp, the flood, Rosasharn's miscarriage, and the very last scene. The picture closes with Tom Joad fleeing (to be "everwhere—wherever you look") from the government camp. And the family drives on, longing for work, Mother Joad summing up: "We're the people that live. Can't nobody wipe us out."

The tone of the original is often softened, the breath weakened, the scope narrowed, but what remains is still within its limits a passionate and deeply absorbing story. There are flaws. One never sees for example, the Joads or the other immigrants from the Dust Bowl actually at work in the green and golden valleys of California. Why? The contrast between their dreams of what fruit picking would be in a beautiful and fertile landscape and what it turned out to be in reality constituted a natural and very effective element in the original. Would it spoil our appetite for compotes if we could actually see how our fruits are picked? The movie version does not always tell the whole story, but neither does it lie; emotional formulations of little directive meaning are given a prominent place at the cost of concrete and intelligent conclusions. But as a whole the script preserves the spirit of the novel.

John Ford, the director, who last year did an unsurpassed job with "Stage Coach," again triumphs. It is he who made this picture what it is. Taste, economy, a sharp sense of artistic balances, and an admirable technical skill enable him to tell of human hearts where others would only report external actions. He is developing more and more a style of his own which combines realism with imagination. As a result he gives us pictures of life which mere naturalism could not achieve. Sometimes one feels that he would like to go a step farther, that he could heighten a scene, make its impact even stronger, that he could shake us where he only moves us—I hope he will one day be allowed to do it. In this film the children in Hooverville do not look really starved, and they do not behave as if they were. There are other retouchings, too, to match the script, but often the director overcomes the limitations imposed and turns them into virtues, achieving his result through implication. Special mention should be made of his camera man, Gregg Toland. The photography is exact and ingenious, and there are many unforgettable shots.

It remains to praise the cast, which in the chief parts and in the bits is equally perfect. Henry Fonda as Tom, Jane Darwell as Ma Joad, John Caradine as Casey play with an air of understatement which fits their stunned bewilderment when they find out what the world still is like in the midst of plenty. If their behavior for long stretches is rather lyrical than tough, it is not their fault. They have not been allowed to play the hardest and most bitter moments of the book. Not enough credit can be given to the supporting cast and its direction. These cops, vigilantes, emigrants, truck drivers, and gas-station attendants on U. S. Highway 66 supply a frightening reality; they are presented without any sentimental concessions. This cannot be said about the whole picture. But, nevertheless, "The Grapes of Wrath" is Hollywood's most distinguished offering. **FRANZ HOELLERING**

Birthday Greetings

[*Next week* The Nation *will celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary, and we have already received many messages of congratulation and comment. We are grateful for these greetings—even the critical ones. We printed some last week and shall run as many others as we can find space for in the next few issues.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CHARLES POLETTI

Lieutenant Governor of New York

I am glad to have this opportunity to extend warm congratulations to *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday. I like *The Nation* because its appraisal of current affairs and trends is keen and fair. It does not accept things on the strength of labels. I admire it because it is as critical of those persons with whose progressive views it is in accord as of those with whom it violently disagrees. In short, *The Nation* is an exceedingly stimulating and progressive force.

ALFRED A. KNOPF

I am poor at writing testimonials, but I can tell you that for twenty-five years I have never, except when I have been far from home, missed examining and reading at least part of an issue of *The Nation*. That's something. Good luck to it on its seventy-fifth anniversary!

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

I can think of no single periodical in the United States whose continued existence is of more importance to American democracy than *The Nation.* Not that it is consistently wiser than other periodicals, but I know of none which is more conscientiously aware of the problems of democracy or more loyally dedicated to the maintenance of civil liberties.

WILLIAM T. EVJUE

Editor, the Madison *Capital Times*

As the editor of a daily newspaper I look each week for the appearance of *The Nation.* I have been doing this for many years because *The Nation* has been an outstanding champion of an intelligent liberalism. *The Nation* is always a valuable incentive to the editor who seeks to mold, day in and day out, a newspaper that aims to give expression to the groups in the American scene that are trying to promote a better life for our people. *The Nation* has always been militant, aggressive, and fearless—refreshingly so to one who knows something of the pressures to which modern publications are subject. I congratulate *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday and take this occasion to wish for it many more years of distinguished service.

STANLEY M. ISAACS

President, Borough of Manhattan

The Nation holds a high position among those publications which deservedly affect public opinion. It has always been a strong influence looking toward the development of progressive and liberal ideas. Its views have been expressed with courage and emphasis. On some occasions I have thought it over-critical to those in office, particularly during Theodore Roosevelt's time. But even to those who disagreed at times with the views expressed, it has always been a stimulating and exciting publication to read. In present hands and in these troublous times it is more essential than ever.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

It is indeed heartening news that *The Nation* has reached the seventy-fifth mile post of a distinguished career. As an inquirer into the field of American history, I have become familiar with its record in the days of Reconstruction. As a friend and warm admirer of Oswald Garrison Villard, I followed its course during the years of his direction. Since then I have observed the continuing vigor of high public purpose that animates its conduct.

From all these standpoints I admire *The Nation*—its history, its purposes, and the influence it has with liberal thought in the United States. I hope for it seventy-five more years of useful service.

GUY EMERY SHIPLER

Editor, the *Churchman*

What I think of *The Nation* can be given the truest emphasis if I put it this way: If every clergyman in the United States were a reader, the church would come far closer to being that dynamo for the development of justice and good-will which the religion it represents demands it should be. *The Nation's* sensitive insight, its intellectual fiber, its daring to say what others fear to say—these and a long list of other qualities are desperately essential in a journalism making for the fulfilment of our democratic idea. They give the paper a glorious right to touch off all the fireworks and devour all the cakes it can lay its hands on in celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary of embattled public service.

OLIVER CARLSON

Director of Public Relations, California

My greetings to *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday. It's the livest oldster I've seen—and, as you know, we've got a lot of lively oldsters out here. You've done a grand job. Best wishes and a long, long life to *The Nation* and its staff.

ELMER A. BENSON

Former Governor of Minnesota

I am very happy to greet you and the readers of *The Nation* on this its seventy-fifth anniversary. We all hope that all the issues of *The Nation* in the weeks to come may be as interesting and helpful as the many issues we have read in the past. I am always interested in reading *The Nation,* and I think most people are, because while we may disagree with the editors and those who contribute to *The Nation* on the non-essential, less important things, usually, I am sure, most of us agree with *The Nation* upon the fundamental and important things.

May you always continue to stimulate thought and discussion among your readers and especially so in the critical weeks and months immediately ahead of us.

ROGER BALDWIN

The Nation has been for years the stalwart champion of every cause on the fighting front for human freedom. It has been cool and clear-eyed even when others in the liberal camp have become excited and intolerant. Its news and comment are indispensable to an understanding of the major conflicts that mark the world's somewhat doubtful progress.

BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL

I wish to add my word of congratulation on *The Nation's* seventy-fifth anniversary. I have been a reader of *The Nation* for fifty years. It has always been a journal of outstanding distinction, but it has greatly improved in the last quarter-century. In the old days it commanded attention by a forthright honesty, altogether admirable but somewhat abstract and formal. In recent years the honesty is just as marked, but now takes larger consideration of things as they are, and has deeper sympathy with and regard for the fundamental human elements. In spite of itself the old *Nation* was aristocratic to a degree that was at times repellent. It is now the most genuinely democratic journal I know.

BENNETT CERF

Publisher, Random House

My congratulations to *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth anniversary. I consider it one of the three most important magazines in the United States. I hope they will be able to say as much for Random House when we celebrate *our* seventy-fifth anniversary—that will be in the year 2003.

IRVING BRANT

Contributing Editor, St. Louis *Star-Times*

When a radio direction finder is installed on a ship, it has to be calibrated to correct distortion caused by nearby masses of metal. For the past twenty-five years *The Nation* has been, to me, chiefly a calibrator of the news and editorial opinion of the daily press, correcting distortion, recording the true direction of the beam of truth. If there is a more vital function than that, in American weekly journalism, I don't know what it is.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

As time passes, *The Nation* continues to reverse the course of nature. In its early days *The Nation* was sound, scholastic, dull, heavy, and very respectable. Today it is no less sound, but it is vigorous, lusty, interesting, and on occasion its intelligent views have even been regarded as "subversive."

Some years ago, before Villard assumed the leadership, I was asked at a dinner of contributors how I liked *The Nation.* "I don't know," I answered, "I never read any part of it except my own rare contributions." Today *The Nation* is something of a nuisance, for however busy I may be, I am uncomfortable until I find time to give it careful reading.

Congratulations on your progress! I look forward to the time when the circulation of *The Nation* will be to a greater degree commensurate with its influence and repute.

CHARLES H. HOUSTON

Outstanding Negro Attorney

Congratulations on the seventy-fifth anniversary of *The Nation.* Back in high school *The Nation* started me doing my own thinking. Whether I agree with it or not, I still always try to find the position of *The Nation* on every important public issue.

HELEN HALL

Director, Henry Street Settlement

One of the best things I know about *The Nation* is that we live in a country where it can be published. Its crisp, clear critical opinions which bring edge to the thinking of our times are invaluable.

And, purely between you and me, it gives me great satisfaction to think that anything as handsome has a woman editor! I grew up in days when we did not even let a woman vote, and the last twenty years have made such changes that the things we do still have a touch of adventure.

FLORENCE E. ALLEN

Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals

Nothing is so essential to the preservation of our liberties as courage, unbiased discussion of public issues. In no journal do I find this quality exhibited in a higher degree than it is in *The Nation.*

HARRIET B. LAIDLAW

Congratulations, in this unstable and changing world, to *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday. We need such a journal as *The Nation*—one that is spendidly American without any narrow chauvinism. I feel that we can trust its leadership, as it stands poised, alert to deal with crucial questions. There are a quick readiness and a certain healthy youthfulness and elasticity in *The Nation* that point to a future of usefulness, and that augur well for its rapidly spreading importance.

JACQUES MARITAIN

I am glad to know of the seventy-fifth anniversary of *The Nation* and to be able to congratulate it upon its long and worthy career. Its liberal values have made it representative of much of the promise of American life; and this is recognized in France today by those who are in the forefront of the struggle for the survival of civilization —a survival which, to my mind, requires first the renewing, even in social and political matters, of the true spirit of Christendom.

CONTRIBUTORS

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THE Nation

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A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

The seventy-fifth anniversary of a journal of opinion is a noteworthy event, and a magazine like *The Nation,* which has so often espoused unpopular causes, has powerful enemies as well as loyal friends. It is therefore a tribute to its usefulness that it has survived for three-quarters of a century.

I think no one would ever accuse *The Nation* of seeking to become a popular organ. It has, through its long history, often appeared to stand alone. It does not matter whether one agrees with *The Nation* or not. The important thing is that everywhere and always—particularly in a democracy—minorities shall have a means of expressing themselves, and *The Nation,* we all know, has often represented minority opinion and mighty unpopular minority opinion at that. It has not seldom vindicated the principle laid down by Voltaire: "I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

So I send hearty congratulations to *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday. Having weathered the storms of three-quarters of a century, it ought to have little difficulty in rounding out a full hundred years.

Franklin D Roosevelt

Old Liberties for a New World

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ANNIVERSARIES should be approached without awe. They should offer an occasion, not for mere reminiscence and even less for reverence, but for friendly reunion. One of the chief satisfactions of preparing this birthday issue of *The Nation* was the opportunity of renewing acquaintances with the journal in the various stages of its journey through stormy years, and with the men who made it. It was an enlightening experience and it brought surprises. Personalities emerged from what had been little more than imposing reputations. Frailties as well as virtues sprang alive from brittle pages. Wit ran through the years, lighting up eight-point columns. We met passion and inconsistency as well as sober judgment. There may have been giants in those days, but there were also, thank heaven, men.

We have tried to produce an anniversary number that brings out the qualities of mind and feeling in *The Nation* of past years and at the same time offers a cross-section of the problems most closely concerning us today. A few unbroken threads run through the volumes, and you will find them in the pattern of this issue. (Godkin's words on the impeachment of President Johnson, quoted on page 161, could be applied unchanged to the political prosecutions that are multiplying today.) Other threads have been snapped by the pull of events in these generations of swift change. In his essay on "Free Inquiry and Free Endeavor" I. F. Stone has shown both the continuity and the decisive shifts in liberal opinion during the years. Here, encompassed in the span of one journal's life, you find the whole story of freedom's struggle to adapt to, and so survive, the inexorable growth of industrial collectivism. Godkin didn't like labor unions. Naturally not. They interfered with a man's right to sell his services freely—wherever he chose and at the best price he could get. But neither did Godkin like the great corporations which rose to make that right an ugly joke and to turn theoretical freedom into actual slavery. *The Nation* fought against a tide that could not be turned; but today, it must be acknowledged, that tide has washed up on the beaches of our civilization the very problem of freedom so sharply recognized by the early editors of this paper.

It is, of course, the problem upon which all other problems converge. The collective nature of the industrial process has been accepted now by everyone. If it is denied by Republican politicians or unreconstructed Wall Streeters, you may be sure their denials are nothing more than moves in a game that is over. The question is not, how can we save free enterprise in a free market, with all the subsidiary freedoms that are supposed to flow from those two? The question is rather, how much freedom can survive the degree of collective control necessary to keep the industrial machine going; and where is that control to be lodged?

The unrelated social reforms of the first decade of this century provided some amelioration of conditions that had become unbearable and concealed without altering the outlines of that question. The boom of the twenties concealed them still better. But the thirties have posed it squarely, and some answers have been attempted. The New Deal is one. It is a fumbling answer, but perhaps no more fumbling than democracy itself. So in a sense it forms part of the question rather than an answer. If democracy can go no farther and no faster and no straighter than this, can it go far and fast and straight enough to get there in time? Fascism is another answer, and it is the one that is most likely to result from either a failure to get there in time or a refusal to attempt any answer at all.

Today we talk passionately, defensively, about democracy, which we properly equate with freedom. Its existence is threatened by armies abroad and by reactionary forces at home. But, at home and abroad, its existence is also threatened by its own failure. It has failed to keep the industrial machine running smoothly enough to keep men at work earning money enough to buy enough goods to keep the machine running. Whether Hitler could do better we don't know. His success in eliminating unemployment in Germany was probably only partly due to the needs of a voracious war economy. It was also due to a nation-wide organization of money, plants, materials, and men. If he wins the war he may possibly be able to organize Europe on similar lines, as a single industrial machine. Then the question I have put will be answered on one continent. But an answer based on universal slavery and state absolutism will not be accepted as final as long as democracy has the power to resist.

We don't yet know whether it has the power to make a successful resistance in Europe. The fight has only begun. We do not know how much America will contribute to the struggle, or whether it will help organize the peace. Fascism may lose the war but win the peace. A basic social change in Europe, not mere readjustments of boundaries, will be required if fascism is not to win.

Catastrophe does not loom so close in America. We have a little latitude for experiment and delay provided by our mighty physical resources and our distance from Europe and Asia. Fascism in action has attracted few of our people. The American on the cover of this magazine is not a man to be taken in by any two-penny Hitler. But look at his easy, humorous, confident, negligent pose. May he not smile too tolerantly at the antics of the street-corner Führers and feel too comfortably remote from the heat of foreign war? May he not let too much time drift by while the national machine jerks along in low gear? The danger in America springs from a tough confidence in our wealth, our stability, our recuperative powers. Even ten years of depression and a huge continuing load of unemployment have failed to dent that armor. We don't know yet how pressing is the need of solving our economic problem quickly in democratic terms.

One way or another, this main question of our time is discussed by most of the writers in this issue. Taken together they provide an informal analysis of the problem of freedom and organization. And from them it is possible to distil an equally informal program—a program for persons determined to preserve as much freedom as possible while working to establish the collective controls necessary to the survival of an industrial civilization.

Such a program cannot be carried out in war time or under threat of war. It is incompatible with aggression and equally incompatible with the structure of "peace" proposed by Hitler. It means that the United States must contribute both to the defeat of fascism and to the equally difficult task of constructing an organized peace when the war has been won.

Such a program demands, too, a militant and united American labor movement. The way to union between the two great federations seems long and full of obstacles, but it must be traveled, and with some speed. And the New Deal must be preserved. The reforms of the Roosevelt Administration provide an indispensable basis for orderly progress toward greater social control. But these reforms should, of course, be enormously extended. Collective control over our natural resources, the railroads, and other major monopolies must be accepted as obvious first steps in the direction of industrial planning and an equitable distribution of purchasing power.

And most important of all, such a program implies an effective defense of our civil rights. We are happy in having as President a man who so heartily supports the expression of minority opinion—including the "mighty unpopular minority opinion" ascribed to *The Nation*. But the President is himself under the fire of groups, strongly intrenched in Congress and the country, who are determined to abolish this ancient weapon of democratic change. Against such forces *The Nation* will fight with all its power and vigilance, as it has throughout the years.

The Shape of Things

WHERE WERE YOU ON THE EVENING OF January 9? To contemporary Washington, terrorized by the Dies inquisition, that question has become a litmus test distinguishing "Americans" from critics of Martin Dies. On that night six liberal Congressmen, a university professor, a member of the staff of *The Nation*, and several other persons attended a private dinner at the home of Gardner Jackson, legislative representative of Labor's Non-Partisan League. The principal item of discussion was the Dies committee. James Wechsler of *The Nation* submitted documented evidence, pieced together primarily from public records, showing the interlocking relationship of Dies, Merwin K. Hart, and the Christian Front—seventeen of whose members had been arrested the day before on charges of conspiracy. To the same gathering Jackson displayed photostats of letters supposed to have been written by William Dudley Pelley to David Mayne, Pelley's former Washington representative. The letters, which Mayne had sold to one of Jackson's aides, quoted Pelley as boasting that Dies had agreed to tread lightly, if at all, on Silver Shirt territory. On January 22 Congressman Frank Hook, one of those present at the dinner, issued a double-barreled attack on Dies based on this material; in the same week *The Nation* published an article outlining the same charges. Since that day not an item of proof has been produced to challenge the record of Dies-Hart-Front relationships. But it has been established that the Pelley letters were forgeries concocted by Mayne and accepted in good faith by Jackson and others. Dies's colleagues are now trying to bury the Christian Front connection in the collapse of the Pelley evidence. Logically they can't—because that connection is proved by letterheads, committee lists, luncheon programs, and a host of other unchallengeable documents. But campaigns of confusion are never logical.

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IF DIES'S ASSOCIATION WITH FRIENDS OF the Front is beyond dispute, a number of other mysteries remain. It is now known that the man who sold the forged Pelley letters was in the pay of the Dies committee, ostensibly assigned to find Pelley, at almost precisely the time he was peddling manufactured goods to the committee's foes. A dispatch to the New York *Sun* on January 31 contained this disclosure, now confirmed in Washington; the same dispatch reported that on January 25—after the Hook blast—agents of the committee attempted to plant another set of forged documents on the committee's critics. The Hearst press has carried wild headlines announcing a "plot" to discredit Dies; is it conceivable that a real conspiracy was fomented by agents of the committee to forestall legitimate attacks? Granted that the Pelley letters were forged, further inquiry reveals that last November 21 Pelley's own organ, *Liberation*, carried a story almost duplicating the contents of the forged letters. The story asserted that early in the history of his committee Dies said to a Pelley agent, "I'm not interested in Pelley. On the whole I think he's done a darned good job," referring, according to *Liberation*, to Pelley's attack on the La Follette committee. As we go to press, Congressman Hook is demanding a sweeping inquiry into the whole Pelley episode. It is plain that the situation cries out for such an inquiry. But whatever its outcome, Martin Dies must still answer the bulk of the indictment, which remains intact—the story of his close relations with Merwin K. Hart and the "respectable" periphery of the Christian Front.

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THE CONFERENCE OF THE BALKAN ENTENTE just concluded reiterated the desire of the participants to keep out of the war but failed to reach any definite agreement for mutual guaranties. The official communiqué issued at the conclusion was notable, however, for the stress laid on friendly relations with neighboring states and on the need for strengthening economic ties between all the Balkan countries. Translated into non-diplomatic language this means that the entente, originally formed to maintain the status quo against the revisionist claims of Bulgaria, is now anxious to appease both that state and Hungary, which is equally an obstacle to Danubian solidarity. According to some reports Rumania is now willing to return to Bulgaria a small portion of the Dobrudja as a conciliatory gesture. A much greater threat to the unity of Southeastern Europe, however, is the Transylvanian question. Both Yugoslavia and Italy have lately attempted to persuade Hungary to put its claims against Rumania in cold storage, at least for the duration of the war, but internal pressures make such a course practically impossible for any Hungarian government. Nor is it easy to see what economic concessions could be made by the Balkan countries to conciliate Hungary. In fact, an increase in mutual trade in the region, however desirable, would be extremely difficult to arrange because of the similar economies of the countries concerned. They all have agricultural surpluses and all need manufactured goods, and as a result seem destined to provide a commercial, if not a physical, battlefield for Germany and the Allies.

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FROM FINLAND COMES NEWS OF DESPERATE fighting on the Karelian Isthmus front, north of Lake Ladoga, and in the "waistline" sector. Some advances are claimed by the Finnish army, which also reports the capture of many prisoners and much material. But the cables suggest that fresh Russian troops of a higher caliber are now on the firing line, with the result that the difficulties of the defense are increasing. Nevertheless, the Finns appear to be holding their own at least, for Moscow reports with monotonous regularity that "nothing of importance" is happening at the front. Were the Red Army making definite progress, these communiqués would hardly be so reticent. But the vast reserves of men and materials at the disposal of the Soviets must eventually take effect unless help on a larger scale reaches Finland. That is the point made again and again in a dispatch from Helsinki by Leland Stowe which will appear in our next issue. The contributions of the Scandinavian states seem insufficient to be decisive, though possibly they are being deliberately minimized. There is a report that Sweden has purchased 150 fighting planes in this country for resale to Finland in return for foodstuffs and raw materials which the latter can obtain here through the Export-Import Bank credit. The possibility of a private loan to Finland has also been suggested, but Wall Street, for all its hostility toward Russia, would probably consider that the risks involved were too great. Meanwhile, President Kallio of Finland has again voiced the willingness of his government to negotiate peace. Unhappily there seems small chance of a response from Moscow. The prestige of the U. S. S. R. is now involved, and on the scales of the new imperialism soldiers' lives seem to weigh as little as they did in czarist days.

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INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY IN DECEMBER, AS measured by the Federal Reserve Board index, reached a new record of 128, or two points above the previous high of May, 1929. This index, however, is not corrected for secular trends, and as population has increased some 8 per cent in the last ten years, it denotes a per capita production well below that of the last pre-depression year. Nor, unfortunately, can December's peak be regarded as a stepping-stone to higher things, for there are indications that since the turn of the year a new slide downhill has started. The wave of buying which drove the heavy industries forward in the final quarter of 1939 has spent itself, and with production now in excess of new orders backlogs are being rapidly reduced. New investment, too, is lagging except in a few industries, such as aircraft, which are benefiting from war orders. At the same time the contribution of the federal government to purchasing power is declining, and with the economizers now in the saddle in Washington it seems destined to suffer further shrinkage. The effects on industry may be seen in the figures for engineering construction awards for January, which are 38 per cent below a year ago. Public construction is down no less than 48 per cent, while private awards have advanced only 12 per cent. This indicates how large an expansion of private investment in this field is required to compensate for the drop in public investment. Business leaders tell us that the unbalanced budget is one of the chief causes of the lack of confidence which checks the use of private capital. But neither the striking cuts in expenditure made by the President nor subsequent Congressional prunings have roused business from its apathy.

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CHAIRMAN MADDEN OF THE LABOR BOARD has at last had his day in court before the hostile House committee investigating the board. He said little that was new but much that has been deliberately overlooked or forgotten. He showed that the board, despite the charges of incompetence and unfair procedure brought against it, has made a far better record in the courts than any other administrative agency in our history. It has had twenty-two cases in the Supreme Court, been upheld completely in eighteen and partially in two more, and overruled only twice. That is the record of the board's first four years. Chairman Madden compared this with the record of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which lost every one of the ten cases taken to the Supreme Court in the first ten years of its history, and with the record of the Federal Trade Commission, which was fully upheld in only three, partly in only one, of fifteen cases during its first ten years of existence. It happens that this comparison is a trifle misleading, for both the ICC and the FTC had to face courts manned by reactionaries rather than Roosevelt liberals. It is an adequate answer, nevertheless, to the amateur constitutional lawyers who are constantly attacking the board's procedure.

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THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION IN AMERICAN constitutional law continues with a ruling handed down by Justice Frankfurter in a Federal Communications case without dissent, even Justice McReynolds concurring "in the result" though not in the reasoning. Its effect is to free regulatory agencies from the constant interference of the courts in the minutiae of their procedure. That such a change was desirable was one of Justice Frankfurter's contentions in his classes in administrative law at Harvard Law School, and the support given this view by the court shows that he has been as successful a teacher at Washington as he was at Cambridge. "Courts," he said, echoing Holmes, "are not charged with general guardianship against all potential mischief in the complicated tasks of government." And Brandeis's plea in the St. Joseph's Stockyards case a few years ago is embodied in the warning that "interference by the courts is not conducive to the development of habits of responsiblity in administrative agencies." In this as in other ways the Roosevelt "revolution" in the Supreme Court is not so much the concoction of constitutional novelties as a return to the earlier and more liberal interpretations which were dominant in the court from the 1830's to the 1890's.

THE MOMENT WHEN WAR THREATENS TO spread over half the world and fascism is making its supreme effort would hardly seem the time for a League for Peace and Democracy to disband. Not only has the league done just that, but it has offered these very circumstances as the reason for its dissolution. "The coming of the war," its executive body declares, created the need for a "different program and type of organization." A new program was undoubtedly called for, but that would hardly require the scrapping of a painstakingly developed organizational structure. The reasons for the league's disappearance, we suspect, were more realistic. One was the unscrupulous smearing it sustained at the hands of the Dies committee; a minimum of truth and a maximum of falsehood make a potent mixture and in this case it did its work well. But the minimum of truth was in itself a factor, and one of no small proportions. Whatever the extent of Communist control, the party members and sympathizers in the league were among its most active and effective workers, and after the Russian-German pact their interest in the organization cooled. Refusal of the executive committee, by a fourteen-to-one vote, to condemn either the pact or Russia's share in the aggression against Poland lent color to the charges of Communist influence, and the attack on Finland hastened the end. The Finnish invasion was condemned, to be sure, but half-heartedly and seemingly more to keep in line with "previous policy" than out of any conviction comparable with the league's condemnation of Japanese, German, and Italian aggression. Dwindling financial support undoubtedly accelerated the collapse, but it would seem to have been a result rather than a cause.

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A PARIS CORRESPONDENT REPORTED IN *The Nation* of February 22, 1866, that "an attempt is being made to curtail still further the already minute proportions of ladies' head-gear by suppressing that part of the bonnet which covers the ears." As we go to press seventy-four years later even that part of the "bonnet" which covers the head has been almost totally suppressed. This year, if ever, women's hats are a straw in the wind.

*

IN PREPARING THIS ISSUE, THE EDITORS HAD the generous help of several old friends. Paul Kellogg, editor of the *Survey,* and Lewis S. Gannett, of the New York *Herald Tribune,* advised with us on editorial plans, while Joseph Blumenthal, distinguished typographer and printer, who designed *The Nation's* present format, devoted time and technical skill to the problem of physical arrangement. To them and to every person who contributed to our seventy-fifth-anniversary issue we offer our warm thanks.

Shadow and Substance

SINCE emotional conflict is the foe of rational thought, it is hardly surprising that when dislike of Hitlerism and desire to keep out of war occupy the same breast some strange mental reactions should result. None of us have the slightest fear of being impelled to fight on the side of Germany, and therefore feel immune to Nazi propaganda; indeed, we are hardly aware of its existence. But we are very conscious of the pull which the Allies exercise on our sympathies and are sternly on guard against any attempt to strengthen them. Anything that sounds remotely like Allied propaganda immediately strikes a bell which warns us to discipline our unneutral feelings.

Consequently, while we do not need anyone to tell us about the horrors of Nazism, we are quite ready to listen to those who illuminate the tarnished scutcheons of Britain and France. We like to be reminded of the many imperialist adventures these countries have indulged in, of the imperfections of their democracies, and of the greed and stupidity of their ruling classes. Without quite realizing it, we provide a receptive audience for the propaganda of the Nazis and their variegated cooperators in this country, who are well aware of the most telling lines to use.

Now it is undeniable that Britain and France have much to atone for, as America has also, and democracy might well pray for less fly-blown champions than Messrs. Chamberlain and Daladier. But in respect to the issues involved in the war these things are not really relevant. To regard the conflict simply as a struggle between rival imperialisms is to mistake the shadow for the substance, for essentially it is a struggle between two totally incompatible ideas of man's destiny.

This is the point so forcibly made in Thomas Mann's article on page 174. On the one hand we have a conception of a progressive society which, often as it has betrayed the idea, is founded on a belief in the worth and dignity of each individual, of a society which, like our own, is dedicated to ideals of liberty and equal justice for all. The fact that all too frequently such ideals have been most honored in the breach makes them neither worthless nor impotent, for as long as society is committed to faith in them they cannot be wholly destroyed. It is because the National Socialist philosophy wholly repudiates these values that the outcome of the war will decide far more than the question of who is to be top-dog in Europe. If Hitler wins, his system will be imposed on the whole continent, his idea of progress—that of domination by a "master-race"—will mold its future, his creed of blind obedience to the godlike state will be stamped into the minds of the young. We may choose to shut our eyes to these implications of Nazism, to comfort ourselves with the thought that if Hitler wins security for himself and his regime he may modify his ideas and limit his ambitions. But if we do we shall be indulging in the ostrich tactics against which Mr. Roosevelt has warned us and ignoring the lessons of Czechoslovakia and Poland. Let us remember that for seven long years Mr. Chamberlain, together with a majority of the British people, fooled themselves into believing that Hitler could be pacified by judicious doses of appeasement. Many of us were agonized by their credulity then, and the fact that they were finally forced to recognize their error is no reason for its adoption here.

The most important thing for America to do with regard to the war is to understand it. Wishfully thinking that its results do not concern us will not suffice to keep us out. When actualities fail to correspond with hopes, defense mechanisms are pasteboard shields. On the basis of the present situation there is no reason to believe that the Allies are looking for or require our military aid. They do need our material and, perhaps even more, our moral support. In war, Napoleon once said, the moral is to the material as five to one, and in this struggle of conflicting moralities the imponderable factors may prove even more decisive.

Civil Rights and Wrongs

THIS session of Congress will see a renewed drive for legislation dangerous to civil liberties. The chances of its success are greater than ever. In the convergence of several widely different forces lies a threat to basic rights more serious than any this country has seen since the post-war reaction. Some will be tempted, indeed, to speak of a kind of pre-war reaction. We think that premature, and we hope it is unwarranted. But the danger lies in the fact that hitherto clashing political currents are uniting behind the movement for limitation of speech, press, and assembly. The oldest of these currents is represented by Dies. It springs from a desire to smear the New Deal as red. Within the Administration anxieties about the red label, a recognition of the grave potentialities in such organizations as the Christian Front and the Bund, and a new anti-communism born of the Nazi-Soviet pact tend to flow into the main stream of the movement. These currents are being strengthened by the attitude of labor unions hitherto free from red phobia but now very hostile to the Communists because of events abroad. The European war casts its shadow over the civil-liberties issue as it does over the problem of the budget, and in the minds of some people the need for a bigger navy seems to go hand in hand with a need to bring under surveillance groups suspected of sympathy with the invaders of Finland and the antagonists of the Franco-British alliance. To this extent, though to this extent only, is it possible to speak of a pre-war reaction. We ended one war to make the world safe for democracy by an attack on democratic rights at home. It would be a pity to start another in that way.

The Nation does not oppose proper and constitutional methods for dealing with private military or semi-military groups modeled on Nazi-Fascist lines, or legislation designed to deal with racial or religious slander, or requirement of full publicity on the sources of income of all publications and groups organized for propaganda. We already have a law providing for the registration of foreign agents, and the statute books contain ample provisions against espionage. Our war-time Espionage Act is still in force, and its terms are in fact so sweeping that they are a potential menace to freedom of speech and press. But we see no reasonable connection between legitimate measures of this sort, which can be enforced without impinging on civil liberties, and the kind of measures flooding the present session of Congress. Most dangerous of these, because it has already passed both houses, is the military-disaffection bill, a hardy perennial sponsored this year by Senator Walsh. Its terms are so broad, it was pointed out by a minority report in the House last year, that under it newspaper editors who oppose larger arms appropriations might be prosecuted and private homes invaded. Persons could be arrested for possessing literature which might lead to "disaffection" among soldiers or sailors. A measure of this kind would come more appropriately from Japanese militarists, who employ just such means to suppress "dangerous thoughts." Similarly un-American, in the true meaning of that much-abused term, are the Smith omnibus-gag bill, the federal-sedition bill, and the Hobbs "concentration-camp" bill.

The main strength of the current drive against civil liberties derives from the fears inevitably aroused in a period of social change. In this respect the present does not differ markedly from other periods of change in the seventy-five years of *The Nation's* history. The Radical Reconstructionists, the Grangers, the early labor leaders, the Populists, all looked as dangerous in their time as the New Dealers, and bogyman terms were used then as now to kill a reform movement by giving it a bad name. Reaction has found new and unexpected allies during the past year, but that only makes it necessary to fight the harder. In some ways we have less cause for hysteria than our fathers did. If a Browder answered "None" falsely to a routine passport question, a Berkman actually shot a steel magnate. Today *The Nation* fights legislation dangerous to civil liberties for the same reason as in the past. What is at stake is that right of free discussion without which peaceful reform is impossible. We apologize for repeating these platitudes, but it is all too clear that a good many people have yet to recognize their truth.

America Looks East

WITH the expiration of the trade treaty with Japan, the Far Eastern relations of the United States enter a new and crucial stage. If we look back over the past forty years we find that American policy in the Far East shows a remarkable consistency. The basis of this policy has been the belief that the interests of this country, as well as those of the world as a whole, are best served by a strong, independent China. This policy was incorporated in the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 guaranteeing the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China. Repeated flagrant violations of this agreement by Japan have led the United States to sever its treaty relations with Tokyo in order to be free to take such action as may be necessary in defense of America's traditional rights in the East. At least one observer—Walter Lippmann—sees the abrogation of the trade treaty as a major step toward war. Senator Vandenberg, who instigated the move, denies this but says that imposition of an embargo would bring this country to the brink of hostilities. In view of these alarmist statements, it might be well to consider, as realistically as possible, the dangers which lurk in the complex situation in the Far East today.

Lippmann fears that the Japanese will resort to more and more desperate expedients as their situation becomes more and more desperate, and will give vent to their anger by seeking to destroy the power of Britain and France in the Far East. The United States will presumably become involved in war by coming to the rescue of the Western powers, since their interests are in many respects identical with those of this country. No one can say that this *cannot* happen. The whole course of Japanese policy in the months immediately preceding the outbreak of the European war pointed in this direction. But since the signing of the Soviet-German pact destroyed the basis of Japanese foreign policy, Tokyo has directed its efforts toward an understanding with the West. Except for a spasmodic renewal of the Tientsin blockade, no new provocative steps have been taken against Britain or France. The fact that negotiations for the settlement of the border dispute with the Soviet Union have broken down places the Japanese under increasing pressure to patch up affairs with the West.

This development should also have considerable effect on American policy. For several months warnings have been heard that drastic action by the United States in imposing an embargo on war supplies might drive Japan directly into the arms of the Soviet Union. But once the embargo was imposed, Japan would hardly be worth courting as an ally, or worth appeasing as a dangerous enemy. Japan is cut off from all European sources of supply; this country has been furnishing over 75 per cent of its essential war materials and nearly a third of the foreign exchange needed to buy these products. Unless this aid is continued, Japan will rapidly degenerate into a third- or fourth-class military power.

It does not look as if an embargo were likely to be imposed, for a time at least. This leaves Japan relatively strong but, as Nathaniel Peffer points out elsewhere in this issue, completely at the mercy of the United States. If we are to judge by the Administration's present attitude, the Japanese could probably escape penalties altogether if they promised to recognize America's basic rights in China and gave evidence of being able to live up to this promise. Actually, however, Tokyo is in no position to make such a promise because the military clique which is in the saddle in the occupied sections of China would not honor it. Respect for American rights in China would involve abandonment of all that Japan has been fighting for these past eight years. The New Order in East Asia has had as its primary objective the closing of doors to Western trade in China, so as to reserve the Chinese market exclusively for Japan. We may assume, therefore, that Japan will not cease discriminating against American trade. This means that the United States may very quickly find itself in a position where it must either adopt concrete measures to force Japan to give way, or surrender all the advantages it has gained through termination of the treaty. Mild measures, such as the imposition of a 25 per cent countervailing duty, may be taken as a sign of weakness and are more likely to invite retaliation than is a complete embargo.

Fortunately, Japan's capacity for retaliation is drastically limited. It might take measures against American missionaries and business men in China. It might declare a blockade against China and interfere with American shipping on grounds that supplies were reaching the enemy. Farther it could hardly go. But as none of these steps would inconvenience the United States to anything like the degree that an embargo would affect Japan, this country could well afford to hold out for Japanese capitulation.

The danger that Japan might resort to war against the United States cannot be wholly ignored, but it is a comparatively minor risk. Japan is certainly in no position to fight a war with a major power at present. If a war did develop between Japan and the United States, the chances are that—like the present war in Europe—it would be an economic rather than a military conflict, and even this seems unlikely.

Recent political changes in Japan indicate that the military extremists are losing strength primarily because of the unfavorable foreign situation. Prompt and resolute action by the United States, as ex-Secretary Stimson has pointed out, is best calculated to strengthen the moderates against the clique which has brought Japan to the brink of ruin.

Godkin's "Nation"

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FOUNDED immediately after the greatest war in history up to that time, *The Nation* reaches its seventy-fifth anniversary with Europe in the middle of a devastating and needless conflict. I often wish that Godkin were alive now to scourge the British statesmen so largely responsible for this war, for he had the most powerful editorial pen ever wielded in this country—a pen backed by a fund of knowledge and a passion for righteousness and justice never surpassed in the history of daily and weekly journalism in the United States. No man ever entered upon an American editorial career better equipped for it than he, with wide knowledge of this country, Ireland, England, and the Continent, experience as a correspondent in the Crimean War, and a magnificent style.

Mr. Godkin's editorial associate in *The Nation's* establishment was Wendell Phillips Garrison, son of William Lloyd Garrison, and later son-in-law of J. Miller McKim, a Quaker Abolitionist of Philadelphia, who had gone with Mrs. John Brown to Harper's Ferry to bring Brown's body back to molder in the grave. McKim contributed to the financing of the new magazine. Few people realize, perhaps, that the main purpose behind the founding of *The Nation* was to champion the newly freed slaves and to work for a square deal for them. That our government did so little for the former slaves seems incredible in these days of social security, WPA, and so many other enterprises for keeping American citizens alive and creating employment for them. The government of Andrew Johnson thought the establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau under the direction of General O. O. Howard all that was necessary. Had there been the vision then to create educational institutions for the Negro throughout the South, to purchase land for the settlement of capable Negro farmers, and to supply them with the necessary working capital and equipment, the whole story of Reconstruction must have been different, especially if right-minded and just Southerners of the type of Robert E. Lee, P. T. Beauregard, and John B. Gordon had been drawn into such an undertaking.

The Nation editors themselves had no such far-reaching vision, but they did make every effort for elemental justice for the freedman. Gradually, however, this prime purpose of *The Nation* became less and less important. Godkin had a genius for politics, for analyzing issues and exposing political frauds, and was far too big a man to be tied down to one cause. He had his limitations, which I have often stressed; they were the limitations of the followers of the Manchester school in England, of Cobden and of Bright. Labor questions Mr. Godkin rarely judged aright. On the question of the enfranchisement of women his blind eye was at the telescope, though he fought bravely for their higher education and achieved a great deal, much more than he has been given credit for. He was one of the first American editors of the post-Civil War era to sound an authoritative note in dealing with foreign problems; his "leaders" on Europe never failed to attract attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The measure of his judgment and power in dealing with domestic affairs is found in the fact that no historian can write of the history of the United States from 1865 to 1905 without turning to the pages of this journal. There is not another weekly embalmed in our public libraries that is so often quoted by historians and so regularly treated as an authoritative source.

If Godkin was, as James Bryce called him, "a stringent economist" of the "old orthodox type," he was always clearness and courage personified. "The paper was the man, and the man was the paper." And the man never advocated anything that he did not believe in with passionate conviction. Never did he stop to consider the interests of the stockholders; so that the paper was often in financial difficulties and was perishing when it came into the hands of Henry and Fanny Garrison Villard in 1881. Bryce also pointed out that Godkin's judgments were severe because of the rigidity of his standards; he might have added that these standards were higher than any so far set up in American journalism. Bryce, often a politician himself, felt that they were at times too high; he remonstrated with Godkin for not allowing sufficiently for the "difficulties in which honorable and public-spirited men are placed by the exigencies of practical politics." But Godkin, being wholly outside the political game, was able to see how bitterly the American people often paid for those compromises, how many times they were unnecessary, how often politicians compromised before there was any exigency.

I defy any fair-minded man to read *The Nation* of Godkin and Garrison and deny their high-mindedness and the extraordinary accuracy of their judgments as a whole when tested by the lapse of years. Of course they made errors, but their batting average remains amazingly high, much higher, I believe, than any of their compromising contemporaries. With thoughtful people it was Godkin's sincerity which counted. That offset his acerbity, the sharpness of his pen, his refusal to forgive or forget the peccadillos and sins of men sworn to serve the people faithfully and honestly. It is the unpurchasable integrity of these two editors which has made the pages of their *Nation* live to this day.

It is indicative of their influence that the author of the new book commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" criticizes Bryce for having been so influenced by Godkin and his followers. Bryce to his lasting discredit, after having accepted great aid from Mr. Godkin, who read and revised both manuscript and proofs and even wrote a portion of the two volumes, never made adequate acknowledgment of Mr. Godkin's contributions to the "American Commonwealth," while thanking others like my father, who supplied the chapter on railroads. Yet Bryce, like every other commentator upon the American scene of that time, would have been under deep obligation to the editor of *The Nation* even if Mr. Godkin had never seen those epoch-making volumes until they came from the press. As William C. Brownell once wrote of Godkin, "real politics had been the study of his life," and he brought to bear upon them "the treasures of a mind stored in history and economics and statecraft, as well as trained by systematic reflection."

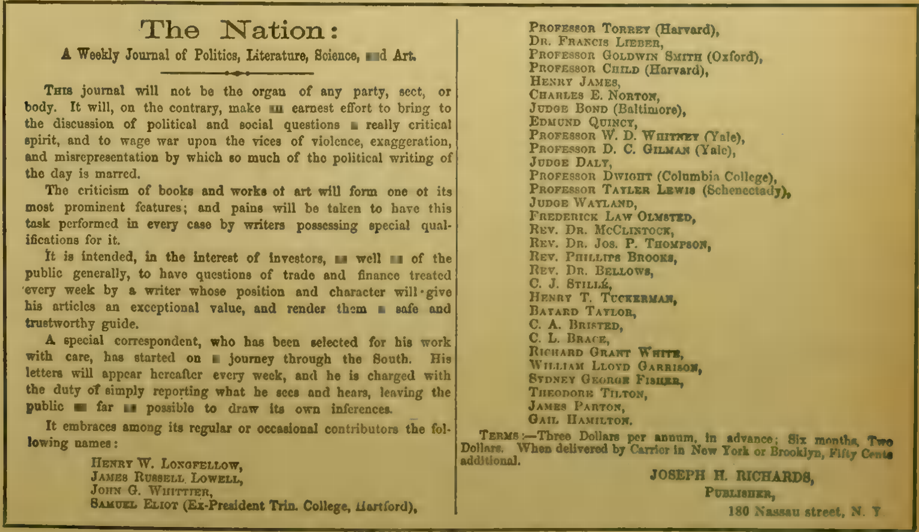
Equally free was the literary department of his *Nation*. There, since I am related to Wendell Phillips Garrison, and was bound to him by ties of deepest personal affection, I must let others tell the story. To quote Bryce again, "A better literary editor than Mr. Garrison it would have been impossible to find." Lord Bryce added in *The Nation* of July 8, 1915:

> He wrote very little himself. . . . But he was an excellent judge of good writing, and took endless pains always to search out not only the most accomplished writers but the men most competent to deal with any particular subject. His standard of excellence was as high as that of the best literary journals of Europe. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any of these journals maintained so uniformly high a level. The book notices for which he was responsible as editor were free from bias, were replete with knowledge, were thorough and discriminating in their treatment.

Mr. Brownell, long a member of the staff, admired Godkin fervently, and he too declared that Godkin *was The Nation.* But he added: "Yet it is also true to say that without Mr. Garrison *The Nation* could hardly have existed. He not only kept all the machinery going, but kept it working smoothly and in strict correspondence with its exacting standards. . . . His success was due to his character. To an extremely fastidious, even rigid, literary scrupulousness, he added a conscience that worked with it." Contrary to the general belief that the literary *Nation* of those days was extremely conservative if not reactionary, Mr. Brownell like others bore witness that Garrison "lived habitually on a plane where precedent and convention had in themselves no sanction, no meaning. And the columns of *The Nation* in many subtle ways were infiltrated with his moral independence and ideality."

Naturally the determination of Mr. Garrison to treat every book as a trust, to be reviewed only by the most competent men in the United States, Canada, or England, without regard to any timeliness, was the despair of the business office and a source of deep irritation to publishers, who were furious when a review appeared three or six months after the publication of the book. Even then the review often killed the volume or exalted it to the highest position. The reviews were never signed (the names of the critics were written against their articles in the bound office files), but invariably they showed that the writer knew as much about the subject as the author. Never was so great a reviewing staff brought together by any journal published in the English language.

Here are some of the names that prove this statement: Henry James (both father and son); William James; Charles Eliot Norton; Frederick Law Olmsted; George P. Marsh; James Russell Lowell, Longfellow, and Whittier; Chauncey Wright; William Dwight Whitney; Francis Wayland; Hermann von Holst; Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Carl Schurz; Willard Fiske; Leslie Stephen,



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A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

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[*This statement of policy and list of contributors appeared first in the issue of July* 27, 1865.]

A. V. Dicey, and Bryce among many from England; William Francis Allen; Michael Heilprin; Daniel C. Gilman; William Dean Howells; Simon Newcomb; Henry C. Lea; Fitzedward Hall; General Jacob D. Cox; Charles Francis Adams; David A. Wells; Asa Gray, the great botanist; Judge C. C. Nott; Charles W. Eliot; from the Harvard and Yale faculties a great number such as W. G. Sumner, Thomas R. Lounsbury, W. W. Goodwin, C. H. Toy, Charles H. Moore, E. W. Gurney, George L. Goodale, Basil K. Gildersleeve—the whole list would cover pages and would contain about every eminent name in the literary and university world of that period.

Both Godkin and Garrison were modest, retiring men; Godkin was shy, avoided all publicity, never made a speech or a public appearance, and was destitute of almost all the qualities that have distinguished so many successful American editors. He rarely sought the acquaintance of public men and never tried to influence them by personal contacts. For a time he edited *The Nation* from Cambridge, leaving the entire conduct of the paper to Garrison. With years his shyness increased; when he went to the *Evening Post* in 1881 he did not make a practice of knowing all the men on the staff and often failed to recognize some who had been years in the office. This naturally led to his being considered a snob—and he did have snobbish tendencies, for he never overcame the caste spirit which he had imbibed with his English education.

This tendency contrasted strangely with his sincere and complete faith in democracy and democratic institutions. Being an absolutely loyal American, with a great sense of humor for all his outward austerity, he was only amused by the story that he and his staff sang "God Save the Queen" before beginning the daily editorial council and by the constant assertion that he received Cobden Club gold from England for his advocacy of free trade. So far was he from being an admirer of the British Tories and Conservatives that he opposed England's war upon the Boers with the same vigor with which he had denounced Cleveland's Venezuelan message, with its threat of war against England.

As he grew older he dropped office duties and responsibilities more and more and was interested only in his contributions to the editorial page. "I see no visitors until one," he once said, "and at one I go home." To that home came many of the most intellectual and interesting and social-minded men and women of the day. For one whose orbit was so limited, he kept himself amazingly well informed about what was going on in public life; his correspondence, while never as voluminous as that of Garrison, was none the less of great value and interest. It must not be thought, however, that he was a conservative whose interests were bound up with those of the intellectuals and well-bred old New Yorkers in whose set he moved. Wall Street hated him and the *Evening Post* and *The Nation*. He was considered dangerously radical as well as cantankerous and atrabilious by the business world and most of the privileged, who often urged him "to go back where he came from." In labor circles he was believed to be a dyed-in-the-wool conservative and bitterly hostile to trade unionism. As a matter of fact he never deviated from his high liberal standards, and no influences could "reach" or affect him. He delivered the most tremendous and most sustained assaults upon political corruption in this country that ever came from any editor's pen, and never worried about what was said of him unless there were imputations against his good name or integrity.

Mr. Garrison lived only for his family and his work. Few men have had such rich stores of knowledge and left so few written records. He deliberately made up his mind that, except for the four-volume life of his father, of which he was the chief creator, he could not or would not be both editor and author, and so he put his rare knowledge exclusively at *The Nation's* service. That was his life; he poured all his creative ability into the successful effort to bring to literary journalism the highest scholarship and to political journalism the soundest as well as the most brilliant writing of the most competent men.

When Mr. Garrison relinquished *The Nation* in 1906, its circulation had shrunk to pitifully small figures. This was not merely because his age had taken toll of the weekly's freshness and variety. The field had changed. The war with Spain inaugurated not only a new political but also a new literary era. New England had flowered and withered. The imperialist period of our history was beginning. New times, new standards, new men. *The Nation* of Godkin and Garrison could not have lived longer. Its remodeling in 1918 into a journal far more akin in some respects to *The Nation* of 1865 was inevitable. But the past was secure.

What these men had given to their country was the most completely independent and uncontrolled journal that could be created, free from owner influence, free from any consideration of advertisers or readers. Nothing hampered them in carrying out their ideals. They were forward-looking, progressive, even radical for their times—often far in advance of them. The research student and journalist of today, looking over *The Nation's* files, often finds them academic, and even suggests that the paper was remote from the popular currents of its period. This is only partially true. The difficulty of the historian of 1940 is that he cannot project himself into the days in which these men lived; only rarely does he know or understand the America of Garrison and Godkin. When he does, as was the case, for example, with the historian James Ford Rhodes, he is aware that these editors knew their America, recorded its history, and helped to shape its political and social and literary thought more than any other editors of the time.

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Villard's "Nation"

BY LEWIS S. GANNETT

I DOUBT that there was ever another such journalistic heaven as was *The Nation* in the early post-war years. I came back from France that autumn of 1919 with one ambition in all the world: to land a job on Villard's *Nation*. I knew what I wanted, and was blissful when I got it: half-time at first, and small pay.

Those were rousing days on Vesey Street. Every week's issue was a new adventure. The country was still in a state of war shock: it was blockading Germans, seeing reds under every bed, crushing strikes in the name of freedom. And yet there was a breeze of hope in the air, a stirring all around the world. The British Labor Party seemed about to reshape England by a peaceful, democratic revolution; the new German Republic was giving women the vote and establishing works councils in every factory; Russia was a land of wild surmises, where every new and hopeful experiment might be tried out for an eager world to watch. Here at home we had the Plumb plan, a sort of industrial republic for the railroads; new unions about to organize the steel mills; labor banks booming; a hope of a great Farmer-Labor Party—in 1924 it seemed about to flower with La Follette. And there was exhilaration in fighting the whole wicked world.

Was there ever a day when the American press did quite as much lying? Even the "crusading" New York *World* waited until after the steel strike was crushed to tell a little truth about it; we on *The Nation* had fresh news, not printed in the big papers, almost every week. The *Times* and the other papers were killing off Lenin and Trotsky and crushing the Russian Revolution three times a week; we had our own reports. We were the first to print, in the International Relations Section, the new Russian constitution, the anti-imperialist treaties, new land laws in the border republics, as well as to expose secret treaties pre- and post-war, suppressed reports of pogroms in Poland, and documents on skulduggery in five continents. It is almost impossible to believe today that a world could ever have seemed so full of hope—or so full of such sinister machinations as *The Nation* was privileged to expose, week after week.

It was an exciting office in which to work. Most of us were young, and a little afraid of austere William MacDonald, who set our grammar straight and threw out our more extreme effusions. (But it was MacDonald himself who, when New Yorkers were sleeping in the streets, wrote that famous editorial, Seize Every Empty House, which so shocked Oswald Villard on his return from the West.) When, in 1922, the staff celebrated Villard's fiftieth birthday, it seemed to many of us that he was a phenomenally well-preserved old man. Among ourselves, we said that we admired him because he had had the courage to change his views on so many questions after reaching the hale old age of forty, when most men's minds were crusted; but when we tried to suggest that to our chief, he would thunder that he had never wavered from the true Godkin-Garrison-Villard tradition.

Albert Jay Nock was halfway on and halfway off the staff, dreaming of his brief and brilliant *Freeman;* he would read bits of "Wolfville" and of Artemus Ward at staff dinners. Henry Mussey, in one of his unprofessorial interludes, was our managing editor. Soon after Mussey returned to academic pastures, Ernest Gruening breezed into the office, charging in a dozen directions at once. We saved Haiti week after week, until the grateful Haitians proposed erecting a statue to Gruening's living memory. We got the troops out of Santo Domingo. It was Gruening who planned and carried out the famous series of articles on These United States. He was a man of sterling editorial principles. If memory serves me right, he persuaded both Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters to write articles on Illinois, and then rejected them both as not up to our penny-a-word standard. With difficulty we reverent juniors persuaded him not to reject Dreiser's article on Indiana.

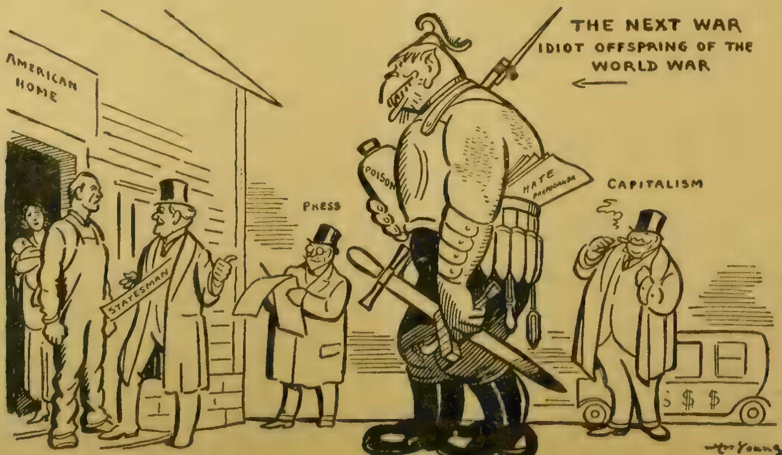
It was Ernest Gruening's comfortable theory that an article, if you keep it long enough, always becomes timely. No matter what world-shaking event blazed in the newspaper headlines, he could always rummage in a desk drawer and come out with a "timely" article to meet the situation. In off weeks he went back to saving Haiti. Mr. Villard sometimes thought that Haiti wasn't really lead-article subject matter more than once or twice a month.

Gruening also was the staff lowbrow. Most of us were soundly in awe of Carl Van Doren and Ludwig Lewisohn; if they said a poem was good, we believed it, whether we could understand it or not. I once innocently spoiled one of Ernest's efforts to prove that we were wrong. I was closing the forms at the Nation Press one Tuesday morning, when a printer came to me querying a four-line poem at the foot of a column. It didn't make sense, he said. I thought perhaps a line had fallen out, and tried to find the original manuscript; I sought vainly to telephone Carl Van Doren. Finally, I took the quatrain out, and somehow filled the space. Carl, when located, said he had never seen the lines; Ernest Gruening, we discovered, had composed a little free verse of his own, with no meaning whatever, and believed that no reader would recognize it as different from the modern poetry selected by our literary editor.

Those were the days when "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" won our poetry prize, Gruening and Villard's negative votes being outweighed by the enthusiastic juniors of the staff. Bob Benchley celebrated that poem with a famous parody, "Cold Mornings Have Been in Bensonhurst," and the prize-winner had cards printed reading, "Eli Siegel, Author of Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana."

Norman Thomas was with us for two years; shy Arthur Gleason tried for a time to match his analytic spirit with our crusading zeal. George Soule, now of the *New Republic,* was briefly on the staff; so was Stuart Chase, but he had a flip way of throwing custard pies in his paragraphs which irked Mr. Villard's sense of the paper's dignity. Mr. Villard was a fighting liberal who yearned to be a sound conservative. He never wanted to do what Godkin and Garrison would not have done, and he always had to be persuaded into any break with tradition. Such liberals are often more effective than those who battle on all fronts at once, yet I still think that Stuart Chase writes rousing American English.

We all had a reverence for good writing though we differed in our definition of the word "good"; and in those days proofreading was an art. George Schumm, who had given his life to proofreading for lost causes, was our tutor. (He had worked for twenty years with Benjamin R. Tucker, that philosopher of American individualism who never rated a showing in "Who's Who" but had a half column in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," by Prince Kropotkin; Tucker died last year, without an obit in the newspapers of his own country.) I remember a succession of evening sessions—we were eager to work overtime—at which we hotly argued the more controversial uses of commas, colons, capitals, and italics. Under Carl Van Doren's leadership we reedited the University of Chicago Style Book; and Papa Schumm held us to it rigidly.



Art Young *The Nation*, October 24, 1923

Introducing the Monster

"We feel that you folks ought to get acquainted with this fellow."

Carl Van Doren was, I still think, the greatest literary editor of this century. He had a genius for recognizing budding talent; the best young men and women in all the country's universities were proud to review for him; and when he painstakingly cut their prolix writing to the bone, and sent them proofs of his abridged versions of their scripts, they would write back thanking him, saying that they had not realized they could write so well. We believed in "editing," and learned to do it conscientiously. It was *The Nation's* province, then as now, to recognize the important in a swamp of ill-written words, and to snake it out of the mire. *The Nation* never paid well; but people wrote avidly, from universities and from mining camps, eager to tell a story that the newspapers were missing. (Silas Bent coined the epigram: "To read *The Nation* is a necessity; to write for it is a luxury.") Freda Kirchwey developed a special genius at reworking manuscripts which at first seemed impossible, preserving the personality of the writer yet organizing a mushy text into new coherence and force.

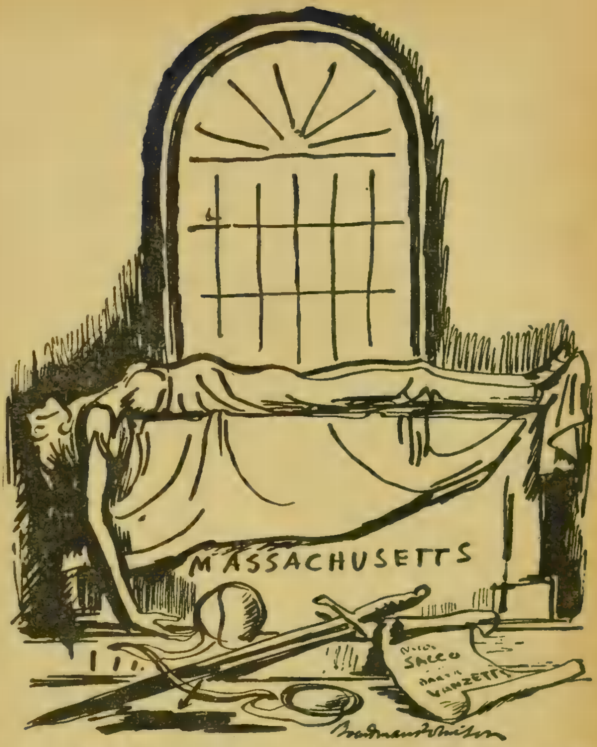
It wasn't only the inarticulate who wrote for us; some of the best writers in America appeared in our pages, often as not anonymously. I understood what style meant when, making up the editorial pages, I found it necessary to add or subtract a line from Ludwig Lewisohn's copy, to bring the columns out even. Usually it was easy to insert or excise an adjective, or rephrase a sentence, to fill or cut a line. But the smallest word changed in Lewisohn's text obviously spoiled the rhythm. That was true only to a lesser extent of Joseph Wood Krutch's flowing prose.

Arthur Warner, best loved and most crotchety of the staff, had a special collection of hobbies. He hated the invading automobiles; and he loved to write of good American food. To that writing he brought a passion born of the fact that his own diet was perforce almost entirely restricted to milk toast, made with whole-wheat bread. Warner was the staff handy man; it was he who exposed the "Myth of Calvin Coolidge" and therewith coined a phrase that became part of the language. Warner joined *The Nation* on his way out from the old New York *Evening Post,* then in the same building with us. He stopped on the fourth floor to report that he had been fired for writing a round-robin in behalf of a surreptitious newspapermen's union, and was promptly taken on *The Nation's* staff. Later, from our office, he made another effort to organize such a union; Heywood Broun became its president, and so in a sense Warner as much as Broun was founder of the now flourishing Newspaper Guild. Broun too joined *The Nation* as a regular when the *World* dropped him, and his shambling presence added a new note to our Thursday morning editorial conferences.

The Nation had inherited plenty of causes from Godkin and Garrison; each week it took on new ones. It was avowedly and outspokenly a fighting, muckraking magazine. In the early years we worked at getting the Allies out of Russia; soon we were feeding the victims of famine. We were the first to denounce the Treaty of Versailles. Ernest Gruening lived in a perpetual anti-lynching crusade, and kept a special eye on Mexico and the Caribbean. Bill Hard came up from Washington and announced his expectation of blasting five members out of the Harding Cabinet; ably assisted by the elder La Follette, Wheeler, Walsh, and others, he almost succeeded. We were always eager to second that grandest of all the old Romans, George Norris of Nebraska, in what then seemed his almost hopeless crusade to save Muscle Shoals from the spoilsmen; few then dared to dream of such a Utopia as the TVA of today. The fabulous Paul Anderson, who succeeded Hard as our Washington correspondent, of course dared anything—dream or attack—and was miraculously effective.

One morning Dr. W. J. Maloney walked into conference with a plan to scare Britain into recalling the Black and Tans from Ireland. Before noon *The Nation's* Committee of One Hundred on Ireland was born; within a few months the famous Commission of Inquiry was sitting in Washington, and the Black and Tan atrocities were forced on public attention. The lovely Muriel and the fierce Mary MacSwiney came to America under our auspices, and in time the Republic of Eire was born. We felt partially responsible.

We sent Carleton Beals to Nicaragua to interview Sandino, the little rebel general for whom the American army was hunting in vain; Beals found him, and *The Nation* scored an impressive "scoop." Mr. Villard sent me off to China just in time to catch the leaders of both wings of the embryonic Nationalist state idling in Canton. Joseph Wood Krutch, Tennessee-born, interpreted Darrow, Bryan, and the "monkey trial" in Dayton as only an enlightened Tennessean could. Freda Kirchwey was always discovering and defending rebels in the colleges; she was also the New Woman editor, the Sex editor, and the Modern Morals editor. She edited the symposium on "Our Changing Morality" which later appeared in book form; she also assembled the series of anonymous autobiographies of "These Modern Women," which, had they been signed, would have produced an even bigger stir. Civilization was at the crossroads every week; some flip editor suggested that as a standing head for our lead editorial.



Boardman Robinson *The Nation*, September 7, 1927

The noble succession of Van Dorens—Carl, Irita, Mark, and Dorothy—held the journal's literary standards high; there was a strange interlude when big-hearted John Macy dealt out books to reviewers selected rather for their need of money than for their authority. Macy's own criticism was incisive, his judgment of reviewers almost purely humanitarian.

Always "the Boss" was the heart of the paper. Villard's infectious moral indignation inspired us all; his natural gift for story-telling made his every return from an out-of-town crusade an adventure for the staff; his genius for friendship constantly brought new life into our pages. He had that capacity for perpetual excitement which is the essential of the good newspaperman. Sometimes we thought him too loyal to the Godkin-Garrison tradition; it was only after a long fight that Freda Kirchwey succeeded in introducing cartoons into the paper's chaste pages. When, in 1925, we actually printed a script for a "movie"—Mr. Villard insisted that we put that word in quotation marks, or else say "motion picture"—he felt we had betrayed him in his absence.

Sometimes, outvoted by his juniors, our democratic leader turned dictator, and vetoed our frivolous revolutions—in perspective one can see that he was often right. He wouldn't let us print an irreverent, rollicking piece that Bill Hard wrote about him, exposing him as a thunderer in public, who had "made more acres of public men acutely miserable, per unit of circulation, than any other editor alive," but a sunny story-teller in private, almost enjoying his own embittered indignations. Hard even burst into verse:

When Oswald isn't following his employment—
his employment
Of devastating all the public scene,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
cent enjoyment
Would make the joyous public man turn green.

We cussed him and loved him, listened and learned. *The Nation* of the nineteen twenties was a great school —for its editors and for America. What "Main Street," "Winesburg, Ohio," and "Spoon River" were in other fields of literature, *The Nation* was to journalism. It still is.

"Free Inquiry and Free Endeavor"

BY I. F. STONE

TO UNDERSTAND *The Nation's* past one must understand Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Godkin was more than the founder of *The Nation.* Though many other able and brilliant men contributed regularly to its pages, *The Nation* for more than thirty years was synonymous with Godkin and Godkin with *The Nation.* His approach to economic problems, that of a laissez faire liberal, still dominated *The Nation* at its fiftieth birthday, thirteen years after his death. Godkin's moralistic approach to politics and politicians, which made him seem a Jeremiah to his admirers and a cantankerous perfectionist to his critics, was also Oswald Garrison Villard's and may still be found in the pages of *The Nation.* Godkin's most admirable characteristic as an editor was his independence, and this is still *The Nation's* ideal.

Godkin's independence was part of the atmosphere in which he was reared. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Catholic Ireland, but one whose devotion to Home Rule cost him his pulpit. Godkin's basic ideas on economics and society were acquired in the '40's. He entered Queen's College, Belfast, in 1846, and there, as he wrote many years later, "John Stuart Mill was our prophet, and Grote and Bentham were our daily food." These writers, fast becoming little more than names, were once new windows on the world. To a generation brought up on the history of Greece as written by Whig or Tory to illustrate "the dangerous turbulence of democracy," Grote's "History," with its glamorous picture of Athenian self-government as seen through the eyes of a philosophical radical, came as an inspiring revelation.

The outlines of a collectivist future that Godkin always regarded as the shadow of outworn fallacies rather than of coming truths were already visible in positivism and the first writings of socialism, in Mill's own budding doubts, and in the very rationale of utilitarianism itself. But to the young men of the British middle classes in Godkin's student days, and for many years after, laissez faire liberalism was almost a religious faith. The complex of ideas that now provides the toothless apologetics of an American Liberty League was then a rich and blooming hope. Like Marxism later, it seemed to promise an end of tyranny, poverty, ignorance, and war; and like Marxism it seemed no utopian dream but a body of inescapable conclusions from the observed facts of history and human nature. The visible embodiment of these ideals, the proof of their practicability, the guaranty of their ultimate achievement, was America, as Soviet Russia was to be for many radicals in our time. "I have said," Godkin wrote, "that John Stuart Mill was our prophet, but America was our promised land. To the scoffs of the Tories that our schemes were impracticable, our answer was that in America, barring slavery, they were actually at work." Their knowledge of America, as he recorded it, was drawn largely from de Tocqueville, and they could have had no better guide, for the latter's vision was distorted neither by millennial delusions nor by aristocratic antipathy.

These were the sources of the ideals and preconceptions with which Godkin, after turning down the editorship of the Belfast *Whig,* came to America in 1856, "on the eve of the Presidential election. The air . . . full of the discussion about slavery. The excitement . . . tremendous." Three months after Appomattox he launched *The Nation,* its name the product of a boyhood admiration for a weekly of the same name established in Dublin in 1842 and described as "remarkable for its talent, for its seditious tendencies, and for the fire and spirit of its political poetry."

When the first issue of *The Nation* appeared, on July 6, 1865, Godkin was thirty-three. He was to change little, but America much, before he relinquished the editorship in 1899. *The Nation* and its founder started under certain initial disadvantages. Their idealism could have found no more incongruous setting than the America of the Gilded Age. The laissez faire that *The Nation* was to preach, though one of the favorite optical illusions of American politics and constitutional law, was never really a dominant American philosophy. Business men opposed government aid to workers and farmers, and workers and farmers opposed government aid to business. But neither opposed government aid to themselves.

If Cobden symbolizes British capitalism, Hamilton symbolizes American, and Hamilton, with his plea for protective tariffs and subsidies, and his frank manipulation of governmental devices to encourage enterprise, was no follower of Adam Smith. Free trade itself began to seem a device for maintaining British industrial supremacy; French and German policy alike soon turned Hamiltonian to build up national industries. Our business interests have always found their political vehicle in parties which never permitted lip service to laissez faire to interfere with aid to business—the Federalists under Hamilton, the Whigs under Clay and Webster, the Republicans through McKinley to Hoover. The Jeffersonians, it is true, believed that government best which governs least, but our parties of the lower middle class, whether under Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, or Franklin D. Roosevelt, were as ready as the Hamiltonians to use state power, when in office, for the advancement of their own class interests and economic welfare. Our early working-class movements, as far back as the 1830's, were socialistic, and if British middle-class intellectuals in the '40's read Mill, American middle-class intellectuals in the '40's grew up in the shadow of Brook Farm, discussed Fourierism, and encountered socialism in Horace Greeley's *Tribune.*

Out of power each of the two major parties was wont to denounce the other for using the state for its own purposes, and laissez faire slogans came to be more and more strongly used to combat social legislation from the '70's on. Charles A. Dana set the fashion of preaching rugged individualism to workers while advocating higher tariffs for the manufacturers and bigger land grants for the railroad promoters. But to advocate laissez faire consistently and honestly, as *The Nation* and Godkin did, was to adopt a lonely and ineffectual attitude—hostile to the capitalist trend toward monopoly, hostile to the agrarian cry for regulation of railroads and business, hostile to the workers' attempts at collective action. In England the advocate of laissez faire marched in the triumphant ranks of the merchants and manufacturers; in America he fought a hopeless rear-guard action in the retreating forces of small business men, *rentiers,* and the Adams family. *The Nation* under Godkin attacked the Grangers, the Populists, the trade unions, the single-taxers, and the Socialists, as well as the trusts, the railroad barons, the tariff log-rollers, and the stockjobbing financiers. But the second group was to transform our economy and the first our politics until laissez faire liberalism, once a revolutionary and liberating force, became the slogan of reactionaries. *The Nation,* which was always liberal, thus grew less and less progressive. Finally, separated from the genteel and enlightened free-trade conservatism of the pre-war New York *Evening Post, The Nation* from 1917 on was to become what its founder would have termed "communistic."

SCHOLARS AND GENTLEMEN

Godkin and his pre-war successors labored under another disadvantage. They were not merely intellectuals; they were also gentlemen. They were fastidious to begin with, and history in the making is sadly unrefined. At their worst they grew querulous, and seemed to scold rather than instruct. Wendell Phillips Garrison, Horace White, Rollo Ogden, Harold de Wolf Fuller, Paul Elmer More, Hammond Lamont were all what it was once customary to term men of good family. Some of them, like Godkin himself as he grew older, tended to be snobbish. The pages of the old *Nation* are full of amusing illustrations of this tendency. It was always calling men it disliked "vulgar," and Dana found no better way to make Godkin writhe than by referring to him in print as "Larry" Godkin. To Godkin commenting on the Commune in Paris, "perhaps the most striking incident of the crisis" was that "veritable workingmen sit in council in the gilded saloons of the Hotel de Ville and are waited upon by lackeys in livery." Godkin could be more Tory than the Tories in his social prejudices. In 1900 we find him mourning the fact that since Peel's day the English upper classes "have never been content with a statesman of their own order" but had picked in Disraeli "a Jewish literary adventurer" (this was snobbery, not anti-Semitism) and in Joseph Chamberlain "a dealer in screws." Godkin wrote of Mill, "He suffered in his treatment of all the questions of the day from excess of culture and deficiency of blood"; but the judgment applies far better to Godkin and his pre-war successors than to Mill, for Mill's humanity in later years overcame his preconceptions and led him first to disavow the wage-fund theory and then to move toward socialism. It was easier for Godkin and his associates to see the absurdities than the strength of the new men and movements coming up about them: on the one hand the get-rich-quick vulgarians of capitalism, and on the other a procession of characters that seemed monstrosities to *The Nation*—Powderly and Debs, Donnelly and Bryan, a Coin Harvey and a Sockless Jerry Simpson.

Certain pages in the old *Nation* make strange reading. *The Nation* felt in 1865 that if the movement for an eight-hour day were successful, "the time is not far distant when all things will be in common and grass grow in Broadway." "Last winter," *The Nation* said in 1874 of the Granger movement for railroad regulation, "the Grangers came to the conclusion that what they wanted was reduction of the rates; next winter their fancy may take another turn, and they may think that each passenger ought to have a car for himself, with meals along the route furnished gratis by the company." In 1878 *The*

Nation was worried because many newspapers, though "troubled by the growth of communism among the working classes in this country," yet favored the income tax. *The Nation* accused these newspapers of "forgetting that communistic ideas were started by the Western farmers in the Granger movement, and that nothing is more natural than that the doctrines about property which were promulgated passionately by persons who simply wished to impose on others part of the burden of carrying their goods to market, should have found expression in pillage and arson two or three years later among suffering operatives." In 1884 *The Nation* attacked the platform committee at that year's Republican convention for "catering to the tastes and dogmas of the Communists" because it proposed to bar contract labor, oppose acquisition of large tracts of land by corporations or individuals, and enforce the eight-hour law on government work. *The Nation's* advice on the Anarchist movement in 1887 was not to "be afraid of making 'martyrs' of their leading scoundrels by hanging them." "Debs Desperadoes" it named the Pullman strikers in 1894, and it called Altgeld "boorish, impudent, and ignorant" for objecting to the use of federal troops to break the strike. In Coxey's Army that same year it saw only "loafers and tramps." It defended Briand against Jaurès in 1911 after the former broke the French railway strike by martial law, and it disapproved when Lloyd George introduced a bill for sickness and unemployment insurance. It termed Theodore Roosevelt "reckless, cruel, and incendiary" in his attacks on the courts and supported Wilson in 1912, only to be disappointed when he surrendered to railway labor's demand for the eight-hour day in 1916. It thought the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the United States Supreme Court a mistake. *The Nation* felt that he had given no proof of possessing "the true judicial habit of mind."

Godkin Said—

We expect always to advocate a strict adherence to the Constitution, but not a strict construction of it. . . . No human wisdom could frame a detailed plan of government that would not at some period suffocate the nation if strictly construed.

The world has always been, is now, and ever will be ruled by brains, and the fight between progress and conservatism is to decide, not whether sloppy sentimentality or selfish tyranny shall get the upper hand, but what order of ideas brains shall serve. The reason why the whiskey ring is so powerful among us is that they have applied brains to the business of stealing and swindling, and good people have opposed to them nothing but rhetoric.

There has not been a single war of this century, not strictly defensive, which is not now condemned by the leading actors in it, and the public judgment every year follows more and more rapidly on the event, because the people in every country are every year less and less influenced by enthusiasm.

Aristocratic government was tried up to 1830, and that period was pronounced a failure. It converted the nation into an athlete of prodigious force, a bruiser of incomparable dexterity, who distributed black eyes and bloody noses over the whole earth but left his wife and family in squalor and misery. Middle-class government has now been tried ever since, and the result is a full and well-to-do merchant, whose muscle has all run to blubber, whose credit on 'Change is immense, but whose movements are so slow and uncertain and whose will is so feeble that his servants do not obey him and his neighbors laugh at him and his miserable work-people clamor every day more and more loudly for a share in his profits. [*On English government.*]

[*The quotations from Godkin on these pages are taken from editorials in the earliest volumes of* The Nation.]

LAISSEZ FAIRE PURITY

Labor didn't like the old *Nation,* but neither did Wall Street. The very first issue contained both an advertisement inserted by the leading financier of the time, Jay Cooke, and a criticism of him. In 1866, to those who would limit the franchise to men of property, it replied, "Wealthy men control our railroad corporations; what has been the degree of honor and regard for the public good with which these institutions have been managed?" Long before Matthew Josephson's "Robber Barons," *The Nation* was talking of our railroad magnates in the same terms. "No generation of feudal barons in the fourteenth century," *The Nation* said in 1868, ". . . ever . . . lived more openly or undisguisedly by force or fraud than do the railroad men of our time." Striking coal miners in 1871 seemed to *The Nation* to be engaged in an attempt to "corner" the public. But "the business of 'cornering' the public," *The Nation* pointed out, "that is, of extorting money from it by the sudden production of artificial scarcity for the benefit of one class or body, was first begun by capitalists for their own benefit, and they carried it on with the aid of legislation in nearly every civilized country for centuries, without admitting laborers to any share of the profits, or booty, whichever one pleases to call it." When Senator Hoar wrote Coxey that "5,000 or 10,000 men have no right to dictate to the other 65,000,000" in their demands for jobless relief, *The Nation* commented in a similar vein. "It is a pity," it said, "Senator Hoar did not find out sooner that he acted for a majority of the entire people, and not for 5,000 or 10,000 men. Since 1861 there have been twenty-two changes made in the tariff, all increases. Now nearly every one of these changes was made, not at the request of 65,000,000 people, but of small parties of men, sometimes solitary individuals."

In 1911 *The Nation* applauded when Justice Hughes for the Supreme Court held an Alabama peonage law unconstitutional, and when President Taft refused to pardon a rich man sentenced to prison for violation of the law. "Fines are not effective against men of wealth," *The Nation* declared, "imprisonment is necessary." In 1913 it attacked "our blatant Navy League" as formed in the interest of "battleship builders, organizers of ship trusts, and producers of nickel steel," and in a long editorial called attention to the revelations being made by "Dr. Liebknecht" in Berlin as to the part played by munitions makers in fomenting international ill-will. That same year, when the government opened its attack on George W. Perkins and the Harvester trust, *The Nation* dealt scornfully with the defenses customarily put forward by the trusts. "Out of court," *The Nation* commented, "the trust advocates never tire of inveighing against the outworn, medieval theory of competition in contrast with the new and 'inevitable' law of combination. In court they usually argue that there is no such thing as monopoly, and that equality of opportunity in business flourishes under the stimulus of scientific cooperation; cooperation being that principle of business by which George W. Perkins, instead of competing with his rivals, works harmoniously with himself."

The one public figure the old *Nation* really admired was Grover Cleveland, though it did not hesitate to criticize him sharply in the Venezuela incident. It stood as he did for a low tariff, economy, and clean government. In respect to this last issue *The Nation* was a little more than merely "goo-goo." It saw farther than the civil-service reformers with whom it went forth to battle against crooked politicians. It was not enough to place good men in public office. It was also necessary to strike at the causes of corruption. "The remedy," *The Nation* said after the Credit Mobilier scandal, "is simple. The government must get out of the 'protective' business and the 'subsidy' business and the 'improvement' business and the 'development' business. It must let trade, and commerce, and manufactures, and steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs alone. It cannot touch them without breeding corruption."

THE OLD AND THE NEW

The Nation after the World War, though still an organ of middle-class intellectuals, came more and more to draw its strength from contact with and sympathy for the labor movement, and to seek a counterpoise to big business in social legislation and in the organization of farmer and worker instead of hoping for a return to laissez faire. The old *Nation* applauded the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists; the new fought for Sacco and Vanzetti. The old denounced Debs; the new, in 1920, urged its readers to vote for him or Christensen. The old *Nation* saw in social legislation a reversion to a medieval world of fixed prices and wages; the new *Nation* saw in it the beginnings of a new society.

But between the old *Nation* and the new there are also many bonds. One of the principal purposes for which *The Nation* was founded was to defend the interests of the newly freed Negro. It consistently opposed American imperialism and spoke in behalf of the Latin American and Filipino peoples we have from time to time oppressed and exploited. It never permitted loyalty to party or person to outweigh loyalty to truth. It always resisted jingoism and war. The yellowing pages, with their vigor, their learning, their wit, their irony, can still inspire as well as exasperate. Godkin and his associates hated cant, falsity, tyranny, buncombe. Godkin dedicated *The Nation* to the defense of "free inquiry and free endeavor." "Free endeavor," in the sense that Godkin understood it, is no longer *The Nation's* ideal; but "free inquiry" still is its language, in 1940 as in 1865.

Godkin Said—

If the devil himself were on trial, and it was found that the prosecutor was using his own weapons against him, the place of good and wise men would be on the devil's side. The devil is nothing in such a case, the maintenance of the principles against which he wars is everything. [*On Johnson's impeachment.*]

Well-informed and honorable men, knowing the difficulties of the work of government and fearing the consequences of error, hasten slowly and doubt intelligently at every step. They are, consequently, no match for bold and ready demagogues, unless they have public opinion behind them, like . . . "a strong wind blowing aft."

If there is one thing which experience is teaching modern nations more thoroughly than another, it is the comparative worthlessness of all political arrangements on paper, whether constitutions, treaties, or legislative acts.

The sin by which modern as well as ancient society has been most beset has been the sin of oppression, of indifference to human suffering. The political system of nearly every country in the civilized world, down to our day, has been based on the principle that the few ought to have power over the many, and ought to use it for their own benefit.

In these days, if the doors of the future are once thrown open to what are called "the masses," and they catch even one glimpse of the splendid possibilities which lie within it, it is in vain to close them again. The vision never leaves their minds.

When women vote we drop our aspirations. In that day how shall he run for the White House who wears overshoes and a bad hat and has the asthma slightly and carries an umbrella? Old stagers may then as well consider themselves razed from the book of honors, and look on photographs as a vain expense.

War and the Election

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

IT HAS been said that the 1940 Presidential campaign will be fought on the battlefields of Europe and Asia. In the sense that the various wars abroad will have a controlling effect on the economy, the thinking, and the politics of the United States in the next nine months, this statement is correct. So right, in fact, that no one can predict with precision what the issues will be or who the candidates. Reading President Roosevelt's mind would provide some of the answers but not all of them. To foretell the outcome, one would have to know as well what Hitler and Stalin are planning.

If war breaks out next spring on the western front, if incendiary bombs lay waste large sections of London, if the Russians overrun Finland and proceed to the conquest of the Scandinavian countries, if the Japanese take advantage of Britain's preoccupation with home defense to attack Hongkong—if all this happens, then American voters will be reluctant to change horses in midstream, will be disposed to concentrate on national defense, and will be little concerned with domestic issues. The worse the world turmoil, the greater will be the demand for retention of the party, the policies, and the men who have kept this country free of it.

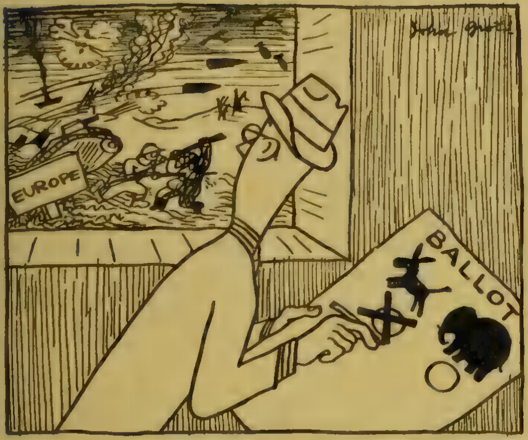
If, on the other hand, France and Great Britain should suddenly and unexpectedly make peace with the Nazis, if Russia should abandon its Finnish campaign and strike at Japan instead, if Japan under pressure should restore commercial privileges in China to Great Britain and the United States—if all these improbable events should take place, they would produce an entirely different set of circumstances in this country. The bottom would drop out of the new prosperity; there would be a quick revival of interest in domestic problems; there would be intense dissatisfaction with the party in power and a surge of sentiment for throwing the rascals out. Restoration of peace in Europe would be an unmitigated political calamity to the Roosevelt Administration.

Between these extremes of possibility, it is within the realm of reasonable speculation to assume that the wars of Europe and Asia will be intensified but not fought to any conclusion or otherwise terminated—except, perhaps, in Finland—before the Presidential election. Great Britain and France will continue to spend their cash in this country for airplanes, machinery, chemicals, and certain textiles, enlarging their orders as the rate of war destruction accelerates. Japan will continue to buy scrap iron and other necessary war materials in the United States while negotiations for a new commercial treaty proceed, with Secretary Hull using the advantage of Japanese uncertainty to drive some sort of bargain for protection of American interests in the Orient.

Assuming, then, that the war business gets better rather than worse through 1940, but not good enough to produce an inflationary boom, it is possible to draw in rough outline the economic background of the campaign. Steel will operate at or near capacity. Specialized war industries like airplanes will prosper spectacularly, carrying along automobiles and machinery. South America, cut off from German and to a certain extent British sources of supply, will buy a variety of United States manufactures. Prices, nevertheless, will remain fairly steady. With value of exports passing $350,000,000 a month at the start of the year, with unfilled airplane orders estimated at $700,000,000 in January and large plant expansion planned, the nation was already enjoying the first fruits of war economy as Presidential candidates started taking soundings of public opinion.

But there were soft spots. Europe was not buying American grain as it did in the early years of the World War. Farm prices were below parity and falling in relation to industrial prices. Almost 10,000,000 unemployed still walked the streets looking for work and finding none despite the increase in factory production, or subsisting on WPA wages, doles from local government, or the charity of friends and relatives. A WPA survey showed that only 12.7 per cent of the 775,000 reliefers dropped from federal rolls in July and August had found private employment by November; 28.4 per cent were on local relief; 26.7 had been taken back by the WPA; and the rest were drawing on meager savings or charity for support. Moreover, 77.2 per cent of those who had not regained their WPA jobs were earning less than they had previously received from the government in subsistence wages. Nowhere was their average higher than $14 a week, and in some cities it was less than $2.50. Unemployment was still the country's worst unsolved problem.

Yet the President, in his budget estimates for the fiscal year 1940-41 (beginning June 30, 1940), called for only $1,125,000,000 for relief, a reduction of more than $500,000,000 from the previous year and barely enough to carry an average case load of 1,350,000 as compared with the 2,000,000 on the rolls in January, when his recommendations were sent to Congress. Likewise, agricultural relief items were reduced to $900,000,000, some $400,000,000 less than the previous year's total. All this apparently was a concession to noisy demands from the conservatives for economy and a balanced budget and an attempt to avoid responsibility for an increase in the statutory debt limit of $45,000,000,000, which was approached to within a few millions even by the economy budget. But if the President expected Congress to kick over the budget traces, he was disappointed. The House and Senate sliced another $225,000,000 off the first four appropriation bills considered, in an attempt to keep within the debt limit and justify themselves in ignoring the President's demand for increased taxation in an election year.



Drawings by John Groth

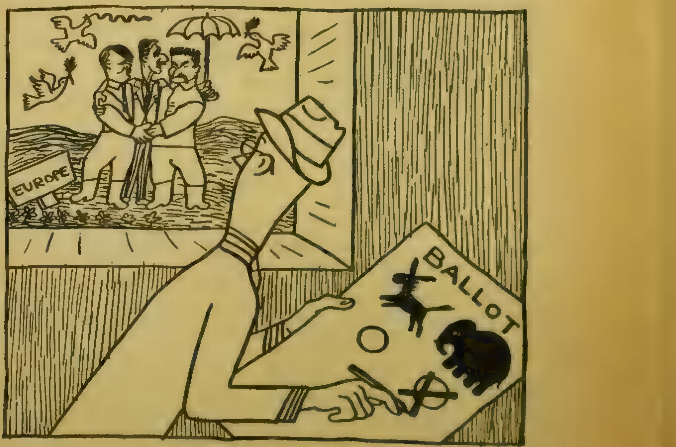
If War—

So unless the Congressional resistance to pressure for spending breaks down as the session progresses, the prosperity of 1940 will be a superficial prosperity from which thousands of workers displaced by machines and more thousands of small farmers and farm tenants will be excluded. As in the 1920's, however, their outcries may well be drowned by the happy cheers from the owners of industry and their employees. Then, too, there will be the question of responsibility. Should the urban unemployed and the dispossessed share-croppers blame President Roosevelt, who recommended the budget reductions, or the Congressmen who followed his course a logical step farther? In any event, what has always passed for prosperity will be with us.

For this prosperity the President will get most of the credit. His reputation as the friend of the humble citizen is well established, and he cannot lose it, whatever he does, in the next few months. By the same token, even prosperity will not earn him the friendship of the Union League Club. The big campaign contributors know him as the man who promised to scourge the money changers from the temple, who signed the Wagner Act, who pushed through laws establishing the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Wages and Hours Division of the Labor Department, the man who ran up the national debt beyond $40,000,000,000, and imposed "punitive and deterrent" taxes, the man who set up the TVA, interfered with holding companies, and otherwise discouraged private initiative. In 1938 these critics with these arguments won back part of the middle class that had supported Roosevelt in 1932 and again in 1936. The reaction is still running at the start of 1940.

Moreover, rumblings of thunder are beginning to be heard on the left. John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers have revolted against the economy program. Even the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, meeting in Miami, asked for another $800,000,000 for slum clearance, an item conspicuously missing from the budget, and for a public-health program going beyond the $10,000,000 experimental hospital-construction plan proposed by the President.

It now seems plain that the Democratic nominee, whether Roosevelt himself, seeking to break through the third-term superstition, or someone else, will have to stand or fall on the New Deal record and a New Deal platform. No candidate like Vice-President Garner, whom the President would not support, could carry a convention of Democratic politicians looking for a winner. Neither, perhaps, could such all-wool New Dealers as Attorney General Jackson and Supreme Court Justice Douglas. As a compromise between Garnerite and New Dealer, Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana is enjoying a substantial boom, although it is a question whether the President would accept him. The Corcoran branch of the Administration is whooping it up for a third term with two obvious purposes: to keep the President available in the event European developments clearly require that he be drafted for continued service; and, failing that, to give him enough convention delegates to exercise veto power over the ticket. Several large state delegations already have been lined up for Roosevelt despite the opposition of James A. Farley.



If Peace—

Among the Republicans, Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan seems to be the most probable nominee. He is an almost perfect Republican candidate. His record in the Senate is so confused that he could take up almost any position without appearing inconsistent. His personal pomposity is in the Harding tradition. He will fit nicely into the indicated Republican strategy of denouncing New Deal extravagance and promising to solve the country's domestic problems merely by giving business its head. Reasoning Republicans like Floor Leader Martin of the House realize that their candidate will have to adopt something very like the New Deal if he succeeds in reaching the White House. Vandenberg could probably make the necessary transition from economy speech-maker to spending Executive as well as any of his rivals, who, incidentally, are not doing so well on the road as was anticipated. Young Tom Dewey's performance as a delegate getter has been particularly disappointing to Republicans looking for a sure thing.

So far as domestic issues are concerned, neither the Republican nor the Democratic nominee will have much latitude for maneuvers. Both will try to take credit for prosperity, if it holds out, and here the Democrat will have the call. The Roosevelt candidate will try to capitalize the real achievements of the New Deal and the aura of the President's indorsement. The Republican, since he will have no chance of annexing the left-wing dissidents, probably will address himself to the middle brackets in public while reassuring the money bags in private.

It is in the field of foreign policy that the decisive battle will be fought. The President's policy of helping the Allies to the extent of his ability by measures short of war—more audacious measures than he has yet taken if public opinion seems willing to accept them—will be continued. The Hull reciprocal-trade policy will be stressed as a means of promoting world peace through freer trade intercourse. It is a policy which has the practical advantage of putting an ideological base under the war trade. While the Roosevelt candidate will scarcely be able to wage a he-kept-us-out-of-war campaign in view of the restraints Republican isolationists have placed upon the President, neither will he be vulnerable to the charge that he leads a war party. The President's cautious handling of the Finnish loan problem makes this apparent. The Republican nominee, particularly if he is Vandenberg, who opposed the Neutrality Act, will have to take up his position on the isolationist side of the Democrat. It is a side which is in the lee of the war trade winds, and its logical defender requires a domestic substitute for foreign orders—in other words, heavy government spending and economic planning. The Republican, therefore, will not bother to be logical.

The Left: End and Beginning

BY MAX LERNER

THERE can be little doubt that the left in America has come to the end of a long phase of its history. There are clamant voices all about us telling us so—confessions, repudiations, accusations. But even more convincing is the deep inner voice that tells us we must write finis to a chapter. But if there is an end, are there also beginnings for us? To answer that question other than wishfully, we must look backward to the past and with that perspective confront what may lie ahead.

There has always been an American left, under whatever name. It is an honorable record—that of the vanguard movements in the history of the democratic experience. There were the Committees of Correspondence during the Revolution, then the Jeffersonians, the Jacksonians, the early workingmen's parties, the Abolitionists before the Civil War and the Knights of Labor after it, the liberals and Mugwumps of the dreary decades, the Populists, the single-taxers, the muckrakers, the socialist and syndicalist labor forces of the turn of the century, the trust-busters, the Wilsonians and Progressives, the Marxists of the post-war decades, the technocrats, the New Dealers, the C. I. O.

It is a curious processional, so varied in the character of its individual elements that there is no one way to sum it up. The now familiar classification into reformist and revolutionary movements, which entered American thought with Marxism and especially after 1917 with Lenin's influence, no longer seems fruitful. On analysis there are very few of the movements I have cited that do not yield both revolutionary and reformist elements. My own impulse is toward a different division. Since left movements are always concerned with power and its transformation, why not separate the principal strains on the left in terms of their location of the sources of power and their analysis of how to grapple with the problems of power in a capitalist democracy?

The first strain that emerges is the agrarian. Its great leaders were Jefferson and Bryan, its theorists John Taylor and perhaps Henry Demarest Lloyd. Even before the Civil War it had already a slightly anachronistic flavor. It cut athwart the laws of technological change and ultimately fell a victim to the march of the machines. Jefferson's states' rights doctrine, his fear and hatred of cities, his distrust of mechanics and bankers alike have remained the heritage of populist and agrarian movements since. In its own day it was a rousing creed, and

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carried much of the burden of democratic advance. But it proved a poor weapon with which to confront the developed capitalism of the turn of the century. It was militant enough, and even revolutionary at times, with a sporadic sort of twenty-four-hour violence. But with its eyes turned nostalgically to an agrarian past it had more meaning as a way of life than as an anatomy of power. It could not produce an analysis of American corporate capitalism, of its laws of growth, its strength and weakness, and its persistent tenacity.

A second strain has been what, for want of a better name, I shall call a humanist liberalism. Its genesis was the post-Civil War period, although it had forerunners in the Concord school. Its prophet was Mill; its leaders were Godkin and Schurz. Its anatomy has been well dissected in I. F. Stone's article in this issue. Its outlook was urban rather than agrarian, and international rather than isolationist. Yet it too set its face against the march of industrialism—against the crude energies of both capitalists and workers. It expressed the point of view of the cultured, middle-class left. It accepted the capitalist economy but was indignant against capitalists. It accepted democracy but feared and distrusted the popular energies and was never able to stomach the imperative of a mass base in a democracy.

There has been a third strain much harder to isolate. It drew much of its strength from the agrarians, shared the libertarian views of the liberals, was affected by Marxism. Basically, however, it was the strain of democratic socialization. Among its leaders are some of the great names in American thought. In economics it had Veblen, in law Brandeis, in journalism Steffens and the muckrakers, in politics La Follette, in its humanist phase J. Allen Smith, Beard, Parrington, Bourne. What distinguished these men was that they accepted the sweep of industrialism but sought to tame it to the purposes of mass welfare and cultural freedom and richness. On the whole they were tough-minded and experimental even when they were wrong. They confronted squarely, with the best knowledge at their disposal, the dual problem of power involved in capitalism and democracy. They influenced and were influenced by the course of the trade-union movement, the cooperatives, the left phases of the T. R. and Wilson administrations. The analysis of corporate capitalism in Berle and Means derives from them; the basic governmental investigations of capitalist power from the Pujo committee to the La Follette committee are linked with them; the TNEC is the product of their attitude; the techniques of economic control and planning owe much to them; the left New Dealers work in their spirit. They are, for all their weaknesses and lack of precise outlines, more squarely in the main line of the American left than is any other tradition.

It remains to speak of the Marxist tradition. With the exception of Debs and Reed, and perhaps De Leon and Upton Sinclair, this has produced no one in America even approximating first-rate stature. Yet it would be an error to underestimate its effect on American life and thought since the World War. It gave us a new emphasis on labor organization and new insight into labor's social role. It deepened our awareness of the democratic mass. It gave a more disciplined militancy to social action and taught us to think in terms of economic and political power. It taught us to see American life in the context of movements and forces world-wide in scope. Above all, it made us aware of society and social thought not in their fragments but as an individual whole—linking analysis and action, our perception of the past and our projection of the future.

It is important for us, particularly in the current revulsion against Marxism, to grasp these affirmative achievements. Nothing could be more dangerous than to equate the communist parties or Soviet international politics with the whole of the Marxian outlook. And nothing could be more foolish than the present tendency to view the recent influence of Marxism as merely a vast conspiracy, whether Stalinist, Trotskyist, or Leninist. A whole American generation cannot be summed up as the dupes of a clique in Moscow. The fact is that the Marxian influence was genuinely evocative. The revolutionary image and the image of men's control over their social destinies released energies in literature and art as in social action. Many were touched by it who never became Marxist in their thinking and never joined any of the Marxian parties or splinter groups.

But this phase of the American left had the defects of its qualities. Its intellectual rigor easily became rigidity. It produced a peculiar type of provincialism in thought which sought to measure the torrential flow of American life by the yardsticks of the Marxian books. It brought with it a concentration on the Soviet Union, whether by its apologists or its attackers, which allowed the reactionaries wide scope to stake out an exclusive claim to "Americanism." It gave the middle class a fear symbol and the fascist groups a hate symbol. It produced a bitter factionalism, always inherent in out-of-power left groups of absolutist tendencies in thought, but in this case intensified by the cross-fire of Russian and American sects and problems. And it led to an accent on faith which ultimately, in the context of the Soviet state structure and such maneuvers of international politics as the Nazi pact and the invasion of Finland, could result only in a drastic disillusionment.

We are now reaping the harvest of our sowing of provincialism, factionalism, hatred. And since what we sowed was the wind of doctrine, the harvest is the whirlwind of confusion and hysteria. If it has turned some to the sadism of a comprehensive red-baiting, it has turned others to the masochism of public confession. But the long-run importance of either of these trends is slight compared with a more characteristic trend—the sense of aloneness that has come to hundreds of thousands of progressives scattered over the country, young and old, in every walk of life, the terrifying sense of being left intellectually rootless, emotionally homeless.

And why should they not feel it? We have come to the end of a stage in our development, just as often happens in the growth of any creative person. It is futile to imagine that a culture or a movement does not have its biography, like an individual. The psychic crises, dead ends, transformations are as real in the one as in the other. The spate of repudiations and confessions are part of that crisis: they are heightened symbols of the inner revaluations that each of us must exact from himself because of what has happened in the world. It is no longer possible to go on as if nothing had happened.

Yet it is all too easy to take a catastrophic view. Individuals survive their psychic crises and grow because of them. Why should not groups and movements? One thing may be said: the air has been cleared of a good deal of cant and dream stuff. We can build more honestly and more realistically than ever before in our generation. If we cannot forget our rancors and find a common basis for comparing ideas and joining in action, then the suicide urge is stronger in us than I think it is.

There are definite things we can learn from the whole course of our experience. Have we learned them? And can we adopt them as first principles in a reorientation of the American forces of the left? *Item:* that the obsession with Moscow, for or against, had better be abandoned. There can be no commitments that reach outside the boundaries of American life and obscure the impact of issues on our culture. *Item:* that the only possible focus for an American left is America. This does not mean seceding from the world or abdicating our judgment as observers of world events, but it does mean that we should think and act in the American grain. *Item:* that with all our disagreements, our continuing quest will be for some structure of industrial control and socialization that will provide full employment, the maximum national income, and economic democracy. *Item:* that Americans are in a better position than any other nation to achieve this without impairing the civil-liberties tradition and without sacrificing democratic controls. *Item:* that the meaning of economics and politics alike lies in the extension of the possibilities of human dignity for an ever-widening number of people.

On so much there can be agreement. Beyond that lie personal perspectives. My own preference is to follow the tradition of what I have called democratic socialization. The main lines of analysis as laid down in Veblen and Parrington and Bourne still offer tentatively a good starting-point for our own.

I say "tentatively" because the left must reject absolutes and be ready to reexamine its basic postulates. We must reconsider the values we attach to freedom, democracy, humanism. We must reexamine Marxism in the light not only of what has happened in the world of events but also of what has happened in the world of social thought. There are new insights and perspectives in anthropology, psychology, political theory, law, economics, the logic of language, and scientific method. No movement that seeks to subject the social energies to discipline and plan can afford to remain provincial in the sciences of society any more than it can afford to neglect the possibilities of technology.

But while we must use the utmost resources of rational analysis we must not repeat our past errors in assuming in men a greater rationality than they possess. The concepts and stereotypes on the left have too long clung to the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century belief in an ordered universe where men have only to discover the principles of order and then call upon their fellows to enact them. The course of events has had no tenderness for this fiction, nor can we afford to perpetuate it. Our efforts toward the reconstruction of the societies in which men live will have to take account of the whole person and not just half of him; of the fact that he is governed by passions, fears, and myths as well as by interests and ideals.

This will be a difficult insight for us to assimilate. We shall have to learn again things toward which the left has always adopted a lofty attitude—the imperatives of national cohesion and national survival about which Machiavelli wrote long ago in his "Discourses." We shall have to learn to work within the framework of men's minds as we find them until we can extend their possibilities. But who is there among us that asks for or expects an easy task? Our hurdles will seem insuperable: to understand the mechanisms by which economies run while we are faced at the same time with the job of transforming them; to study the uses and limitations of power at the same time that we are getting ready for its responsibilities; to learn how the necessary power can be focused on our problems at the same time that we are decentralizing its administration; to resolve the paradox that while we must be single-minded in the pursuit of our objectives and enlist behind them belief and energy, every working system must be pluralistic and allow plenty of latitude at the joints.

It may be true, as I have heard again and again, that these paradoxes can never be resolved, and that in the present world a democratic militancy will never succeed. But the American nation has faced in other periods contradictions that loomed just as formidable at the time. We have the resources of a great people and a great heritage. If direction for the energies of the common people does not come from the left, it will mean the crushing of what America has stood for in world history.

Beyond the New Deal

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE economic system under which the Western world made astonishing material progress during the nineteenth century is today deathly sick. In this country its most dangerous symptom is unemployment, which, despite contractions and expansions, remains year after year a persistent, malign growth on the body politic. Because of this sickness we are haunted by a fear that our economy is beyond the help of medicine and that, sooner or later, we may be compelled to turn to the bloody surgery from which Europe is suffering—a surgery which, if it succeeds in effecting a cure at all, must inevitably lead to the paralysis of liberty. The problem, then, of men of good-will today is to discover a remedy for unemployment without wrecking democracy; to reconstruct our economic system so that it will provide bread and freedom for all.

I happen to be one of those who believe that, had it not been for the measures taken by the New Deal, our present plight would be infinitely worse. But the fact that unemployment is still an intractable problem makes possible the argument that the New Deal has failed. A few people would say that it has done so because it was a misconceived effort from the start; many more, that it followed the right lines but went too far and bungled the job. Both views suggest that the New Deal was a plan that sprang full-fledged from the head of Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers. The truth is, rather, that it began as an *ad hoc* response to a critical situation. It never was, as some of its enemies insist, a thought-out plot to undermine capitalism. On the contrary, its whole purpose seems to have been to save capitalism from its own excesses and to set it on its feet.

Accepting this as a legitimate objective, it is my own opinion that the measures taken in the last seven years have been generally in the right direction but have not gone nearly far enough. In particular, the New Deal seems to have suffered, not from a superfluity of planning, but from the lack of a well-rounded plan, and so has developed as a series of insufficiently coordinated efforts to remedy specific situations. Nevertheless, the Roosevelt Administration has prepared the ground for "the Next Deal," and some analysis of its achievements is an essential preliminary to any discussion of a broader program. To facilitate a rapid summary of a very large subject, I propose to group the main activities of the New Deal under four heads: rescue work, police work, social work, and economic planning.

Of the first phase, which includes the rescue and rehabilitation of the banking system, the assistance given to railroads and industry by the RFC, the subsidies to shipping and shipbuilding, and part of the farm program, there is not a great deal to be said except this: in no way can these measures be described as hostile to private enterprise. True, they violated the canons of laissez faire, to which business is apt to appeal when the government intervenes to help the other fellow, but had Mr. Roosevelt allowed liquidation to proceed to the bitter end in 1933 it is doubtful whether private enterprise would have survived at all. It was a perfect opportunity to hoist the capitalist system with its own petard, and yet he stamped out the burning fuse.

Nor can the New Deal's police work be regarded as hostile to private enterprise, however bitter private enterprisers, on whose collars a heavy hand has fallen, may feel. Thomas Carlyle once described the competitive economic system as "anarchy plus a constable." Throughout our history the anarchy has been obvious, but the cops have all too often proved themselves everything that guardians of the public interest should not be. They have been weak, corrupt, inefficient, and shortsighted. Instead of arresting looters of the public domain, they unlocked the gates and helped them remove the swag. They crippled the competitive system by granting high tariffs to bar consumers from cheap goods; they gave franchises and created monopolies to exploit the people in return for bribes; they winked at the operations of financial thimble-riggers. Naturally the idea grew that business ethics was what you could get away with. But when the anarchic splendors of the twenties were over, business men awoke with sad hangovers to find the moral climate changed overnight and a different kind of cop on the beat. No wonder that they felt bewildered, misunderstood, and resentful.

Nevertheless, the policing of the security and commodity exchanges by the SEC and the CEA, the regulation of industries particularly affected with a public interest, and the increased zeal of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice are something more than contributions to social morality. These activities are also designed to increase the efficiency of markets, without which robust private enterprise is impossible. The best theoretical defense of private enterprise is that under it the algebra of prices makes possible an objective equation between production and consumption. Thus the consumer can become the final arbiter of what goods shall be produced and in what quantities. But this price mechanism cannot operate effectively unless goods and services are bought and sold in tolerably free markets. Of course the perfect market has never existed outside the pages of the economic textbooks. Economic machinery, like physical machinery, cannot operate without friction, but when friction increases to the point where the bearings begin to burn, it is time for the repair squad to take a hand. No one who analyzes the business situation in this country can avoid the conclusion that one of its chief weaknesses is a severe decline in the efficiency of markets. Who or what is responsible is a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt that the constant effort of private enterprise to escape from the open seas of competition to the sheltered waters of monopoly is one of the most important contributing factors.

Walter Lippmann, whose books, unfortunately, appear to receive less attention in Wall Street than his newspaper writings, has set forth in "The Good Society" an "agenda of liberalism" describing the reforms necessary if the freedom of the market is to be preserved. It is an ambitious program, far too long even to summarize here, but it includes such things as the conservation of land and other natural resources, the ending of legal privileges which make possible intrenched monopolies and the creation of industrial empires, the correction of maldistribution of wealth by the drastic taxation of unearned increments, the use of part of the increased wealth produced by technological progress to indemnify its victims, and a program of public investment designed to improve and develop health, education, and natural resources. If a writer devoted to the perpetuation of private enterprise considers that reforms of this character are essential, the efforts of the New Deal to secure free and honest markets can hardly be described as revolutionary. Whether Mr. Lippmann's program is practicable without resorting to other measures which he abhors because of their "collectivist" nature will be discussed later.

Meanwhile, we have to consider the third group of New Deal activities—those coming under the head of social work. Outstanding examples are the social-security acts, the provision of work in place of doles to the able-bodied unemployed through WPA and other agencies, the creation of minimum labor standards through the Wage-Hour Act, and the effort to protect the unionization of workers. Few people care to attack these measures in principle however critical they may be of their details and their administration. They do, of course, constitute an interference by the government in the workings of the labor market, but it may well be argued that such interference makes for efficiency. For they tend to reduce the evil of the necessitous bargaining which is destructive of free markets. As Mr. Lippmann says, "A liberal state cannot be neutral as between those who have too little bargaining power and those who have too much power."

We now come to the fourth phase of the New Deal—its economic planning. Under this head I include not only its schemes to secure conservation of resources but its efforts to utilize such resources, as in the TVA and Bonneville projects, and its attempts to compensate for the lag in private investment by programs of public investment. These are the activities which really excite the fears of those who assert that if collectivism and capitalism go to bed together, the latter will surely be smothered. Only in respect of electric power, however, has there in fact been any serious trespass on the preserves of private industry, and even there the corner staked out for the public is but a small fraction of the whole field.

Actually, there is nothing very new in state economic enterprises, although American experience of them has been slighter than that of many other countries, such as Britain, the Scandinavian states, and Australia, where the vigor of private enterprise is unimpaired. We have, however, one example which people so take for granted that it would never occur to them as an instance of collectivism—our highway system. Early in the history of the United States the building and maintenance of roads was regarded as a proper sphere for private enterprise and was carried on by turnpike companies which sought a profit from tolls. These companies seldom proved very successful and were almost all ruined by the advent of the railroads. Had the automobile instead of the locomotive been invented in the early nineteenth century, they would have been in possession of a valuable monopoly and would certainly have fought bitterly to retain it. Yet it is hardly open to doubt that a general toll-road system would have done much to check the growth of the automobile. Nor, I fancy, are there many hardy individualists today who would claim that public money ought not to be invested in the highways, even though their development has obviously been detrimental to the railroads. Certainly no shareholder in General Motors would argue that this form of public enterprise is destructive of private profit.

The supply of power is as basic to the general welfare and prosperity as the supply of roads, and, like the road industry, the power industry is one to which the competitive system cannot be applied. Hence the prices charged for current are determined by planning rather than by normal market processes, and this is just as true when the supplier is Consolidated Edison as when it is TVA. Of course, private utilities are publicly regulated and their charges limited, but such questions as the wisdom of attempting to enlarge the market by reducing rates remain a matter of managerial policy. There can be no doubt that the advent of the TVA and other government projects, together with the encouragement of municipal and cooperative ventures, has been an influence in persuading private companies to experiment with cheaper rates. In many cases, it would seem, they have been agreeably disappointed by results. On the other hand, it is claimed that government encroachment on the industry has checked new investment and expansion. That is difficult to prove or disprove because certainly many other factors have contributed to stunting the growth of the industry, not least its tangled financial situation due to the mushroom growth and the collapse of the holding-company system.

My own belief is that in its power policy the New Deal needs to go much farther. Until private monopoly in this field is wholly replaced by public ownership, the cost of electric current, which is basic both to the comfort of the modern home and the efficiency of modern industry, will not be brought down to bed rock. This does not mean that we need one gigantic power department at Washington. It means rather a system of state and municipal enterprises linked and coordinated by interstate regional authorities on the lines of TVA. In the production of power a notable fraction of cost is accounted for by interest on capital. The mere fact that public authorities can borrow more cheaply on the average than private corporations would itself make possible appreciable economies to be passed on to the consumers. Power has again and again proved itself a "commodity" sensitive to price changes. Reduced charges invariably lead to greater use, which in turn lowers overhead and brings costs down still farther.

Cheaper and more widely distributed power could not fail to stimulate industry and agriculture alike. It would improve the market for a host of ancillary industries manufacturing electrical equipment. It would probably promote industrial decentralization and would almost certainly assist in the revival of small business. It would make possible the development of electro-technical processes at present held back by the cost of the huge quantities of current required. In short, the end result of the elimination of private enterprise in one field would be a tremendous fillip to it elsewhere.

There are a number of other situations in our economy where competitive efficiency cannot be created or restored even by use of the drastic police powers which Mr. Lippmann advocates. Space forbids more than a brief catalogue. Outstanding are the railroads, organized on a monopoly basis which has been undermined by the development of competing methods of transport. They are a Humpty-Dumpty which all the efforts of the ICC, the RFC, and the bankruptcy courts cannot put together again as private enterprises. The oil industry contrives to combine the worst features of both monopoly and com-

Howard Cook

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petition, and efforts to prevent, by regulation, its waste of one of our most valuable resources appear doomed to failure. Here again some form of public ownership seems essential to bring about the efficient production of a commodity the costs of which enter into the budgets of almost every family and every business. Other leading minerals, including copper, iron ore, and sulphur, are controlled by monopolies or semi-monopolies which cannot be forced on to a competitive basis—though tariff revision would be helpful—and ought to be deprived by socialization of their power to levy tribute on the rest of the economic system.

The plans suggested in this article are based on a belief that the people of America are still fundamentally individualists. They do not want to abolish private enterprise, but they do want to slenderize it. If certain basic services and commodities can be removed from the domain of private monopoly and made available at lower cost, a positive increase in purchasing power will result. This in turn will make possible an increased demand for the products of the immense range of industries which will continue to operate as private enterprises, and thus provide an enlarged scope for the employment of both capital and labor. In this field competition should be encouraged and everything possible done to insure that the consumer's pivotal position in balancing supply and demand is maintained.

The socialization of definite segments of industry should prove an important factor in removing the disparity between savings and investment which nearly all economists regard as a large element in the present depression. The elimination of monopoly profits would cut off one large stream feeding the pool of stagnant capital. Still more important would be the creation of a field for productive government investments. It would be necessary, of course, to institute a separate budget for government business enterprises in which assets and liabilities would balance. Such enterprises should be expected to meet all charges, including interest and payments equivalent to taxation, out of trading profits, but any further profits should be used for reserves and for reducing prices. The existence of a federal investment budget would be an important weapon in controlling cyclical trade movements. When private industry was booming and the demand for capital brisk, the government could restrict its capital program to a minimum; when private investment languished, it could step up its own expansion programs. These tactics would be facilitated by the fact that the enterprises in which it was engaged would, in the main, be those requiring long-range planning.

We now have, in very brief outline, the kind of program which a progressive party, building on the foundations laid by the New Deal, might adopt. It is a program to be carried out by democratic methods and one that would not involve scrapping the Constitution, though no doubt amendments would be necessary. It would not mean confiscation of property, for the owners of all property taken over would be paid. But it would mean that a very small group of men would be deprived of the concentrated economic power which now lies in their hands. Would our democracy function any the worse for that?

The Art of the Good Neighbor

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THERE are phrases which can be pronounced only in quotation marks. "Cultural relations" is one of them. Cultural relations are not something you have: they are something you read about having. Generally they are something you read about having with considerable reluctance. The average citizen may be willing to put up with the man who writes about United States cultural relations with Latin America meaning United Fruit. He is not likely to put up with the man who writes about United States cultural relations with Latin America meaning precisely what he says. History is against it. History is the context in which language is understood, and history in this case is unobliging: it calls back the bonds of Minas Geraes, the capitalization of Cosach, and the marines at Vera Cruz. It makes the phrase sound awkward.

And nevertheless the awkward phrase is honest. It stands for serious things. It stands for the realization of informed persons that the present struggle of the propagandas in Latin America is a struggle for something more than markets. In that division of the Department of State where Ben Cherrington and Charles Thomson labor ably for the light, it stands for the realization of a particularly perceptive Under Secretary and a particularly imaginative Assistant Secretary that the German press and radio attacks on the United States in Latin America are not attacks for economic ends alone.

There was a time when the professional understanders understood that the great division which splits the world was a division between those who Had on the one side and those who Had Not on the other. Those who Had Not wanted the wealth and the markets and the raw materials and the colonies of those who Had. It was as simple as that. Nothing was at stake in the great unexploited market areas or the great undeveloped raw-material areas but goods and things. Those who interpreted Latin American affairs by this simple light interpreted them in these simple terms. If the Germans disparaged American culture on the short wave or by word of mouth or by special articles in the Valparaiso press, they were doing it for economic reasons only. If inspired publications discovered that the civilization of the North Americans was debased, was materialistic, was Bigbusiness, was vulgar, was artless, was crass, had produced no poets, had bred no painters, had trained no scholars, all this was no more than a diversion, a flank movement in the great war for trade. The Germans, lacking the credits to fight the Americans on the loading quays and in the grain elevators and at the banks, were undermining them at the dinner tables of the haciendas and the estancias and the high shiny apartment houses over the River Plate.

That simplification of history however, like all such simplifications of the ancient record, was less than wholly satisfying to imaginative minds. Events in distant parts of the earth suggested that the great division on the basis of the verb to have was not necessarily the true division of our time. Events in distant parts suggested that the purposes of those who bombed the Spanish towns and shot the Czechoslovak students were not economic purposes alone but purposes of a more ambitious character. What was under attack was not merely the present title to the riches of the world. What was under attack was the entire moral and intellectual and artistic order which, by accident or otherwise, was associated with that title.

Which meant, first, that the flank attack on the culture of the North Atlantic democracies in Latin America was perhaps not a flank attack at all but the principal engagement. And which meant, second, that those who had regarded the struggle with indifference so long as it seemed to be a struggle between the fat and the lean for the cut of the meat, could no longer regard it with indifference. Men in the United States who cared not at all whether Germany rather than Great Britain exploited the people of India, cared a great deal whether the civilization based upon free inquiry and free imagination which had developed in Western Europe and across the Atlantic over several centuries survived or perished. A change which put the Germans in Tanganyika was one thing. A change which burned the books of Thomas Mann in America also, and disciplined the composition of Szostakowicz here as well as in the Moscow theaters, and murdered Garcia Lorca not only in Granada but in New York, and organized the natural sciences on the party line not only in Siberia but in the Western Hemisphere as well, would be another.

It is to this altered understanding of the nature of the struggle that the awkward phrase relates. The movement to promote cultural relations between this country and Latin America is not at all the hypocritical and missionary movement which history would suggest. It is the precise opposite of a missionary movement. It does not aim to bestow upon a backward people below the Rio Grande the rich gifts of our superior culture. It aims instead to defend our culture against attack in the area where our culture is most in danger. To that end it labors to persuade the artists and intellectuals of the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking nations of the American continents that a North American culture exists, that it is a culture worthy of admiration, and that the substitution of a different cultural influence in the Americas might be the substitution of a worse.

In Chile and Brazil and Argentina and Colombia as in few other parts of the world nations are judged by their cultural achievements. And in Chile and Brazil and Argentina and Colombia judgments of cultural achievement are determined to an unusual degree by the opinions of the competent intellectuals. When we attempt to persuade the Latin American nations that the achievements of our culture are admirable we are not attempting to persuade a million magazine readers or ten million radio listeners or the sampled public of a "scientific" poll. We are not, in other words, attempting to persuade the people as the people are occasionally persuaded at home by magazine publishers or advertising agencies with a love of art. We are attempting to persuade a small and sophisticated and discriminating jury of critics and artists and professional scholars: a specific group of known and distinguishable people—the eminent critic of modern verse in Buenos Aires pacing the long room over the earthen river—the authority on modern music in the garden of enormous trees under the mountains of Santiago—the lady in the chair at Miraflores, the words dissolving in the dissolving light, the fame hanging there.

To attempt to persuade a jury such as this, not by facts but by works, not by propaganda but by the submission of the documents—the books, the poetry, the music, and the painting—is neither hypocritical nor self-righteous. It is, on the contrary, an exceedingly frank and forthright undertaking. It is also an undertaking as difficult as it may be dangerous.

The difficulty is obvious enough. The jury to which, with a sudden gesture of respect, we now prepare to submit the products of our culture is a jury already prejudiced against them. Long before the Nazis began their unflattering descriptions of our writers and painters and architects and actors and scientists and men of learning, the intellectuals of Latin America had concluded that our writers and our men of learning were men of small account. There was every reason why they should. We had ourselves gone to considerable lengths to persuade them that our culture was the culture of the Grace Line, the National City Bank, the Hearst comics, the Hollywood heart-throb, and an occasional best-seller. And there were no ready means by which they could correct that impression for themselves.

In terms of cultural, as distinguished from physical, geography, Latin America is a foreshore of Western Europe and particularly of the city of Paris. A Chilean critic knows North American writers as they are known in Paris—or rather as they are known in those Parisian porches which open upon the Spanish-speaking world. He knows American music not at all. And if he sees American painting, he sees it only in the colored reproductions of the magazines. All he can say of American arts and letters is that his friends in the American colonies in Santiago and Buenos Aires do not speak of them, that the notes in his Paris and Madrid reviews ignore them, and that he has never seen them for himself. A few men of exceptional intellectual curiosity, like Mallea of *La Nación,* may read widely among North American novelists and poets, but they are the exceptions, as their counterparts would be exceptions here.

It is this quite natural prejudice of the jury to which we have appealed which creates the difficulty of the undertaking. Excellence exists, and if we will offer it with tact and taste we will persuade even a jury prejudiced as this. But mediocrity and vulgarity also exist and in superior quantities with superior influence and more numerous friends. If those who have made themselves responsible for the furtherance of this enterprise permit —and it will be difficult not to permit—our "cultural relations with Latin America" to become the property of trading corporations with advertising programs to put over, or of self-appointed groups of culturists with careers to make, or creeds to propagate, or fads to follow; or if those who have initiated this undertaking lose interest in it and fail to push it through, letting the Latin American audience they have prepared wait with a growing boredom for cultural revelations which fail to come, the prejudice will soon become a final, ineradicable, and articulate conviction.

The difficulty then is plain. And the danger follows. Whether we intended to do so or not, we have now undertaken, and undertaken through official agencies, to present to the people of Latin America convincing proofs of the creativeness and vitality of our culture. To fail would be disastrous. And yet no one, I think, considering the facts, can fail to conclude that these commitments have been given without adequate assurances beforehand of the cooperation of those whose cooperation is essential—the handful of true artists and true scholars who alone can enable us to perform these promises; without proper guaranties against the interference of the mediocrities and vulgarians—the fashionable favorites, the smart names, the false bosoms—whose interference would make our promises ridiculous; and without a realistic count of the cost of failure.

Briefly and specifically, the initiators and promoters of this program have put not only themselves, and not only the artists of this country, but the country itself in a position of considerable danger from which the only possible retreat is forward. If the cultural relations of peoples were what our uncles and grandfathers thought them—diversions, decorations, and irrelevancies—failure in this present undertaking would be mildly shameful and no more. But in a divided world in which the real issue of division is the cultural issue, cultural relations are not irrelevancies. They are everything. And in such a world a cultural defeat is a defeat on the one front on which defeat cannot be accepted.

Simplifications are suspect in our time, but there is one simplification which may surely be advanced. Unless the civilization which rests upon free institutions and personal liberty can justify itself *by its works* in those areas in which it is pressed by a competing order, it will not justify itself by other means. We shall do well to recognize that fact, to realize that we have committed ourselves to a hazardous and costly venture, and to attempt now, before it is too late, to make good on our commitments.

Memory

BY CARL SANDBURG

Memory is when you look back
And the answers float in
to who? what? when? where?

The members who were there then
are repeated on a screen
are recalled on a scroll
are moved in a miniature drama,
are collected and recollected
for actions, speeches, silences,
set forth by images of the mind
and made in a mingling mist
to do again and to do over
precisely what they did do once—
this is memory—
sometimes slurred and blurred—
this is remembering—
sometimes wrecking the images
and proceeding again to reconstruct
what happened and how,
the many little involved answers
to who? what? when? where?
and more involved than any
    How? how?

Fear Is the Enemy

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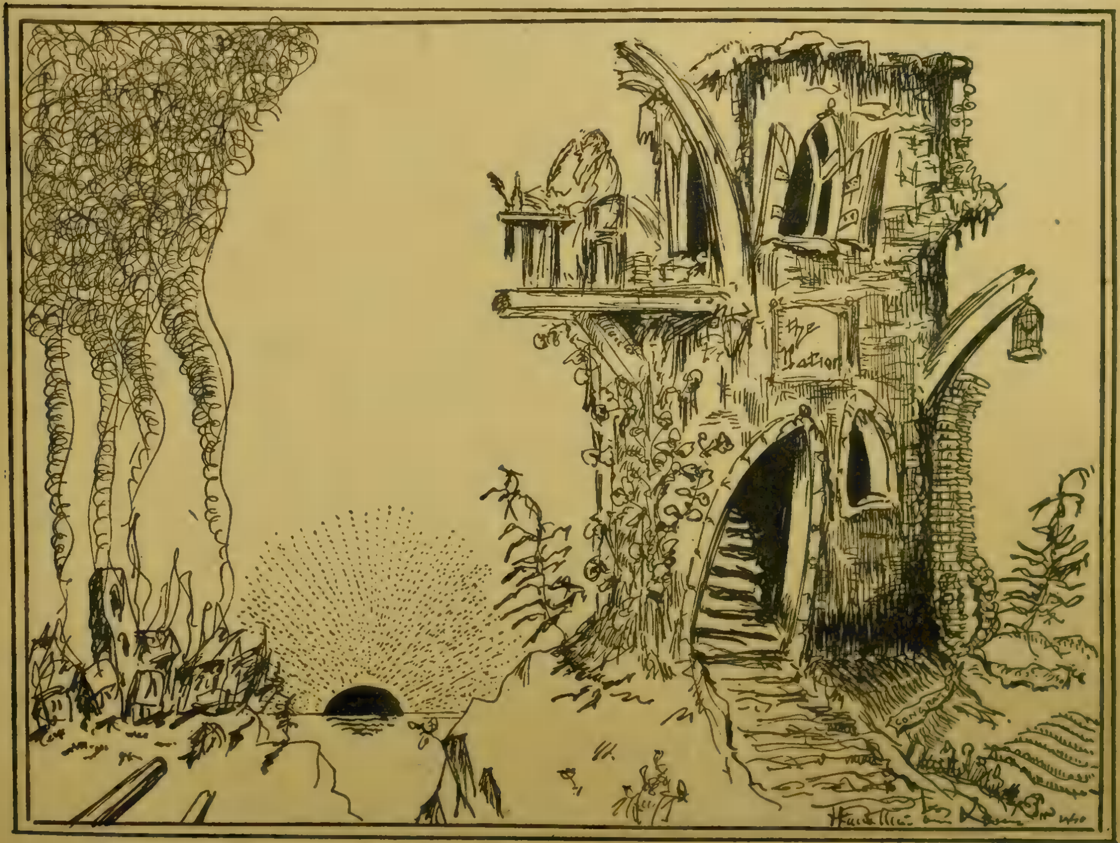
BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

WHEN fear enters into the hearts of people they are apt to be moved to hasty action. Here in this country today we find people who have never sufficiently cherished their democracy to understand fully their obligation as citizens; yet now they are taking fright because ideas which have obtained a hold in other countries have crossed the water and are appearing in certain groups in the United States. These ideas can only appeal to those who do not really understand what democracy means, or who for one reason or another have had their faith shaken in the efficiency of democracy.

We who believe in democracy should not be so much concerned with stamping out the activities of these few groups or individuals as with developing among the people in this country a greater sense of personal responsibility toward a democratic way of life. It is our job to know what democracy means, and to try to attain real democracy. We do not move forward by curtailing people's liberty because we are afraid of what they may do or say. We move forward by assuring to all people protection in the basic liberties under a democratic form of government, and then making sure that our government serves the real needs of the people.

In a recent article by Dr. Eduard Lindeman I read his definition of democracy and it ran something like this—democracy is the acceptance by the people of the belief that the greatest possible benefits shall be shared by all the people. In other words, our government, our basic liberties, our way of life must be constantly looking toward an ideal whereby the mass of the people shall be benefited. Let us beware of unreasoning fear which will make us curtail these liberties and prevent a free expression of new ideas. Where the majority rules, there is little danger of moving too fast. When the power becomes concentrated in the hands of a few, there is great danger that the majority will not be able to move at all.



Integer Vitae

Two Visions of Peace

BY THOMAS MANN

IT IS generally agreed, *consentio omnium,* that in Europe the old order cannot persist unaltered. The statesmen of the democracies, especially British statesmen, have evinced a complete realization of the necessity and inevitability of profound changes in the political and economic structure of our world. It is not only the dictators who are "dynamic." But when it comes to considering what form this future world is to take, aims and concepts are separated by a gap so wide and deep that clearly war alone could arbitrate between them. The two ideas of change at issue in this war are a European Confederation or supreme domination by a gigantic absolute state.

It should be pointed out that in announcing their decision not to make peace with the present German government the great democracies have taken a more important step than might appear at first glance. Actually it entails the epoch-making renunciation of a principle to which Europe with fateful conservatism has long held fast, although it has been obvious that it was outworn and doomed to perish—the principle of non-intervention, whose underlying concept is the absolute sovereignty of nations. The principle of non-intervention is based on an idea of democracy and freedom which no longer meets the social demands of our time. Democracy is a legal relationship between liberty and equality, between the claims of the individual and of society, a relationship which is labile and must be constantly reconstituted; and today everyone free to think for himself feels that in the union of liberty and equality the weight has shifted toward the side of equality and economic justice—from the individual, therefore, toward the social. Today social democracy is on the agenda; only as liberty which has matured to include social values, while preserving individual values by voluntary concessions to equality, only in this spiritual form, can democracy survive—within countries and between them.

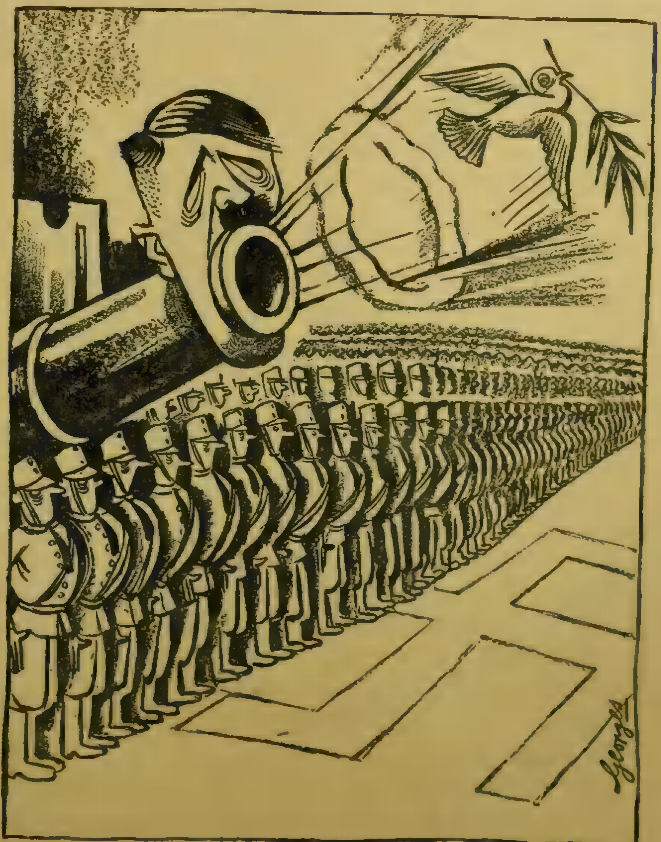
For the inner life of a people is in exact, though often unrecognized, accordance with its behavior within the community of nations, and it is an error to believe that what goes on in any one country—for example, all that has happened in Germany since the year 1933—need concern nobody but its own people. In the future, relations between peoples must be controlled by a new concept of liberty as individualism subject to social bonds and limitations. Only through the victory of this idea, the idea of a democracy which transcends the national, can Europe win happiness, peace, and order in place of anarchy, which leads, again and again, to bloody wars and is the death of civilization. Anarchy is individualism without social limitations, and insistence on the limitless sovereignty of nations is anarchy which imperils the very existence of Europe. It must disappear. The egotism of nations must make sacrifices which imply the break-up of the idea of national sovereignty, yes, of the national idea itself. The goal of this war, and its fruits, must be a peace which is at last worthy of the name; a peace which no longer serves as a shield for atavistic "history-making" mummery but is the firm foundation of a community of free peoples who are yet responsible to one another under a commonly binding moral law.

One side in the struggle takes these thoughts as the basis of its conception of the future. Brief hints of them, expressed without utopian extravagance but not to be misunderstood, are found in the assertions of British statesmen before and since the outbreak of the war. "We shall use all our influence when the time comes," said Lord Halifax in his radio address at the beginning of November, 1939, "in the building of a new world . . . on a basis of *human equality, self-respect,* and mutual tolerance. We shall have to think out again many things that lie at the root of international contacts—social, political, *economic*—and find means of reconciling the *necessity of change in a constantly changing world* with security against the disturbance of the general peace through resort to violence. To this order that we shall create *all nations will have their contribution to make,* and a great responsibility both in thought and action will rest upon our people. *We, not less than others,* have *our lesson to learn* from past failures and disappointments."

Here I have stressed not only what is significant but also what is appealing. It is both appealing and significant when the British Foreign Secretary explains that England not less than others has its lesson to learn. This does not indicate self-righteousness or any intention of seeking the role of schoolmaster, even in a moral sense, in Europe, but rather the realization that "in a constantly changing world" the democracies too must change, must be ready to embrace the new necessities of the time. When one considers the directions in which, according to the speaker, this readiness to change extends—"social, political, economic"—one may well call it a dynamic program of progress. If the new world is to be built, the world to which "all nations will have their contribution to make," everything depends not only on Germany's emerging from this war a different country, but on its opponents, too, being no longer what they were; and here unquestionably there is a certain danger, and a doubt about what we are to hope for. For if the war is short, as from a human viewpoint one must hope, then it is to be feared that the general changes effected by it will not be sweeping enough to form the groundwork for a really new world. But if it is long and bloody, then the feelings of hate and revenge it will leave behind might become a deadly danger to all good resolutions. At least one has a right to hold the second to be the graver danger. Before the war these realizations and resolutions were just developing; its outbreak has sharply intensified them. They are almost identical with the decision to fight it out, and they have a better prospect of surviving at the end of a war of moderate duration than in the moral and physical desolation that a long and cruel war would bring with it.

HIERARCHY OF HELOTS

I have attempted above to characterize one of the two views of the future at issue in this war. The second view is not wanting in boldness and magnificence either; in fact, in these respects it is superior to the first, granted that gloomy enmity and contempt for mankind may come under the head of magnificence. This conception of the future has unfortunately nothing to do with a human desire for an equilibrium of liberty and equality, of individual and social values; it is on the contrary allied to an unqualified and rancorous belief in the necessity of mastery and servitude. It conceives the world as in the process of division into a few great "living spaces," *Gross-Lebensraüme,* which must be self-sufficient, or "autarchic." These realms are to be established by force—which the master-peoples who create them are by natural prerogative entitled to use—through the subjugation and annexation of surrounding small nations which, lacking military strength and a large population, are denied this claim to freedom; and which, if they resist absorption by the great realm, become guilty of a criminal assault against the majesty of numbers. Here the idea of race plays an important part. The "great," in other words the numerous, people is endowed at the same time with the quality of superior race, while the small ones are of lesser manhood and born to slavery. Their subjugation and annexation admit them to the great community of the master-race only in so far as the latter adds them to its numbers, which thus become still more majestic; pillaged and deprived of their rights, they enter the estate of helots, constrained to pay homage to the ruling race and kiss the boots that tread upon them. That this master-race is itself composed of disfranchised slaves whose masters, the inventors of the whole regime, inspired by the deepest contempt for humanity, rule them by terror and stultifying propaganda is small consolation for the slaves of the slaves.



Georges Schreiber

The Nation, May 31, 1933

Altogether there is no denying that the system is pretty desperate. It admits no hope whatever—indeed, one is ashamed to pronounce this weak and insipid word in connection with it. Dark threats, inexorable cruelty intensified by lust, hard and bloody oppression, uninterrupted warlike tension are its very essence, essentials without which it could not be maintained. Every faintest stirring of a wish for the precious blessings of peace, and so for freedom, for the benefits of civilization and the serene enjoyment of life, for pure uplifting thought beyond the spheres of power or politics—these must count for it as high treason. How could it be otherwise? The subjugated smaller peoples, in whom a tendency to shake off the yoke will always be present, must be kept in bowed submission by every means of terror; so too must the master-race, which is almost as little to be trusted. In relation to other countries war remains the constant watchword: the very condition of autarchy requires the command, independent of any foreign supply, of all raw materials, which further requires the possession of all strategic points necessary to the "security" of the great sovereign realm, necessary, that is, to its capacity for aggression—all of which would be beside the point if peace were the question. Peace cannot, it dare not, ever be the question; this heroic snarling philosophy of life does not permit it. After all, there are still several of these great realms. The world is divided up—but, it goes without saying, not for good. Among the master-peoples there must be a super-lordly people, singled out by its racial superiority to abuse the others, and the eschatological consummation will be the abuse of all the world by this one: probably, God willing—it must be His will, we shall know how to hold Him to it—it will be the German people.

VICTORY WITHOUT PEACE

Poor German people, how do you feel in the messianic role for which not God, not fate, but a handful of maniacal scoundrels has singled you out? The goal they sat will be fearful wretchedness to pursue, would be utter horror to attain. All that innately you most love and prize, all your need to love and be loved, you will have to deaden and deny; all that is harsh, bitterly cruel, and unnatural is to be your lot: isolation, the enmity of the world, disfranchisement, loss of intellectual freedom, the extinction of culture, and every possible deprivation. To these, thoroughly tried out in the years of National Socialist rule, you are doomed forever, for only under these conditions can you be "in form" for your horrible mission, and to win the world as your scoundrels intend, you must put from you all that the world has ever won for a people.

You are committed to this not only for the duration of the march toward the goal but forever, even after the victory. For such a victory gives no one peace; the eschatology of your scoundrels is utterly impossible and untenable, and a world which has only been abused without being won over will be in eternal revolt against the wretches who overcome it. Its state of mind will be that of those "hot-headed" Czech students ("hot-headed" is what, with a nauseating pretense of reasonableness, your scoundrels chose to call them) who in a quite hopelessly evil hour threw themselves barefisted against the iron machines of tyranny and were shot with the air of idiotic implacability on which German rule prides itself. "Rather die than endure it"—what is to become of you, German people, when the whole world takes the desperate watchword of these hot-heads for its own?

And has it not already done so? The war, which your seducers, firmly relying on the desire of others for peace, promised to spare you, has no other watchword, and in no other way can *"Il faut en finir"* be translated. You would believe no one who proclaimed to you the hopelessness of your struggle, for you still feel yourself strong. If only you could be made to realize that when victory can bring no hope the battle must be hopeless!

THE OTHER "NEW EUROPE"

Of the two concepts of the future, the two projects for a new order in Europe, one has been tried out; as yet the other has not. Temporarily and in limited measure the ultra-powerful empire of mastery and servitude, the empire of the self-enslaved superior race which sets its heel upon the subjugated helot races, has been tried out: the whole world knows approximately what it will be like. The picture of this peace stands before our eyes in the shape of a "Greater Germany" and its protectorates, set up by villainous madmen. In the unspeakable atrocities which are taking place in Poland and the Bohemian Protectorate those "subjects of the German people" who are still at liberty—the Danes, the Dutch, the Swiss, and whoever else may be regarded as occupying the German "living space"—can envisage their own fate.

The other "new world" has not been tried out; it is only a promise, and a precarious promise, of a peace to which each country would have to make equal sacrifices of national sovereignty and national self-determination, of a world of international cooperation, political and economic, where liberty is subject to social bonds and limitations, the Commonwealth, the Confederation of Europe. It is an optimistically humanitarian prospect of welfare, freedom, regard for law, individual happiness, the blossoming of culture; and consequently—for one must realize with what harshness and self-contempt man is apt to look upon himself—it is at a certain moral and intellectual disadvantage as against the tragically pessimistic and realistic idea of a black, bloody, and violent future.

An optimistic view of the world is easily associated with shallowness, thinness, and weak varnishing of the truth, while the pessimistic view which denies "happiness" appears to be deeper, more knowing, braver, and manlier. The German mind and temperament in particular are disposed to see optimism and pessimism in this light. But there are two ways of "denying" happiness, and there is a great moral difference between the pessimism which grows out of life's sufferings, out of painful sympathy for man's dark lot, and that which is malevolence and recalcitrance toward better things as such. There is a difference—and more than a difference—between the pessimism that says, Things will never be any better, and that which says, May they never be any better. The former leaves moral room for a readiness to oppose the will of man to the fatality of nature and to save for him as much of happiness and honor as possible. But a pessimism which says in bitter anger: What, is this earth to be a better and brighter place? I'll know how to handle that! So far as I can, I shall see to it that it will be still darker, crueler, and bloodier—a pessimism such as that has nothing to do with profundity, morality, or manliness; it is sheer opposition, base deviltry. And when, contrary to its longing for a world where better, saner, and happier circumstances prevail, a people advocates this pessimism, then that people is not heroic but base, and deserves the name of an enemy of mankind.

Does the German people propose to charge itself with this name, which is not so much a name as a curse? It is understood and agreed that those now in power in Germany are the sole obstacle to peace. If the Germans could see that they are fighting not for the happiness and greatness of their country, but for the advancement of a dozen upstarts, adventurers chained together by their crimes! If this clique is disregarded just for an instant, where is the reason for the life-or-death struggle which Germany now believes it must undergo, and because of which it is sinking from misery to misery? But unfortunately it is not enough that these men be disregarded; they must be discarded, and shaken off, so that a phantom is all that remains of what was never anything but a phantom.

Incitement to Treason

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

POLITICALLY, both the English and the French were poorly prepared for the present war. This is not said as a reproach but as a fact. Probably democracies are incapable of looking ahead, and so they can never be well prepared. But the consequences of unpreparedness are just as real as if the unpreparedness had been planned.

When the war began there had been no authoritative, responsible statement about a different Europe to which the German nation might hope to belong. Mr. Chamberlain had expressed vague assurances that Germany could have its rights if it changed its methods. But there was little in his words that a German could take hold of. Faced with the choice between following Hitler and following Chamberlain, Germans had no convincing reason for preferring Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain himself had brushed aside the League of Nations the year before by announcing that small nations should not expect it to protect them. Nothing conciliatory that either he or M. Daladier felt able to say publicly to Germans had concreteness. Even a German who did not trust Hitler, who knew Hitler was a promise-breaker, who deplored the blackmail and threats of the Hitler foreign policy, had no alternative. Not till after the war had been under way for many weeks did one hear the first suggestions of federalism, of a new European structure, of economic cooperation. These were necessarily tentative; the men in the British and French governments still have no specific plan for a new Europe and are only now beginning to pry their own minds loose from the conceptions of the old order.

Because Europe was organized on a basically wrong system and because it was impossible to reorganize it by common consent, the war could not be prevented. The only sound war aim, then, is the establishment of Europe on a peaceful basis. But this is not what Britain and France have announced as their objective. Their first aim is the overthrow of the Hitler regime, the "end of Hitlerism." This is understandable. Europe before the rise of Hitler was unhealthy, but a Europe in which Hitlerism functioned was still worse. So the removal of Hitlerism is a natural objective. A still more natural objective would be to remake the Europe that preceded Hitler and in a sense produced him. Putting an end to Hitlerism is only a half-measure, and a dangerous half-measure.

As things now stand peace is impossible till Hitler and Hitlerism are removed. The Allies frankly hope the removal will be the act of elements within the German nation. They are not fighting Hitler's armies; they are bringing pressure on Hitler's followers, deliberately making life difficult for them, so that they will be driven to find release and ease by acquiescing in the overthrow of the Hitler regime. In other words, the British and French policy is incitement to treason. It is an open invitation to some group to seize power in Germany. The promise to that group of a better Europe is still unformulated. It consists only of the suggestion of federalism. Federalism is a "good" word, but it is not a thoughtful or responsible word, not yet.

Let us assume that the pressure of the blockade succeeds, and some group in Germany does resort to treason and overthrows the Hitler government. Obviously it will do so in the name of the word which has been used. It will promise to bring Germany into the new European federation. That is what it must and will say. But the word can mean no more, when used by Germans, than it means now, when it is used by Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier. And it may mean much less. Another German group will be running the country, a regime using a "good" word, in place of Hitler's "bad" words. The objective of the Allies will have been achieved. But will it be peace? Will it mean federalism?

The answer to this question may or may not be known when the time comes. It depends not on the character and quality of the men who take over Hitler's power, but on the understanding and desires of the German people who support them. Peace and federalism are only possible in a world of diffused power. What made the European war was not only that Hitler's words were bad, or that his objectives were bad, but that he had too much power. Unless Hitler's successors have less power, there will be no guaranty of peace. The trouble with the Allied peace objective is that it is superficial. Not only must Hitlerism go. Power must be diffused. And if the Germans are not ready to adopt a social structure in which power is diffused, it does not matter what words are used—there can be no certainty of peace.

The danger of the situation is that a premium has been put on treason and the use of "good" words. Anyone who can whip up an intrigue within totalitarian Germany, whisk the crown off Hitler's brow and put it on some other brow, is promised his reward. *He* gets the power in place of Hitler. If he can rally enough followers inside Germany he is sure of accomplices in the British and French governments. And if he can bring the war to an end he is sure of the grateful approval of all the folks at home. This is incitement to treason for ambitious ruffians. The more ruffianly they are the more quickly they will respond, the more glibly they will use all the "good" words, the more of a mockery the peace is likely to be.

THE BASIS OF A GOOD PEACE

The only kind of uprising in Germany that would be worth anything would be one of the people of Germany, undertaken to destroy the concentrated power of the Nazi regime. It would have to have strong leaders, but these leaders would need to be dedicated to more than taking over Hitler's power. They would have to be devoted to its diffusion. They would, no doubt, have to hold the power temporarily before diffusing it. But such an uprising is not being courted by the Allies in stating their peace objectives. They are not talking to the people of Germany about the diffusion of power. On the contrary, they are repeating that it is none of the Allies' business what kind of internal regime the Germans set up—which is a piece of widely accepted nonsense. No durable peace is possible unless the dictators are brought down. Power has to be diffused. And since peace is the business of everybody, the social structure of Germany is the business of everybody. Germany cannot be taken into an organized peace until its social structure is adapted to the existence and perpetuation of peace. It may not be for the Allies to dictate to Germany what kind of domestic structure it should have, but they should not profess that peace is something to be given any German dictator who manages to displace Hitler and vows to be a "good" dictator.

The argument here is not that the Allies should pledge themselves to continue the war till the German people of their own free will accept a regime of diffused power. But the Allies should know what kind of peace organization they intend to establish, and they should announce that no nation can become part of it until it meets certain standards of diffused political power. Then the test of the fitness of Germany to collaborate with a peaceful federation will not be the protestations it puts forward but its actual type of government.

At present a good many people appear ready to accept Marshal Göring as a suitable man to make peace. I have no way of knowing whether Göring is a party to the conspiracies to which he is nominated by the Allied press and, almost certainly, by important elements in the British government. Göring, however, is a Nazi; the regime he would head would be a Nazi regime; the power he would wield would be concentrated tyrannical power. He would have no more place in an organized peace than Hitler.

If Göring is not to commit high treason against Hitler, some other prominently placed German is being bribed by the Allied peace terms to do so. To succeed he will have to control part of the army or the police; he will need weapons and ruthlessness. If he wins, a counter-revolution against him is almost certain to be made, for he will not control all the power or hold all the weapons. If he comes to power it will be by a putsch. And putsch after putsch is possible, until in the end one tyrant succeeds in taking away all the weapons of his opponents.

Doubtless each of these uprisings would be proclaimed as being in the service of the "good" words. But the meaning of the "good" words has been almost destroyed in Europe. They have been degraded to many dastardly uses, and when the season of putsches begins, the "good" words will be cheapened to a cent a dozen. That is what happens when words take the place of ideas, when governments say that Hitlerism must go but do not say that diffusion of power is a condition of Germany's membership in an organized peace.

Perhaps Europe is already condemned to a succession of putsches. Wherever there have been tyrannies, and the tyrants have become unpopular, new tyrants have risen to replace them. It is hard to believe, for instance, that Carol will keep his throne in Rumania, that Stalin will be long in command in the Soviet Union, that Franco can retain his hold on Spain, or even that Mussolini—or Ciano—can continue to rule the weary Italian nation.

AMERICA'S CHOICE

The role of the United States in a drama of successive stormy uprisings in Europe will not be enviable. The people of this country will be torn between their innate sense that they must have a part in the peace and their confusion about the validity of the upstart regimes which will be established. There will be little incitement to think honestly about the peace. Pacifists will be ready to rush in with a blessing for any arrangement that stops actual warfare, whether it is peace or not. That is the condition to which most of the professional pacifists in this country have degenerated. Many of our pacifists blessed Munich only because it was not a declaration of military war. They will bless a super-Munich if it brings the military war to an end this winter, even if it gives Germany a five-year truce to reorganize the Soviet Union so that the two nations become so strong that they can later impose their will on most of the world. That would suit many American pacifists, who are not at all apostles of peace but kindly persons horrified by actual warfare.

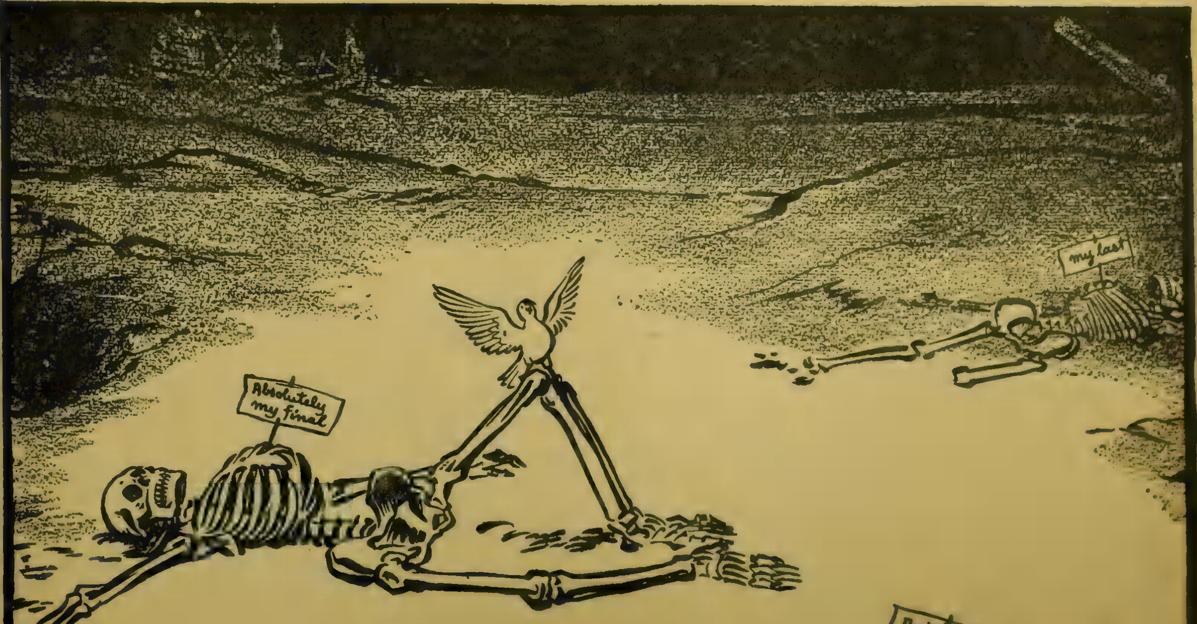
As long as American opinion is dominated by our so-called pacifists and their allies, the isolationists, the Administration will find it a challenge to its wisdom and character to keep before the world the conception of a true peace, and before the American people the acute sense of their obligation to take a responsible share in it. The British and the French cannot promise to establish a true peace by themselves, because it is beyond their scope to build it without the cooperation of the United States. That is their one acceptable apology for not having made a true peace their objective in the war, instead of the fall of Hitlerism.

The Allied case in Europe has been somewhat strengthened by the President's peace message to the Pope and his message at the opening of Congress. It needs much more reinforcement, which also must come from the United States. But first a period of frank talking and deep thinking is needed here. We must decide whether we really want peace or only want the war in Europe to be interrupted by a truce. I am not at all sure that most Americans want peace if the price of peace is federalism, supported by the United States and inevitably limiting the sovereignty of the United States. I am sure most Americans want to keep out of the present war in Europe, and want that even more than they want peace.

If the choice is not to be for a peace in which the United States bears its full responsibility, the consequences of that choice must also be frankly faced. In that case we are not for peace, and we shall not have it. That is, we must prepare for war. We must build a two-ocean navy. We must fortify our position in the Western Hemisphere. We must revise our sentimental good neighborliness in Central America, for the Panama Canal becomes more important to us than are Suez and Gibraltar to Great Britain. We must conduct as temperate an imperialism as we can in Central America and in the northern part of South America, but an imperialism it must be.

President Roosevelt and most thinking Americans do not want such a future for this country, and they do want peace. But I am not sure they can have peace, or can lead the United States into it. They do not talk frankly about it, and for most Americans the issues are utterly unfamiliar. Few Americans know that if a true peace is not established, we shall have to become a Western Hemisphere imperialism, founded on military and naval power. They do not appreciate that the isolationists are not pacifists but simply anti-foreign, and that the pacifists are not peace lovers but simply war haters.

There can be no true peace in Europe till we know what we want for ourselves, and, if it is peace, go to work making peace. Until we do, there will be putsches and truces and more wars. In this country we may not like Mr. Chamberlain's persistent incitement to treason in Germany. But if we do not like it we can give him something less superficial to talk about.



THE COOING OF THE DOVE

War in the East: New Phase

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

TWO and a half years of warfare have brought China and Japan not nearer decision but only to a new phase, a phase of greater complexity in some respects, of greater simplicity in others. For there are now two different aspects to the Far Eastern war—one wholly internal and having to do with a test of strength between China and Japan alone; the other wholly external, having to do with the effects of the world conflict on the Far East.

The internal aspect is clearer and easier to deal with. It has been clarified by the apparent resolve of the Japanese to go through with the puppet regime in China and the apparent consent of Wang Ching-wei to assume the leadership of the regime. Whether Wang can win the adherence of enough Chinese of any stature still remains to be seen, but from all the indications he cannot. In that case the regime will stand as the mere shadow of a pretense, with one Chinese figure for coloration, to be used for bargaining purposes with the rest of the world and as a sop to the Japanese people to allay their growing discouragement. For it carries the appearance of victory, even if it bears none of the fruits with which to recompense the Japanese people for their deprivations.

When the Japanese army had reconciled itself to the necessity of fighting a long war—which was six months after the war began and six months after everybody except the Japanese army had recognized it—it adopted the strategy of eventual rule through Chinese as the easiest and cheapest way of administering a country of vast dimensions. Thus, too, the Chinese would be kept divided. One faction, to which the Japanese could lend military support when necessary, would always have a vested interest in the continuation of Japanese hegemony. A regional puppet regime was set up in Peiping as soon as North China was occupied; it did not work. Another was set up in Nanking as soon as the lower Yangtze basin was occupied; it did not work. Both remained little enclaves protected by Japanese bayonets in a hostile China. To have any chance of effectiveness a puppet regime had to have at least the appearance of being national. But a national government of any seeming genuineness had to have at least a few men of national reputation. Now there is one such—Wang Ching-wei himself—though the reputation is a tarnished one.

With the establishment of the new "central" government the Japanese are giving concrete form to the pretense, hitherto expressed only in official statements, that the war is over, that "the period of construction" has begun, and that Chiang Kai-shek is merely a rebel leader. In so doing they are also accepting a challenge. They are putting to the test whether they can ever rule China. If they do not succeed in the next two years they can never succeed.

The Japanese will undoubtedly make a speedy peace with the Wang Ching-wei government, one which has the outward appearance of liberal concessions but embodies all their desires. The appeal to the Chinese people on which the Wang government will rely is that of peace, cessation of suffering, restoration of opportunity to earn a livelihood. On the success of that appeal the Wang government and therefore Japan's aspirations to a continental empire stand or fall.

Unless there is latent in the Chinese people much that has not been detectable up to the present, the appeal will not succeed. There is war weariness no doubt. No nation in modern times, not even Spain, has been more ravaged by war than China since mid-summer, 1937. The European war, with the consequent loss of a certain degree of support from Great Britain, and the lukewarmness of America have added to the discouragement. If the Japanese were to be magnanimous and offer a truly generous settlement, withdrawing practically all their troops, lifting onerous restrictions, and mitigating their brutality, the Chinese might be reconciled. But if the Japanese army were capable of magnanimity or psychological insight, the war would not have gone to this point or there would not have been a war at all. Instead, it can be confidently predicted that the Japanese will withdraw few or none of their troops, that they will be even more harsh and grasping in their rule, and that the Chinese will be reduced to the status of the inhabitants of Manchoukuo —helotry on the soil or in the workshop.

I do not believe, therefore, that the Chinese will acquiesce. A certain number will doubtless be tempted by the prospect of returning to normal existence, but the larger proportion of those now fighting will continue to fight. In that case nothing will have been changed by the setting up of the puppet government except that Japan will have put the struggle to the final test. The outcome will still be determined by which is the stouter—Japanese economic endurance or Chinese spiritual endurance. And on the evidence of these two and a half years I should say that now, early in 1940, Chinese spiritual endurance is the less shaken of the two.

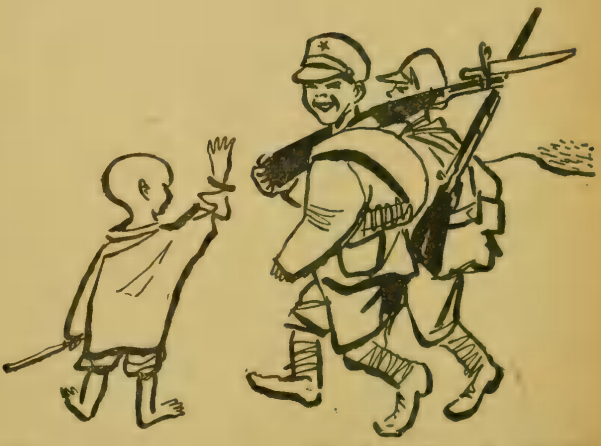
There has been from the beginning a tremendous exaggeration of Japan's economic weakness and an unwarranted expectation of a "breakdown." Disappointment because a delusory hope has failed to mature now manifests itself in a leap to the other extreme—the conviction that Japan can go on indefinitely. That, too, is delusory. The basic forces of Japanese society still run against Japanese military conquest of China if the Chinese are sufficiently resolved to hold out, and the Japanese army can be counted on to be brutal enough to stiffen Chinese resolve. The fact is that economically Japan is worse off than a year ago, and a year ago it was worse off than the year before. And the European war will accelerate the rate of decline. Japan can now export less, since much of the European market is closed, and at the same time it must pay more for its imports, since war demand has raised the price of those materials which it must buy to continue the war. There is thus a double drain on Japan's supply of free exchange. Of gold there can hardly be much left. The shortage of essentials is already serious; it will become more serious with the passing of every month. It can still be said that if China keeps time on its side it will escape subjugation.

One caveat must be entered to this argument by reason of recent events both in China and in the Western world, for the argument rests on the preservation of unity within China. On this subject there have been some disquieting reports in the last few months, turning mainly on the relations between the Chaing Kai-shek government and the Chinese Communists. With reference to those reports it must first be said that they should be taken with caution. A large proportion of them emanate from Japanese sources. They are designed to persuade Americans that as China's cause is hopeless anyway there is no use in America's trying to obstruct Japan. They are designed also to turn America's sympathies from China by raising the old bogy of Red penetration in China. But the danger of a break between the Chinese Communists and the Chungking government cannot be dismissed entirely.

The deciding factor lies not within China but without; it is Soviet Russia's now incalculable foreign policy. If Soviet Russia contracts an alliance with Japan or even makes an agreement of the same order as the one with Germany, it may bring pressure on the Chinese Communists to cease opposition to Japan. That the Chinese Communists will obey by no means follows; there is some reason to believe that many of their leaders would refuse and the Chinese Communist Party would split. But if they did obey, then of course China's capacity for resistance would be so seriously reduced that capitulation might result. Or if, at Russia's instance, the Chinese Communists set as the price of their continued cooperation in the war the right to exercise the balance of power in China and if the Chiang Kai-shek government should refuse, as doubtless it would, then the whole country would be split, and through the division Japan would walk in to mastery. But such a result can follow only on the fulfilment of two conditions—that the Chinese Communists will subordinate all else to their loyalty to Moscow, and that Moscow will deem it expedient either to sacrifice China for a deal with Japan or to use the threat of a deal with Japan as a means of forcing its way into China. And these conditions depend on the role that Soviet Russia elects to play in the world political scene.

This brings me to the second aspect of the Far Eastern war—the external. That the repercussions of Western world politics should be less pronounced now than they have traditionally been is hardly to be expected. They would have been felt in any case. They will be felt the more by virtue of England's enforced self-extrication from the Far East at this critical juncture and Soviet Russia's alignment with Germany and presumptive reversion to orthodox, pre-1914 czarist imperialism.

So far as the war itself is concerned, one cannot see how it can have any decisive bearing on the result as between China and Japan. It imposes handicaps on China in some respects and on Japan in others. China, it is true, can now count on little or nothing from Europe in the way of supplies or credits. But because of Japanese occupation of the ports it could not have got much in the way of supplies anyway. The loss of British credits will hurt. It will hurt still more if the British seek to put pressure on China in order to placate Japan and thus hold Japan in line against either Germany or Russia or both. The latter contingency I believe remote, partly because I doubt whether China would yield to the pressure to the extent of making an unfavorable peace with Japan, and partly because I believe the British have lost all illusions that the Japanese will abide by any agreement that does not profit themselves alone. I should add that I think it unlikely that the British would take the chance of alienating America by a Far Eastern arrangement at China's expense.



William Gropper *The Nation*, September 26, 1936

Chinese Communist Soldiers

The disadvantages that accrue to Japan by reason of the European war are no less than those China suffers. Politically Japan is dangerously isolated. There is no European counter-balance to British hostility, no German counter-balance to Russian hostility. Japan must therefore tread softly around British interests until Great Britain's defeat is sure, and it must either allay Russian hostility by Far Eastern concessions to Russia or be prepared to meet a Russian force freed of any threat from Germany. The last consideration may be eliminated, however, if Russia entangles itself any deeper in Europe or reveals conclusively that its military strength is hollow. The main disadvantages to Japan have already been touched on. They are economic. To carry on, Japan must increase its foreign trade. Obviously it cannot do so if Europe is eliminated from the world economy. Widely ramifying dislocations within Japan are thus inevitable. Other outlets must be found for goods hitherto sold to Europe, and they will be hard to find. Other sources will have to be found for goods hitherto bought in Europe, and they can be found only in one country—the United States. And it is hardly to the advantage of Japan to become increasingly, if not wholly, dependent upon the United States. In almost no other way could Japan become more vulnerable.

This brings me to the relations of the United States to the Far Eastern war. These are closer now than before last August, and their bearing is more direct since the American government denounced the treaty of commerce with Japan. The treaty expired on January 26. As has been said, Japan is now economically dependent on the United States as never before, and its vulnerability to American pressure is in direct proportion to its dependence. Refusal to sell supplies to Japan would for all practical purposes deprive Japan of those supplies. Penalizing duties on goods sold by Japan would lessen its sales here and by so much deprive Japan of the exchange with which to buy supplies anywhere. Unless the treaty is renewed, therefore, we are in a position to interpose a veto on any act by Japan, in China or elsewhere.

The treaty should not be renewed. My own position on that question was made clear in an article in *The Nation* last July under the title, Warn Japan Now. Even before the European war began, it was imperative that America exercise its power to check Japan so long as Europe was isolated within its own conflicts. It is more imperative now, and it is also more practicable. For Japan is more dependent on America, and the way has been cleared by the expiration of the trade treaty.

Russia—Twenty-two Years After

BY LOUIS FISCHER

STALIN is a lesser person than Lenin was. He is also different from Lenin. Lenin was a Bolshevik and a European. Stalin is a Bolshevik. Bolshevism is socialism refracted through a backward nation—Russia. Lenin tempered it with the ideas of the French eighteenth century and Western liberal thought of the nineteenth. But Stalin, the Georgian from the hill village near the geographic dividing line between Asia and Europe, is a superimposition of Karl Marx on Peter the Great. He is a mixture of the old and the new, of Russia and socialism. They are in conflict in him as they are in conflict within the country. Socialism is the thesis, Russia the antithesis, Stalin the synthesis. That is his strength. That is also the secret of the zigzags and stagnation or retrogression of the revolution. Sometimes the pull of Russia is stronger than the pull of socialism.

Lenin was in revolt against Russia. The primary purpose of the Bolshevik Revolution was to overcome Russia, to destroy the ugly material, psychological, and cultural heritage of czarism. That was the line of greatest resistance. Stalin has often departed from it to his enhanced temporary comfort but to the discomfiture of the revolution. He has violently attacked the physical vestiges of the past but adopted and perfected some of its political weapons, and he frequently acts in its spirit.

Lenin was truly great because he wanted big things. He aspired to conquer the mind of the world. During my later years in Moscow I would again and again take down a volume of Lenin to read, and would immediately feel removed from the reality of the day. Lenin was honest, big, and kind. He wanted to lift up. Now he lies embalmed and shrinking in the beautiful mausoleum on the Red Square. He was put there as a concession to the Russian love of the dead and to old Russia's retarded cultural development. The Oriental adulation of Stalin throughout the Soviet Union is another and labored official attempt—unsuccessful, I believe—to give the nation the "Little Father" it supposedly needs and craves.

Stalin seeks to remake the country he rules; Lenin aimed to remake the people first, then the country. Stalin gives the nation the regime he thinks it deserves. Forced upbuilding by the wise patron of masses too stupid to hear an idealistic call is Stalin's substitute formula for the humanitarian goals Lenin hoped to attain through real, not illusory, popular political activity in a country organized cooperatively.

Lenin was dictator for five years. His subordinates and millions of workers and peasants loved him and followed him. He did not shrink from harsh measures. But he governed with logic as well as iron. His weapons were the secret police of the Cheka, his brain, his personal warmth, and the social action of the masses. Lenin died in January, 1924. During the preceding year illness kept him inactive. Upon his death a period of struggle among Stalin and Trotsky and others commenced. Stalin gradually established his power, until it was supreme in 1929. Then came the first Five-Year Plan and collectivization—the effort to make Russia socialist.

Lenin, of course, never came to grips with the practical problems of building socialism. His life as a statesman consisted of three years of civil war followed by the New Economic Policy (NEP), which was a capitalistic concession to necessity and ruin. We do not know, therefore, whether the rigors of Soviet dictatorship are socialist inevitabilities or Stalinisms. The history of the Soviet revolution is no final or satisfactory criterion of the possibility of erecting a socialist society. Nor are Soviet conditions a guide to the nature of the future socialist state. Soviet practice is insufficient to explode one theory or create another.

The world's first socialist revolution took place in Russia because it was a bourgeois revolution too. It was two revolutions in one. Its initial function was to introduce bourgeois reforms: to smash the feudal village, crush the aristocracy, free women and national minorities, disestablish the church, improve the status of labor, and enrich the country. (Kerensky was an interlude in Russian history which could never have accomplished what it did—the overthrow of czarism—but for the rising ferment of the working classes that quickly engulfed it.) Russia needed these changes and eagerly accepted them. Bolshevism therefore found more support and provoked less resistance than might have been encountered by a purely socialist revolution in an advanced country where bourgeois reforms had strengthened capitalism and weakened anti-capitalist opposition.

Lenin made Russia's French Revolution, the bourgeois-democratic revolution. It was left to Stalin to make the Leninist-socialist revolution. But the democratic revolution in Russia was incomplete because Lenin, as a Bolshevik, founded a class dictatorship which circumscribed freedom. And the socialist revolution in Russia is incomplete because the democratic revolution was incomplete, because the country was socially, economically, and culturally unprepared for such an advanced system. The obstacles which socialism encountered in backward Russia have changed its course.

It is idle to debate whether Stalin has reverted to Leon Trotsky, or to Nicholas Romanov, or gone fascist. Bolshevism is unique. To identify Bolshevism with Nazism, for instance, is unscientific. They are marching together in international affairs. The Gestapo and the Ogpu are worthy of each other. But the economic molds of Soviet society have not been altered by the Stalin regime. Soviet economy is not capitalistic. Despite purges, pacts with Nazis, Russification, and aggression, agriculture in the U. S. S. R. remains collectivized; industry is state-owned and operated; and trade is a government monopoly. No fascist state is like that. The composition of Soviet society is also different from society in fascist countries. It can be proved inversely in this wise: if Mussolini fell, he could be succeeded by court elements, the army, industrialists, middle-class politicians, or a combination of all or some of these. In Germany there are the conservative army officers, various religious groups, remnants of trade unions and anti-Nazi political parties, as well as capitalists and Junkers, who might supplant the Nazis. A similar situation exists in Japan. But in Russia Stalin could only be overthrown or succeeded by Soviet forces. There are no other in the country. Equally important—deep in millions of hearts the revolution still lives.

Twenty-two years of Bolshevik education and experience have changed the Soviet citizen in many fundamental aspects. Compared with life in the capitalist world, personal life in the Soviet Union is less hampered by traditions and taboos. The respect for work and the contempt for idle women are greater. Poverty is a much smaller handicap. Opportunities for advancement and education are more ample. Parents worry less about the future of the rising generation. Races, professions, and social strata mix more. The mind made conformist, orthodox, timorous, and uncritical by the pressure of Soviet authority is nevertheless, in some indefinable way, more inconoclastic about life and its institutions. The consciousness of the right to equality is more widespread because castes are not closed and lack the sanction acquired through time, public acceptance, and security. Finally, personal dignity, despite the indignities of the terror, is higher. The revolution, in other words, has not destroyed itself.

The Soviet Union is a workers' and peasants' state if only because the capitalist class has been annihilated and cannot in present circumstances be restored. Collectivization and state-owned industry are very likely an improvement on capitalist methods of production. But the political superstructure required by these economic devices extorts a costly social overhead. The ideological question which the Soviet revolution poses to the world is: Can socialist economy be maintained without repressive dictatorship? Is social democracy possible?

The Soviet regime is a proletarian regime misguided by leaders who have betrayed the purposes of the revolution. They have yielded too much and too readily to Russia. They have also suffered too much from Europe.

In their relations with the Soviet government foreign states have been moved by considerations of national power politics only when they needed Russia badly. When Germany was weak or when the Western democracies thought they could "appease" Germany, they indulged their ideological antagonism to the U. S. S. R. because they did not have to play power politics with it. The hostility directed against it exceeded the opposition which a national state occupying the present Soviet territory might normally have expected. The Soviet Union was never permitted to become part of Europe. And it failed to make Europe a part of it. It failed partly because it did not always try very hard, but chiefly the failure was due to conditions. After November 11, 1918, the world revolution never had a chance. Europe's rejection of Russia threw Russia back on itself. It was not Stalin's fault that he had to attempt to build socialism in one country. But he cannot be absolved, either, from the blame of building it as he has. Statesmen are the tools of history, but at the same time their stupidity, genius, and mistakes make history.

Lenin knew how to work with people. He kept Trotsky and Stalin, rivals from early days, under one roof. He called Zinoviev and Kamenev "strike-breakers" but cooperated with them harmoniously. He chastised Bukharin in polemics and yet had a warm, inner personal relationship to him. Stalin, on the other hand, drives his enemies into the desert and then shoots to kill. He also lacks the faculty of modulation. Lenin took Ludendorff's help in order to get from Switzerland to Russia and lead the revolution, but he was never sullied by the contact. The railway car that carried him through war-time Germany was "sealed" in all respects. When the Germans drafted the preamble of the Brest-Litovsk treaty with the Bolsheviks, they used the usual diplomatic formula—"To establish peace and friendship." Trotsky objected to "friendship" and had it deleted. But Stalin proclaims that the relations between Bolshevik Russia and Nazi Germany are "cemented in blood."

I do not subscribe to the personal theory of history accepted today in Russia, where all victories and achievements—but no setbacks or blunders—are attributed to Stalin. But leadership does count, especially in a country whose rulers are not directly responsible to or removable by the people. That is the root of the evil in Soviet Russia. Experience has demonstrated that dictatorship gives neither security at home nor peace abroad. In Russia, with no unemployment, there is no economic security because purges and police and political measures make for a tremendous labor turnover, innumerable dismissals, and fear. Nor could the Soviet government refrain from unnecessary aggression.

The three central problems—foreign policy, economy, and democracy—are thus intimately intertwined, and the last is the key to the other two. There was never any doubt that a state could produce goods. An army can. A prison can. Peter built cities. The crucial question posed by the Bolshevik Revolution was that of the role of the individual. Lenin and the Marxists held dictatorship or the omnipotent, omnipresent government to be an evil, for they envisaged as their ultimate goal the withering away of the state. In the early stages at least, this meant not anarchy but democracy, not the absence of authority but the curbing of authority and its control by the people. That is why the announcement of the Soviet constitution of 1936 was a world event. It heralded an unprecedented phenomenon—the abdication of a dictatorship. Numerous democracies had become dictatorships. Now a dictatorship promised to change into a democracy. Unfortunately it did not. The accentuated terror which commenced in 1936 has mocked the constitution. The chief cause of the purges and trials I believe was the discovery of anti-Stalin sentiment in the country and especially in the army and the G. P. U. It is significant that on May 11, 1937, the very day on which Marshal Tukhachevsky was demoted and a month before he and his generals were executed, political commissars were introduced in the Red Army. These commissars, *Pravda* said, are "the eyes and ears of the Communist Party in the ranks of the army." Apparently, Tukhachevsky had so many followers among the officers that Stalin introduced commissars to watch them. With Tukhachevsky's execution the purge grew especially intense. Everybody who had been connected with any opposition group or anybody whose popularity and authority might have made him dangerous if he joined the opposition became subject to the purge. In these circumstances democracy could only have facilitated the work of the anti-Stalinist elements and handicapped their suppressors. Whether, given different conditions, the Soviet dictatorship might have died remains the great riddle.

At its birth the Soviet revolution evoked the sympathetic tolerance of liberals, progressives, and optimistic believers in a better world. They hoped that the internationalism written on the Soviet banner might end wars. The class conflict in nations would supersede the imperialist conflict between nations; socialism would resolve the class conflict; then there would be peace. They hoped economic advance would prove possible without capitalist exploitation, misery, and the ups and downs of boom and depression. They hoped that a new socialist democracy would be purer than bourgeois democracy.

The favorable reaction of many people toward Soviet Russia was part of their reaction against the first World War. The world economic collapse in 1929 and succeeding years increased the number of Soviet friends; fascism still further swelled their ranks, especially when it appeared that Russia was moving toward democracy.

Today the Soviet government is engaged in war on

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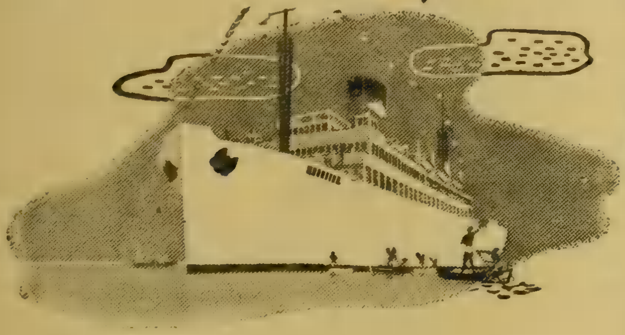

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Finland. Moreover, after having done much for peace, it declined at the crucial moment to throw its weight against the fascist war-makers. This and the emergence of nationalism in the Soviet Union disappoint the faith in its internationalism. Capitalism's ability to maintain an equilibrium despite continued heavy unemployment, widespread physical distress, and political insecurity restored some of the confidence of those whom the stock-market panic and subsequent business depression drove leftward, while Russia's economic difficulties dashed the hopes of many who had seen the millennium in terms of socialist industry and trade. Finally, the attempt to democratize Soviet dictatorship was a failure.

As a result, pro-Soviet sympathies in the capitalist world are now certainly at their lowest ebb since 1917. This makes for reaction and is used by reaction. Retreats by Soviet Russia have always been defeats for the left-of-center forces in bourgeois countries. These political groups and individuals are now impressed by the need of dissociating themselves from this often unwanted link with Soviet affairs. Some try to achieve that end through red-hunts. But in the present period of mental confusion the only hope of the left is a bold, appealing ideological improvement on the Bolshevism that has been transplanted into Western political conditions by foreign Communist parties, and also an organization as dynamic as those parties have been. Everything depends on whether socialism and democracy are compatible.

Glossary for 1940

BY ROBERT BENDINER

BEDFELLOW THEORY. Figuratively at any rate, bed plays a big part in modern politics. Tories look under their beds for Bolsheviks, and left-wingers look into other left-wingers' beds for tories. The first of these reactions is elementary and relatively harmless; the second is a more complex and rather neurotic phenomenon which in recent years has flowered into the Bedfellow Theory. Briefly, this doctrine is that whether you are right or wrong is not so important as who is on your side. To take the ultimate example, let us consider the application of the Bedfellow Theory to certain Russian activities in Finland. There are those of us who never liked and do not like now the technique of liberation by assault and battery; there are others who did not especially mind this vigorous approach in Ethiopia and Czechoslovakia but who are hotly vocal about it now that it has been adopted by their favorite villain. Unfortunately in the general chorus of condemnation the voices blend, and before we know what has happened the champions of the Newest Russia convict us of getting into bed with Herbert Hoover, Westbrook Pegler, and the National Association of Manufacturers. Few of us would want to be found in a coffin with any of these worthies, much less a bed, but what can we do? Granting, even insisting, that we have to sleep somewhere, the Soviet sympathizers would have us split a mattress with them, ignoring the Swastikas embroidered on the pillow. And that's where the weakness of the Bedfellow Theory emerges. You can always see the rascal in your neighbor's bedroom and never the knave in your own—though certainly the presence of a Göring should make itself felt in any bed. All that an honest man can do is to pick his bed on its merits and lie in it. It is better to let politics afflict you with strange bedfellows than to let a choice of bedfellows afflict you with strange politics.

Imperialism. The moralism of men and states has its finest expression in national robbery. Nothing that statesmen do lifts them to quite the same evangelical pitch as the well-planned plundering of some lesser state. The legions of the Caesars came, saw, and conquered in the name of the Pax Romana. Britain and France manfully took up the white man's burden of filching half the world's wealth from helpless natives. We "civilized 'em with a Krag" in the Philippines and "bumped 'em off" in the name of good roads and hygiene in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Mussolini set Ethiopia on fire and hanged its leaders so that it could share in the grandeur that is Rome's. The Mikado's troops massacred several million Chinese strictly out of "friendship." And the Red Army has been dropping thermite bombs from Helsinki to Petsamo by way of what *Pravda* calls "fraternal assistance to the Finnish people." Until recently the Germans presented a refreshing contrast. With no moral reputation to defend, they were artlessly predatory. *Deutschland über Alles,* Aryan supremacy, "divine right to rule," even *Lebensraum,* were all the honest language of the jungle; the Nazis never stooped to do anything "for the other fellow's good." Now all that is changed. Germany too has gone moralist, and its imperialism has a higher cause. Hitler explained it all in his New Year's address. Like Trotsky, he doesn't believe in socialism-in-one-country. Henceforth when Göring's aces bomb open cities, when S. S. men shoot Czech students and flog Polish Jews, they will have only one thought in mind: the building of a Socialist Europe.

Intellectuals. In the epithetic art there is nothing to equal the scorn with which an intellectual calls an intellectual an intellectual. It appears to be part of the growing tradition among the men of brains that they are a degenerate lot as compared with stevedores, farm hands, and bull fighters. But the phenomenon is not new. Intellectual-baiting is the oldest occupational disease of intellectuals. Usually the process starts mildly enough when some of the more effete members of the caste put on a show of being anti-intellectual just for the novelty. Some flaunt an addiction to burlesque, others go about truculently matching chest hair with their contemporaries, many develop a preoccupation with gore, and all affect a passion for anything in overalls. Beyond these relatively harmless exhibits come the Judas intellectuals who stand ready to lead the flock to the abattoir. Once Germany was a land where every burgher who could afford a pair of thick rimless spectacles was a Herr Doktor, revered by the simple folk of town and country and held up to the young for a noble, if pot-bellied, model. Then came the cult of the *Übermensch* and a fierce anti-intellectualism, nurtured not by green-eyed farmers or inferiority-ridden mechanics, but by neurotic Nietzschean intellectuals. The idea took slowly at first, but surely, aided by all the forces that were finally to raise Adolf the Artist to his Berchtesgaden eyrie. Today the German intellectual, however Aryan, rates socially well below the garbage man and only a notch or two above the Jew. It is time that intellectuals got over their sneaking suspicion that a typewriter is less noble than a meat ax, and a briefcase downright degenerate.

International Banker. Back in the days when radio's chief menace was Amos 'n Andy, when Royal Oak was just the name of a British ship of the line, and the only Little Flower that made newspaper copy was LaGuardia, "bankers' hours" connoted a life of ease. Now, thanks to the air waves, we know that at least one class of bankers has been maligned: the international banker, far from being a sluggard, is a man of many facets and diversified activities. An average day in his life, if he covers all the ground the good priest says he does, must run something like this: Up at six for a triumphant look at the day's market quotations, followed by the customary hurried recitation of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Then breakfast, with a careful reading of the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Daily Worker.* At nine the first emissaries from Washington arrive and the day's plotting begins. Plans are made for spending more and more government money, for concentrating more and more power in Washington, and above all for pushing this country into the war. The afternoon is given over to the creation of fictitious credits to be sold to middle-class suckers (Christians only need apply) in exchange for gold, which the i. b. buries in his back yard or sends to Russia by way of Trotsky disguised as William C. Bullitt. Dinner is served for six—two governors, a senator, a mayor, and a brace of Supreme Court justices. The i. b. communicates his wishes—no buses for parochial school-children, more indecency in the films, a sitdown strike here, a youth-control law there—and the butler tucks a bag of gold into the pocket of each departing guest. After dinner checks must be made out to a long list of alien, subversive, un-American, atheistic, communistic, capitalistic organizations. Then a quick change into proletarian disguise and a dash by cab to Fourteenth Street to report to Earl Browder on the day's activities. Home by midnight for ten minutes of quiet international banking, and so to bed.

Peace. Probably the reason the world has fallen upon evil days is that every big nation has a peace policy. France's peace policy threw Spain to the dogs and shoved Czechoslovakia under the shadow of the Führer's mustache, England's erased Czechoslovakia altogether, and Japan's skinned China to the bone. The Soviet Union's, most vaunted of them all, has already cost the freedom of the Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians, and is now flaming through Finland, while all Southeastern Europe cringes before the Russian olive branch. "Peace," as the poet understates it, "hath her victories no less renowned than war." No less, indeed! In times like these men of good-will cannot afford to stand idly by muttering, "A *pax* on both your houses." They must work for the day when the hand of the peacemaker shall no longer be lifted against his brother and a tranquil *Mars vobiscum* shall fall from the lips of men.

Semi-fascism. Few enlightened persons imagined a year or so ago that there could be anything worse than fascism. Now, thanks to the men of the extreme left, we know that there is. It is semi-fascism. This is what the red troops of the Soviet Union fought against in Poland, as soon as they discovered it had been there all the time, and it is what they are fighting now in Finland. Your full-fledged fascist is a reasonable creature. He may systematically rob a million people, torture hundreds to death because their grandmothers were descended from their great-grandmothers, and forbid milk to non-Aryan babies, but as *Pravda* good-naturedly puts it, *chacun à son goût.* The understanding Soviets admit that the Nazis do have droll customs, but it would be the grossest folly—something like unprogressive child-training perhaps—to deal with them forcefully. It is better to give them sympathy and help them in their little problems. But these Finns with their cooperatives and their elected governments! Semi-fascists, that's what they are, and fire and sword aren't good enough for them. There ought to be a League Against War and Semi-Fascism. Probably there will be.

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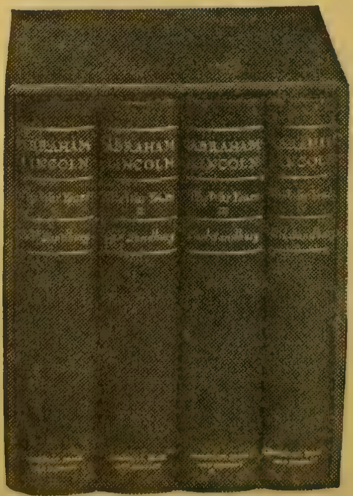

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Comments on "The Nation"

[*In preparing this anniversary issue the editors invited a number of outstanding Americans to comment on* The Nation *and its role—past and present. We asked for criticism and not merely for birthday greetings. A few of the letters we received appear on these pages. Some have already been printed and the others will be used in later issues.*]

GOVERNOR HERBERT H. LEHMAN

I have for a long time read *The Nation* as frequently as my crowded schedule will permit. May I say that regardless of whether or not one agrees with the editorial views of *The Nation*—and I have not done so by any means in all instances—there is no doubt that the articles are usually interesting and provocative. They frequently offer a point of view which might otherwise not be readily available to the public and, if accurate, thus become informative and educational.

May I congratulate you and your associates on the long career of *The Nation* and express the hope that it will continue for many years to render useful service to the public.

SECRETARY HENRY A. WALLACE

You ask what I honestly think of *The Nation*. I think it has richly justified its seventy-five years of existence by its championship of the under-dog, by its defense of civil liberties, and in general by its liveliness and cantankerousness. But I do hope, before another seventy-five years have passed, that *The Nation* will become (1) less city-minded and more accurately informed on the agricultural problem, and (2) as critical of the doctrines and doctrinaires of the left as it has always been, and properly, of the doctrines and doctrinaires of the right.

NORMAN THOMAS

My very hearty congratulations to *The Nation* on its Seventy-fifth Anniversary and my sincere wishes for many more happy returns of the day. To live so vigorous and useful a life as *The Nation* for seventy-five years in American journalism is no mean achievement. Naturally in that time the magazine has passed through many phases and has served with vigor and zeal many different and sometimes conflicting causes. But in general, at least in the period when I have known it best—and that goes back to the Godkin days—what has given a kind of unity to *The Nation* has been its function as a critical journal in the best sense of the word. It has honestly sought information and has tried to base its opinions upon fact.

In recent years I have feared that *The Nation* was departing from this standard in favor of the "democratic frontism" so popular among intellectuals, to which it contributed little by way of sound criticism or real illumination. Since August 23 I have thought I was witnessing something of a return of the magazine to its old critical integrity.

American life and American letters need something more than critical integrity, but we who seek a program for our times owe much to any who will contribute zeal and capacity to the search for truth. In this cause may *The Nation* serve with ever-renewed strength.

ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT H. JACKSON

Congratulations on a life that defies the mortality table of journalism and spans half our nation's existence. What really matters now is your *next* seventy-five years.

The task of the conservative journal is relatively an easy one. It may and usually does use the immediate interest of its group as the touchstone of its policy. By this simple formula it may please and prosper.

To achieve a leadership of liberal thought is a different matter. Its interest takes a wider scope and a longer range and considers more diversified welfares. It may more easily misread the signs. There have been times when I thought you did misread them. But who is to judge? And what of it anyway? To stimulate, to arouse us from a fatal complacency, is enough. In this you have never failed.

May you live and prosper.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Now that anyone having a tendency to liberalism in government or any human feeling for the under-dog is being marked as a Communist, the value of a publication like *The Nation* becomes increasingly more important. It has always seemed one of the really important publications of the country to me.

More strength to *The Nation!*

THURMAN ARNOLD

The Seventy-fifth Anniversary of *The Nation* is an event to be celebrated by all liberals, by all lovers of free speech, and by all those who want to see the under-dog given an occasional break. No publication in America does better service to these three causes. No publication in America has a better or longer record of courageous utterances. It has constantly defended unpopular causes with intelligence and sincerity. It has always attracted writers with style and wit. We could lose hundreds of our stereotyped journals without serious consequences. We cannot and must not lose the inspirational prejudice-dispelling *Nation.*

The Nation is often wrong but never *wrong* and on the *wrong side* at the same time. What, never? Well, hardly ever!

HAROLD J. LASKI

I have read *The Nation* for twenty-five years, since, that is, I landed on the shores of the American continent as a student just out of Oxford; and research has led me to read much of its previous content. I have always appreciated it greatly—its vigor, its freedom of comment, its anxiety to see that just things do come just. I have not seldom disagreed violently with it; but I have never failed to feel that it should have my sincere respect.

Your next years are going to be hard and to call for all your courage and energy. May you have the power to carry on the fight with undiminished strength. You have never been so necessary as now when the liberalism for which *The Nation* was founded has to fight hard to maintain the democratic idea in America.

OSCAR AMERINGER

There are a great many formidable, six-syllabled words in *The Nation* which get me and my people down. And we are so busy rustling shirts for our own backs that we can't afford to do much tearing of them over the woes of the Croats, Slovenes, Finns, Letts, and Laps, concerning which *The Nation* is so constantly het up. It isn't that we are callous about the fate of our European brethren. It's just that we can't take on so much territory and that we are in touch with these affairs anyway through the capitalist press, whose editors are tickled to keep us looking toward the Atlantic Ocean while they pick our pockets on the home front and millions of Americans go hungry.

God forbid, however, that I should attempt to tell the competent editors of a paper five years older than myself how to run their business. I have had more liberal and labor papers shot from under me than Stonewall Jackson had horses, and I know what a thankless task it is to run an under-dog periodical. I'm naturally delighted to find each week that the *The Nation* which has fought so gallantly for so many years for the causes which I hold dear is so bouncingly alive today. Stick to the job for seventy-five more years and maybe we can inch up a bit on that genuine democracy of which *The Nation* is the authentic mouthpiece.

SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS

For a great many years I have been a reader of *The Nation* and one of its humble admirers. Its courageous and unselfish attitude in defending the rights and liberties of the common man has won for it the admiration of all people who believe in justice and liberty. I should be happy indeed if I knew that its appealing voice could be heard at every fireside in America. To me it has always been a source of encouragement and inspiration in every progressive cause I have ever tried to help.

It should be an inspiration to you who have made this able fight to know that your words and efforts have given joy and satisfaction to the thousands of readers who have tried to follow your leadership in the battle for human progress and human happiness.

JOHN L. LEWIS

I read *The Nation* because it is an outspoken vehicle for liberal and progressive thought. With so many organs of opinion dedicated to the presentation of a single viewpoint, *The Nation* upholds the essentially American tradition of the free press. The conflict of ideas among its contributors and editors is always thoughtful and invigorating.

FANNIE HURST

My admiration for *The Nation* is based on factual evidence and not primarily upon the pleasant circumstance that we happen to think alike. I like the informed and vigorous standards of editing; I like the kinds of minds chosen to contribute; I like the awareness, indignation, impatience, and tolerance that characterize your magazine. Sometimes, it is true, I could wish for more of the attitude that "there is much to be said on both sides." But nevertheless, since I am on your side so much of the time, I find your magazine vigorous and invigorating.

More power to you!

BENJAMIN V. COHEN

The Nation has now been in existence seventy-five years. I have been a reader of it for only twenty-five of these years. I am struck by the fact that it shows no sign of age and indeed exhibits more of the spirit of youth than many of its younger rivals. In a critical period of our national life *The Nation* reveals a peculiar receptiveness to new ideas without yielding its attachment to the values that have made us take pride in our national heritage.

The Great Caviar Riots

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Owing to the Russian situation, the shortage of unsalted caviar in this country threatens to become acute.—News item.

IT WAS in the spring of 1940 that a shocked public was first brought to face with the facts regarding the unsalted caviar shortage. True, there had been mutterings on Long Island for some time, but few were prepared for the sensational figures disclosed by the Gallup caviar poll, which showed that 81.6 per cent of the population of Southampton had been without unsalted caviar for almost a month. A private survey disclosed a serious lack of unsalted corpuscles in children between eight and sixteen, and an outbreak of rickets was feared.

Naturally a wave of indignation swept the country. The New York *Herald Tribune* laid the blame squarely at the feet of Mr. Roosevelt. "While the National Labor Relations Board is giving its biased decisions," said the *Tribune* editorially, "people are riding the streets without a spoonful of caviar to their names. Laws are passed to prevent the grinding down of the lower classes, but the grinding up of the upper classes continues unabated. Communism has reached us at last."

Matters thereupon went from bad to worse. In Tuxedo Park an elderly woman, unable to obtain unsalted caviar, actually ate salted caviar, and of course became violently ill. When the government still failed to act, a huge parade and protest meeting were planned for New York City. Five hundred limousines, manned by chauffeur and footman, and each containing a genuine First Family, drove up Park Avenue, followed by a thousand butlers and personal maids on foot. A delegation from the Racquet and Tennis Club rode as a unit, bearing aloft a huge placard: BELUGA OR BUST. The parade was followed by a mass-meeting at Madison Square Garden, held in conjunction with the Horse Show.

As the situation became more desperate, *Town and Country* opened caviar lines in Cartier's. Butlers and footmen who stood in line received a single tablespoonful of unsalted caviar, which was then rushed to Long Island in iced containers. In this way much suffering was alleviated, but it soon became evident that no real relief could be granted unless the government took steps. Even at this point, however, few could have predicted the outcome: that the Republicans would sweep into power as the result of the stubborn refusal of the Roosevelt Administration to act.

The climax came with lightning rapidity. As always, decisive action was brought about by the rise of a real leader—in this case Mrs. Bellington Belcher, of New York and Newport. From her villa at Newport, that summer, Mrs. Belcher quietly mailed engraved invitations to about a hundred of her friends. They read as follows:

Mrs. Bellington Belcher
Requests the Pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. ——————'s Company
on Thursday Night, August 22d, 1940
at Ten o'Clock
to Consider Rioting

White Tie

A date was secretly set for the uprising—Tuesday, October 29, shrewdly chosen because of its proximity to Election Day. It was a day that was to go down in history as Unsalted Tuesday.

On that fated evening an unusual number of Rolls-Royces and Isotta-Fraschinis could have been seen quietly converging at Madison Avenue and Sixty-first Street. Well-groomed men and women in evening clothes walked quietly into the Colony Restaurant. The casual observer would have noted nothing unusual, but a careful eye would have detected suspicious bulges in the rear pockets of the gentlemen, an unusual fatness in the ladies' evening bags. Later these bulges were to turn out to be tightly rolled copies of *Spur* and *Tatler*, deadly weapons when wielded by desperate men. In the ladies' bags, accounting for the fatness, were old copies of the "Social Register," which they were later to hurl with disastrous effect.

From her seat at the head of the table Mrs. Bellington Belcher gave the signal. Spreading a bit of caviar on her toast, Mrs. Belcher lifted it to her mouth, tasted it, and then uttered just one word:

"Salted!"

It was the agreed signal. In five minutes the room was a wreck. Not a glass, not a plate, remained unbroken. Handfuls of salted caviar were hurled against the walls; the noses of the headwaiters were rubbed in it. When the police arrived ten minutes later, the place was a shambles.

Greetings
to
THE *Nation*
on its
75th
ANNIVERSARY

International
LADIES' GARMENT
WORKERS' UNION

Arrests were made, of course, but the weight of public sympathy was such that the prisoners were immediately released. The following morning Mrs. Belcher executed her master-stroke. The country was flooded by campaign brooches on which the words "Vote Republican" were spelled out in black pearls, in imitation of caviar. Tiffany's had made a special rate for ten million of them.

With the election going Republican, of course, there was an abundance of unsalted caviar from that time on. This was accomplished through a new government bureau, the UCC (Unsalted Caviar Commission), of which Mrs. Belcher herself was made the head.

War or Peace in American Labor?

BY HERBERT HARRIS

IN RECENT White House conversations John L. Lewis has again injected the issue of "one big union" into the struggle to bring about peace and unity between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. Back in March of 1939, when peace committees from both camps were meeting with President Roosevelt, Lewis set off the same fireworks, with flare-headline effects. He urged that the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. dissolve forthwith, that the "Big Four" Railroad Brotherhoods also disband, and that all three groups be merged into a new Congress of American Labor, the presidency of which was to go to an "executive type," such as A. F. Whitney of the Trainmen or D. B. Robertson of the Firemen and Enginemen.

In some quarters it was believed that Lewis offered this solution in an earnest desire to reconcile differences. But now that he has reiterated the proposal, many labor men—both A. F. of L. and C. I. O.—look upon it at best as a bit of comedy, and at worst as an attempt to stall in a most critical situation. In the first place, they point out, the Federation will reject this solution, just as it did a year ago, as "not designed for serious consideration." On paper, and in the future, some such grand combination of all union forces might become not only desirable but mandatory. But at the moment it is plain nonsense. The Big Four, as a group, they point out, are older than the A. F. of L. They operate within the framework of an industry that since 1888 has been directly regulated by the government. They have their own traditions, loyalties, vested interests. Their collective-bargaining status is the result of a long step-by-step evolution and experiment. To scrap this set-up by a stroke of the pen would in itself create vast new problems—administrative, legislative, and jurisdictional—and would needlessly complicate a situation which has so far been made more complex and more difficult by almost every move toward peace.

Despite the feints and withdrawals, the trial balloons, and the efforts of the President's various ambassadors to devise terms acceptable to the belligerents, just two official peace conferences have been held during the four years of A. F. of L.–C. I. O. warfare, and they served only to intensify hostilities. The first began on October 25, 1937, at the Hotel Willard in Washington, in response to a C. I. O. suggestion that meetings be held looking toward a "unified labor movement." On the chess board of this tourney, the C. I. O., represented by a committee of ten, of which Philip Murray was head, opened with a gambit devised by Father Haas of Catholic University. The Haas plan called for the creation, within the A. F. of L., of a separate autonomous division to be known as the C. I. O. Department and to embrace all C. I. O. affiliates. Moreover, the C. I. O. wanted the A. F. of L. to guarantee that the industrial form of organization would be accepted as "normal and necessary" in the mass-production, public-utility, marine, and basic fabricating industries. The C. I. O. also asked the A. F. of L. to amend its constitution to prevent the Executive Council from suspending any national or international union except by authority of a majority vote in an annual convention. The A. F. of L. committee of three—Matthew Woll, George Harrison, and G. M. Bugniazet—at once discarded the Haas idea as impossible. They claimed that the proposed new C. I. O. Department, with its craft, trade, semi-industrial, and industrial unions, would come into conflict with A. F. of L. unions in the same fields and would thus simply aggravate jurisdictional squabbles.

After the conferees finally got down to business, the discussion seemed interminable. At last the A. F. of L. committee made several important concessions which, embodied in its final offer, led many of those present to believe that a basis for agreement had been reached. It must be kept in mind that the C. I. O. at this time was composed of thirty-two unions. Seven of them had been ejected from the A. F. of L., five had withdrawn, and twenty either had been created by the C. I. O. or had affiliated with it after having enjoyed a previous independent status.

"Now, here's what we'll do," said the A. F. of L. committee, in effect. "The twelve original unions don't need to come back into the Federation until all questions relating to the twenty new C. I. O. affiliates have been

Oxford University Press, 1468-1940

THE Oxford University Press, in something of an anniversary mood, would like to indulge in a little pointing-with-pride to its achievements. After all, we've been publishing books for four-hundred-and-seventy-two years, beginning with the *Commentary on the Apostles' Creed* attributed to St. Jerome and bearing the date 1468. That seems a long way indeed from our recent W. P. A. Guidebook, FLORIDA, A GUIDE TO THE SOUTHERNMOST STATE, 600 pages, many illustrations and a great big folding map, all for $2.50, and timely as anything. Among the many series we have launched and to which new titles are added from time to time are: THE OXFORD BOOKS OF VERSE, each $3.00, beginning with THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (1900) which has sold nearly half a million copies. An entirely new edition of this famous anthology, edited, as was the original, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, will be published on March 7th. Many new poets are added, and the collection ranges from the years 1250 to 1918. Other recent titles in this series are THE OXFORD BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE, edited by W. H. Auden, and THE OXFORD BOOK OF GREEK VERSE IN TRANSLATION. Lord David Cecil has edited THE OXFORD BOOK OF CHRISTIAN VERSE, which will also be published soon.

* * *

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* * *

Another great Oxford series is the World's Classics. There are nearly 500 of these little reprints now, many of the newer ones designed by Bruce Rogers. Somerset Maugham, writing in *The Saturday Evening Post* of January 6, discusses the Classic Books of America; among the twelve of which he writes, six are published by us in The World's Classics Series. Catalogue on request.

* * *

Sir Donald Tovey's series of six volumes, ESSAYS IN MUSICAL ANALYSIS, will be complete with the publication this Spring of Volume VI, which contains Miscellaneous Notes, Index, and Glossary covering the complete series. Volumes I and II, Symphonies; Volume III, Concertos; Volume IV, Illustrative Music; Volume V, Vocal Music. The price for the complete set will be $21.00. Individually each volume is $4.00

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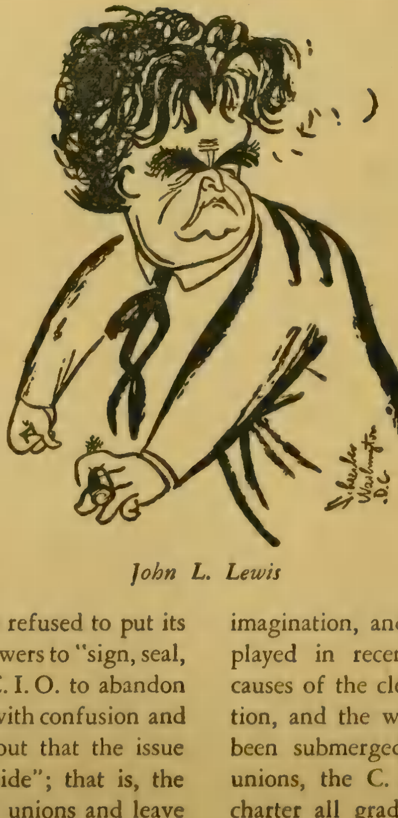
ironed out by committees equally representing both sides. When such adjustments have been made, the new membership of the C. I. O. will be taken back into the A. F. of L. *concurrently* with the twelve former A. F. of L. unions, and the C. I. O. as such will cease to exist.

"When all such matters have been settled," continued the A. F. of L., "we will recommend that our constitution be changed, as the C. I. O. officials suggest. We will also specify trade areas where the industrial form of organization shall prevail entirely."

Although they were minimized by C. I. O. partisans and exaggerated by A. F. of L. spokesmen, the importance of these concessions is obvious. In this connection it is pertinent to recall that the twelve unions which had previously belonged to the A. F. of L. comprised more than 70 per cent of the C. I. O.'s numerical and financial strength. There was little trouble about the tentative readmission of this block into the A. F. of L., although jurisdictional rights in steel were fiercely debated. More genuine elements of conflict existed between the C. I. O. Woodworkers and the A. F. of L. Carpenters. The former was the outgrowth of a dissident group within the Carpenters' Union, and both claimed jurisdiction over lumberjacks, as well as sawmill, furniture, and other workers, especially in the Northwest. By the same token the C. I. O. Transport Workers' Union and the A. F. of L. Street and Electric Railway Employees, the C. I. O. Radio, Machine, and Electrical Workers and the A. F. of L. Electrical Workers offered some very tough problems of synthesis. Still other unions, however, like the Newspaper Guild, had virtually no hurdles of jurisdiction to get over.



John L. Lewis

Early in December, 1937, the peace conference blew up, and special subcommittees personally headed by Lewis and Green were unable to save it. The A. F. of L. version is that the first C. I. O. committee had definitely accepted the Federation's formula but that Lewis "vetoed" the entire agreement at the last minute. The C. I. O. contends that the A. F. of L. committee refused to put its terms in writing, that it lacked final powers to "sign, seal, and deliver," and that it wanted the C. I. O. to abandon its newer affiliates. In any event, what with confusion and counter-charges, the story was given out that the issue was "ten inside, and twenty-two outside"; that is, the Federation would take back ten of the unions and leave twenty-two others out in the cold, to perish of neglect or fall prey to the jurisdictional wolves. In the first place, it was twelve and twenty; and in the second place this wasn't the issue, a fact verified by Philip Murray in a speech in New York City on January 5, 1938, when he declared: "Mr. Green has suggested, 'Well, you C. I. O. men and your thirty-two unions stay out of the Federation for a while. Appoint your committees and we won't ask you to come in until everybody comes in.' "

Actually, the C. I. O. had three basic demands: adoption of industrial-union practices, the lifting of suspensions by the Executive Council, and the curtailing of its power to revoke charters. All these were substantially granted by the A. F. of L., which in turn clung to its own single basic demand, the abolition of the C. I. O. as a separate, "dual" entity.

In labor circles the consensus of informed opinion, even among certain C. I. O. leaders, is that Lewis himself was primarily responsible for breaking off the 1937 negotiations, and that in doing so he missed the opportunity of a lifetime. After all, these persons point out, in the November, 1935, convention which resulted in labor's great split, the C. I. O. faction with its allies was able to count on about a million out of three million workers. At its 1937 convention in Denver the A. F. of L. administration was supported by 25,000 votes representing about 2,500,000 unionists, while the C. I. O. had enrolled at least 3,300,000. Even granting it the short end of the trades and compromises needed for a merger, the C. I. O. stood a better than even chance of going back to the Federation, where it still had many friends, and of becoming within a year the dominant voice in shaping the policy of the reunited body.

Meantime, during the past twenty-six months, the A. F. of L. has grown stronger than ever before. The C. I. O. lost ground, and has recouped it so far only in part. Yet its permanent character and its ability to survive employer attacks and A. F. of L. hostility are by now unquestionable. It is here to stay because it has adopted the successful strategy of the A. F. of L. and supplemented it with more energy, imagination, and boldness than the Federation has displayed in recent years. Meantime, too, the original causes of the cleavage—craft versus industrial organization, and the whole debate over union structure—have been submerged; the A. F. of L. charters industrial unions, the C. I. O. charters craft unions, and both charter all gradations in between.

When President Roosevelt in March, 1939, urged the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. to make another effort to get together, everybody understood that the chief item on the

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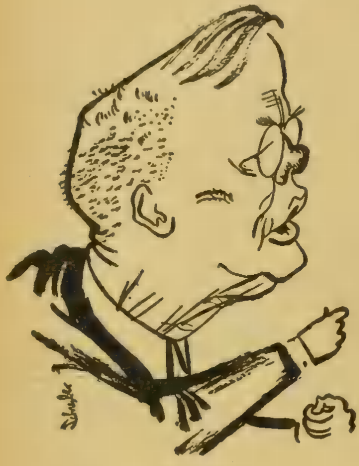
Address.. NA 2-10-40 agenda was no longer the craft-versus-industrial issue but the discovery of a satisfactory method for redistributing powers, prerogatives, and prestige among the organizations and individuals concerned.

When Lewis put forth his one-big-union idea at the first meeting of this second A. F. of L.–C. I. O. conference held at the White House, A. F. of L. ardor for peace was considerably dampened. Negotiations were continued, however, and the A. F. of L. gave ground on another point. In building their national organization several C. I. O. unions had extended their jurisdictions. The miners, for example, were drawing in chemical workers, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers had invaded the laundry field. In an earlier day the A. F. of L. would have objected to this sort of thing as violating at least the paper claims of its affiliates. But now it told such C. I. O. unions to return "as you are, not as you were."



William Green

On April 4, 1939, Lewis was in New York conferring on a renewal of the United Mine Workers' contract. He asked the A. F. of L. committee to postpone further unity talks until he had finished his discussion with the operators. The A. F. of L. committee said, "Of course." It has not heard from Lewis since except indirectly. He did say later that it was impossible to reach an accord because the Federation was in the hands of a "small group of leaders, firmly intrenched and reactionary in their attitude on public questions, who are tolerant of many evil conditions existing in the A. F. of L." He also said that, as far as he was concerned, it was a "fight to the finish." Naturally all this enraged the Executive Council. As a whole, council members are not as vicious or as reactionary as Westbrook Pegler and certain radicals make them out to be, in spite of the performances of certain sub-chieftains like Petrillo and Bioff.

The council's behavior on the question of labor peace has been curious. Its members oscillate constantly between cooperative and combative attitudes toward the C. I. O. When the first view is dominant, they informally get the word to C. I. O. principals that it's "about time that John saw the light," and hope for the best. But when the combative attitude is in the ascendant, as it is now, they indulge in the suicidal and majestic stupidity of sponsoring the Walsh amendments to the Wagner Act, which would turn unions into employer appendages and invite the most contemptible sorts of collusion, plain and fancy, between management and labor leaders.

Yet most of the council members genuinely desire A. F. of L.–C. I. O. harmony, out of a sense of self-preservation if not of social idealism. They are in a panic about the anti-union legislation on the statute books of twenty-two states, sweeping eastward from Oregon to Pennsylvania and southward to Alabama. They are convinced that the A. F. of L.–C. I. O. scrap has gone too far. They blame Lewis, but their minds are troubled. Several of them protest almost too much. When they talk about clear consciences do they remember the ejection of the seven original C. I. O. unions in flagrant violation of the A. F. of L.'s constitutional fiat?

Daniel Tobin, needled incessantly by Roosevelt to "do something about it," has been releasing unity statements almost as fast as he can get them in print. His Teamsters control more votes than any other union in the A. F. of L., and would be immensely strengthened by unity, since they often depend upon the aid of other unions in a strike situation. Moreover, he is naturally not averse to becoming head of the united movement—a distinct possibility. William Green, Matthew Woll, George Harrison of the Railway Clerks, Harry C. Bates of the Bricklayers, Edward Flore of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, Edward J. Gainor of the Letter Carriers, are all more or less alarmed over current anti-union trends, and feel that only a united A. F. of L. and C. I. O. can save the labor movement from a serious setback. John Coefield of the Plumbers does not care one way or another very much, but George Meany, new secretary-treasurer, cares a great deal. A hard-headed business unionist on the make, he perceives that A. F. of L.–C. I. O. competition, which for a time was the life of trade, may soon become the death of trade unionism. T. A. Rickert of the United Garment Workers, Joseph Weber of the Musicians, and George E. Brown of the Stage Hands feel the same way. W. D. Mahon of the Street Railwaymen isn't too pleased over the existence of Michael Quill's Transport Workers, but he'll talk across the table once a fusion of forces really impends. G. E. Bugniazet of the Electricians, who feels that his union is entitled to hegemony over the C. I. O. workers, will have to be cajoled into compromise. Yet neither he nor Dan Tracy is going to be adamant in this respect, largely because Harry Van Arsdale, business manager of Local No. 3, with its 16,500 members, has been calling loudly for peace. Only William Hutcheson, head of the Carpenters, is adamant against the C. I. O., but even he knows that he will have to string along with any pro-peace majority.

Of the C. I. O.'s eight top-ranking officers, Sidney Hillman in recent months has stepped out in front as an advocate of peace, which, he says, is as imperative for 1940 as was the formation of the first C. I. O. in 1935.

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Four of his fellow vice-presidents—Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers, R. J. Thomas of the Automobile Workers, S. J. Dalrymple of the Rubber Workers, and Reid Robinson of the Miners and Smelters—lean toward the Hillman view. Philip Murray occupies a middle ground. He is not as anxious for comity as Hillman, but he wants it far more intensely than does Lewis, who finds little pleasure in any such prospect. James Carey, C. I. O. secretary, whose relationship to Lewis is that of an adoring adjutant to his general, will do anything his chief commands. And the order of the day is still "no truce." Until some social inventor can devise a chairman-of-the-board post that in an A. F. of L.–C. I. O. merger would endow Lewis with an importance at least equal to that of the presidency of the organization, he isn't likely to sacrifice the fame, the power, and the glory he currently enjoys. He is an able, gifted, intelligent man; and he likes being top dog. So does William Green, of course, even if his own authority is of a more titular kind. Yet Green is not young, he is no longer a fighter, and if he were convinced that his resignation would insure labor unity he would step down. The next move is up to Lewis.

Winter Miscellany—Four Poems

SELECTED BY JOHN BERRYMAN

A Vision of Labor

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

In my head the juxtapositions
impossible otherwise to accomplish:
two young rubber-booted ditchdiggers
beside the bed of the dying bishop—
cracking obscene jokes
at the expense of the flabby woman in
the white bathing suit, the weak breaths
of the old man masquerading under
the double suck of the mule-pump

—by the edge of the sea! the shore
exploded away—but in this case
a bomb of construction,
the sewer going down six feet inside
the seawall along the front of
the cottages—not through them
unfortunately—a *cloaca maxima* like
the one under the Roman Forum
which alone made that possible in
that place.

That's it! There, there!
That's the answer.
Alone made that possible there
in that place.

The girl lying there
supine in an old rowboat reading an
adventure magazine and the two guys
—six foot three each of them
if they were an inch—washing their
hip-boots off in the stream jerking
from the pump at the finished manhole,
washing their hands, their heads
and faces, cupping their hands to drink
the stuff. Geezus! what the hell kind
of water is that to drink? But
they probably know what they're doing
—and looking down the bank at her
lying flat out there in the heat with
her five-and-ten dark glasses on
to protect her eyes from the sun's glare
—looking down and smiling over her
like insane men.

When you've been broke
and damned near starving for
five years you get to look that way,
said my cousin who had had a taste
of it. You can't help it. That's
poverty. Both your mind and your body
are affected. But they're just mechanics
damn good ones most of them, like
anybody else.

—the white suit
pulled up tight into her crotch the
way she was lying there facing them
—till they threw the switch and
the pump stopped and
the bishop died
and they turned their backs on it,
threw their boots over their shoulders
and went home.

My Country

BY EMMA SWAN

My home is among mountains my race
is one of pioneers who fought
and lost who fought and found what
did they find? say a land where

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they laughed and multiplied and I
the last seed of their strength
fret into silence by the storming sea
natural inheritance lost and by chance

alone it is late now the clouds
foam into night with sharp stars
piercing them that would explode
the red sun sinking beneath

the steel waves I have hungered
traveled to dismiss dismay the starving
craving of that elliptical game
called life and found it full

of strife fighting widowed into thought
and all discovery worn by the wind
to a round zero an empty sum
while thunder falls across

the ocean plain and the world
true to its axis turns again.

I Remember the Block Party

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

I

The eyes like gimlet holes upon the dark
are widening inward, large as velvet moons.
remembering the dancing on the block,
the gaiety, the lanterns, the balloons. . . .

how feet against the lights turned the huge spokes
of that slow wheel of darkness sparking stars
as the accelerated rim loosed flocks
of birds in walls of music past the doors. . . .

How the boys romped and all the dear girls sang,
and flowers drowsed upon the hair and wind:
ah, musical were jargon and harangue
and mandolins and candy of the mind!

And all the songs of nations gathered there,
merry-go-round around the captive birds:
no aeroplanes to gorge on flesh of air!
no radios to crop the stems of words!

O street roped off against all evil feet,
against the rumbling of the cobbled day,
here in your orange twilight, it was sweet,
here at the perfumed stairway, it was gay!

Young were the dewy lips of circumstance,
deep in that bower, that carillon of tongues:
so many hearts so happy all at once
shook the millennium through a sieve of wrongs!

II

The moons condense to pinholes at the stroke
of memory's gong on gates with death's-heads wrought:
and thirty years, a feather's height of smoke
bloom for a moment at the focused thought.

The bombing surf of all our hidden tears
tilted the sunless combers on our hair,
and when we dared lift hearts again, the years
were clinker-teeth, in armed formations there.

Alas, the aggregate heroic limbs,
a slimy mass of eyes, turned sky to stone:
now in that terminal the foreign hymns
warm their chilled fingers at the kindling bone.

There's fighting on the block, eastwest, northsouth,
it's shambles in the precincts of the dead:
the spongy clouds curl from the upturned mouth
toward seas of harpies pulsing overhead. . . .

When Does the Play Begin?

BY JAMES LAUGHLIN

Mother when does the
show begin when does

something happen hush
dear be quiet in just

a minute now but you
said that a long time

ago I want the curtain
to go up hush dear be

quiet it isn't good
manners to talk when

the music is playing
but mother I'm tired

of the music and they
keep playing the same

piece hush darling in
just a minute now here

eat a piece of candy
no I don't want any

more candy mother I
want them to begin the

play I want to see the
lights go on and have
the people walk around
& talk & laugh & sing!

A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

The following extracts are taken from an Open Letter addressed to the American Public. Despite their great importance, the parts dealing with emergency relief in France and with the persecution in Spain have had to be omitted for lack of space. The full letter is available to any interested person.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Chairman
Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign

ONE of the most important migrations in the history of the Americas is about to begin. We believe that this event will have a profound effect upon the future relations of the countries of this continent and their populations.

IN THE early part of this year the first large-scale movement of Spanish Loyalist refugees to Latin America in which American organizations have had direct part, will take place. At that time 2,000 Spanish refugees will leave France for the Dominican Republic. These refugees, only the advance guard of a far greater number who, it is hoped, will be able to settle in many Latin American countries throughout the coming year, can well be compared to the first immigrants who in their search for peace and freedom founded our own country. The democratic traditions for which the Spanish people have fought so well, and which they still carry with them, cannot but help enrich the economic, cultural and political life of the republics to the south of us. . . .

THE Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign is launching the *American Rescue Ship Campaign for Spain's Refugees* in order to secure immediately some of the funds necessary for this project. The whole task beginning with the migration to the Dominican Republic must be carried through successfully if thousands of persons are not to suffer unbearable hardships in French concentration camps or face the alternative of return to a fascist Spain. . . .

FORTUNATELY, countries in Central and South America have agreed, under certain conditions, to accept as many as 100,000 Spanish refugees as colonists. . . .

ARRANGEMENTS for three-quarters of the financing necessary to send 2,000 persons to the Dominican Republic have already been completed. The American public has been asked to contribute the remaining one-quarter of the funds necessary, namely, $50,000.

ONE hundred and fifty dollars will make it possible for a Spanish refugee to leave France and settle in the Dominican Republic as a free man with a hopeful future.

WE, the undersigned, urge all sections of the American public—the press, churches, schools, fraternal organizations, peace societies, women's groups, trade unions and men and women of various professions—to support this *American Rescue Ship Campaign for Spain's Refugees*, and to further in every way the entire program of the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign.

LET us not forget a brave people who for nearly three years fought back an overwhelming tide of reaction and in so doing raised high the standard of democracy as a rallying point for all those who love freedom.

NO greater tribute to democracy could be paid than your aid in this task.

SIGNED:

Josephine Truslow Adams
Thomas A. Addis
Ernst P. Boas
W. Russell Bowie
Benjamin Brewster
Van Wyck Brooks
Walter B. Cannon
Twila McCrea Cavert
George S. Counts
Malcolm Cowley
Joseph Curran
Haven Emerson
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Leon Henderson
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Edward L. Israel
Paul Kellogg
Freda Kirchwey
Francis J. McConnell
Thomas Mann
Paul Muni
Philip Merivale
William Allen Neilson
Culbert L. Olson
William Pickens
Cornelia Bryce Pinchot
A. Philip Randolph
Paul Robeson
Upton Sinclair
Harold C. Urey
Mary E. Woolley
and others

SPANISH REFUGEE RELIEF CAMPAIGN
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Harold L. Ickes, Hon. Chairman
Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Chairman
The Rev. Guy Emery Shipler, Treasurer

I enclose $................ as my contribution to the AMERICAN RESCUE SHIP CAMPAIGN FOR SPAIN'S REFUGEES.

I agree to contribute $................ at the rate of $................ per (week, month) for the emigration and resettlement of .... Spanish refugees, beginning .... 1940.
(Please make pledges on the basis of $150.00 per refugee.)

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A Day's Work

BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

THE dull scrambling like a giant rat in the wall meant the dumb-waiter was on its way up, the janitress below hauling on the cable. Mrs. Halloran paused, thumped her iron on the board, and said, "There it is. Late. You could have put on your shoes and gone around the corner and brought the things an hour ago. I can't do everything."

Mr. Halloran pulled himself out of the chair, clutching the arms and heaving to his feet slowly, looking around as if he hoped to find crutches standing near. "Wearing out your socks, too," added Mrs. Halloran. "You ought either go barefoot outright or wear your shoes over your socks as God intended," she said. "Sock feet. What's the good of it, I'd like to know? Neither one thing nor the other."

She unrolled a salmon-colored chiffon nightgown with cream-colored lace and broad ribbons on it, gave it a light flirt in the air, and spread it on the board. "God's mercy, look at that indecent thing," she said. She thumped the iron again and pushed it back and forth over the rumpled cloth. "You might just set the things in the cupboard," she said, "and not leave them around on the floor. You might just."

Mr. Halloran took a sack of potatoes from the dumb-waiter and started for the cupboard in the corner next the icebox. "You might as well take a load," said Mrs. Halloran. "There's no need on earth making a half-dozen trips back and forth. I'd think the poorest sort of man could well carry more than five pounds of potatoes at one time. But maybe not."

Her voice tapped on Mr. Halloran's ears like wood on wood. "Mind your business, will you?" he asked, not speaking to her directly. He carried on the argument with himself. "Oh, I couldn't do that, Mister Honey," he answered in a dull falsetto. "Don't ever ask me to think of such a thing, even. It wouldn't be right," he said, standing still with his knees bent, glaring bitterly over the potato sack at the scrawny strange woman he had never liked, that one standing there ironing clothes with a dirty look on her whole face like a suffering saint. "I may not be much good any more," he told her in his own voice, "but I still have got wits enough to take groceries off a dumb-waiter, mind you."

"That's a miracle," said Mrs. Halloran. "I'm thankful for that much."

"There's the telephone," said Mr. Halloran, sitting in the armchair again and taking his pipe out of his shirt pocket.

"I heard it as well," said Mrs. Halloran, sliding the iron up and down over the salmon-colored chiffon.

"It's for you, I've no further business in this world," said Mr. Halloran. His little greenish eyes glittered; he exposed his two sharp dogteeth in a grin.

"You could answer it. It could be the wrong number again or for somebody downstairs," said Mrs. Halloran, her flat voice going flatter, even.

"Let it go in any case," decided Mr. Halloran, "for my own part, that is." He struck a match on the arm of his chair, touched off his pipe, and drew in his first puff while the telephone went on with its nagging.

"It might be Maggie again," said Mrs. Halloran.

"Let her ring, then," said Mr. Halloran, settling back and crossing his legs.

"God help a man who won't answer the telephone when his own daughter calls up for a word," commented Mrs. Halloran to the ceiling. "And she in deep trouble, too, with her husband treating her like a dog about the money, and sitting out late nights in saloons with that crowd from the Little Tammany Association. He's getting into politics now with the McCorkery gang. No good will come of it, and I told her as much."

"She's no troubles at all, her man's a sharp fellow who will get ahead if she'll let him alone," said Mr. Halloran. "She's nothing to complain of, I could tell her. But what's a father?" Mr. Halloran cocked his head toward the window that opened on the brick-paved areaway and crowed like a rooster, "What's a father these days and who would heed his advice?"

"You needn't tell the neighbors, there's disgrace enough already," said Mrs. Halloran. She set the iron back on the gas ring and stepped out to the telephone on the first stair landing. Mr. Halloran leaned forward, his thin, red-haired hands hanging loosely between his knees, his warm pipe sending up its good decent smell right into his nose. The woman hated the pipe and the smell; she was a woman born to make any man miserable. Before the depression, while he still had a good job and prospects of a raise, before he went on relief, before she took in fancy washing and ironing, in the Good Days Before, God's pity, she didn't exactly keep her mouth shut, there wasn't a word known to man she couldn't find an answer for, but she knew which side her bread was buttered on, and put up with it. Now she was, you might say, buttering her own bread and she never forgot it for a minute. And it's her own fault we're not riding round today in a limousine with ash trays and a speaking tube and a cut-glass vase for flowers in it. It's what a man gets for marrying one of these holy women. Gerald McCorkery had told him as much, in the beginning.

"There's a girl will spend her time holding you down," Gerald had told him. "You're putting your head in a noose will strangle the life out of you. Heed the advice of one who wishes you well," said Gerald McCorkery. This was after he had barely set eyes on Lacey Mahaffy one Sunday morning in Coney Island. It was like McCorkery to see that in a flash, born judge of human nature that he was. He could look a man over, size him up, and there was an end to it. And if the man didn't pass muster, McCorkery could ease him out in a way that man would never know how it happened. It was the secret of McCorkery's success in the world.

"This is Rosie, herself," said Gerald that Sunday in Coney Island. "Meet the future Mrs. Gerald J. McCorkery." Lacey Mahaffy's narrow face had gone sour as whey under her big straw hat. She barely nodded to Rosie, who gave Mr. Halloran a look that fairly undressed him right there. Mr. Halloran had thought, too, that McCorkery was picking a strange one; she was good-looking all right, but she had the smell of a regular little Fourteenth Street hustler if Halloran knew anything about women. "Come on," said McCorkery, his arm around Rosie's waist, "let's all go on the roller coaster." But Lacey would not. She said, "No thank you. We didn't plan to stay, and we must go now." On the way home Mr. Halloran said, "Lacey, you judge too harshly. Maybe that's a nice girl at heart; hasn't had your opportunities." Lacey had turned upon him a face ugly as an angry cat's, and said, "She's a loose, low woman, and 'twas an insult to introduce her to me." It was a good while before the pretty fresh face that Mr. Halloran had fallen in love with returned to her.

Next day in Billy's Place, after three drinks each, McCorkery said, "Watch your step, Halloran; think of your future. There's a straight good girl I don't doubt, but she's no sort of mixer. A man getting into politics needs a wife who can meet all kinds. A man needs a woman knows how to loosen her corsets and sit easy."

Mrs. Halloran's voice was going on in the hall, a steady dry rattle like old newspapers blowing on a park bench. "I told you before it's no good coming to me with your troubles now. I warned you in time but you wouldn't listen. . . . I told you just how it would be, I tried my best. . . . No, you couldn't listen, you always knew better than your mother. . . . So now all you've got to do is stand by your married vows and make the best of it. . . . Now listen to me, if you want himself to do right you have to do right first. The woman has to do right first, and then if the man won't do right in turn it's no fault of hers. You do right whether he does wrong or no, just because he does wrong is no excuse for you."

"Ah, will you hear that?" Mr. Halloran asked the areaway in an awed voice. "There's a holy terror of a saint for you."

". . . the woman has to do right first, I'm telling you," said Mrs. Halloran into the telephone, "and then if he's a devil in spite of it, why she has to do right without any help from him." Her voice rose so the neighbors could get an earful if they wanted. "I know you from old, you're just like your father. You must be doing something wrong yourself or you wouldn't be in this fix. You're doing wrong this minute, calling over the telephone when you ought to be getting your work done. I've got an iron on, working over the dirty nightgowns of a kind of woman I wouldn't soil my foot on if I'd had a man to take care of me. So now you do up your housework and dress yourself and take a walk in the fresh air. . . ."

"A little fresh air never hurt anybody," commented Mr. Halloran loudly through the open window. "It's the gas gets a man down."

"Now listen to me, Maggie, that's not the way to talk over the public wires. Now you stop that crying and go and do your duty and don't be worrying me any more. And stop saying you're going to leave your husband, because where will you go, for one thing? Do you want to walk the streets or set up a laundry in your kitchen? You can't come back here, you'll stay with your husband where you belong. Don't be a fool, Maggie. You've got your living, and that's more than many a woman better than you has got. Yes, your father's all right. No, he's just sitting here, the same. God knows what's to become of us. But you know how he is, little he cares. . . . Now remember this, Maggie, if anything goes wrong with your married life it's your own fault and you needn't come here for sympathy. . . . I can't waste any more time on it. Goodby."

Mr. Halloran, his ears standing up for fear of missing a word, thought how Gerald J. McCorkery had gone straight on up the ladder with Rosie; and for every step the McCorkerys took upward, he, Michael Halloran, had taken a step downward with Lacey Mahaffy. They had started as greenhorns with the same chances at the same time and the same friends, but McCorkery had seized all his opportunities as they came, getting in steadily with the Big Shots in ward politics, one good thing leading to another. Rosie had known how to back him up and push him onward. The McCorkerys for years had invited him and Lacey to come over to the house and be sociable with the crowd, but Lacey would not.

"You can't run with that fast set and drink and stay out nights and hold your job," said Lacey, "and you should know better than to ask your wife to associate with that woman." Mr. Halloran had got into the habit of dropping around by himself, now and again, for McCorkery still liked him, was still willing to give him a foothold in the right places, still asked him for favors at election time. There was always a good lively crowd at the McCorkerys, wherever they were; for they moved ever so often to a better place, with more furniture. Rosie helped hand around the drinks, taking a few herself with a gay word for everybody. The player piano or the victrola would be going full blast, with everybody dancing, all looking like ready money and a bright future. He would get home late these evenings, back to the same little cold-water walk-up flat, because Lacey would not spend a dollar for show. It must all go into savings against old age, she said. He would be full of good food and drink, and find Lacey, in a bungalow apron, warming up the fried potatoes once more, cross and bitterly silent, hanging her head and frowning at the smell of liquor on his breath. "You might at least eat the potatoes when I've fried them and waited all this time," she would say. "Ah, eat them yourself, they're none of mine," he would snarl in his disappointment with her, and with the life she was leading him.

He had believed with all his heart for years that he would one day be manager of one of the G. and I. chain grocery stores he worked for, and when that hope gave out there was still his pension when they retired him. But two years before it was due they fired him, on account of the depression, they said. Overnight he was on the sidewalk, with no place to go with the news but home. "Jesus," said Mr. Halloran, still remembering that day after nearly seven years of idleness.

The depression hadn't touched McCorkery. He went on and on up the ladder, giving beefsteaks and beanfests and beer parties for the boys in Billy's Place, standing in with the right men and never missing a trick. At last the Gerald J. McCorkery Club chartered a whole boat for a big excursion up the river. It was a great day, with Lacey sitting at home sulking. After election Rosie had her picture in the papers, smiling at McCorkery; not fat exactly, just a fine figure of a woman with flowers pinned on her spotted fur coat, her teeth as good as ever. Oh God, there was a girl for any man's money. Mr. Halloran saw out of his eye-corner the bony stooped back of Lacey Mahaffy, standing on one foot to rest the other like a tired old horse, leaning on her hands waiting for the iron to heat.

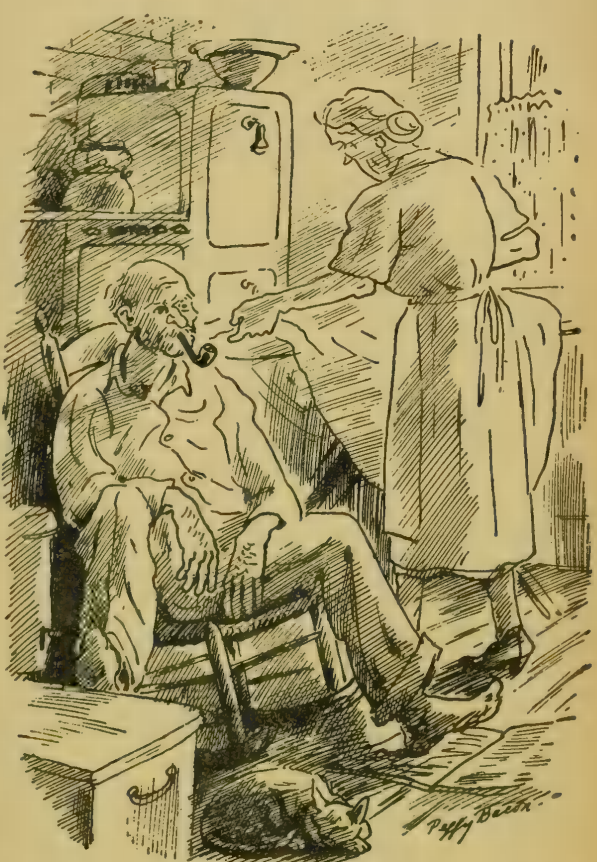
"That was Maggie, with her woes," she said.

"I hope you gave her some good advice," said Mr. Halloran. "I hope you told her to take up her hat and walk out on him."

Mrs. Halloran suspended the iron over a pair of pink satin panties. "I told her to do right and leave wrongdoing to the men," she said, in her voice like a phonograph record running down. "I told her to bear with the trouble God sends as her mother did before her."

Mr. Halloran gave a loud groan and knocked out his pipe on the chair arm. "You would ruin the world, woman, if you could, with your wicked soul, treating a new-married girl as if she had no home and no parents to come to. But she's no daughter of mine if she sits there peeling potatoes, letting a man run over her. No daughter of mine and I'll tell her so if she—"

"You know well she's your daughter, so hold your tongue," said Mrs. Halloran, "and if she heeded you she'd be walking the streets this minute. I brought her up an honest girl, and an honest woman she's going to be or I'll take her over my knee as I did when she was little. So there you are, Halloran."



Mr. Halloran leaned far back in his chair and felt along the shelf above his head until his fingers touched a half-dollar he had noticed there. His hand closed over it, he got up instantly and looked about for his hat.

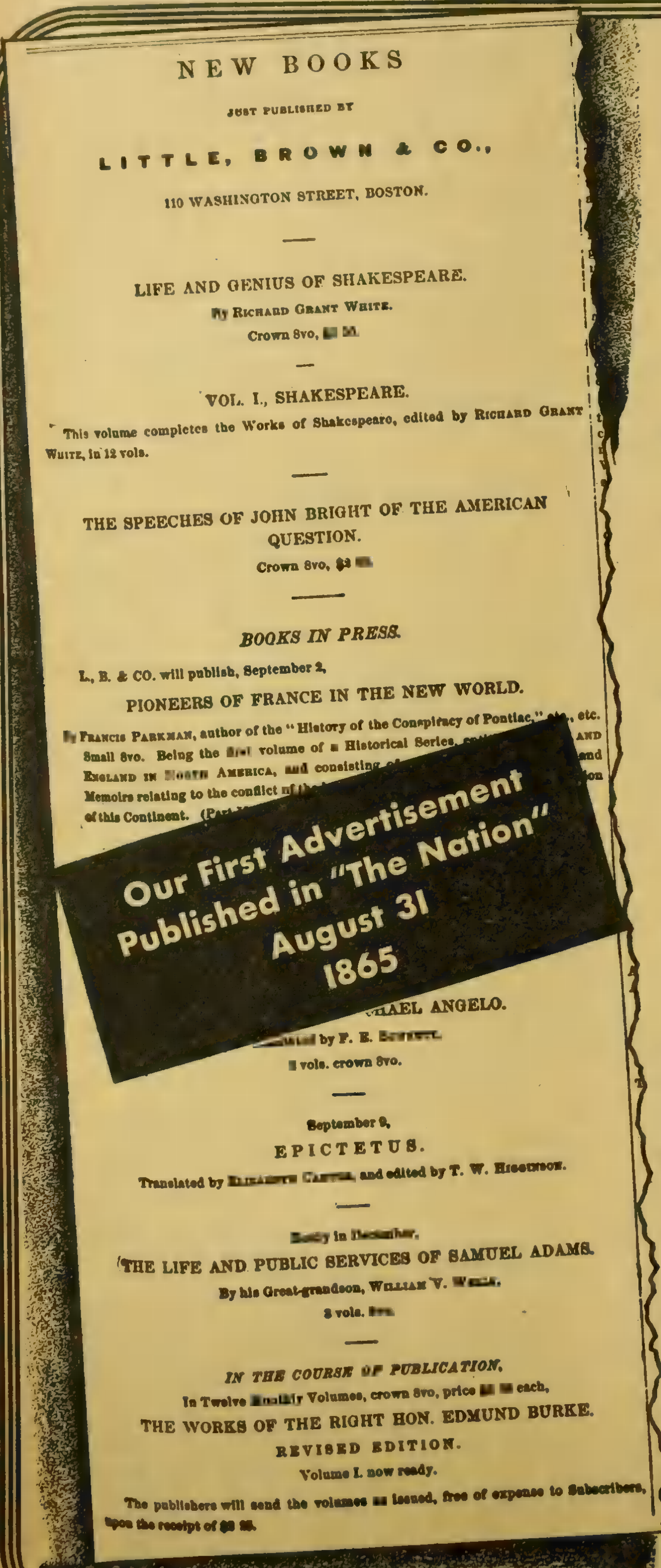
"Keep your daughter, Lacey Mahaffy," he said, "she's none of mine but the fruits of your long sinning with the Holy Ghost. And now I'm off for a little round and a couple of beers to keep my mind from dissolving entirely."

"You can't have that dollar you just now sneaked off the shelf," said Mrs. Halloran. "So you think I'm blind besides? Put it back where you found it. That's for our daily bread."

"I'm sick of bread daily," said Mr. Halloran, "I need beer. It was not a dollar, but a half-dollar as you know well."

[*Continued on page* 226]

Happy Birthday!



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by J. P. Marquand

1939 **CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER**
by C. S. Forester

***REACHING FOR THE STARS**
by Nora Waln

1940 *Coming April 5th*
***CHAD HANNA** by Walter D. Edmonds

*Atlantic Books

1837 L B **1940**

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

SOME NOTES ON VOLUME I

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

"ONE principal object of *The Nation* is to promote and develop a higher standard of criticism." I quote the first sentence of an article on Critics and Criticism which appeared in the first issue of *The Nation,* July 6, 1865. It is a sprightly and provocative piece, in which the author, Charles Astor Bristed, examines the question of critics versus authors, outlines the functions of critics, and says a word about publishers:

> . . . From one point of view the publisher is the public's natural enemy, and the critic their natural protector. . . . Publishers, like most men, usually pursue their calling from a desire to make money by it, nor is this fact more discreditable to them than to any other class. But like all dealers, the publisher is sometimes mistaken in the quality of his wares; he sometimes buys or agrees to print a work which would not find favor on its merits. This want of merit he is too often tempted to supply by systematic and unblushing puffery.

Mr. Bristed pays his respects to "venal 'notice writers'" and "sham reviewers," but goes on to say that any review inspired by personal animosity "is worth exactly its weight in Confederate paper."

> The critic . . . should be ignorant . . . whether [the author] is rich or poor, handsome or ugly, married or single, whether his grandmother was a President's sister, or his second cousin is a New York alderman.

His final sentence is directed at authors:

> . . . we believe our authors themselves would not be sorry for a little less butter and a little more pepper; we are certain it would do them good, whether they liked it or not.

The literary section of that first issue was compounded of authority, plain speaking, and excellent writing. Or perhaps I should say is, for though the advertisements in it look quaint today, the reviews are mainly dated by the titles of books and such contemporary allusions as the reference to Confederate money. The contributors, aside from Mr. Bristed, were Henry James, Sr., who wrote a masterly and annihilating criticism of Thomas Carlyle's history of Frederick the Great; Henry James, Jr., who reviewed Henry Kingsley's "The Hillyars and the Burtons"; Charles Eliot Norton, who wrote on Richard Grant White's "Works of William Shakespeare"; and E. K. Gurney, professor of history at Harvard, who reviewed Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism." The name of the writer of the Literary Notes is not set down, but one may assume that it was Wendell Phillips Garrison, who was the literary editor.

Ensuing issues maintained the high standard set by the first. The names of reviewers for the most part did not appear; sometimes it is impossible to identify them; but in the bound volumes of *The Nation's* office file names are noted in pencil beside the title often enough to show that they included many of the distinguished writers and scholars of the time. Most reviews were long —two, three columns of small, closely packed print. Foreign books were often reviewed. There was no attempt at comprehensive coverage of books, though a vast range of literary subjects was touched upon in the weekly notes. William Dean Howells, recently returned from a consulship in Italy, wrote several articles on Italian subjects; in 1867 George Perkins Marsh, philologist and diplomat, wrote at least nine long articles—I lost count after that—on the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, a project present reviewers will marvel at.

To me the most interesting reviews in the first volume are those of Henry James, Jr., who was twenty-two in 1865 (he had published his first review the year before in the *North American*) and was not considered important enough to be listed with his father among *The Nation's* contributors. His early reviews of Henry Kingsley, Dickens, Walt Whitman, Anthony Trollope, and others are like arrows, beautifully weighted, wonderfully sharp, well-seasoned, going straight and swiftly to their mark.*

James wrote of Kingsley:

> The author leaps astride of a half-broken fancy, starts off at a brisk trot . . . and trusts to Providence for the rest. His main dependence is his command of that expedient which is known in street parlance as "collecting a crowd." He overawes the reader by the force of numbers; and in this way he is never caught *solus* upon the stage; for to be left alone with the audience or even to be forced into a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with one of his characters is the giant terror of the second-rate novelist.

He called Dickens "the greatest of superficial novelists." His intense dislike of Whitman's work made the sparks fly in his review of "Drum-Taps," which bore the simple title Mr. Walt Whitman:

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* They form part of a collection published in 1921 of James's critical writings during 1864, 1865, and 1866.

> What the human heart desires above all is sincerity [he said, addressing Whitman], and you do not appear to be sincere. For a lover you talk entirely too much about yourself. In one place you threaten to absorb Kanada. In another you call upon the city of New York to incarnate you, as you have incarnated it. . . . To become adopted as a national poet, it is not enough to discard everything in particular and to accept everything in general. . . . This democratic, liberty-loving, American populace, this stern and war-tried people, is a great civilizer. It is devoted to refinement. If it has sustained a monstrous war, and practiced human nature's best in so many ways for the last five years, it is not to put up with spurious poetry afterwards.

Mr. Walt Whitman's opinion of Henry James was also in character. "James," he once said, "is just feathers to me."

In 1915, in the special issue commemorating *The Nation's* fiftieth year, Henry Holt, himself looking back fifty years, wrote as follows:

> The publishers didn't know what to make of *The Nation's* strange ways. . . . [They] had been used to having everything that was not glaringly ignorant or immoral gently treated, if not praised . . . the early *Nation* unquestionably did more than all other influences to raise the standard of our literary criticism, and . . . to educate the publishing trade.

Mr. Bristed and his colleagues would have been pleased at this testimonial of a publisher half a century after.

Contemplation of the first volume of *The Nation* arouses mixed emotions in me. Having come from Utah and being, in addition, a member of the female sex, I can almost feel the skeptical to scornful glances of the illustrious males whose names adorn those early pages. Especially of the great Godkin, who allowed women to contribute to his paper but opposed giving them the vote, and who later came to feel that the frontier and the vulgar West, which for him began somewhere beyond the Hudson, had distorted the democracy of his early faith, failing to understand, like many a modern counterpart, that his basic aristocratic longings had finally overcome his youthful radicalism. "No scenery or climate I had to share with Western people," he wrote to a friend in his late years, "would charm me." What Godkin could not see, partly because he was too close, was that the "Western people," hailing from the Eastern seaboard and from every quarter of the globe, were learning to practice, in their own way and with an exuberance that could not but strike him as crude, that very independence and freedom of expression on which he justly prided himself and his journal. And though he might not care to recognize it, this "vulgar" democratic force flowing in from every part of the country has served to maintain and renew the spirit of liberalism which he in 1865 represented. The letter of liberalism has changed, yet the underlying spirit of the early *Nation* is amazingly similar to that of *The Nation* of 1940. And since literary standards and critical principles are more durable than political programs, many of the reviews in the first issues would not be out of place in the present *Nation,* which still believes in dispensing less butter and more pepper, always, of course, for the good of the author, the public, and the publisher!

Americana, 1865: In the issue of July 27, 1865, Russell Sturgis, in an article called A Word About Museums, rejoiced at the disappearance of P. T. Barnum's American Museum, which had just been destroyed by fire. He went on to demand a genuine "American museum." "Perhaps," he wrote, "in the neighborhood of the Central Park . . . would be the best place for it." Two weeks later the correspondence column contained a letter from the irrepressible Barnum which opened by saying that *The Nation* was "just the journal 'our nation' needed," and went on in part as follows:

> I am not thick-skinned, and I know my museum was not so refined or classic or scientifically arranged as the foreign governmental institutions, for mine had to support my family . . . But it is a great error to state that I ever permitted "vulgar sensation dramas." No vulgar word or gesture, and not a profane expression, was *ever* allowed on my stage! Even in Shakespeare's plays I unflinchingly and invariably cut out vulgarity and profanity.

Song: To Exiled Art

BY GEORGE MARION O'DONNELL

Rimbaud, Gauguin, and Gaudier,
Derive such solace as you may
From knowing that you were pursued
By Furies only, not by rude
Dictator, Proletariat,
Congress, Parliament, or Diet.
Ruling or oppressed class
Did not sneer at you *en masse;*
And rationalization can
Show you more blest than Thomas Mann.

But summer heat and winter rain
Ignore alike the ruins of Spain,
Gaudier's hunger-bought stones,
The fever ache in Rimbaud's bones,
Gauguin's sun like a yellow gong,
Beethoven's *Heiliger Dankgesang.*
Converted from its life of crime,
The skull grows paper thin in time;
And thunder from the crawling fly
Rolls in its apostolic sky.

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"THE NATION" AND THE AMERICAN NOVEL

BY CARL VAN DOREN

THE cause of the American novel during the past twenty-five years has often been indebted to *The Nation's* criticism. In *The Nation's* first year its staff included the young William Dean Howells, who there began his long career as the principal exponent of realism in American fiction. Henry James, who did most to make the novel in America and England a conscious form of art, wrote his earliest critical articles for *The Nation.* Though Howells soon moved on to another journal, and James left America for Europe, their doctrines persisted in *The Nation,* which to the end of the century regularly demanded that fiction be truthful and reasonable, without vulgar nonsense or silly romance.

Between 1900 and 1918 *The Nation,* more conservative than formerly, objected to the naturalism which was succeeding the somewhat official realism of Howells and James. Stuart Sherman led the attack on Theodore Dreiser and long kept up a critical feud with Dreiser's defender, H. L. Mencken. But after 1918 *The Nation* had a new critical policy which made Dreiser a contributor and Mencken a contributing editor. Ludwig Lewisohn and Joseph Wood Krutch were brilliantly hospitable to the rising novelists of the post-war years. I wrote the first history of the American novel, parts of which appeared in *The Nation,* and then in 1921 monthly studies of contemporary American writers which were the first systematic survey of the new fiction. Since then *The Nation* has been a sturdy friend of the American novel in its most vigorous undertakings.

Going over my history of the American novel lately for a new edition,* I found there had been more changes in twenty years than year by year I had quite realized. In 1920, when I wrote the original book, Howells died, Henry James's letters—so far his chief biography—appeared, and Mark Twain was made, by Van Wyck Brooks, the center of a critical argument that touched all of American literature. Howells's death seemed to mark the end of a period, and as in "The American Novel" I had closed the account with 1900, so in "Contemporary American Novelists" I confined myself to the two decades 1900-20. But 1920 marked the beginning of a new period, for it was the year of "Main Street."

This was followed by the most varied decade in American fiction: "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," "Dodsworth"; Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"; Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen" (1919) and "The Silver Stallion"; Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" and "The Romantic Comedians"; the four novels of Elinor Wylie. The decade saw the emergence of John Dos Passos in "Three Soldiers" and "Manhattan Transfer," and the triumph of Ernest Hemingway in "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms." It saw F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" and "The Great Gatsby," Carl Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle," Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Time of Man," the ironic pastorals of Robert Nathan, and Thomas Wolfe's magnificent "Look Homeward, Angel."

Now that the screen has discovered the Roaring Twenties, I suppose that decade will settle into history as a kind of rival to the Gay Nineties, and strict justice will be done to neither. But the decade 1919-29 is in 1940 remote enough to be seen in critical perspective. The essential difference—so far as novels are concerned—between it and the decade following is that the twenties made Main Street a proverbial term, and the thirties did this with Tobacco Road. That is, dulness was the established villain of the twenties, poverty of the thirties. In the prosperous years it seemed ridiculous that men should give all their thoughts to getting enough to eat and wear and a place to sleep. But by 1937, when John Steinbeck published "Of Mice and Men," these desires had come to seem romantic, almost heroic. George and Lennie longed for a little farm of their own as Carol Kennicott longed for wit and beauty in the village.

The most characteristic novels of the thirties have had a proletarian cast: Dos Passos's trilogy "U. S. A.," Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road," James T. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan," Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." Though Pearl Buck went to China for the setting of "The Good Earth," and Margaret Mitchell turned back to the Civil War for the time of "Gone with the Wind," they too dealt with the problems of poverty and desperate survival. In this they have of course only done what realistic fiction normally does: they have worked with their eyes upon the most actual life they knew. But they have also, though this is usually overlooked, done what American fiction has been doing from the first. They have gone on discovering layer under layer of American life and bringing it to the light. There has been no break in the process. It has merely turned up materials that are still so new as to seem strange. I expect that in ten years "Tobacco Road" will seem no more startling than "Main Street."

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* "The American Novel, 1789-1939." Revised and Enlarged Edition. The Macmillan Company.

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In 1920 there had been two outstanding periods in the history of the American novel: the one dominated by Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, and Melville, and the one dominated by Howells, Mark Twain, and Henry James. By 1940 a third outstanding period has been added, that of Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, and Thomas Wolfe. Nobody can now know how this third period will look in another twenty years, what names may have fallen out or what names been added. But I think it will still stand up beside the first two.

The Danger of Being Mr. Laski

THE DANGER OF BEING A GENTLEMAN: AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Harold J. Laski. The Viking Press. $2.75.

THIS collection of random essays offers an excellent introduction to the subject of Harold Laski. It is like his conversation in that it ranges adventurously in space, and scale. Here we have a tribute to the late Justice Holmes presented cheek by jowl with a study of the committee system in English local government and an essay on law and justice in Soviet Russia. Laski is equally adept in letting the tail wag the dog or the dog wag the tail; he mixes impudence and gravity, presumption and deference, a yearning for sweeping, monistic solutions and a passionate insistence on the right to disagree. In animal terms he is both dog and cat, one-half cocker-spaniel friendliness and one-half plain feline suspicion and curiosity. Laski never does things by halves; he always does things by doubles.

Taken by themselves, the essays in this ideal introduction to Laski aren't exactly world-shaking in their importance. The title piece, on The Dangers of Being a Gentleman: Reflections on the Ruling Class in England, was written in 1932; subsequent English history has reduced it to a series of amusingly phrased platitudes. The paper called On the Study of Politics is a noble statement of Laski's credo as a teacher: it should be required reading in every graduate school of political science. Law and Justice in Soviet Russia recalls the fact that Soviet criminal law is as enlightened as Kremlin political justice is crude, immoral, and loathsome; it should be a valuable reminder to anti-Stalinists who are in danger of tossing out a few worth-while Russian babies along with the feculent bath water of Holy Joe. The essay on The Judicial Function elaborates the obvious point that judges can't be revolutionists, inasmuch as it ain't legal to make up a new constitution and proclaim it from the bench on the spur of the moment. In writing on The English Constitution and French Public Opinion, 1789-1794 and The Committee System in English Local Government, Laski is the precise artist in research; in Nationalism and the Future of Civilization (a lecture dating back to 1932) there is a pathetic wishful-thinking tribute to the League of Nations and the coming world community. Finally, the delightful gift horse, Mr. Justice Holmes: For His Eighty-ninth Birthday, can be looked at in the mouth by anybody.

Obviously, there is no way of reviewing the matter presented by such a diverse Laski in the little space at my disposal: one can't equate Justice Holmes with the Durham County Council for neat synoptic treatment. The student of Laski's manner, however, can note the sources of the man's strength and weakness as a philosopher using the King's English. Like all courteous men Laski gets away with murder. At heart he is a dogmatist and a monist, part of the tyrannical Hegelian tradition that has taken the Western radical movement to Moscow and Berlin. Yet the dogmatist interlards his pages with a hundred tentative, deferential I-hazard-the-judgments and if-I-may-so-phrase-its. Laski is never "unmindful" of the "gallant attempts" of lesser mortals to arrive at certainty. When he means "often," he says "not seldom." When he wants to call a man or a movement great, he remarks that he or it is "not the least noble." The result is insidious: you are lulled, soothed—and bound and delivered before you can wake to the danger.

"The Danger of Being a Gentleman: And Other Essays" contains only one real fallacy. But that is the supreme fallacy of thinking that men can stand "pure" systems. I may be no great shakes as a prophet, but four thousand years of recorded history prove to me the opposite: men don't like consistent social systems and will never put up with "purity" for long. They like a cross-play of competition and mutualism, of private ownership and public, and that is what they are going to have. Laski, of course, believes in the "laws" of Marx, even unto the "law of motion" of capitalism. But Laski is, like all monists, a creature of assumptions. It is true that he states his assumptions in casual, deferential language. But understatement does not necessarily make a scientist. One can understate fallacies, too. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Good Morning

ART YOUNG: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Art Young. New York: Sheridan House. $3.50.

THERE is no one like Art Young as an individual or as an artist. In drawing, his style is as unadorned as was that of Tom Paine in pamphleteering, with the same effect of the spoken word. There should be "no whispering in art," he says. "Whatever the artist has to say he ought to say out loud," and his own voice has been clear. A kind of abstract literalism belongs to his cartoons, with the Good Morning touch, an unbuttoned merriment or gaiety that comes out in some of the most savage of them. The quality is in the style: witness the light mechanics of Fixing up the World War Soldiers.

Some years ago he gave us a partial record called "On My Way," with its alternative and equally characteristic title, "All Right So Far." Now we have a copious autobiography from his early years in Monroe, Wisconsin, where he cleaned lamp chimneys in his father's store and listened to old-timers telling highly variegated stories round the drum stove. He had a pony, was inclined to shun work on the farm, and began to draw. His budding talent was well regarded in the village. At a lecture on Doré at the opera house one of the girls leaned over and said, "This ought to interest you, Artie." Later, when he came home from Paris to recover from a severe illness they gave him a strawberry festival.

"As a long-time disciple of Jefferson, I hold that if I had to choose between a free press and any other agency, I would choose a free press; for where the press is free, no bad cause can long exist. And by freedom of the press I mean that no influence, whether of money or power or any other thing, either directs its policy or inclines it to suppression, or advocacy, for any consideration except the common good. The independence, fearlessness, and ability of *The Nation* make it an influential agency in an era when leadership without strings is the hope of a drifting world."

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, *Ambassador to Mexico*

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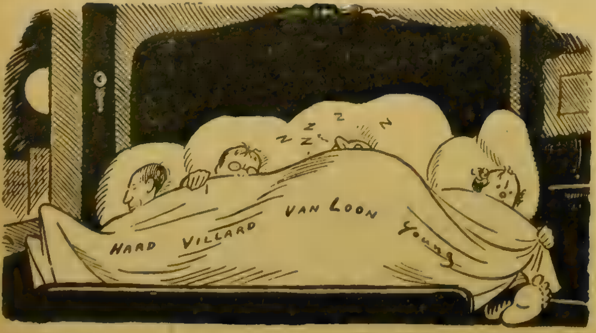
His youthful stay in Paris wasn't very long, and it seems not to have left much of a print on his mind or his work. For a time he joined a little group of traveling entertainers of a homespun variety, sketching famous people in charcoal while Signor Tommaso played the mandolin. There is more of this than of Julien's in his work still. Young was such a hit that large posters were printed showing him at work surrounded by his sketches, with the caption, "Good Morning, have you seen Art Young?" The impresario argued—and how quaintly the words ring out—"We've got to do it that way, Art. Everybody does it."

Before this Young had made drawings for a trade paper in Chicago, the *Nimble Nickel,* but it was inevitable, perhaps because of talk around the drum stove, that he should have found a place as a political cartoonist. Even the newspaper might have been prophesied from Monroe, Wisconsin. It was the old Chicago *Inter-Ocean,* known throughout the Middle West as the farmers' Bible. This was long before Art Young became an adventurer in radicalism. These were years, in the middle eighties, when Jay Gould was frequently quoted as saying, "I could hire half the working class to kill the other half"; when the Knights of Labor were putting up a bold fight; when the Haymarket trials came to their tragic end.

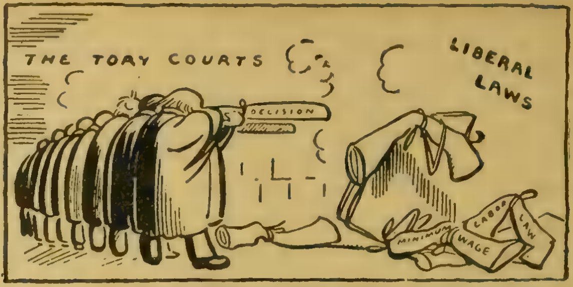
It is an engaging aspect of this narrative that Art Young makes no pretense at wisdom after the fact. "When I came from the country I had a strong belief that the newspapers in the cities were oracles, beacon lights." His disillusionments, his concern with the struggles of labor came for the most part after he moved to New York. There he began to draw for a good many papers, radical and otherwise, perpetrating jokes and propounding social criticism with an even hand. From time to time he was occupied with what he called his Hell books, which perhaps derived less from Doré than from Bob Ingersoll. He insists that in drawing he was influenced by Doré, and mentions his study of Cruikshank, Leech, and other English cartoonists, modestly disregarding the fact that the style which he evolved was of a different order from that of any of these artists, though they may have strengthened his drive toward satire. He knew Thomas Nast, greatly admired his work, and studied it, yet there is hardly a trace of Nast in Art Young's cartoons; nor is he at all like his American contemporaries, Robert Minor or Walt McDougall, for example, whose themes were often in later years related to his.

Soon after the war and his acquittal in the *Masses* trial he created a well-remembered paper of his own, *Good Morning,* "a weekly burst of humor, satire, and fun—with now and then a fleeting beam of wisdom." "There was never any business management," he said, but the editors put on a festival or two. Probably Art Young could not have continued to draw so freely without such improbable ventures. He has the Good Morning temperament with an inability to accept shackles, whether in personal relations or the solid base of a good publishing connection, or even among like-minded workers in the causes to which he was pledged. He began to draw for *The Nation* in 1922, trenchantly. His output in these years was diversified and prolific.



Art Young *The Nation,* June 18, 1924

The Nation's *Representatives at the Republican Convention in Cleveland*



THE SPORT OF JUDGES
'SHOT AT SUNRISE'

Art Young *The Nation,* July 4, 1923

Some day we must have a full harvest of these drawings which so lightly gave a sharp edge to much of the radical thought of a quickly changing period. But this generous autobiography makes a compelling chronicle with its many reproductions, its shrewd humor, its dry understatement, its straightforward account of a myriad events and of Art Young's life.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

Force and Reason in Politics

PROLOGUE TO POLITICS. By Charles E. Merriam. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE theme of Professor Merriam's sane and thoughtful little book is the relation of force to reason in politics. This is, in a sense, the basic theme of political science; for it is the business of politics so to organize the vitalities of human existence that a "commonwealth" will be created out of the conflicting forces and interests of human life, a task which has never been achieved in history without setting force, as the instrument of order, against force as the instrument of anarchy. The basic problem of politics is how to prevent the force which is an instrument of order on one level of social organization from becoming the instrument of either anarchy or tyranny on the next level of social integration. *"Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?"*

For this problem Professor Merriam rightly has no simple answer: "Somewhere between the doctrine that force has no place in human association and the doctrine that force is the god of human relations lies the truth. In the ideal state physical violence would be unnecessary and out of date, but in the practical state a way must be found for the organization and canalization of such violence as may be inevitable at a given time." (Professor Merriam means by "violence" what Bertrand Russell means by "naked power," the application of physical coercion to secure unwilling obedience.)

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The "somewhere between" is essentially a form of social organization which subordinates the use of force to the creation and preservation of universal standards dictated by reason, but which does not dispense with force when these standards are imperiled by civilization or by conditions of decay within itself. "We wish to defend our way of life," Professor Merriam declares, "and we will defend it; but we must be prepared to examine the implications of the organization of violence in subordination to the organization of consent."

These implications are examined with great shrewdness and discernment; and the examination ranges from the relation of military to civil authorities to the possibility of creating a world state and the task of achieving a culture in which political authority will stand under inner moral, as well as outer social, checks.

In analyzing the various possibilities of subordinating the organization of violence to the organization of consent, Professor Merriam tends to forget that the very necessity of force, even in a subordinate form, is evidence of the persistence of non-rational forces in human society side by side with the rational. He becomes quite lyrical in expressing an essentially nineteenth-century faith in the possibility of extending rational consent indefinitely in human society to the point where non-rational factors are practically eliminated. He is prepared to stand by his "brave words" about a new temple of common justice which he sees in the future, even if his critic should meet him "in a concentration camp or army hospital." In that case he would merely answer the critics' jibes with the word "Patience." This is all very well, but one would like to ask what happened to the world which began to dream in the eighteenth century of just such a gradual achievement of perfect justice? And why is Europe today at the mercy of crude political religions in which force is worshiped as a self-justifying political reality?

Is it possible that our culture thought too simply of the non-rational elements in politics as "animal" factors which would be ultimately transcended? Or was it, perhaps, too blind to the elements of "chaos" which persist in even the highest political cosmos, and which had better be beguiled rather than neglected lest they erupt and inundate the cosmos? Surely our present crisis is something more than a mere momentary backsliding into "animal" nature in the general line of advance toward a completely rational society.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Katherine Mansfield

THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WITH the publication of the present volume J. Middleton Murry has conceivably reached the bottom of the Katherine Mansfield trunk. There can hardly be much more to come in that long labor of self-love which Mr. Murry has practiced during the many years since Katherine Mansfield's death. Yet, though this is indeed a book of scraps—unposted letters, unfinished stories, quotations from books, marginalia, jottings—it is a book much worth having. It is something

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· DOUBLEDAY, DORAN ·

richly and curiously personal, and it reveals someone who was specially concerned with being a woman and specially dedicated to being a writer. Nor is the book's scrappiness much of a drawback, since Katherine Mansfield was a creature of flashes and swift perceptions, and this volume is largely one of both.

I have not read any of Katherine Mansfield's stories in a long time, and I remember very few of them well. In the heyday of her celebrity they seemed to me overrated. She became a cult and a touchstone, and had better have been neither. A failing memory takes refuge in a phrase, and I should be disposed to think back on Katherine Mansfield as a gifted water-colorist, were I not aware that she was far too intense a person to be merely an exquisite one. Yet the delicacy, the poignancy, the subtle observation in her work have become, for me, a kind of aura rather than a sharp impression. It is something in her that provides the interest of the sketches and stories brought together in this Scrapbook. One, so to speak, watches her searching for a phrase, or nailing an emotion, or capturing a gesture; the phrase, the emotion, the gesture themselves mean less. And it is odd that this should be so, seeing that Katherine Mansfield was so determinedly "objective" a writer.

Of most interest in the book are the literary comments and autobiographical jottings. Katherine Mansfield copied out many passages from books she read—notably from Dostoevski and Chekhov, who had so much to give her, but also from people like Coleridge and Dr. Johnson. Reading the letters of Chekhov and Keats, both of them tuberculous, she "read between the lines," found a dozen affinities of thought and feeling. There is some comment on her contemporaries. Lawrence's "The Lost Girl" aroused her anger; she was keen at spotting his phony side and protested violently over such rubbish as the heroine's feeling "a trill in her bowels" when she found herself with child. She thought the voices of the singers in Barrie's "Mary Rose" were "like celestial gargling." She wrote of "Ulysses": "I'm dead against it. I suppose it was worth doing if everything is worth doing . . . but that is certainly not what I want from literature."

Here, as in the Letters and the Journal, one feels the woman's tense aliveness. She had what Bagehot said Macaulay did not have—an "experiencing nature." She lived intensely —and yet very observantly—not least because she so much thirsted to live. She had a capacity for joy, but life, as time went on, became a struggle against so many joyless things—against a horrible illness, against loneliness, against disillusionment in love. Since Mr. Murry himself has released this material, I see no reason why one should not comment on the additional evidence it offers of Katherine Mansfield's relations with him. He could make her very happy; he could also make her extraordinarily unhappy. The situation was plainly a difficult one. She was ill, overobservant, overwrought. He was not very much gifted with selflessness, or perhaps even with sympathy.

> I cough and cough. . . . And J. is silent. "This is what she is doing to me! Every fresh sound makes *my* nerves wince." . . . If he could only for a minute, serve me, help me, give *himself* up. I can so imagine an account by him of a "calamity." "I could do nothing all day, *my* hands trembled, I had a sensation of *utter* cold . . ." and so on,

> At such times I feel I could never get well with him. It's like having a cannon-ball tied to one's feet when one is trying not to drown.

Or again:

> A day passed in the usual violent agitation, such as J. only can fling me into. Now, he will come. There's no stopping him. But it's put down to my wanting him. . . . His very frankness is a falsity. In fact, it seems falser than his insincerity.

In spite of all the troubles that beset the woman, disturbed her, uprooted her, the artist in Katherine Mansfield persisted, unalloyed, to the end. She was what one might once have spoken of, without seeming to use a silly phrase, as a pure flame. Her work as writer was an endless stalking of feelings, perceptions, language; it revealed—whatever its limitations, either in impulse or achievement—that amoral integrity which is the peculiar mark of the artist. "The moment of direct feeling when we are most ourselves and least personal"—it was this she understood as a reward in life, and sought, and gladly suffered for.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The English Book of Oxford Verse

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. 1250—1918. Second Edition. Chosen and Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Oxford University Press. $3.

"THE Oxford Book of English Verse" has passed too many birthdays with unruffled dignity to make its arrival at a fortieth an occasion for reckless public festivity. Indeed, the publishers' refusal to modify the contents of this standard-setting and official Oxford model of verse anthologies has apparently been a token of the solemnly canonical spirit in which it was first given to the world in 1900. It would be pleasant to use the second edition of the second most famous and influential English book of its kind as an opportunity to discuss the changes in the fortunes and intelligence of poetry, its swiftly altering attitudes and conceptions, during one of the most eventful and mercurial periods of its history. But no such review is possible. Less even than Palgrave is Quiller-Couch an editor in whose taste or acumen are focused the essential values and proportions of poetic history and quality. His tastes are romantic, domestic, and Victorian; his touch has the limp and tactful caution of an academic hand; he disturbed no courtesies or reverences forty years ago and he doesn't do so now. No unsympathetic opinion of his original work is likely to be changed by this revision or by the two pages of rickety charm and donnish sidestepping which he supplies as a Foreword. "The Oxford Book of English Verse" was never a distinguished anthology, and its editor's discreet refusal to profit by the critical discoveries of the past half-century and to correct his "insecure judgment amid post-war poetry" by a little outside help or reading has reduced it to a nondescript one.

A page-by-page collation of the 1,100-page book reveals that the new edition has profited in a number of ways by the work of recent scholarship. Its sections of Middle English lyrics and popular ballads have been greatly extended; its treatment of the seventeenth-century mystical and meta-

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physical poets has been shaped up to greater justice and distinction; two poems formerly credited to Donne are removed and two authentic works substituted; several beautiful lyrics have been dropped ("Come, Sleep, with thy sweet deceiving," formerly credited to Fletcher, is one), but some excerpts from the Towneley plays, the Anglo-French love letters, and several exquisite medieval relics have been included (one being "Icham of Irlaunde"); the entries of Skelton, Spenser, Jonson, Marvell, Vaughan, Dryden, Prior, and Landor have been enlarged; and altogether about 60 poems and 15 poets have been omitted and about 200 poems have been added or substituted for those omitted. The most notable change comes, of course, in the inclusion of poems through Armistice Day, 1918 (these not being restricted, however, to poets who died before that date, the usual British prejudice against living poets having been lifted even in the 1900 edition), and there are even "a few numbers by later poets who, whether consciously or not, had indicated before that date the trend of their genius." In 1900 Quiller-Couch did not find it necessary to stop short at the year 1878, but today his insecure judgment "amid post-war poetry" has urged him to play safe by keeping modern verse at the polite distance of a quarter-century.

This caution, combined with the above-noted improvements of earlier pages, might have stood in his favor as a sign of judicial modesty had it saved him from choking the authentic values of English poetry by the bogus ones or from allowing the historical proportions of his earlier sections to fall to pieces. For what is one to make of an anthology that allows Chaucer space for only three slight lyrics, Pope for three short poems, Thomson for eight lines, Goldsmith for sixteen, Cowper for two lyrics, Crabbe for three brief items, and Whitman for two short poems covering about one page, when it finds space for ten pages of Scott, two of Ebenezer Elliott, seven of George Darley, eleven of Tom Hood, five of William Bell Scott's "Witch's Ballad," *twelve* of James Hogg's interminable "Kilmeny," and ten of Robert Bridges (against six of Hardy, three of Hopkins, and two—all of immature youthful work—of Yeats)? Mrs. Browning is allowed seven pages, the Honorable Emily Lawless and Mme Duclaux one each, Mary E. Coleridge three, and Laurence Binyon four, while Emily Dickinson gets eight lines for one lyric.

The contemporary section might again have ended with the year 1900 for all Quiller-Couch has learned in the past forty years. He keeps his Victorian section littered with the remains of Ebenezer Jones, William Brightly Rands, William Philpot, Sydney Dobell, Walter C. Smith, Henry Clarence Kendall, and Bliss Carmen, and his twentieth-century pages, which show no trace of Synge, Robinson, Lawrence, Pound, Ford, Frost, Eliot, Lindsay, Sandburg, Masters, Stevens, or the imagists—all of whom had emerged by 1918—are crowded with the pathetic relics of Henry Newbolt, Norman Gale, J. S. Phillimore, John Alexander Chapman, Herbert Edward Palmer, Lascelles Abercrombie, and Wilfrid Grenfell. There is no need to refine these scores and statistics further.

Nor is there much point in bringing up the issue of personal preferences or popular favoritism in connection with such intransigence. Its defects are rudimentary beyond even these crude defenses. Such editing is the work of an incurably provincial, insensitively academic, and wholly unoriginal and uncritical cast of mind. Some anthologies—Verlaine's "Poètes Maudits," Moore's "Pure Poetry," Pound's "Profile," and Yeats's autobiographical "Modern Verse"—have the virtues of a distinctly and defensibly personal "criticism by selection." They defend their bias or eccentricity on grounds of a special insight or prejudice, and sometimes they fix a date in literary history. Obviously the "Oxford Book" never pretended to this kind of value, but even on the basis of classic or historical proportions, its ineptitude and callousness are so extreme as to make it miss every opportunity for value except that indicated by standard acceptance—and even here its treatment of Marlowe, Pope, Thomson, Crabbe, and Yeats wrenches that criterion beyond recognition at crucial points of poetic history. Moreover, the whole volume, good sections with bad, is somehow stricken by a blight of aesthetic timidity, nationalist emphasis, and academic condescension which would make it an embarrassing article for exportation from any country but England. To readers who move beyond these confines and are even moderately aware of what has been thought and said to any intelligent purpose in the world of literature or ideas during the past half-century, the day of the "Oxford Book" may be considered done. Its 1900 edition was a landmark in Victorian taste, and except as a headstone or monument of Victorian taste it is difficult to promise its successor another forty years of life.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Hills of Home

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. By Richard Llewellyn. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

HERE is the story of Huw Morgan, high-spirited son of a Welsh coal miner; the story, too, of his family, of the valley in which they lived, of the coming of hard times and industrial strife to mangle the peace of hard-working, Chapel-going folk whose consciences had for centuries done all the policing the community needed. Most of the action belongs to the years around the turn of the century, but it is told in nostalgic reminiscence as of the present time, when Huw, his old loves all dead or scattered to the ends of the world, is preparing to leave the valley forever.

Mr. Llewellyn (his full name is Richard D. V. Llewellyn Lloyd) is of course a native of Wales, who, though he has lived much more nomadically than his hero and has restlessly turned his hand to a dozen widely different arts and trades, is probably working a rich vein of personal recollection for many of his full-bodied people, with their intense national pride, in whom a fervent devotion to Queen Victoria as a symbol of the British Empire mingles strangely with a stubborn attachment to the spirit of old Owen Glendower: Wales for the Welsh, and to hell with the English and their heartless money-grubbing, and with all renegade Welshmen who shame their ancestors by aping English manners and trying to import the English tongue. Like all Celtic peoples, they love singing and a good fight, either physical or moral; and their quickness to avenge their honor with their fists is

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Without sugar-coating any part of the life it depicts, "How Green Was My Valley" leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is a poetic novel from beginning to end.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

DRAMA

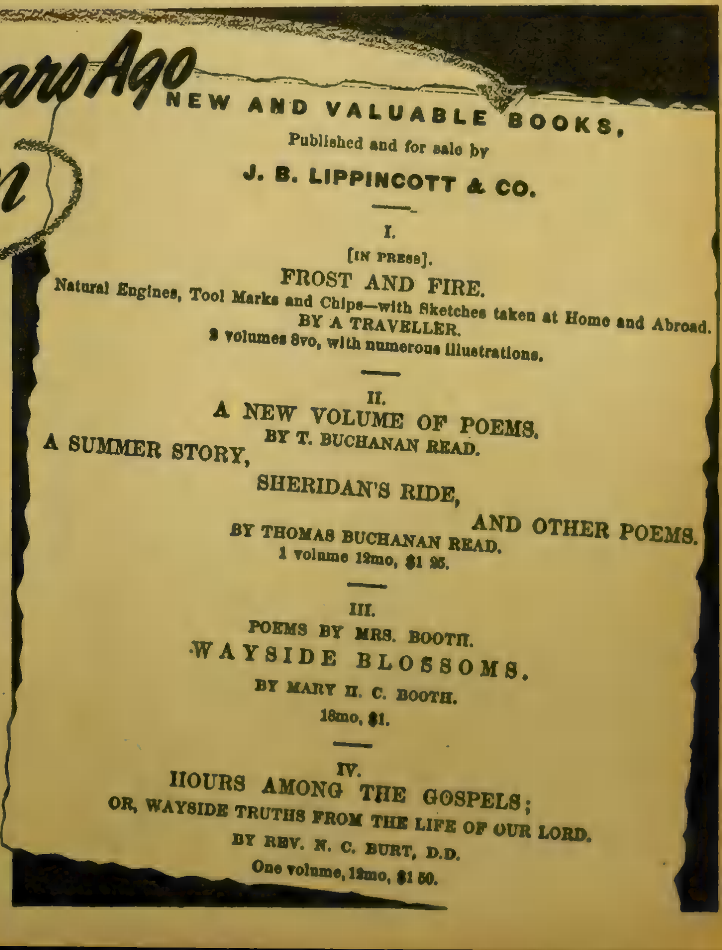
How I Stand It

I HAVE been reviewing plays for *The Nation* since 1924. My friends and acquaintances are, I find, divided into two classes, those who envy me the steady stream of free tickets and those who exclaim frankly, "How on earth do you stand it?" The latter are very frequently reviewers of books, and they plainly imply a certain condescension. For once I am going to assume that the question is not purely rhetorical and answer it. The first play I reviewed for *The Nation* was "What Price Glory?" by the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings; the most recent was "Two on an Island," by Elmer Rice. Neither of these seemed to me particularly hard to stand, and I am, as I might as well confess, not one of those who take it for granted that the drama of the last fifteen years has plainly operated on an artistic level lower than that of contemporary literature as a whole.

I saw my first play, a rural melodrama entitled "Si Plunket," at the age of five, and I have been going to the theater pretty continuously and pretty frequently ever since. That does not mean, however, that I am in the slightest degree what is called "stage-struck." I am not, that is to say, susceptible to what is referred to as the "glamour" of the theater. The profession of playwright or of actor does not seem to me any more romantic than the other artistic professions. In fact, temperament, grease paint, and dressing-rooms tend to bore me, and I find the actor or actress who trades on his aura tiresome rather than thrilling on the stage. Only recently I was rebuked in print for not sufficiently sharing the excitement which many find in bad plays when they create considerable public enthusiasm, but I am no more ashamed of not liking a bad play than I am of not liking a bad best-seller. I admire plays for their literary quality, and productions for their success in creating an artistic effect not obtainable in any other way. This does not mean that I like only the grave or the portentous. Comedy seems to me one of the most admirable of all the inventions of the human spirit, and in general I enjoy what Charles Lamb calls "the cheerful uses of the playhouse," which certainly include the provision of farces and musical extravaganzas. It does mean, however, that I see no reason why some special kind of allowance must be made for some sort of tawdriness or flimsiness assumed to be almost inseparable from the theater. What is more important, it means also that I am not aware that the failure to make such an allowance has made fifteen years of professional playgoing hard to bear.

That the American drama, considered as a literary form, hardly existed before the twentieth century is no doubt in part due to the fact that until comparatively recently convention required on the stage both a moral and an intellectual timidity from which the novel had escaped. But many of those who are willing to admit that this condition no longer exists and even that the contemporary drama has indubitably become an important part of contemporary literature, nevertheless, continue to feel that the dramatic form involves limitations which, on the whole, work against the dramatist and encourage flimsiness or triviality. Now it so happens that I have during the last three years had occasion to make for myself a sort of survey of the thirty or forty most recommended novels of the season, and with all due respect to those to whom the opinion will seem monstrous, I have found them artistically less impressive than the plays of the same season. There are always, to be sure, a certain number of works of fiction, so called, which are discursively topical in a way that plays seldom are or can be. But whatever value this kind of writing may have, it is not an artistic one, and a large number of the "novels" are actually historical, biographical, or sociological discourses put into pseudo-fictional form, not because that form renders them intrinsically more effective, but only because a lazy reading public likes to take its history or its sociology childishly disguised by the formula "once upon a time."

It is a vulgar error to suppose that the more nearly formless a literary form is and the fewer restraints it puts upon a writer the more favorable it is to important literary expression. The novel as currently written is so often nearly without form as to permit its author a casualness in dealing with his material fatal to any genuinely artistic effect, and it is apparently possible for a publishable novel to be written by a person who gives no sign of recognizable literary gifts of any kind. No play is, on the other hand, even producible unless the author is master at least of a certain minimum skill in the more mechanical aspects of craftsmanship, and for that reason it is very rare to see a play which is, in this elementary sense, as badly written as a good half of published novels, many of which might just as effectively begin somewhere else, end somewhere else, and be developed



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through a totally different course of incidents. Nor do I see any evidence that the author who can rise above the merely mechanical elements of craftsmanship usually finds in the relatively rigid requirements of the dramatic form any difficulties the mastering of which does not contribute to, rather than detract from, the final artistic effectiveness of his work. The limitation of length necessitates careful selection and condensations; the necessity for climaxes necessitates the bringing of his conceptions to a focus; and there comes a moment when the intended effect must be produced without the fumbling of which the majority of novelists, obviously themselves often uncertain in what scene, if any, their prime intention is fully revealed, are very commonly guilty.

I am not trying to argue that all novels would be better as plays. I am not raising the question whether the greatest play is better than the best novel. In the really supreme works of fiction the author handles an enormously complex and relatively free form with a mastery of which the elements are less easy to analyze than are those of the drama. But in the hands of the casual practitioner the form of the novel is not a form at all, and the "importance" found in a large number of current novels is an importance inherent only in a subject matter which, in many cases, could be more effectively presented as treatise or discussion. I stand current plays very well; I stand them better than I could stand an equal number of current novels, for the simple reason that I find in them more art. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

A COMMENTATOR on the musical scene—on the music, and on the ideas, the activities, the institutions which music brings into existence—is, I pointed out a while ago, bound to concern himself with other men's comment, since this is itself a part of the scene and a part that in considerable degree determines the rest. Criticism is one of the things that have interested me as a critic; it is the thing I am interested in as I look back on the eighteen years in which, at intervals, I have written for *The Nation.*

The critic has important functions: as a mere reporter, an appraiser of the particular musical event, he has the duty to give his reader not only an honest judgment but the basis of this judgment, the ideas about music and performance which will add up in the reader's mind to musical understanding, to a basis for his own judgment; the particular event gives the critic the occasion to consider the actual working of this organization or that institution in the light of what would be desirable; and events that determine the working of an institution, its structure, its very existence, are occasions for the critic to speak not only to his readers but for them. How, in those eighteen years, were these functions performed by the critics of important New York newspapers? Badly, I would say, recalling Olin Downes on the *Times,* Deems Taylor and Samuel Chotzinoff on the *World;* and this placed an even greater responsibility on men with the equipment, the position of W. J. Henderson of the *Sun* and Lawrence Gilman of the *Tribune.*

Henderson's competence, honesty, and vigor made him the only first-line critic one could read with respect. Yet Walter Damrosch's career led him to conclude that "a sound musician, who is also a man of energy, generous impulses, and broad outlook, can get well up toward the mountain tops without blowing his alp-horn every moment"—an appraisal which lent force to Shaw's contention that a critic should know no man, that "his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against his." It is an appraisal, moreover, which I draw attention to because it was this sort of treatment, most of it less honest than Henderson's, that enabled Damrosch to do the damage he did.

Henderson not only was uncritical of a friend; he was, in his last years, a little crotchety. Irritated by the commotion over virtuoso conductors he insisted that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the music of Beethoven and Brahms would remain even without Toscanini and even with a conductor of lesser magnitude, though he must have known that orchestra and music would sound different under such a conductor; he cited the excellence which the Boston Symphony had achieved under a single permanent conductor as a reason for the New York Philharmonic to do likewise, though he must have known that the Boston orchestra owed its excellence at least as much to the competence as to the permanence of its conductors. Writing in this way Henderson not only gave his readers incorrect ideas on conductors and orchestral performance but placed powerful arguments in the hands of the people who finally brought about the engagement of Barbirolli as single permanent conductor of the New York Philharmonic, which considerably reduced the orchestra's usefulness to the community.

More reprehensible, however, was Gilman's contribution to the same result. Henderson lived to hear the orchestra and Beethoven and Brahms as they sounded when conducted by Barbirolli, and disapproved. But Gilman, after Barbirolli's first appearance, wrote of a performance of Brahms's Fourth which had torn passion to tatters that it had "set the seal of musical piety and eloquence upon Mr. Barbirolli's gifts as an interpreter"; the modest virtues of some other performances elicited the statement that "the whole magnificent orchestra, strings and wind alike, sang with a clarity and depth and lusciousness of tone, an imaginative choiceness of phrasing and of style"; and Barbirolli himself was elevated into "something better and rarer and finer than a conductor of power and sensibility. He permits us to think that he is akin to those uncommon interpreters who give us a measure of 'that inner standard of distinction, selection, refusal' which an incorruptible artist once defined: who have sifted from experience 'all that seemed beautiful and significant, and have treasured above all things those savings of fine gold.' " With this review Gilman was a great help to the influential people of the Philharmonic Symphony Society who were out to put Barbirolli over—the help, perhaps, that an orchestra's program annotator should be; but he failed in his obligations to his position as critic, to his readers, to the community whose orchestra the Philharmonic was.

He failed in these obligations, though he helped the people on the Metropolitan board, when in 1932 he wrote of the low quality of the Metropolitan's repertory as something imposed on an unsubsidized company by the low taste of the opera-going public to which it had to cater, and saluted Gatti-Casazza for his "dauntless action" in giving "Elektra," his "truly heroic idealism" with "Pelléas." For the truth, which Gilman knew, was that after the courageous Hammerstein had given these two works in 1907, the timid Gatti had waited until 1925 for "Pelléas" and 1932 for "Elektra," and that only his low taste and complacency had been responsible for the low level of repertory and performances even in the prosperous years when the opera-going public had eaten out of the Metropolitan's hand. And there were other such failures.

But it was not only when he spoke that Gilman failed; as often the failure was in his silence. The ideas with which Taylor, Chotzinoff, and Downes filled the heads of their readers demanded critical consideration no less than the sounds made by conductors and violinists; but Gilman observed the code of music critics that I described recently: he never mentioned a fellow-critic except to pay him a compliment. In all the years that Chotzinoff blew his penny trumpet on the *World* his performances did not draw a word of comment from Gilman; only when Chotzinoff published "Eroica" did Gilman break his silence, and then only to describe Chotzinoff as a critic with a "quick and warm responsiveness," a "guarding sense of measure and restraint," a style that was "spare, expressive, precise." Nor did Gilman find it necessary to comment on Downes until Downes published the talks he had given in the intermissions of the New York Philharmonic broadcasts. Then, referring to "the largely pretentious and semi-literate gush, rich in ignorance and error," with which Downes's predecessor had disfigured the broadcasts, Gilman quoted a passage by Downes: "In his scores he [Tschaikovsky] cries out, shakes his fist at the skies, remembers the agony of thwarted love, and the end of every man's desire. Admire such a man, such a neurotic, such a pessimist? I adore him, and rate him a thousand times higher than aesthetes who have never known Tschaikovsky's weakness and terror, who shudder at such emotional indecencies, and pull their skirts together at the sound of them." And of this Gilman wrote: "This is the right note, admirably skilful in its manner of insinuating information, yet never relapsing . . . from the plane of thought and feeling appropriate to a great subject."

Moreover, it was, as Gilman said, important that radio listeners who were hearing symphonic music for the first time be assisted with correct information and discriminating comment; yet this was the first time that he referred to the gush and ignorance with which Downes's predecessor had misled them for several years. The obligation of the music critic to concern himself with the broadcasting and recording of music, Gilman observed correctly on another occasion, was inescapable; yet he evaded it: he did not write a word about the program policies of the broadcasting stations, the rubbish that was spoken with the music, and he did not review records; nor, as a result, did anyone else review them in the *Herald Tribune* until quite recently.

Evidently, in the criticism of the past eighteen years there is little to recall with pleasure or respect.

B. H. HAGGIN

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

A Day's Work

[*Continued from page* 207]

"Whatever it was," said Mrs. Halloran, "it stands instead of a dollar to me. So just drop it."

"You've got tomorrow's potatoes sewed up in your pocket this minute, and God knows what sums in that black box wherever you hide it, besides the life savings," said Mr. Halloran. "I earned this half-dollar on relief, and it's going to be spent properly. And I'll not be back for supper, so you'll save on that, too. So long, Lacey Mahaffy, I'm off."

"If you never come back, it will be all the same," said Mrs. Halloran, not looking up.

"If I came back with a pocket full of money, you'd be glad to see me," said Mr. Halloran.

"It would want to be a great sum," said Mrs. Halloran.

Mr. Halloran shut the door behind him with a fine slam.

He strolled out into the clear fall weather, a late afternoon sun warming his neck and brightening the old red-brick, high-stooped houses of Perry Street. He would go after all these years to Billy's Place, he might find some luck there. He took his time, though, speaking to the neighbors as he went. "Good afternoon, Mr. Halloran." "Good afternoon to you, Missis Caffery." . . . "It's fine weather for the time of year, Mr. Gogarty." "It is indeed, Mr. Halloran." Mr. Halloran thrived on these civilities, he loved to flourish his hat and give a hearty good day like a man who has nothing on his mind. Ah, there was the young man from the G. and I. store around the corner. He knew what kind of job Mr. Halloran once held there. "Good day, Mr. Halloran." "Good day to you, Mr. McInerny, how's business holding up with you?" "Good for the times, Mr. Halloran, that's the best I can say." "Things are not getting any better, Mr. McInerny." "It's the truth we are all hanging on by the teeth now, Mr. Halloran."

Soothed by this acknowledgment of man's common misfortune Mr. Halloran greeted the young cop at the corner. The cop, with his quick eyesight, was snatching a read from a newspaper on the stand across the sidewalk. "How do you do, Young O'Fallon," asked Mr. Halloran, "is your business lively these days?"

"Quiet as the tomb itself on this block," said Young O'Fallon. "But that's a sad thing about Connolly, now." His eyes motioned toward the newspaper.

"Is he dead?" asked Mr. Halloran; "I haven't been out until now, I didn't see the papers."

"Ah, not yet," said Young O'Fallon, "but the G-men are after him, it looks they'll get him surely this time."

"Connolly in bad with the G-men? Holy Jesus," said Mr. Halloran, "who will they go after next? The meddlers."

"It's that numbers racket," said the cop. "What's the harm, I'd like to know? A man must get his money from somewhere when he's in politics. They oughta give him a chance."

"Connolly's a great fellow, God bless him, I hope he gives them the slip," said Mr. Halloran, "I hope he goes right through their hands like a greased pig."

"He's smart," said the cop, "That Connolly's a smooth one. He'll come out of it."

Ah, will he though? Mr. Halloran asked himself. Who is safe if Connolly goes under? Wait till I give Lacey Mahaffy the news about Connolly, I'll like seeing her face the first time in twenty years. Lacey kept saying, "A man is a downright fool must be a crook to get rich. Plenty of the best people get rich and do no harm by it. Look at the Connollys now, good practical Catholics with nine children and more to come if God sends them, and Mass every day, and they're rolling in wealth richer than your McCorkery's with all their wickedness." So there you are, Lacey Mahaffy, wrong again, and welcome to your pious Connollys. Still and all it was Connolly who had given Gerald McCorkery his start in the world; McCorkery had been publicity man and then campaign manager for Connolly, in the days when Connolly had Tammany in the palm of his hand and the sky was the limit. And McCorkery had begun at the beginning, God knows. He was running a little basement place first, rent almost nothing, where the boys of the Connolly Club and the Little Tammany Association, just the mere fringe of the district, you might say, could drop in for quiet evenings for a game and a drink along with the talk. Nothing low, nothing but what was customary, with the house taking a cut on the winnings and a fine profit on the liquor, and holding the crowd together. Many was the big plan hatched there came out well for everybody. For everybody but myself, and why was that? And when McCorkery says to me, "You can take over now and run the place for the McCorkery Club," ah, there was my chance and Lacey Mahaffy wouldn't hear of it, and with Maggie coming on just then it wouldn't do to excite her.

Mr. Halloran went on, following his feet that knew the way to Billy's Place, head down, not speaking to passersby any more, but talking it out with himself again, again. What a track to go over seeing clearly one by one the crossroads where he might have taken a different turn that would have changed all his fortunes; but no, he had gone the other way and now it was too late. She wouldn't say a thing but "It's not right and you know it, Halloran," so what could a man do in all? Ah, you could have gone on with your rightful affairs like any other man, Halloran, it's not the woman's place to decide such things; she'd have come round once she saw the money, or a good whack on the backsides would have put her in her place. Never had mortal woman needed a good thrashing worse than Lacey Mahaffy, but he could never find it in his heart to give it to her for her own good. That was just another of your many mistakes, Halloran. But there was always the life-long job with the G. and I. and peace in the house more or less. Many a man envied me in those days I remember, and I was resting easy on the savings and knowing with that and the pension I could finish out my life with some little business of my own. "What came of that?" Mr. Halloran inquired in a low voice, looking around him. Nobody answered. You know well what came of it, Halloran. You were fired out like a delivery boy, two years before your time was out. Why did you sit there watching the trick being played on others before you, knowing well it could happen to you and never quite believing what you saw with your own eyes? G. and I. gave me my start, when I was green in this country, and they were my own kind or I thought so. Well, it's done now. Yes, it's done now, but there was all the years you could have cashed in on the numbers game with the best of them, helping collect the

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protection money and taking your cut. You could have had a fortune by now in Lacey's name, safe in the bank. It was good quiet profit and none the wiser. But they're wiser now, Halloran, don't forget; still it's a lump of grief and disappointment to swallow all the same. The game's up with Connolly, maybe; Lacey Mahaffy had said, "Numbers is just another way of stealing from the poor, and you weren't born to be a thief like that McCorkery." Ah God no, Halloran, you were born to rot on relief and maybe that's honest enough for her. That Lacey— A fortune in her name would have been no good to me whatever. She's got all the savings tied up, such as they are, she'll pinch and she'll starve, she'll wash dirty clothes first, she won't give up a penny to live on. She has stood in my way, McCorkery, like a skeleton rattling its bones, and you were right about her, she has been my ruin. "Ah, it's not too late yet, Halloran," said McCorkery, appearing plain as day inside Mr. Halloran's head with the same old face and way with him, "Never say die, Halloran. Elections are coming on again, it's a busy time for all, there's work to be done and you're the very man I'm looking for. Why didn't you come to me sooner, you know I never forget an old friend. You don't deserve your ill fortune, Halloran," McCorkery told him; "I said so to others and I say it now to your face, never did man deserve more of the world than you, Halloran, but the truth is, there's not always enough good luck to go round; but it's your turn now, and I've got a job for you up to your abilities at last. For a man like you, there's nothing to it at all, you can toss it off with one hand tied, Halloran, and good money in it. Organization work, just among your own neighbors, where you're known and respected for a man of your word and an old friend of Gerald McCorkery. Now look, Halloran," said Gerald McCorkery, tipping him the wink, "do I need to say more? It's voters in large numbers we're after, Halloran, and you're to bring them in, alive or dead. Keep your eye on the situation at all times and get in touch with me when necessary. And name your figure in the way of money. And come up to the house sometimes, Halloran, why don't you? Rosie has asked me a hundred times, 'Whatever went with Halloran, the life of the party?' That's the way you stand with Rosie, Halloran. We're in a two-story flat now with green velvet curtains and carpets you can sink to your shoetops in, and there's no reason at all why you shouldn't have the same kind of place if you want it. With your gifts, you were never meant to be a poor man."

Ah, but Lacey Mahaffy wouldn't have it, maybe. "Then get yourself another sort of woman, Halloran, you're a good man still, find yourself a woman like Rosie to snuggle down with at night." Yes, but McCorkery, you forget that Lacey Mahaffy had legs and hair and eyes and a complexion fit for a chorus girl. But would she do anything with them? Never. Would you believe there was a woman wouldn't take off all her clothes at once even to bathe herself? What a hateful thing she was with her evil mind thinking everything was a sin, and never giving a man a chance to show himself a man in any way. But she's faded away now, her mean soul shows out all over her, she's ugly as sin itself now, McCorkery. "It's what I told you would happen," said McCorkery, "but now with the job and the money you can go your ways and let Lacey Mahaffy go hers." I'll do it, McCorkery.

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"And forget about Connolly. Just remember I'm my own man and always was. Connolly's finished, but I'm not. Stronger than ever, Halloran, with Connolly out of the way. I saw this coming long ever ago, Halloran, I got clear of it. They don't catch McCorkery with his pants down, Halloran. And I almost forgot . . . Here's something for the running expenses to start. Take this for the present, and there's more to come. . . ."

Mr. Halloran stopped short, a familiar smell floated under his nose; the warm beer-and-beefsteak smell of Billy's Place, sawdust and onions, like any other bar maybe, but with something of its own besides. The talk within him stopped also as if a hand had been laid on his mind. He drew his fist out of his pocket almost expecting to find green money in it. The half dollar was in his palm. "I'll stay while it lasts and hope McCorkery will come in."

The moment he stepped inside his eye lighted on McCorkery standing at the bar pouring his own drink from the bottle before him. Billy was mopping the bar before him idly, and his eye, swimming toward Halloran, looked like an oyster in its own juice. McCorkery saw him too. "Well blow me down," he said, in a voice that had almost lost its old County Mayo ring, "if it ain't my old sidekick from the G. and I. Step right up, Halloran," he said, his poker-face as good as ever, no man ever saw Gerald McCorkery surprised at anything. "Step up and name your choice."

Mr. Halloran glowed suddenly with the warmth around the heart he always had at the sight of McCorkery, he couldn't put a name on it, but there was something about the man. Ah, it was Gerald all right, the same, who never forgot a friend and never seemed to care whether a man was rich or poor, with his face of granite and his eyes like blue agates in his head, a rock of a man surely. There he was, saying "Step right up," as if they had parted only yesterday; portly and solid in his expensive-looking clothes, as always; his hat a darker gray than his suit, with a devil-may-care roll to the brim, but nothing sporting, mind you. All first-rate, well made, and the right thing for him, more power to him. Mr. Halloran said, "Ah, McCorkery, you're the one man on this round earth I hoped to see today, but I says to myself, maybe he doesn't come round to Billy's Place so much nowadays."

"And why not?" asked McCorkery, "I've been coming around to Billy's Place for twenty-five years now, it's still headquarters for the old guard of the McCorkery Club, Halloran." He took in Mr. Halloran from head to foot in a flash of a glance and turned toward the bottle.

"I was going to have a beer," said Mr. Halloran, "but the smell of that whiskey changes my mind for me." McCorkery poured a second glass, they lifted the drinks with an identical crook of the elbow, a flick of the wrist at each other.

"Here's to crime," said McCorkery, and "Here's looking at you," said Mr. Halloran, merrily. Ah, to hell with it, he was back where he belonged, in good company. He put his foot on the rail and snapped down his whiskey, and no sooner was his glass on the bar than McCorkery was filling it again. "Just time for a few quick ones," he said, "before the boys get here." Mr. Halloran downed that one, too, before he noticed that McCorkery hadn't filled his own glass. "I'm ahead of you," said McCorkery, "I'll skip this one."

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Salutes

THE NATION

on its 75th Birthday

There was a short pause, a silence fell around them that seemed to ooze like a fog from somewhere deep in McCorkery, it was suddenly as if he had not really been there at all, or hadn't uttered a word. Then he said outright: "Well, Halloran, let's have it. What's on your mind?" And he poured two more drinks. That was McCorkery all over, reading your thoughts and coming straight to the point.

Mr. Halloran closed his hand round his glass and peered into the little pool of whiskey. "Maybe we could sit down," he said, feeling weak-kneed all at once. McCorkery took the bottle and moved over to the nearest table. He sat facing the door, his look straying there now and then, but he had a set, listening face as if he was ready to hear anything.

"You know what I've had at home all these years," began Mr. Halloran, solemnly, and paused.

"Oh God yes," said McCorkery with simple good-fellowship, "How is herself these days?"

"Worse than ever," said Mr. Halloran, "but that's not it."

"What is it, then, Halloran?" asked McCorkery, pouring drinks. "You know well you can speak out your mind to me. Is it a loan?"

"No," said Mr. Halloran, "It's a job."

"Now that's a different matter," said McCorkery, "What kind of a job?"

Mr. Halloran, his head sunk between his shoulders, saw McCorkery wave a hand and nod at half a dozen men who came in and ranged themselves along the bar. "Some of the boys," said McCorkery, "Go on. " His face was tougher, and quieter, as if the drink gave him a firm hold on himself. Mr. Halloran said what he had planned to say, had said already on the way down, and it still sounded reasonable and right to him. McCorkery waited until he had finished, and got up, putting a hand on Mr. Halloran's shoulder. "Stay where you are, and help yourself," he said, giving the bottle a little push, "and anything else you want, Halloran, order it on me. I'll be back in a few minutes, and you know I'll help you out if I can."

Halloran understood everything but it was through a soft warm fog, and he hardly noticed when McCorkery passed him again with the men, all in that creepy quiet way like footpads on a dark street. They went into the back room, the door opened on a bright light and closed again, and Mr. Halloran reached for the bottle to help himself wait until McCorkery should come again bringing the good word. He felt comfortable and good as if he hadn't a bone or muscle in him, but his elbow slipped off the table once or twice and he upset his drink on his sleeve. Ah, God, McCorkery, is it the whole family you're taking on with the jobs? For my Maggie's husband is in now with the Little Tammany Association. "There's a bright lad will go far and I've got my eye on him, Halloran," said the friendly voice of McCorkery in his mind, and the brown face, softer than he remembered it, came up clearly behind his closed eyes.

"Ah, well, it's like myself beginning all over again in him," said Mr. Halloran, aloud, "besides my own job that I might have had all this time if I'd just come to see you sooner."

"True for you," said McCorkery in a merry County Mayo voice, inside Mr. Halloran's head, "and now let's drink to the gay future for old times' sake and be damned to Lacey

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Mahaffy." Mr. Halloran reached for the bottle but it skipped sideways, rolled out of reach like a creature, and exploded at his feet. When he stood up the chair fell backward from under him. He leaned on the table and it folded up under his hands like cardboard.

"Wait now, take it easy," said McCorkery, and there he was, real enough, holding Mr. Halloran braced on the one side, motioning with his hand to the boys in the back room, who came out quietly and took hold of Mr. Halloran, some of them, on the other side. Their faces were all Irish, but not an Irishman Mr. Halloran knew in the lot, and he did not like any face he saw. "Let me be," he said with dignity, "I came here to see Gerald J. McCorkery, a friend of mine from old times, and let not a thug among you lay a finger upon me."

"Come on, Big Shot," said one of the younger men, in a voice like a file grating, "come on now, it's time to go."

"That's a fine low lot you've picked to run with, McCorkery," said Mr. Halloran, bracing his heels against the slow weight they put upon him toward the door, "I wouldn't trust one of them far as I could throw him by the tail."

"All right, all right, Halloran," said McCorkery. "Come on with me. Lay off him, Finnegan." He was leaning over Mr. Halloran and pressing something into his right hand. It was money, a neat little roll of it, good smooth thick money, no other feel like it in the world, you couldn't mistake it. Ah, he'd have an argument to show Lacey Mahaffy would knock her off her feet. Honest money with a job to back it up. "You'll stand by your given word, McCorkery, as ever?" he asked, peering into the rock-colored face above him, his feet weaving a dance under him, his heart ready to break with gratitude.

"Ah, sure, sure," said McCorkery in a loud hearty voice with a kind of curse in it, "Crisakes, get on with him, do." Mr. Halloran found himself eased into a taxicab at the curb, with McCorkery speaking to the driver and giving him money. "So long, Big Shot," said one of the thug faces, and the taxicab door thumped to. Mr. Halloran bobbed about on the seat for a while, trying to think. He leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Take me to my friend Gerald J. McCorkery's house," he said, "I've got important business. Don't pay any attention to what he said. Take me to his house."

"Yeah?" said the driver, without turning his head, "Well, here's where you get out, see? Right here." He reached back and opened the door. And sure enough, Mr. Halloran was standing on the sidewalk in front of the flat in Perry Street, alone except for the rows of garbage cans, the taxicab hooting its way around the corner, and a cop coming toward him, plainly to be seen under the street light.

"You should cast your vote for McCorkery, the poor man's friend," Mr. Halloran told the cop, "McCorkery's the man who will get us all off the spot. Stands by his old friends like a maniac. Got a wife named Rosie. Vote for McCorkery," said Mr. Halloran, working hard at his job, "and you'll be Chief of the Force when Halloran says the word."

"To hell with McCorkery, that stooge," said the cop, his mouth square and sour with the things he said and the things he saw and did every night on that beat. "There you are drunk again, Halloran, shame to you, with Lacey

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Mahaffy working her heart out over the washboard to buy your beer."

"It wasn't beer and she didn't buy it, mind you," said Mr. Halloran, "and what do you know about Lacey Mahaffy?"

"I knew her from old when I used to run errands for St. Veronica's Altar Society," said the cop, "and she was a great one, even then. Nothing good enough."

"It's the same now," said Mr. Halloran, almost sober for a moment.

"Well, go on up now and stay up till you're fit to be seen," said the cop, censoriously.

"You're Johnny Maginnis," said Mr. Halloran, "I know you now."

"You should know me by now," said the cop.

Mr. Halloran worked his way upstairs partly on his hands and knees, but once at his own door he stood up, gave a great blow on the panel with his fist, turned the knob and surged in like a wave after the door itself, holding out the money toward Mrs. Halloran, who had finished ironing and was at her mending.

She got up very slowly, her bony hand over her mouth, her eyes starting out at what she saw. "Ah, did you steal it?" she asked. "Did you kill somebody for that?" the words grated up from her throat in a dark whisper. Mr. Halloran glared back at her in fear.

"Suffering Saints, Lacey Mahaffy," he shouted until the whole houseful could hear him, "haven't ye any mind at all that you can't see your husband has had a turn of fortune and a job and times are changed from tonight? Stealing, is it? That's for your great friends the Connollys with their religion. Connolly steals, but Halloran is an honest man with a job in the McCorkery Club, and money in pocket."

"McCorkery, is it?" said Mrs. Halloran, loudly too. "Ah, so there's the whole family, young and old, wicked and innocent, taking their bread from McCorkery, at last. Well, it's no bread of mine, I'll earn my own as I have, you can keep your dirty money to yourself, Halloran, mind you I mean it."

"Great God, woman," moaned Mr. Halloran, and he tottered from the door to the table, to the ironing board, and stood there, ready to weep with rage, "Haven't you a soul even that you won't come along with your husband when he's riding to riches and glory on the Tiger's back itself, with everything for the taking and no questions asked?"

"Yes, I have a soul," cried Mrs. Halloran, clenching her fists, her hair flying, "Surely I have a soul and I'll save it yet in spite of you. . . ."

She was standing there before him in a kind of faded gingham winding sheet, with her dead hands upraised, her dead eyes blind but fixed upon him, her voice coming up hollow from the deep tomb, her throat thick with grave damp. The ghost of Lacey Mahaffy was threatening him, it came nearer, growing taller as it came, the face changing to a demon's face with a fixed glassy grin. "It's all that drink on an empty stomach," said the ghost, in a hoarse growl. Mr. Halloran fetched a yell of horror right out of his very boots, and seized the flatiron from the board. "Ah, God damn you, Lacey Mahaffy, you devil, keep away, keep away," he howled, but she advanced on air, grinning and growling. He raised the flatiron and hurled it without aiming, and the specter, whoever it was, whatever it was, sank and was gone. He did not look, but broke out of the room and was back on the sidewalk before he knew he had meant to go there. Maginnis came up at once. "Hey there now, Halloran," he said, "I mean business this time. You get back upstairs or I'll run you in. Come along now, I'll help you get there this time, and that's the last of it. On relief the way you are, and drinking your head off."

Mr. Halloran suddenly felt calm, collected; he would take Maginnis up and show him just what had happened. "I'm not on relief any more, and if you want any trouble, just call on my friend, McCorkery. He'll tell you who I am."

"McCorkery can't tell me anything about you I don't know already," said Maginnis. "Stand up there now." For Halloran wanted to go up again on his hands and knees.

"Let a man be," said Mr. Halloran, trying to sit on the cop's feet. "I killed Lacey Mahaffy at last, you'll be pleased to hear," he said, looking up into the cop's face, "It was high time and past. But I did not steal the money."

"Well, ain't that just too bad," said the cop, hauling him up under the arms. "Chees, why'n't you make a good job while you had the chance? Stand up now. Ah, hell with it, stand up or I'll sock you one."

Mr. Halloran said, "Well, you don't believe it so wait and see."

At that moment they both glanced upward and saw Mrs. Halloran coming downstairs. She was holding to the rail, and even in the speckled hall-light they could see a great lumpy clout of flesh standing out on her forehead, all colors. She stopped, and seemed not at all surprised.

"So there you are, Officer Maginnis," she said, "Bring him up."

"That's a fine welt you've got over your eye this time, Mrs. Halloran," commented Officer Maginnis, politely.

"I fell and hit my head on the ironing board," said Mrs. Halloran. "It comes of overwork and worry, day and night. A dead faint, Officer Maginnis. Watch your big feet there, you thriving, natural fool," she added to Mr. Halloran. "He's got a job now, you mightn't believe it, Officer Maginnis, but it's true. Bring him on up, and thank you."

She went ahead of them, opened the door, and led the way to the bedroom through the kitchen, turned back the covers, and Officer Maginnis dumped Mr. Halloran among the quilts and pillows. Mr. Halloran rolled over with a deep groan and shut his eyes.

"Many thanks to you, Officer Maginnis," said Mrs. Halloran.

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Halloran," said Officer Maginnis.

When the door was shut and locked, Mrs. Halloran went and dipped a large bath towel under the kitchen tap. She wrung it out and tied several good hard knots in one end and tried it out with a whack on the edge of the table. She walked in and stood over the bed and brought the knotted towel down in Mr. Halloran's face with all her might. He stirred and muttered, ill at ease. "That's for the flatiron Halloran," she told him, in a cautious voice as if she were talking to herself, and whack, down came the towel again. "That's for the half-dollar," she said, and whack, "that's for your drunkenness—" her arm swung around regularly,

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ending with a heavy thud on the face that was beginning to squirm, gasp, lift itself from the pillow and fall back again, in a puzzled kind of torment. "For your sock feet," Mrs. Halloran told him, whack, "and your laziness, and this is for missing Mass and"—here she swung half a dozen times—"that is for your daughter and your part in her. . . ."

She stood back breathless, the lump on her forehead burning in its furious colors. When Mr. Halloran attempted to rise, shielding his head with his arms, she gave him a push and he fell back again. "Stay there and don't give me a word," said Mrs. Halloran. He pulled the pillow over his face and subsided again, this time for good.

Mrs. Halloran moved about very deliberately. She tied the wet towel around her head, the knotted end hanging over her shoulder. Her hand ran into her apron pocket and came out again with the money. There was a five-dollar bill with three one-dollar bills rolled in it, and the half-dollar she had thought spent long since. "A poor start, but something," she said, and opened the cupboard door with a long key. Reaching in, she pulled a loosely fitted board out of the wall, and removed a black-painted metal box. She unlocked this, took out one five-cent piece from a welter of notes and coins. She then placed the new money in the box, locked it, put it away, replaced the board, shut the cupboard door and locked that. She went out to the telephone, dropped the nickel in the slot, asked for a number, and waited.

"Is that you Maggie? Well, are things any better with you now? I'm glad to hear it. It's late to be calling, but there's news about your father. No, no, nothing of that kind, he's got a job. I said a *job*. Yes, at last, after all my urging him onward. . . . I've got him bedded down to sleep it off so he'll be ready for work tomorrow. . . . Yes, it's political work, toward the election time, with Gerald McCorkery. But that's no harm, getting votes and all, he'll be in the open air and it doesn't mean I'll have to associate with low people, now or ever. It's clean enough work, with good pay; if it's not just what I prayed for, still it beats nothing, Maggie. After all my trying . . . it's like a miracle. You see what can be done with patience and doing your duty, Maggie. Now mind you do as well by your own husband."

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THE "CITIZENSHIP INSTITUTE" CONDUCTED by the American Youth Congress provided the setting for several momentous pronouncements by adults. The President utilized the occasion for an almost unprecedented blast at a foreign government; Mrs. Roosevelt gave another remarkable display of courage and insight; and John L. Lewis fired another bombardment at the White House. The President, in his attack on the invasion of Finland in particular and the Russian regime in general, used uniquely plain language. By and large he articulated what most Americans have felt and thought since September. But if his remarks were disturbing to Moscow, they were not altogether fortunate even in Washington, less because of their substance than because of their tone. We have argued, as did the President, that loans to Finland do not mean war with Russia; but it is not persuasive to dismiss as "twaddle" the fears of those who dissent, or to tell the generation which must fight a war that it has no right to judgment on issues so deeply related to the war. Mrs. Roosevelt argued Finland's case a good deal more effectively, and she was similarly forthright in facing again the anti-red avalanche which descended on the congress. On this score the President's affirmation of "the right to be a Communist" was welcome; we hope J. Edgar Hoover overheard it.

*

TO THE FUTURE OF THE YOUTH CONGRESS the address of John L. Lewis is likely to mean more than the remarks of the Roosevelts. Urging the congress to identify itself with Labor's Non-Partisan League, Lewis made it plain that he is thinking of himself increasingly as a political as well as a labor leader. Before the Youth Congress decides to follow him, we hope it will have a clearer view of his plans and perspectives than he has yet vouchsafed to the rest of the country. Certainly his address to the congress had demagogic overtones which should make caution a watchword. "You listened to the President today," he said. "When you came away you didn't know where to get a job if you needed one." Did Lewis tell them where to get jobs? Condemning the President's advice to the congress, on the ground of its insufficient knowledge, against adopting a resolution opposing loans to Finland, Lewis told his audience that his United Mine Workers, with its maturity and its impressive membership, had adopted a similar resolution. He failed to mention that the miners, unlike the Youth Congress, coupled their denunciation of the loan with an equally vigorous denunciation of the Russian invasion. Finally there was the new "solution" for peace in the labor movement. There is no measuring-rod for sincerity, but the timing, the manner of the offer, and its inherent implausibility add little, in our opinion, to the stature of John L. Lewis.

*

ALLIED FORCES IN THE NEAR EAST HAVE been augmented by Australian and New Zealand contingents, believed to number some 30,000, whose arrival in Egypt was greeted with a fanfare of publicity. Almost simultaneously French concentrations in Syria have been copiously reported, and new emphasis has been laid on the growing intimacy of the Allies with the Turks. This last fact has been underlined by the seizure of the Krupp shipyard at Istanbul, the expulsion from Turkey of a number of German specialists, and the increasing coolness toward Russia shown by the Turkish press. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be talk of an early military move in the Near East. Nevertheless, the immediate significance of the activities there is probably political and diplomatic. They serve as a warning to Balkan powers to resist German pressure, and they also constitute a threat to Russia should it draw still closer to Germany. The Allies seem to be finding it increasingly difficult to regard the U. S. S. R. as strictly neutral but have yet to decide whether they would gain by treating it as an open enemy. Should they take this step and carry Turkey with them, the Caucasus would be the obvious point at which to strike. The seizure of this region would deprive Russia of its chief oil resources and would put an end to all German hopes of obtaining supplies. At the same time it would check any Soviet attempt to move against the Iranian and Iraqui oil fields or in the direction of India.

*

BRITAIN'S RELEASE OF NINE OF THE TWENTY-one Germans taken from the Asamu Maru on January 21 was part of a face-saving compromise that revealed

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Japanese quite as much as British weakness. For while London backed down from the strong legal position which it took in its notes to Japan, Tokyo yielded on the substance of its case when it agreed to keep Germans off its ships in the future. Japan's capitulation is the more significant when it is recalled that only a fortnight ago Tokyo was talking of such reprisals as stopping British shipping in Far Eastern waters. The agreement is striking evidence of the desire of the Yonai government to patch up some kind of understanding with the Western powers as an offset to the deterioration of its relations with the Soviet Union. The United States, unfortunately, has not taken advantage of its opportunity. Action on the embargo has been deferred, and nothing more has been heard of the possible imposition of countervailing duties on silk and other imports. The Japanese, for their part, have fluctuated rather violently between pious gestures of friendship for the United States and threats to abrogate the Nine-Power Treaty and drive all Americans out of China. In interpreting these threats, it might be well for people to remember the equally violent recriminatory measures which the Japanese were contemplating against the British only a few weeks ago.

*

SOME OF THE STATEMENTS WHICH MARKED the midwinter session of the A. F. of L. Executive Council in Miami are not easy to distinguish from utterances of the National Association of Manufacturers. The council opened by asking Mr. Roosevelt to give business "a breathing spell." Ten of the most prominent superannuated statesmen in the council, including Messrs. Woll and Hutcheson, issued an attack on the New Deal in which there was little that John W. Davis or Alfred E. Smith would not approve. The New Deal was accused of discouraging new investments, imposing too heavy taxation, weakening the authority of the states, and impairing business confidence by maladministration of the Wagner Act. After those statements it mattered little whether John L. Lewis was correct or not in charging that corporation lawyers helped draft the A. F. of L.'s proposed amendments to the Wagner Act. Green called the attack "dastardly," but can hardly deny that the amendments have the approval of corporate interests out to hamstring the labor law. The Executive Council ordered city labor bodies and state federations to suspend all printers' locals because the I. T. U. refused to pay a special assessment to fight the C. I. O. It is worth noting that when the Executive Council and Green are asked to take action of this kind against racketeers in the ranks of labor, they always plead that state and city labor bodies are "autonomous" and beyond their control. The recent meeting of the Executive Council should be truly encouraging—to business, not to labor.

MR. ROOSEVELT HAS DECLARED IT LEGAL FOR Americans to enlist in the Finnish army, but federal agents have arrested eleven men and one woman in Detroit and Milwaukee on a charge of recruiting for the Spanish Loyalists and raided the headquarters of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in New York. Brigade officials were subpoenaed. The President points out the distinction between volunteering for service in Finland and recruiting volunteers, and the distinction is a real one. But the fact is that the State Department did its best to prevent American volunteers from reaching the Loyalists, while the White House is now inviting Americans to join the Finnish army. The action of the FBI will hardly recommend itself to liberals; here as in the Browder case it seems to be looking for technical excuses to implement an anti-red drive. The sweeping way in which the FBI refers to "Communists and reputed fellow-travelers" in announcing the arrests should be a warning, for "reputed fellow-travelers" is an expansive category reminiscent of an old-fashioned Department of Justice pink-hunt.

*

PRESIDENTIAL PARDONS ARE IN ORDER FOR the fourteen men sentenced in Minneapolis on a charge of "conspiracy" in connection with the WPA strike last July. Dwight Macdonald, in an article in our issue of February 3, explained the background of these extraordinary cases. A section of the Woodrum Relief Act of 1939 designed to protect WPA workers from political pressure was twisted into an excuse to indict 157 men and women in Minneapolis who took part in the nationwide WPA strike last July. In response to widespread protest the federal government dismissed charges against 125 of those indicted, but not before 32 others had been tried and convicted. Fourteen of the thirty-two are men, and these have now been sentenced. Three of them, including the chairman of the federal workers' section of the militant General Drivers' Union, Local 544, were given eighteen months each in a federal workhouse. Fourteen women remain to be sentenced. Despite the Administration's laudable intervention in freeing the 125 defendants, it is difficult to absolve it from responsibility for the prosecutions in the first place. Only a Presidential pardon can clear the slate.

*

NEW YORK'S UNEMPLOYED ARE TO RECEIVE no immediate advantage from the $211,000,000 reserve fund accumulated during the first three years of the state unemployment-insurance law if the recommendations of the state Advisory Council are carried out. The majority of the council felt, with some reason, that the two years in which benefits have been paid have not provided a sufficient test of the scheme. Yet the fact

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that collections were nearly double the payments in 1939, and considerably larger than benefits even in a bad year like 1938, suggests that minor changes reducing the present three-week waiting period and increasing the duration of benefits beyond thirteen weeks might safely have been undertaken. Some increase in benefits is also called for, either this year or in the near future. While it would be dangerous to undermine the reserves that have been accumulated, reserves should not be allowed to continue to grow at the present rate. Money that is subtracted from purchasing power to provide for the unemployed should be used to serve that purpose and not to build up a surplus which may never be required. Employer groups with their eyes on this surplus have introduced bills in both branches of the legislature to set up a system of merit rating. These bills would cut the pay-roll tax from its present flat 3 per cent to a rate varying between one-half of 1 per cent and 3 per cent—the lower rate being granted concerns with a relatively stable employment record. The pressure behind the campaign for merit rating appears to come from a small group of firms with which stable operation is in part the result of monopolistic control. It is being energetically opposed by employers in the seasonal trades, small business men, and a large number of labor organizations.

*

NATIONAL SHARE-CROPPERS WEEK, WHICH IS held annually, will take place this year from March 4 to 10. Its immediate objective is to raise money for the annual budget of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, but it is also designed to arouse interest in the problem of the Southern farm workers and to exert pressure for its solution. One of the events scheduled for the week is an essay contest for college students. The subject is "A Proposed Solution to the Share-Cropper Problem," and the winning essay will be printed in *The Nation.* Details may be obtained from the Educators' Committee for National Share-Croppers' Week at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York. Dr. Mary E. Woolley and Dr. Abram Harris are co-chairmen of this committee.

*

"IT IS JUST LIKE ONE AVALANCHE AFTER another, each burying the earlier victims deeper and with them some of their rescuers. Many of our most pitiable cases are those of Czechs, formerly, with the French, the most generous of all peoples toward refugees." We quote from a letter from England asking American help for the victims of fascism—Germans, Austrians, Spaniards, Czechs, and Poles—who are now caught in the toils of a European war. Both the governments and the people of Britain and France, now that the war is straining their economic resources, are unable to give as much aid to refugees as formerly. In France thousands of anti-fascist Germans have been consigned to concentration camps. Some have been released, but thousands are still interned, and the conditions under which they live are worse than ever for the ironic reason that many refugee camps have now been taken over for the use of evacués. Money and more money is needed to feed and clothe these people and to obtain their resettlement in other countries, particularly in America.

Police Neutrality

LAST April we printed an article by George Britt which was, we believe, the first comprehensive account of the anti-Semitic campaign waged in the streets of New York by followers of Father Coughlin. Three months later, when the raucousness of the drive was being matched by the reticence of the metropolitan dailies, we published another article, by James Wechsler, which provided an even fuller picture. Mr. Wechsler's story showed the central role of the Christian Front in the street campaign and brought out the seriousness of police partiality toward members of that organization. We said then: "The Christian Front is engaged in daily battles with the unorganized foes of Coughlin; the police are sworn to the impartial enforcement of the law; simultaneous membership in the Front and on the force is therefore incongruous and intolerable. The Front is not a benevolent or religious fraternity. It is a faction of political violence, whose police members constitute an armed fascist nucleus. As such its members should be purged out of the Police Department to the last man." Mayor LaGuardia denied that there had been any partiality, belittled the whole issue, and spoke derisively of "the trend . . . on the part of some people shouting their loudest for freedom of speech to obtain suppression at this time."

Then came the lightning bolt. Seventeen Coughlin men, most of them members of the Christian Front, were arrested and indicted for conspiracy to overthrow the United States government and for stealing arms and munitions from National Guard armories. The question of police membership in the Front was raised again and brought a series of bewildering comments from Police Commissioner Valentine. On January 16 he denied reports that forty members of the force had been identified with the Front. On January 17, confronted with an anonymous letter on Christian Front stationery to the effect that the number was not 40 but 3,423, he told reporters that the real number was unknown and added, "But I doubt if it is as high as the figure stated." On February 8 came the announcement that questionnaires were being distributed to all policemen to determine whether any were members of the Christian Front or of any "subversive, Communist, Bund, or Fascist club or organization." "There is nothing to prevent any man from joining any organization," said Valentine, "but the police officer must be neutral. By joining any one of these organizations he ceases to be neutral." That is precisely the point we made last July. We are glad to have it upheld, even at this late date, by the Police Commissioner. Members of both Front and force should be asked to make a choice.

Washington Jitters

IN THE stormy controversy aroused by Congressman Frank Hook's attack on Martin Dies, most of the relevant facts have been obscured. In part the confusion was deliberately created by apologists for Mr. Dies; it has been heightened by the reluctance of liberal Congressmen to defend themselves. For the first time in a two-year career of irresponsible slander Dies had been under serious fire in the Capitol. The exposure of the Christian Front's terrorist plot had posed the embarrassing query: where was Martin Dies when the Front was charting its plans? The answer was devastating. Not merely had the Dies committee "overlooked" the Front; but while ostensibly probing un-American activities, Dies himself had been leading an active public life with the upper-class sympathizers of the Front. He had been speaking at luncheons and conferences and meetings enthusiastically promoted and well attended by the Front and its friends. That disclosure, made in Washington by Congressman Hook and documented in *The Nation* on January 27, put Dies closer to the ropes than he had been in two years. But by shrewdly exploiting the Pelley forgeries Dies's handlers have restored him to an upright position.

The incident is not closed; the most sensational details may be still ahead if liberals will press the point. For one thing, the forged letters purporting to show a compact between Dies and Pelley have no bearing on the relations of Dies with Merwin K. Hart and other figureheads in the fascist network. Moreover, disclosure of the forgeries has created more mystery than it has dispelled. It was subsequently revealed that the man who sold the fake letters was in the employ of the Dies committee. It is reported that a member of the Dies committee knew the letters were forged when Hook introduced them—but did not protest. The resignation of the committee's counsel is announced. A conservative newspaper relates that committee agents attempted to plant a similar set of forgeries on New York foes of Dies; this time it failed. And as a fitting climax, William Dudley Pelley, for whom the committee had allegedly been searching for six months, turns up in Washington, pounds the Dies committee on the back, "absolves" Mr. Dies of any contact with the Silver Shirts, and amiably submits to examination. A number of delicate questions are suggested by this sequence of events. The alarming and significant fact is the reluctance of most people in Washington to ask them. And unless a grand-jury hearing or some other airing of the whole affair can be held, it is possible that the questions will never be asked. Because the Pelley letters were forged, the whole indictment against Dies is in danger of being pigeonholed. Dies and his cohorts have resumed the offensive. The *Herald Tribune* congratulates him on his escape and assures him that he is "happily stronger than ever." Mr. Hook, fighting the battle almost single-handed, is compelled to withdraw not only the Pelley letters but the Front evidence as well—although it is totally independent and has in no way been impugned. Except for a handful of men, liberal Washington shows a passionate anxiety to drop the subject. Why?

It is not because Dies has been vindicated or because of any sudden doubts as to the authenticity of most of the evidence. The data merely dramatized what everybody knew: that while Dies had whitewashed the right, he was persecuting the left. For left read New Deal. The real reason for the deadly silence was voiced by Congressman Casey at the now celebrated Jackson dinner: "no matter what evidence you have, you can't stop Martin Dies." If the comment was cynical it nevertheless expressed the mood of contemporary Washington. That mood is now Dies's greatest ally.

The truth is that Martin Dies is a ham actor impersonating a statesman. He lacks Huey Long's rhetorical thunder, Coughlin's hypnotic power; he is cordially detested by conservative Congressmen; his chief talent is the elementary shrewdness of a John Garner. The simple secret of his success is that he is a symbol unifying the right—and splitting the left. He has achieved incredible power because in one way or another he crudely expresses the basic drives of every right-wing group; and he has escaped reprisal by dividing and demoralizing his enemies. The last fortnight has revealed these twin tactics more clearly then ever.

The men who should be fighting him have been mute. Prominent labor leaders have remained silent in the hope that he will reciprocate by leaving them alone; liberals in Congress and elsewhere have tried to "work with" him by sacrificing the Communists, in the hope that liberals will thereby be pardoned; prominent Jewish groups have helped his attack on the left in the hope that he will not become anti-Semitic; a host of his potential foes have thus refrained from criticism in the hope that he will gratefully ignore their existence. We do not question the motives or minimize the anxieties of these groups. The drift is to the right. Liberal Congressmen must run for reelection, too. But all of them have misunderstood the nature of the Dies campaign. They have seen it as a seasonal deluge or as a one-man promotion drive. Basically it is neither. It is the agency of a formidable reactionary coalition, working overtime in every area. If "public opinion" today supports Dies, that is evidence of liberal failure; will opinion be less favorable to Dies next year—after twelve more months of timidity and silence?

The Nation makes no apologies to Martin Dies. We willingly strike the Pelley letters from our records; but we reiterate that these were only one aspect of a much larger case—and the bulk of that case still stands. We are convinced that further investigation of the Dies-Hart axis will strengthen an already substantial record; we believe that the Pelley affair is full of significant question marks. Martin Dies is still the defendant, not the prosecutor.

Housing Is Wealth

HOUSING is not the most dramatic of the public questions facing American democracy in an election year, but it is certainly among the most important. Moreover, it is closely entwined with a host of other problems for which solutions must be found if our social and political institutions are to be buttressed by higher standards of general well-being. We know the toll levied by sickness in the form of misery and economic waste; we know the high cost of crime; we know the financial straits in which most of our cities are involved. These are only some of the ills that can be directly traced to the growth of slums, to lack of civic planning, and to the aftermath of a century of land speculation. Housing is also directly connected with the major problem of recovery and the conquest of unemployment. There is general agreement about the necessity for providing investment outlets able to absorb the total volume of savings if our economy is to be kept on an even keel. But today residential building accounts for far less capital expenditure than it did in the twenties. Yet the need is greater, for the new homes built in the past ten years have been hardly sufficient to make up for wastage, let alone furnish accommodation for the eight millions which have been added to the population since 1930.

According to evidence presented by the Bureau of Labor Statistics to the TNEC, the minimum number of houses required annually to keep facilities from falling below present standards is 525,000. Last year's output was the best in a decade, but the total of dwelling units completed is estimated by the Federal Housing Administration at only 450,000. This was more than 100,000 better than in 1938 but it compares with 509,000 in 1929, which was itself a poor year for residential building compared with the middle twenties. On the basis of FHA mortgage-insurance applications the current year is expected to show some improvement over 1939, but it will be surprising if total construction reaches the minimum cited above.

Unsatisfactory as this record is, it would be still worse if the housing field had been left solely to the mercy of private enterprise. Some 40 per cent of current residential building is being financed with the aid of the FHA, which has now insured mortgages aggregating over two billion dollars. By abolishing second mortgages, reducing the cost of home financing—though not enough—insisting on regular amortization, and enforcing minimum quality standards, the FHA has done much to reduce the gamble of home ownership. It must always be recognized, however, that its activities have no direct bearing on the problem of providing more and better shelter for the ill-housed "one third of a nation." Its services are of value mainly to the middle classes, and even the large-scale rental housing projects for which it is now giving mortgage insurance will be far beyond the reach of really low-income families. Private enterprise has long abandoned all pretense of being able to supply new housing for the millions now forced to live under sub-standard conditions. Whatever is being done in this field is the work of federal, state, and city agencies, and in relation to the need it is still precious little. According to the February Bulletin of the Federal Reserve only 10 per cent of the residential construction begun in 1939 was publicly financed. The United States Housing Authority, which lends local public bodies up to 90 per cent of the cost of low-rent housing and slum-clearance schemes, and in addition provides 80 per cent of the annual subsidy required to bring rents within the means of the families rehoused, has fully allotted the $800,000,000 it had at its disposal, although not all of this sum is yet spent. It has an unfilled demand for an additional billion dollars, but Congress has not yet seen fit to authorize the doubling of its loan funds as requested by the President last year.

If the job that is being done by USHA is to be extended—and unless it is, vast areas of our cities will remain blighted areas—public opinion must be roused to impress upon all candidates for public office the real economy of public investment in housing. The *Survey Graphic* in the third of its "Calling America" series, just issued, furnishes a rich storehouse of ammunition for housing reformers. Here are the records written by experts of what has been done in the past few years and a chart of the much vaster area of ground which has still to be covered. As Albert Mayer, editor of this special issue, says, housing and planning, urban and rural, offer a generation of activity for our job-starved economy. "They can supply reemployment steadily over a long period of years to come, carrying forward a task that is both a national economic measure and a national crusade. With ample room for private and public enterprise, they will create real wealth and values that are lasting."

Politics and Peace

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

YOU can't blame the belligerents for feeling concerned and suspicious about Sumner Welles's coming visit to Europe and the announcement that talks between the United States and certain neutrals have been under way for some time. Rumor cannot be stilled by Presidential fiat.

The reception of the news was itself illuminating. It shows that at this stage of the war no suggestion of mediation or any sort of diplomatic intervention will be welcome. The position of the Allied goverments has, in their opinion, been made sufficiently clear: they have said that they intend to end Hitlerism and prevent a recurrence of the Nazi threat to Europe's peace. Any proposal of a negotiated settlement before this aim has been achieved would weaken their hand and strengthen the pro-appeasement forces in each country—fascists, Communists, pacifists, and hold-over Municheers.

Their suspicion is inevitable, but I believe it is not justified by the facts. Looked at from the angle of American political realities and not from that of European diplomacy, Mr. Roosevelt's reassurance and Mr. Hull's explanation seem wholly believable. This does not mean that the peace talks and Mr. Welles's junket lack intrinsic importance. On the contrary they prove beyond argument the determination of the United States to play a leading role in the negotiation and planning of Europe's peace, whether the belligerents like it or not. And this is a fact of transcendent significance. But they do not prove any intention to try to bring about an immediate settlement in disregard of the interests of the Allies.

Europeans would save themselves a lot of useless speculation if they would repeat to themselves every morning. "This is a Presidential year in the United States. Everything that happens there must be judged in the context of the campaign." In the light of this dictum recent Administration moves fall into their proper place. No serious peace offensive would be launched even if the President favored it; it would harbor too many political dangers. On the other hand, a modest gesture in the direction of peace may rally support to an Administration faced with the charge of "war-mongering."

This dictum should be memorized in Finland in particular. Otherwise that beleaguered country may be misled by the vociferous sympathy of Americans and their protestations of love for democracy. Those emotions exist in full measure, along with a growing antipathy for Russia, as Mr. Roosevelt proclaimed last Saturday. But they are not going to be translated directly into anti-aircraft guns or pursuit planes, because they are only part of a much more complex emotional compound made up of such other ingredients as isolationist sentiment, timidity, pacifism, and suspicion of the British. The President has gone as far as he dared by proposing that Congress expand the resources of the Export-Import Bank to cover a $20,000,000 loan to Finland for non-military purchases in the United States. The bill embodying this measure has been reported favorably in the Senate and may have been passed by the time these lines are read. The Administration is simultaneously exploring the possibility of selling off surplus war materials to such non-belligerents as Norway and Sweden. Presumably the Finns can take their loan and buy goods that will be acceptable in Norway and Sweden and then make a swap on foreign soil where no American isolationist will be outraged by what is going on. This maneuver might puzzle a literal-minded Finn unless he repeated to himself the dictum set down in the last paragraph. Then all would come clear.

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Time Against Finland

BY LELAND STOWE

Helsinki, January 14

I AM starting to write during an air-raid alarm. The bellboy and chambermaids have been trying to shoo us all downstairs. They always try, though they should realize by now that the newspapermen have little use for the so-called shelters. We like to have a chance of seeing the Russian planes, which rarely come near Helsinki's center—once a week perhaps—and are very seldom within eyesight. Sitting in a cellar waiting for a "recall" is moreover a terrible waste of time. And time here is precious. Before the end of March everything may be over.

Considering the magnificent victories that the Finnish troops have won during six weeks of war, that may sound queer. It is neither queer nor false. This war can be lost before the snows begin to thin. But it won't be lost by the Finns alone, any more than the Spanish war was just a defeat for Spaniards. If it is lost it will be lost by Swedes, Norwegians, Frenchmen, Englishmen—yes, and by Americans; in short, by all democracies that want Finland to be saved yet fail to ship airplanes, anti-aircraft guns, and munitions here quickly enough to prevent disaster. Relief for evacués is one of the last things Finland needs. As one Finnish woman expressed it, "We can't throw cabbages at the Bolshevists, and if we did they would only pick them up and eat them." If you want to help a man who is being beaten senseless with a club, you don't hand him a roll of bandages and a bottle of iodine.

I am reminded of a scene somewhere in Lapland. A boy is sitting at a table in the kitchen of a tiny farmhouse. His eyes look tired, his cheekbones protrude, but his slender figure is wiry. They say he is only sixteen. He looks older. For weeks he has skiied twenty or thirty miles a day through wild forests, carrying army dispatches between isolated front-line companies near the border. Because he is doing this work, one more adult is carrying a gun, but this kind of skiing takes a heavy toll. He is writing a letter home with a fierce intensity. "I don't count on any outside help," writes the boy, "but if it comes in spite of everything, then I will know that all decency hasn't gone out of this world of barbarism."

There are many boys like him, holding the pass while others weigh and ponder what kind of help carries the fewest risks.

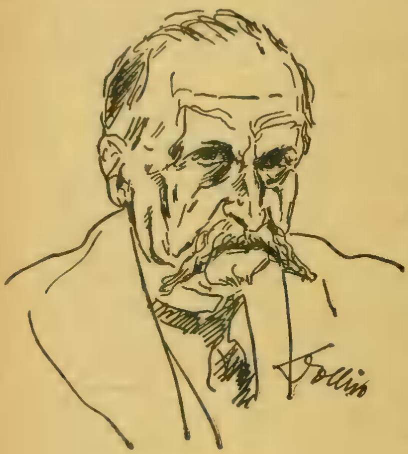
The Finns have done wonders taking care of themselves and fighting their own war. They have stopped the Red Army dead in its tracks on the Karelian Isthmus. They have destroyed three divisions—it may soon be four—and thrown the Russians back with enormous losses at every vital point on the 750-mile eastern front. But Stalin knows—and so do the Finns—that the day of reckoning lies ahead, when the snows melt.

What has been the secret of the Finns' successes up to now? Three things chiefly: an élite of skilled officers, exceptionally intelligent and very clever in their use of military strategy; a splendidly organized and disciplined little army; and snow and ice. Without this near-Arctic winter the Finnish victories could not have been so great. When the snow is gone, Finland's defense will be infinitely more difficult. Stalin's hour of vengeance will then come. It will not be long delayed—till April at the latest. Then Soviet Russia's terrific superiority in both man power and material will render more of these amazing fox-terrier triumphs almost impossible, unless the Finns get many airplanes and many cannon very soon.

The Spanish Republicans had no army, and made one while fighting. The Finns have an army—officers, a limited number of men, organization. With pitifully meager supplies the Loyalists fought on for more than two years, always drawing on their great reservoir of man power. With a population of 3,800,000 the Finns can call on only a few hundred thousand men, but they can still wage war, with science and masterly strategy, if only they can get arms, guns, and planes in abundance. That might even up matters for a few weeks or months. Eventually, nothing less than large bodies of international volunteers can make possible a complete repulse of the Soviet invaders. The Russo-Finnish war must either come to a comparatively early end or become the responsibility in increasing measure of others than the Finns.

Field Marshal Mannerheim is a tactician of remarkable ability. His generals and superior officers are all veterans of Finland's war of independence (1918) against the Reds. Many of them also received expert Prussian training for two years or more in the Kaiser's Germany during the World War. They are hard-headed, severely efficient officers. There is little that is democratic in their bearing or psychology, yet by some irony they are fighting with great tenacity for a democracy which is theirs by blood and circumstance if not as a spiritual heritage. This officers' corps is an inner autocracy, but it is shaped by the uncompromising individualism and fierce love of liberty of the Finns. The courage and patriotic devotion of the common soldiers know no superior anywhere in the world.

These characteristics go far to explain the Finns' great achievements in the early weeks of the war. But they do not explain it entirely. Even without the barriers of winter the Russians would probably have been stopped by the excellent Finnish fortifications on the Karelian Isthmus. Had the invasion come in the spring the story would have been very different along the extended eastern frontier. Motorized Russian troops would have advanced there with far greater swiftness and would have been backed up by much larger forces of reserves. For example, the two Red divisions which the Finns destroyed near Suomussalmi owed their annihilation chiefly to the fact that the deep snow enabled small detachments of Finnish ski troops to encircle them and attack them in isolated sectors.



President Kallio

In the spring this greater mobility of the Finnish troops, which are numerically much inferior, will not exist in anything like the same degree, A Finnish soldier will no longer be able to do the work of two or three men, as he is now doing. No friend of the Finns can afford to conceal this fact from friendly opinion in the neutral countries. In a few months the point will be reached where the Finns will have fulfilled their responsibilities to the full extent of their powers. Time will not wait for others to fulfil theirs. In this respect the Russo-Finnish conflict is not at all like the war in Spain.

The air-raid alarm was not a dud this time; Helsinki's port was bombarded and people were killed and wounded. The Red bombers are becoming more and more effective. It is said that political commissars are now flying in the planes to make sure that their crews make a serious effort to do their jobs thoroughly. That may partly explain the increasing damage that is being done from the air. In any case, Soviet raiders are confidently expected to come in unprecedented numbers with the fair skies of March. Then the rear guard will be harassed and tortured from one end of southern and central Finland to the other.

This is not being defeatist, for if the Finns received 100 first-class fighting planes, they would be able to counter-attack the Red bombers at vital points. Confronted by 200 Finnish planes, the Soviet pilots would suddenly have the novel experience of risking their lives when they soared over the interior of Finland, especially since fighting planes cannot accompany the Red bombers much farther than across the Gulf of Finland. Now the Russians bomb with impunity—it is not war, merely destruction—for the Finns have only enough planes to use in the war zones where they are most urgently needed. Military observers here say that the Soviet machines have a "blind spot"—Finnish pilots have already brought down scores as a result—and that good modern fighters or chasers would make mince pie of the bombers. They speculate on what might happen to the morale of the Russian air force if it were to lose several planes per squadron on almost every flight.

Foreigners here cannot but be struck by the devotion, courage, and national unity of the Finns. They are a people of sober virtues. They stand on their own feet and they know how to die. We have learned that the Finns can be incredibly stubborn, that they have an almost Prussian love of order, and that they revere regulations to a degree almost incomprehensible to an American. Sometimes one wishes that they were not quite so solemn, so deadly in earnest about everything they do, that they had that gift for laughter and gaiety with which the Spaniard makes even his most tragic moments bearable. The Finns are the children of the frozen North, and they do things in their own way and at their own pace. They believe in their own way of life, their own kind of democracy, and have the deepest respect for the liberty of the individual.

This Finnish democracy is economic as well as political. Many socialistic threads are woven into its fabric. Within its framework hundreds of cooperatives are firmly established. The Finnish state owns more than a third of the land's gigantic forests, and has actively participated in the creation of its electric power stations. There is much here which any foe of the New Deal would describe as "red," or certainly "pink," but to the level-headed Finns these things are simply sane and rational democratic policies. The Finns are being championed now, in America and elsewhere, by hundreds of organizations and thousands of persons who would denounce many established Finnish practices as "socialistic menaces" if they were to encounter them at home. The Finns have found countless friends who have little or no faith in what the Finns believe in and no conception of what Finnish democracy really is. This is one of the neatest ironies of our crazy, contradictory times.

Of course, it doesn't matter. What matters is that Finland, in twenty short years, has built an exceptionally genuine democracy. The preservation of this democracy is of immeasurable importance for the world. Between now and April we shall see whether those who profess to be its friends are going to abandon it to its impending fate.

Marxism Reconsidered—I

BY LEWIS COREY

THE MARXIST FAILURE

HISTORY has played one of her stupefying tricks: for it is now clear that democracy is on the defensive as much against the totalitarianism of Russian communism as against that of fascism. And since socialism without democracy is a monstrosity, socialism too is on the defensive. Nor can the Communist parties escape being enemies of socialism and democracy, for as carriers of Communist totalitarianism and as "transmission belts" of the Kremlin's foreign policy they must act in disregard of the democratic and socialist interests of the countries in which they operate. What has happened is the collapse of a whole movement and ideology, the exposure of a whole conception of social change.

Out of the resulting disillusionment and the breaking of old allegiances comes the cry for a regrouping of radical forces. But on what basis shall such a regrouping take place? Certainly not on the basis of what communism was before the Stalin-Hitler pact. Stalinism was the enemy of socialism and democracy in its earlier years—the red years of the consolidation of totalitarian power and the black years of "confessional" trials and purges. Regrouping on the basis of Lenin's communism? But Stalinism, being neither mere Bonapartist reaction nor an immaculate conception, must have been at least potential in the communism of Lenin. And as long as independent communists cling to that older communism which unloosed "socialist" totalitarianism, they cannot serve to regroup the radical forces.

Nor can social democracy. For years the Social Democratic parties, by and large, have been fighting rear-guard actions in a long retreat. The retreat was most disastrous in post-war Germany, where a social democracy which had made no effort to move toward socialism when it was in power was unable effectively to resist fascism and was destroyed. The tragedy of the Russian Revolution is matched by the failure of European social democracy, especially the German, to bring into being the democratic socialism which it urged against bolshevism and which would have saved Europe from the totalitarian danger. Yet social democracy admits to no crucial error in principles or tactics. It blames its disasters on history or on communism or fascism but never on itself, and warms over the stale theoretical tidbits of yesterday. In comparison with communism, the failure of social democracy is decent and clean because it has not become the totalitarian destroyer of its own aims and ideals, but it is a failure none the less

The bitter admission must be made that all variants of Marxism, "revolutionary" and "reformist," meeting the pragmatic test of history, have revealed fatal shortcomings. Diehard sectarians will argue that Marxism never had a chance because it was always distorted or betrayed, just as diehard liberals argue that capitalism never had a chance; but the sectarian argument is self-answering since it means that all Marxists are distorters or betrayers except the newest crop of simon pures, and that is exegetical madness. Yes, all variants of Marxism are a failure. If non-Marxist radicals gloat over this admission, let me remind them that they too have got nowhere, and they too are on the defensive against totalitarianism.

But if the admission of failure is made, then a tremendous job of revaluation is necessary. The job should be done in all humility—we have been wrong and may be wrong again—but it must be done fearlessly and vigorously, and quickly too, for our time is not unlimited.

We must accept and reject, unlearn, relearn, and learn anew regardless of vested interests in old activity and ideas. A new language and a new approach are necessary: the abandonment of ideas, phrases, procedures which are now meaningless or have come to mean the opposite of what we thought they meant. All this means a cooperative job of charting new departures and directions in the struggle for a desirable social order.

The job cannot be done by going "back to Marx." It cannot be done by "revision" or "restoration" of his ideas. The older revisionism led nowhere, while Lenin's restoration led to totalitarianism. We must square our accounts with Marx. The Darwin of the social sciences, Marx met the same misfortune as the natural scientist, that of having a system built on his ideas. Systematic Darwinism had a "Darwinian" explanation for everything, including society, much as systematic Marxism "explains" nature; not until scientists broke the systematic fetters were they able to accept or reject Darwin's ideas, fit the accepted ideas into the sciences, and go beyond Darwin.

So with Marx. All his creative originality was congealed into a system which had a "Marxist" explanation for everything, which strengthened the Hegelian hangovers in Marx instead of destroying them in favor of his critical realism, and which was unjust to Marx himself because the system denied his emphasis on the historical relativity of ideas. The more the system stifled creative growth and fed upon exegetical husks, the more arrogantly authoritarian it became. One logical outcome is the use of Marxism as an opiate for the masses in Russia, where Marx and Lenin—and Stalin too—are godheads of a political religion in which the dialectic plays the mystic part of Holy Ghost and interpretations are decided by the brute force of those in power. We cannot blame the degeneration of systematic Marxism upon Marx, who once said, "Thank God, I am no Marxist!" But the degeneration is there, and it is one more reason for discarding the system.

Yet it is the system that "gets" newcomers to Marxism. They forget that systematic Marxism was always largely an ideology, and that it is now nothing but ideology for the authoritarian masters of Marxism, who use it to justify whatever they want to do. Newcomers are apt to emphasize those ideas of Marx which should be discarded or modified on the basis of historical relativity and experience, and which prevent independent, creative use of the sound ideas. We must make an approach to Marx that freely accepts or rejects his ideas, regardless of the systematic strait-jacket, fit the accepted ideas into today's climate of opinion and needs, and go beyond Marx to new explorations and syntheses.

It should be remembered, however, that most criticisms of Marx have been capitalist apologetics. Marx has more often proved to be right than his critics, largely because of his emphasis on the driving force of change in capitalism which the critics considered eternal; his predictive economic analyses are now verified by capitalist transformation and decline. Break the systematic fetters and apply the principle of the historical relativity of ideas, and Marx again becomes a stimulus to all minds intent on radical social change.

SOCIALISM INTO TOTALITARIANISM

With systematic Marxism must go many of the specific ideas of Marx. Among them are his revolutionary tactics in relation to democracy, which were worked out in the backward Europe of the 1840's and 50's. The tactics were Jacobinism with a proletarian twist: Communists must use the bourgeois democratic revolution to seize power and set up a dictatorship of the proletariat. Those tactics were later rejected by European socialism because their historical basis, the democratic revolution, was gone by. Revolutionary Marxism was suspended in the air. It was condemned to sectarian futility, to interpretation of democracy as dictatorship of the bourgeoisie (which makes Jacksonian democracy and fascism the same and justifies proletarian dictatorship), and to the invention of plans to circumvent democracy. The Marxist tactics came to life only in Russia, where the bourgeois democratic revolution gave Lenin the chance to apply them, with the result that "left" Marxists flocked to bolshevism in 1917-20, unaware of its historical limitations.

Much of what Lenin did might have astonished Marx, but many of the results of his Marxist tactics caught Lenin unaware. Both of them believed that the tactics of proletarian dictatorship meant "completion" of the democratic revolution in a socialist democracy. But in practice the tactics led to totalitarianism. This result cannot be attributed simply to the backwardness of Russia. There was in Russia, to be sure, hardly any class-economic basis for socialism and not enough experience of democracy to make socialism democratic, but the revolution itself unloosed mighty democratic forces. These were destroyed by proletarian dictatorship, whose "temporary" suppression of democracy, it is now clear, becomes institutional and creates vested interests opposed to democracy. Lenin saw some of the dangers, but his administrative measures to encourage democracy without allowing real democracy were a failure. And those who called for "workers' democracy" while accepting dictatorship were playing with words, because limiting democracy to "the workers" means, in the end, democracy for nobody. Proletarian dictatorship brought results the opposite of what Marx and Lenin had dreamed.

Suppression of democracy forced the Bolshevik dictatorship to depend increasingly upon the political, cultural, and moral heritage of Russian backwardness—feudal-Asiatic despotism, terrorism, servility, fear—in addition to new reactionary forces created by the dictatorship itself. Lenin, in the final years of his life, waged a titan's fight on what he called the "czaristic" nature of the Soviet state—and left an essentially totalitarian regime. The end-product is Stalinist totalitarianism, whose Byzantine spirit is expressed in the typical ravings of a Stalinist poet: "I live, I love, I beget children, all thanks to thee, great educator Stalin!" Communist and fascist dictatorships start from opposite premises to arrive at the same totalitarianism because of their suppression of democracy. The original class-economic differences are blurred if not destroyed by the self-interest and power politics of totalitarian dictatorship, which becomes independent of democratic pressures and ideas.

But that is by no means the whole story. Another significant fact must be considered. There is in totalitarian Russia, by and large, a socialist economic set-up—collective ownership, no capitalist property or profit. Yet traditional socialism always identified that set-up with democracy. This has led to all sorts of theoretical hocus-pocus. If the economic basis is socialist, some say, the resultant must be socialism; and Stalinist totalitarianism, they conclude, is a "higher form" of democracy. If the resultant is not democratic socialism, say others, the economic basis cannot be socialist; and traditional socialism washes its hands of the whole business.

Actually the situation is this: *the socialist system of collective ownership is compatible with totalitarianism.* It is, in fact, the basis of a new, all-devouring totalitarianism because of the new element of political centralization of all economic power.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC

But if the system of collective ownership may be the basis of totalitarianism, then the system in itself is not socialism. Collective ownership is socialist only if it promotes greater democracy and freedom. To argue the contrary is vulgar economic determinism, which distorts history—and our understanding of ends and means—by overemphasis on the economic factor, for any particular economic organization of society is capable of many superstructural variations. While collective ownership *may* result in socialism, the evidence now is overwhelming that it may also result in totalitarianism. And overemphasis on the economic factor in socialism leads to the most fantastic conclusions. Thus the *Socialist Appeal*, the American Trotskyist organ, argues that since "the Soviet Union remains, despite the Kremlin gang, upon the economic foundations laid down by the October Revolution," the invasion of Finland is justified, and "it is the duty of the Finnish workers to be Soviet partisans." That is determinist logic gone mad. It shows no awareness of the profound implications for socialist ends and means in the fact that totalitarianism and collective ownership are compatible.

Denunciations of Stalinism are not enough. Nor is it enough to say that a socialist economy must operate under democratic conditions. We cannot thus easily dispose of the disturbing conclusion that collective ownership is compatible with totalitarianism. The situation becomes still more disturbing if we draw, as I now think we must, another conclusion: *there is a totalitarian potential in the socialist economic system.* Russian communism exploits the potential but did not create it.

Here is a problem of which traditional socialism and Marxism were never fully aware, if they were aware of it at all. They took it for granted that socialism meant a higher democracy, and impatiently dismissed all arguments to the contrary—including the suggestive ideas of syndicalism and guild socialism. But taking things for granted in social dynamics spells trouble. We need a clearer understanding of democracy and its relation to socialism.

ACCENT ON DEMOCRACY

Democracy is always specific, never general. And it is always specific historical forces that make for democracy. What are those forces under capitalism? There are the separation of economic and political power—against whose feudal combination the early bourgeoisie fought—expressed in the theory of "that state is best which governs least"; the relatively widespread ownership of productive property, with its many independent sources of livelihood and a middle class of small independent enterprisers whose struggles against big property invigorated democracy; the free market and free competition, the spirit of which spread from the economic to the political and intellectual spheres in the democratic expression of conflicting class interests and ideas; and the independence of organizations in relation to the state (freedom of association), including labor unions whose whole drive was toward democracy. All these forces, many of which worked in an automatic fashion, insured at least a minimum of democracy under progressive capitalism.

These specific democratic forces are suppressed by a socialist system of collective ownership, especially if it is all-inclusive. The system means nationalization and planning, under which there is no automatic working of economic forces. It means the combination of economic and political power in an all-powerful state, under a bureaucracy with a monopoly control of the sources of livelihood. This in turn may mean the end of the independence of organizations, including labor unions, in relation to the state. There clearly is a totalitarian potential in such a set-up, which drives toward suppression of democracy even without dictatorship. Traditional socialism has always insisted that collective ownership of the means of production and distribution is economic democracy. It now appears, however, that the democracy is only potential. If the historical forces of democracy under capitalism are suppressed, new forces must be set in motion to insure democracy under socialism. Collective ownership, far from being enough, even tends in the totalitarian direction. The democratic potential of socialism, which may broaden and deepen democracy by destroying oligarchical economic controls, can be released only if the appropriate institutional arrangements are created to make the new collective controls democratic.

Again I suggest that non-Marxist radicals do not gloat. They may, in an "I told you so" spirit, cite Herbert Spencer's prophecy of "the coming slavery." But that prophecy arose out of a social Darwinism that is now exploded. They may use the admission of a totalitarian potential in socialism to argue, in a "let well enough alone" spirit, the merits of capitalist democracy. But that democracy was always limited, and it is now everywhere endangered by structural changes in capitalism which react against democracy. For the specific historical forces that gave life to capitalist democracy are passing away. They are not bound up with capitalism in general but with the specific competitive capitalism which has been replaced by monopoly capitalism. New democratic forces are not being created as the old ones pass away.

The "immutable" laws of the free market and free competition are wrecked by monopoly capitalism. Monopoly has severely limited the widespread ownership of independent productive property, which was one of the sturdier supports of democracy. Separation of economic and political power is breaking down under pressure of increasing state controls over economic activity; the controls arise partly out of the complexities of monopoly capitalism and partly out of capitalist inability to solve the economic crisis. Bureaucratic dangers multiply as the swollen state bureaucracy combines with the bureaucracy of corporate industry. The independence of organizations, especially labor unions, is constantly threatened. And the harassed middle class of small independent enterprisers tends to abandon its earlier democratic ideals in its increasingly desperate struggle for security and survival.

Capitalism is suppressing its own democratic forces. Fascism may complete the process. And what if fascism moves from ruthless regulation and limitation of capitalist property and profit to expropriation and nationalization? Ideological differences between fascism and communism would then mask the complete identity of a system neither capitalist nor socialist, in which a new bureaucratic ruling class uses economic collectivism as the basis of a new tyranny. And the differences themselves would merge, as they are already merging, in an identical totalitarian ideology.

Totalitarian dictatorships did not create the collectivism which is their economic basis. Collectivism is the product of modern industry. With its need for far-flung organization, bureaucracy, and planning, collectivism has a definite totalitarian potential—which carries over to socialism. From collectivism stem the increasing economic powers of government: the efforts, reactionary or progressive, to fashion new social controls for a collectivism that makes unworkable old institutions and ideas. There are totalitarian dangers in the situation. They lie in an indiscriminate multiplication of state powers, without democratic safeguards, that inflate bureaucracy and provide it with the means of becoming totalitarianism; in halfway measures that discredit democracy because they fail to solve the economic crisis and so provoke the desperation of capitalist reaction, fascism or communism. Collectivism is forcing readjustments that are transforming capitalism. The real radical job, as it now shapes up, is to democratize an economic collectivism that is inescapable and that may become the basis of a new totalitarianism.

The accent is on democracy. Yet if it is true that the economic readjustments of socialism must build upon democratic procedures and values to escape totalitarianism, it is equally true that democracy can escape totalitarianism only if it builds upon those readjustments. In that unity is the re-creation of democracy and socialism. They must join in the struggle for a cooperative commonwealth whose economic arrangement promotes freedom, individual dignity, and tolerance, and at the same time solves the economic problem. We are all doomed, whatever our democratic creed, if we do not grasp the meaning of the new situation.

[*In next week's issue Mr. Corey will discuss ways of achieving and maintaining a more democratic economic order without the sacrifice of political democracy.*]

Lewis, Roosevelt, and the U. M. W.

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Columbus, Ohio, February 2

THE failure of trade unionism to cope with the problem of unemployment was the undercurrent that ran through the miners' golden jubilee, held here in the birthplace of the United Mine Workers of America. Started fifty years ago with fewer than 20,000 members and only $139 in the treasury, the U. M. W. is now the largest and most powerful labor union in the world. It has 612,000 members. More than 90 per cent of the industry is under contract and check-off. It has a substantial treasury—$2,500,000—notwithstanding the heavy drain upon its funds caused by advances to new unions and the six-week work stoppage during the 1939 contract negotiations. Existing contracts run to 1941, thereby assuring in the normal course of events a continuous flow of income for more than a year. The union has stood the test of time and strain. It has had to surmount every possible obstacle: discrimination, discharge, black list, yellow-dog contracts, strikes, lockouts—long and bitter struggles with their accompanying evictions, hunger, bloody riots, terror of company police. Miners have gone to jail, fought, starved, and died so that the union might live. It has lived through good times and bad, wars, panics, dualism, factionalism, and above all through the vicissitudes incident to an anarchic and very sick industry.

As a trade union the United Mine Workers has reached the pinnacle of success. It has strength, prestige, resources, competent leadership, a loyal and disciplined rank and file. It has improved immeasurably the lot of its members. It has not only increased wage rates and bettered working conditions, but it has wiped out a thousand and one infringements of the miners' liberties. It has forced the recognition that the mining camps are part of the United States, with all the rights and privileges which that inclusion confers.

But with all these gains, the balance sheet shows the miners still in the red. The industry continues to ail. According to figures compiled by the Bituminous Coal Division of the Department of Interior there is a net average loss of eleven cents on every ton of coal mined and marketed. Under these circumstances the union will find it difficult to ask for upward wage adjustments when the contract comes up for renewal. The present base rate for a seven-hour day is $6 in the North and $5.60 in the South. On a tonnage basis it is possible to earn more than the base rate. This is a long way from the $1.50 for a ten-hour day that obtained when the union was first organized. It is likewise a long way from the millennium. As long as the miners cannot expect an average of even two hundred work days a year, their annual earnings remain below the requirement for health and efficiency. Partial unemployment and a low standard of living are their constant problems, and the situation threatens to get worse as other fuels reduce the amount of coal used.

Protection against mine hazards, which miners have been fighting for since the very early days of organization, is not only still inadequate but incommensurate with available safety devices. Every million tons of coal mined exacts a toll of three lives and approximately two hundred injuries. There was a time, as one of the veterans at the convention testified, "when it was cheaper for an employer to lose a worker than a mule." Great strides toward safety have been made, but the situation is still bad when it is possible to have such a disaster as occurred recently in Bartley, West Virginia, in which ninety-one lives were lost. For years the miners have been asking for a federal inspection law, and this is still being fought by the operators, who, according to Mr. Lewis, "seemingly have demanded through the years as one of their inalienable rights the right to kill and butcher coal miners rather than make the mines safe, because it costs money to make them safe."

These problems, particularly unemployment, cannot be settled through collective bargaining alone. They demand effective government action, and the government's persistent failure adequately to cope with them called forth Mr. Lewis's much-discussed political tirade:

> As the current year opens, the Democratic Party is in default to the American people. After seven years of power it finds itself without solution for the major questions of unemployment, low national income, mounting internal debt, increasing direct and consumer taxation, and restricted foreign markets. There still exists the same national unhappiness that it faced seven years ago.

There is nothing equivocal about this statement. Nor does it give a false picture. Can anyone contend that the Democratic Party *does* have a solution for unemployment, low income, mounting internal debt? The statement tells the truth, but for all that it is unfortunate. It is unfortunate because a responsible leader ought not to make a statement of this sort unless he is prepared to carry its obvious implications to their logical conclusions. It is a statement appropriate for Norman Thomas to make, not for John L. Lewis. Mr. Lewis has not gone Socialist. He has not broken with capitalism. He has not even reached the stage of seeking independent political action. He has merely decided to go on a political shopping tour, and on such a tour one should not break with the merchant who so far has offered the best terms. After divorcing himself, as Mr. Lewis did, from the President and the "third termites," what has he left?

Granting that Senator Wheeler has a better chance for nomination than most political prophets are willing to allow, Mr. Lewis is still left far from his goal. For Mr. Wheeler has made no commitments. In his speech before the miners' convention he emphasized his devotion to workers, to farmers, and to other groups. He pointed to the folly of need in the midst of plenty, but gave not the slightest inkling of how he would remedy the conditions he deplores. All one could gather from the Montana Senator's speech was that "Barkis is willin'."

The most serious feature of Mr. Lewis's political maneuver is his defiance of the will of his miners and of millions of other workers. From the emphasis given by the press one would think that forty-seven U. M. W. locals defied Mr. Lewis in asking indorsement for President Roosevelt for a third term. Exactly the reverse is true. Mr. Lewis defied the forty-seven locals. The resolutions were sent in long before he made his statement, and he most assuredly knew of them. The miners, on the other hand, did not know of the statement until it was read to them. And that goes for top-ranking officials, including the head of Labor's Non-Partisan League, who would be charged with the responsibility of effectuating any political policy adopted by the miners or the C. I. O. It looks as if only the luckiest of circumstances can save Mr. Lewis from finding himself out on a political limb. One of these lucky circumstances, from Lewis's standpoint, would be a decision by Roosevelt not to run. For if he does run, it will be Roosevelt and not Lewis who will control labor's vote.

So far labor has found a way of reconciling conflicting loyalties. A survey made since the convention reveals a series of rationalizations directed toward this end. I personally interviewed workers from many industries—coal, steel, men's clothing, glass, aluminum, railroad and electrical equipment and services—as well as white-collar workers and professionals devoted to labor's cause. All except those of a Communist tinge are for President Roosevelt and determined to vote for him should he run again. There can be no doubt about this attitude. It is clear and emphatic. At the same time the workers who profess it refuse to admit that they are going counter to Lewis's wishes. They believe—or profess to believe—that Mr. Lewis did not mean what he said, that he exploded a bombshell for some strategic reason which he cannot yet divulge. Their varied surmises as to what prompted this sort of strategy may be summarized as follows:

1. Lewis and the President had a secret understanding whereby Lewis was to frighten the Democratic Party

into making concessions to labor which the President alone could not have forced.

2. President Roosevelt has done more for labor than any other President in history, and Lewis appreciates the fact. Labor, however, has become apathetic. It has come to take things too much for granted. Lewis intended by his speech to rouse labor out of its indifference and to stir it to more active support of the President.

3. The reactionaries were all set to defeat the President and the New Deal program but, now that Lewis has denounced both, will rally to their support. A bit of fine play-acting on Lewis's part and "smart" strategy.

4. It was an effective way to explode the anti-third-term myth and make possible President Roosevelt's re-election.

5. It was designed to prevent a deal between Roosevelt and the reactionaries of the Democratic Party for the vice-presidency. Lewis served notice that he wants no reactionaries, and so Senator Wheeler is a likely vice-presidential candidate to run with Roosevelt.

6. Lewis is a skilful negotiator. When he deals with the coal operators, they never quite know what he is up to until he swings them around to his way of thinking. He is using the same technique here, and no wonder the politicians don't know whether they are coming or going. He'll let them know when he is good and ready.

These are but a few of the major categories into which the surmises fall. There are many more. Out of them all emerge several general conclusions concerning the political views of the rank and file of labor. Roosevelt has been a great President and is a great friend of labor. Labor is for him and wants him to run for a third term. Lewis is a great labor leader. Therefore, he cannot be against Roosevelt. His statement to the contrary is a strategic move. The direction is not entirely clear, to be sure, but it will be made clear in time. It has already had one good effect. It has made labor think and be on its toes, ready for anyone who tries to put something over.

Does all this sound fantastic? Perhaps. Yet it is an accurate summary of the attitude of a large section of labor. Its significance is hard to weigh at this time. It will save face for Mr. Lewis and it will probably leave the political situation just as it was. In larger terms it may be regarded as a sign of labor's difficult transition from "pure and simple" trade unionism to a broader participation in the nation's political and economic affairs. It is regrettable that the transition is so confused, for these are critical times and the price of confusion may be high.

Turkey Is Not Neutral

BY NERMIN MUVAFFAK

Ankara, Turkey, January 16

ONE is hard put to catch the historical mood of the moment in a world in which the only quiet and unchanging spot is the no man's land between the Maginot and Siegfried lines. Even that may no longer be true when this article is read. Indeed, a great many things may be changed by then. But some things are certain: returning to Turkey after an absence that coincided with the outbreak of the war and the signature of the Anglo-French-Turkish pact, I find that the country has taken a turn in a very definite direction. Turkey today is not neutral. It is, like Italy—and will be perhaps for as long as Italy—non-belligerent. To one who has been following developments in Turkey during the past few years there is nothing startling in this fact, particularly when one remembers that Turkey is pro-Ally but not anti-Soviet.

Before war broke out there was much speculation about the possibly devastating effects of the undue expansion of Turkish and Balkan trade with Germany in recent years. Now once more the mysterious truth becomes apparent that when the wheels of war are set revolving, economic liabilities may well become assets, and assets liabilities. The fact that about 45 per cent of Turkey's export and import trade was with Germany used to worry a great many people. As I write, a delegation in London is negotiating for new outlets for Turkish trade and is exceedingly likely to be successful, while Germany seems ready to offer Turkey the moon in exchange for a little chromium. A new economic relationship has arisen between the Turks and the Nazis.

Interesting revelations of the new mood in Turkey are found in the daily press. In Turkey there is of course no openly partisan press since there is only one legal party. But without flying a banner it is possible to express shades of meaning, and this has been even easier of late. Formerly opinions about Germany had to be expressed with a certain amount of reserve. Now it is the pro-Nazi dailies that must guard against a too free expression of their sympathies. The anti-Nazi papers are having the time of their life, and all of a sudden it has become possible to acquire a great deal of knowledge concerning facts that one has always been curious about. I knew, for instance, in a dim sort of way, that there existed a Nazi propaganda and spying organization in Turkey. I had heard that the Nazis in Ankara kept track of the circula-

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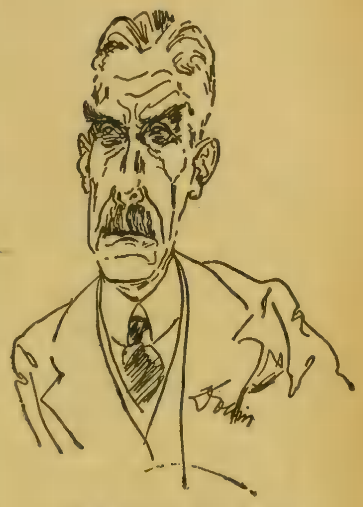
tion of radical books through the sales of the Ankara bookstores. (Ankara is a city of only 125,000 souls, and it is a simple matter to discover the likes and dislikes of the people.) Now the press is suddenly full of the details. The *Tan*, an Istanbul daily of liberal tendencies, has been publishing a series of articles on the organization of German propaganda in Turkey. According to these articles the organization functions under the orders of a member of the staff of the German embassy and has headquarters in Istanbul, Ankara, and Izmir, in which cities there are small German colonies. The propaganda work is carried on not only in the German colony but also among members of Turkish student groups, the intelligentsia, and the commercial and industrial classes. In each of the three cities named above there are district leaders, not a few of whom are functionaries in Turkish institutions receiving Turkish pay. The leader in Ankara, according to the *Tan*, is a teacher of German in one of the Turkish schools.

German methods of propaganda in Turkey are not confined to "cultural" pressure. The *Tan* cites instances of other types of pressure, naming names. At the time of Goebbels's visit to Istanbul it published an item about his interest in the local night clubs, whereupon its offices were visited by a representative of the Bayer Aspirin Company who threatened to withdraw all German advertising from the paper unless it modified its tone in regard to Germany. (German advertising in Turkey is said to be centralized in the hands of this representative.) Again, a German official connected with the Deutsche Orient Bank in Istanbul visited the editor-in-chief and placed before him a detailed statement of the paper's financial obligations, with an offer to meet all such obligations for a consideration. Two weeklies, *Karikatür* and *Ak Baba*, have also encountered efforts to exert advertising pressure on their policies.

A more general campaign has been raging in the press against German attempts to bring about a cooling off in Soviet-Turkish relations. Ambassador von Papen himself gave impetus to the campaign when, at an embassy dinner, copies of the German White Book, translated into Turkish, appeared beside the plate of every guest. Translations of an article in *Pravda* and of a speech by Molotov, both critical of the Turks, were sent to all the newspapers and appeared in the mail of a number of commercial firms and private citizens. This bit of intrigue was commented on copiously and forcefully in the Turkish press. The translations came from the information bureau of the German embassy, but where had they been printed? Anything can be published in Turkey provided it bears the names of the person or persons responsible for publication and of the publishing house. Both were missing. The *Tan*, always eager for an opportunity to show a link between official and non-official German agencies in Turkey, stated that the translations were hot off the press of the *Turkische Post*, the German newspaper published in Istanbul. A subsequent police raid of the offices of that paper proved this to be the fact. The police found vast quantities of the offending translations, and the editors of the *Turkische Post* finally admitted that the printing had been done at their press, but added that they had merely put through an order of the information bureau of the embassy, as they would that of any customer. Why they had not mentioned this commercial transaction earlier, in view of the clamor in the papers, they did not say. From that time on the Turks have been making their own translations from *Pravda.*



Ambassador von Papen

However, German interest in Soviet-Turkish relations has continued. The official German news agency, the D. N. B., reprinted articles from the German press entreating the Turks to be careful lest they become embroiled with their great neighbor, though this, the Turks understand, is just what Germany wants. A Viennese correspondent circulated a canard to the effect that President Inönü was contemplating a visit to Bagdad. This brought forth a full editorial by the *Yeni Sabah's* anti-Nazi editor-in-chief, Hüseyin Cahid Yalçin. In this rumor of a visit to Bagdad Mr. Yalçin saw an attempt to interpret the recent tripartite pact as a move against Russia. He quoted from articles in Bulgarian papers, which had eagerly picked up the morsel, to the effect that England and France hoped to make use of Turkey's prestige in Iran, Iraq, and Afghanistan, the countries of the Saadabad pact, to create a new *cordon sanitaire* stretching from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean. In this manner Soviet Russia would be blocked in any attempt to combat British imperialism in southwestern Asia, and incidentally Turkey would have taken a position against Soviet Russia and would be open to attack by it. He added that the Bulgarian press was playing Germany's game and concluded as follows: "The Turkish people, who know the meaning of such words as friendship, pledge, and international honor, will never enter any enemy combination against the Russian people, with whom they are friends, and they will remain sincerely faithful to the Ankara tripartite pact." This is the Turkish position in a nutshell.

It need hardly be repeated that the Nazi campaign in Turkey has been conducted with the greatest possible lack of tact and understanding. The presence of von Papen in Ankara has rendered incalculable service to the cause of anti-Hitlerism. Every new move of the German embassy, reinforced by German commercial and financial interests in Turkey and by the D. N. B., justifies a new outburst in the press. Alone the *Cumhuriyet* occasionally raises its voice in defense of the Nazis. But even that paper has become considerably more moderate in its tone if not in its sympathies.

Yet firm as it is in its likes and dislikes, the press is no less so in its non-belligerency. While the Turks are resolved to live up to their obligations they have absolutely no intention of precipitating a crisis. "We live in extraordinary times," commented Zekerya Sertel in a *Tan* editorial. "Europe is engaged in a life-and-death struggle. With this struggle Turkey has no concern. The purpose of the young Turkish republic is to remain as far away as possible from this war of great nations, to live in peace and comfort, not to enter the mêlée until the danger reaches our frontiers." Having picked up no territorial tidbits in the last war, and lost only the crumbling remains of an empire that meant nothing but headaches, Turkey is more truly at peace with the world than any nation in Europe. As long as the present situation can be maintained, the Turkish people can make use of it to consolidate and improve their own position.

Today the Turkish republic enjoys a prestige unequaled in its recent history. All over Europe people are tuning in on the Ankara radio. The Anatolian News Agency maintains a radio news service in seven languages, twice a day, and on my way through Europe to Turkey I heard many persons say that they tune in on this in preference to Radio-Paris or the B. B. C. Ankara broadcasts repeat impartially the news of all the agencies, belligerent and non-belligerent, and though the gentlemen from Havas, Reuter's, D. N. B., and Stefani word their news items with an eye to the effect, one has an opportunity to hear them all and draw one's own conclusions.

Apart from this very significant orientation in the press and on the air, life in Turkey has not changed much since the war. A small air-raid flurry in the early days, when no one quite knew who would be dropping bombs from the sky on whom, has completely subsided. There are no blackouts, no gas masks. Prices have gone up a bit, as was inevitable after such fundamental changes in foreign trade, but there is no scarcity. Coffee and gasoline are plentiful and there is meat every day in the week for those who eat meat. It would be useless to pretend that events in the world at large are not being watched with an anxious eye. But the feeling does exist that Turkish statesmen are handling matters in the manner most advantageous to the country, and that the chances are fair for the continuance of the present situation, for a few months at least, perhaps for much longer.

Everybody's Business

Gold and Inflation

TWO weeks ago I pointed out that redistribution of our excessive gold holdings could only come about when we were willing to buy more goods and services from other countries than we sold to them. Until then, or so long as we are prepared to pay a fixed price for the metal, our hoard will continue to grow. It is possible to argue, however, that this process is not doing any serious harm and may in fact be doing some good. For while we have unemployed men and idle machines we might as well utilize some of them to make goods for other countries even if all we get in exchange is a metal of questionable intrinsic value. True, it is a form of pyramid-building, but even that is socially more desirable than allowing men to decay on relief.

The question arises, however, whether too much gold can harm our internal economy. Some people imagine that the larger the gold base of our monetary system the safer it must be. But it is a popular fallacy to believe that inflation can only come about through abuse of the printing-press. No matter what the medium of exchange may be, if the amount available expands while the supply of goods is unchanged, prices will rise. Our chief safeguard against inflation today is not the fact that every dollar bill is covered more than twice by the Treasury's gold holdings but the fact that our productive machinery is running well below capacity. Consequently any serious rise in prices would quickly stimulate output and thus provide its own corrective. Until we return to something like a state of full employment gold inflation will be only a potential danger.

Every new shipment of gold into this country leads to an increase in bank deposits and provides the basis for an increase in credit. But only a basis, for bankers are in a state of mind that makes them ultra-cautious about granting loans, and good borrowers lack confidence in their ability to use money profitably. As a result the banks are building up larger and larger reserves, which now exceed legal necessities by more than five and a half billion dollars. Many bankers and economists feel that this is a very unhealthy state of affairs, for if there were a sudden change in business psychology, and the present exaggerated pessimism gave way to a spell of equally unthinking exuberance, bank credit could be enormously expanded without the Federal Reserve authorities being able to check it.

The latter have two weapons at their disposal. They can sell government securities in the open market, thus reducing the total of bank deposits, and they can raise reserve requirements. If used early enough, the psychological effect of such moves would be very powerful, but there would be a natural hesitation to employ them to check a demand for credit which might well seem to denote merely a very desirable increase in business activity. And by the time boom proportions were reached stronger weapons would be needed.

The Federal Reserve Board itself believes that its brakes are too weak for an emergency. "The potential lending power derived by the banks from the receipt of this gold,"

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a recent bulletin stated, "creates an unprecedented problem of control because the unused reserves of the banks are much greater than can be absorbed by the Federal Reserve authorities under present powers." Winthrop Aldrich, chairman of the Chase National Bank, agrees with this opinion and in a recent speech suggested that gold coins and certificates should be put back into circulation again so as to transfer some part of the Treasury's hoard to the pockets of the public and thus diminish the base of the credit pyramid. No doubt some people would be glad of the opportunity to fill up an old stocking with shining coins, but it is improbable that the Midas complex is sufficiently widespread to reduce seriously the amount of gold in the banking system.

Mr. Aldrich himself recognizes this and proposes further that the Federal Reserve Board should be given powers to increase reserve requirements beyond the present 26 per cent maximum. It is not certain, however, how much support he will get from the financial district for this plan. According to B. H. McCormack, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, many bankers object to giving the Federal Reserve further powers to manage credit, and share the opinion expressed by R. C. Leffingwell, Morgan partner, in a memorandum recently presented to the TNEC, that "no man or group of men . . . can be wise enough to manage our money." At the same time its author suggested that one remedy for the gold situation was "to allow commodity prices to rise somewhat." In other words, Mr. Leffingwell is advocating a mild dose of inflation, which might, under present circumstances, be beneficial to our economy. Nevertheless, it is dangerous medicine unless antidotes are available at the point where a state of full employment is attained. For this reason it seems essential not merely to retain but to strengthen monetary management. Not otherwise can we hope to damp the potentially explosive possibilities of our gold hoard.

In the Wind

THE In the Wind editor can't let *The Nation's* seventy-fifth birthday slide into the past without sharing with readers a few of the many items, amusing or enlightening, encountered in earlier volumes of the magazine:

THE FIRST sentence of the first paragraph of the first page of the first number of the first volume read: "This week has been singularly barren of exciting events."

THIS ADVERTISEMENT appeared in the same issue:

"New Skirt for 1865
The Great Invention of the Age in
HOOP SKIRT
J. W. Bradley's New Patent Duplex Elliptic (Or Double) Spring Skirt
This invention consists of Duplex (or two) Elliptic Steel Springs, ingeniously braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, making the toughest, most flexible, elastic, and durable spring ever used. They seldom bend or break. . . ."

A BITTER ATTACK on sweatshops was published on June 19, 1890. After painting a desolate picture of "Our Sweating System," the editorial concluded: "The beginning of summer is a bad moment to urge a reform on the attention of the more fortunate classes of the community; but we trust no one will go to the seaside or mountains without remembering the helpless tens of thousands who are left to swelter in the city in these stores and workshops, for a precarious livelihood, without determining that something shall be done next winter to relieve our civilization of this disgrace."

AN EDITORIAL called The Law of Population, published on April 9, 1868, observed: "The sentiment of love is one of the strongest and most valuable of the social bonds; but it is, nevertheless, not necessary that every time a lover kisses his sweetheart he should do so with an eye to the general weal." The author was E. L. Godkin.

A TWO-COLUMN analysis of The Etiquette of Smoking appeared in the issue of December 14, 1865. Its conclusions were: "The old maxim that the effect ceases with the cause does not apply to tobacco, the after odor of which is often more disagreeable to non-smokers than the immediate result of its consumption. Hence a gentleman should purify himself thoroughly after smoking before venturing into ladies' society, and a room where gentlemen are accustomed to smoke should be carefully ventilated and pastilled before it is used by ladies."

DEPLORING "OVER-EMPHASIS" on athletics in American colleges, *The Nation* of February 20, 1873, warned: "A college is something better than a training-place for athletes; it needs, indeed, a good hearty and healthy physical training to accompany and aid its intellectual work . . . but whether the intercollegiate regatta is a desirable means to the good end is a little doubtful, and the college authorities may be obliged to suppress it out of regard to higher interests. It may prove such an unnatural growth of the manly art of boating as is the prize fight of the equally manly art of self-defense."

ALTHOUGH E. L. GODKIN never heard of Martin Dies, *The Nation* of March 21, 1867, published a preview of Dies committee methods. Commenting on the report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction *The Nation* wrote: "The demagogues are beginning to find the 'stump' a failing instrument; . . . even the Congressional speech . . . is but a feeble mode of expression. . . . Something had therefore to be found which would secure more attention than mere expression, whether oral or written, of individual sentiments, and which would, nevertheless, tend really to individual glorification—and this thing has been found . . . in 'reports' of Congressional committees. The process is a very simple one. A bill—or set of resolutions—is introduced . . . it is not intended that it should ever develop into a law; what is wanted is to make it the text of remarks in the shape of 'a report' by an ambitious committeeman who has an 'ax to grind.' . . . The report rarely contains anything but his own private and individual nonsense. . . . His composition goes forth to the country with the authority of the committee . . . with his name most prominently associated with it."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Eire's Case Against England

WHAT is the actual situation in Ireland that has produced the bombing outrages, for one of which Peter Barnes and James Richards have just been executed? Why is it that from the beginning of the war President de Valera, who has set his face like flint against the violence of the Irish Republican Army, has been gravely concerned lest the old enmity between Ireland and England flare up to such an extent that Ireland would no longer be neutral in the present war? Since most people have only the vaguest idea of the so-called Ulster situation, this would seem to be the moment to present a factual statement of the Irish case against England.

This is the way Eire sees it: By its Government of Ireland Act of 1920, for which not one Irish member voted, the British Parliament set up a separate government for "Northern Ireland," which contains 1,279,753 persons out of a total Irish population of 4,245,607, and comprises 3,351,444 acres of the total acreage of 20,375,925, or roughly one-sixth of the territory and three-tenths of the whole Irish population. This Northern Ireland includes Armagh, the seat of the heads of the Catholic church, as well as Downpatrick, the alleged burial place of St. Patrick. The reason given for this act was the necessity of protecting a minority declared to be of different race and religion. To this Eire replies that the religious difference exists but not the racial, and that there is in Northern Ireland a large Nationalist or Catholic minority which has been deprived by unjust laws and gerrymandering of its proper share of political power. Eire denies that Northern Ireland has ever been a unit socially, economically, traditionally, or administratively. Six of the nine counties comprising it were the old province of Ulster. The Catholic minority is alleged to be one-third of the total population.

The Irish point out that there are actually two administrative systems existing in Northern Ireland: the British government, which controls customs and excise, post office, telephone, navigation, external trade, navy and army and air force, and all questions of citizenship; and a government of Northern Ireland, which has no power over the main sources of its tax revenue and no control over its electoral laws. Its government and parliament are responsible to the people, but under a governor appointed, and mainly paid, by England. They declare that the financial arrangements have broken down from the very beginning and that Northern Ireland has failed to pay its way as prescribed by the Government of Ireland Act. The southern Irish maintain that the government of North Ireland is oppressive and tyrannical not only because the Catholic minority has been deprived of its proper share of electoral power, but because the principal guaranties of the liberty of the individual have been abolished, although Northern Ireland forms part of the United Kingdom and is supposed to be ruled by the British constitution. In addition, they assert, there is systematic discrimination against Catholics as to both employment and education.

What is it that the southern Irish wish England to do? Here I must quote the words of Captain Henry Harrison, who is one of the outstanding protagonists of a united and independent Ireland:

> The answer is clear. She [England] should hold the balance even. Britain should take immediate steps to terminate the unconstitutional oppression of the Nationalist or Catholic minority in Northern Ireland. Britain should also forthwith terminate her financial support of the partition of Ireland by direct and indirect subsidies. Northern Ireland of its own free will would then decide its own fate. It could lapse into the British system for all purposes and become an undifferentiated fragment of the United Kingdom if it so desired. There is little doubt, however, that sooner or later it would rejoin the parent body of Ireland on fair and freely negotiated terms. As soon as it ceases to be a British imperial interest (whether avowedly or covertly pursued) to keep Ireland divided by fomenting religious differences, Irishmen of the north and Irishmen of the south, whether Protestant or Catholic, will come together in cordial fraternization as they did in immense numbers in the Great War on the western front.

Obviously this last point is the all-important one. Would it really be possible for the Ulster Protestants to live happily within the Catholic fold of Eire? Or would it be merely the substitution of one oppressed minority for another? It would seem as if the British might be won over to a united Ireland if there could be agreement on this point, and if adequate guaranties could be given that the Ulster Protestants would be quite free. Meanwhile, the outlawed Irish Republican Army seeks to take advantage of England's involvement in the World War to force a solution favorable to Eire. But every time a bomb goes off, the cause of Eire is injured, in my judgment, because of the bitter anger aroused by these wanton crimes.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS'S "In the American Grain," for some years out of print, has just been reissued as the first title in the New Classics Series (New Directions, $1). The essays which make up the book do not fit into any conventional category. Even the term essay does not describe them unless we think of essay in its primary meaning as a word rather than as a formalized literary form. Using extensively the source materials of history, Mr. Williams is concerned with extracting from incidents and personalities in the American past their essential quality and meaning. His tools are the creative imagination, which is often more accurate than a slide rule, a capacity for direct perception, and a disciplined skill in expression which have made him one of the most original and accomplishing poets now writing.

The clue to his objective is contained in a paragraph in the essay on Père Sebastian Rasles:

> . . . [Americans] do not believe that they have sprung from anything: bone, thought, and action. They will not see that what they are is growing on these roots. They will not look. They float without question. Their history is to them an enigma.

And by history, of course, Mr. Williams does not mean dates and battles. One of the first essays is a reconstruction, extraordinarily moving and vivid with suspense, of the discovery of the Indies by Columbus; another recites the destruction of Tenochtitlan and the conflict between Montezuma and Cortez as leaders and as men. Other subjects are Cotton Mather's Wonders of the Invisible World, the Discovery of Kentucky, George Washington, Poor Richard. The last is Abraham Lincoln.

> It is Lincoln pardoning the fellow who slept on sentry duty. It is the grace of the Bixby letter. The least private could find a woman to caress him, a woman in an old shawl—with a great bearded face and towering black hat above it, to give unearthly reality.

Reading this book I was reminded of the seeds of grain buried in the tombs of the Egyptian kings which sprouted again when they were restored to soil and sun and moisture. That, essentially, is what Dr. Williams does with the facts he has chosen from American history. The result is a collection unique and fresh and very rich.

And now I must protest against the folly of reprinting Dr. Williams's book in type so fine that only the hardiest eyes can read more than a few pages at a time. I hope the rest of the New Classics Series will be spared the physical handicap of what seems to be eight-point type. (You are reading ten-point.)

Frederick Lewis Allen goes in for a very different treatment of history in "Since Yesterday" (Harper and Brothers, $3). His is the journalist's not the poet's-eye view, and where Dr. Williams broods over the sub-surface lineaments of our distant past, Mr. Allen charters a charabanc and whirls us through an exhibit of the nineteen thirties which is already half museum because many displays are designedly ephemeral and there is nothing so dated as last year's hat, unless it is the sweater suit of 1929 pictured in the frontispiece of Mr. Allen's book.

Mr. Allen's first chapter, which is a recapitulation of "what you were doing on September 3, 1929," demonstrates that the recent past can seem more remote than ancient history. On that day the big bull market reached its peak, though no one, alas, suspected it. Automobiles were angular in shape, and there were so many of them that on Labor Day, September 2, the roads leading into New York were choked for miles outside the city limits with returning week-end traffic. Prohibition was with us. Calvin Coolidge was still alive. Hoover had been six months in office. The first Silly Symphony had just appeared. The names in the headlines were those of Jimmy Walker, Senator Heflin, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and Dolly Gann. And so on.

These are among the ephemeral exhibits. There were others, however, which received less attention at the time but have become more imposing with the years. Even in 1929, 78 per cent of the American population had family incomes of less than $3,000, some 40 per cent had less than $1,500. The farmers weren't getting along so well, and there were several millions of unemployed. There was a mountain of fixed debt.

After 1929, the deluge. Even now, when recovery is recovery only by comparison, the story of the first three years of the Great Depression reads like a tall tale, and Mr. Allen has recorded it with great skill. Banks failing, factories closing, the dams of private relief breaking before the tidal wave of unemployment and hunger, families evicted, schools closing—to the tune of business cheer campaigns and assorted idiotic capers of local Canutes.

The dramatic climax came in March, 1933, when a blight with the gay name of bank holiday descended over the entire country, and in the awful silence the voice of a new President boomed out the phrase about money changers fleeing from the temple.

That seems a long time ago. Since then we have had the experiments and palliatives of the New Deal. The money changers are still operating, but the government holds first, second, and third mortgages on the temples in Akron and Chicago and Cleveland. The Administration has put a cushion on the cold, cold ground: bank deposits, if you have any, are guaranteed up to $5,000; federal relief has taken the edge off starvation and cut down incitement to riot; we have the beginnings of a social-security system. In another sector industrial unionism has improved the lot of the mass-production workers. But the basic domestic problems remain unsolved, while fascism and a new war in Europe cast an ever-blacker shadow.

Inevitably Mr. Allen's narrative is much concerned with economics; but he never slights the human side, both tragic and comic, of a decade during which the American people learned so much, in the hard way, about the facts of life that the twenties seem now like an age of innocence. Mr. Allen points out that the tragic decade left unimpaired our civil rights and our capacity for optimism. We shall have need of both, and of the humor that did not fail, even in 1931. Remember "Oh, Yeah?"

MARGARET MARSHALL

A Synthesis of History

A STUDY OF HISTORY. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Volumes IV, V, VI. Oxford University Press. $23.

THE last 150 years have been years of unparalleled progress in all fields. It may be safely assumed that progress in these 150 years has been greater than during all the preceding centuries. This is also true of our knowledge of history. Work in archives has widened our knowledge as immensely as did archaeology. With this expansion of our historical horizon the task of synthesis becomes at the same time more imperative and more difficult. Of the living generation of historians few if any are as qualified as Dr. Toynbee to undertake this task. He seems as familiar with civilizations long past or far removed in distance as he is firmly rooted in the traditions of Western civilization, and he builds his structure on the secure foundations of the Graeco-Roman heritage and of the Bible. He shows a catholicity of mind and an urbanity of style which are unfortunately growing very rare today. His *magnum opus*—of which the first three volumes appeared five years ago, the second set of three volumes has just appeared, and further volumes are to come—has dealt so far with the geneses and growth of civilizations, and with their breakdowns and disintegrations. The volumes are, in spite of a certain repetitiousness and some obsolete peculiarities of style, not difficult to read. They should find a circle of appreciative readers outside the ranks of the professional historians. For they abound in fecund suggestions; they blaze new trails through the thicket of five thousand years of history; with a certain boldness in many of the hypotheses there goes a sober and slow-moving caution in the presentation of supporting facts which robs the book of the incisive brilliancy of Spengler's fascinating synthesis of history but provides it with a solid foundation and what will undoubtedly be a duration unknown to Spengler's dazzling, but passing, success. As Spengler's synthesis of history culminated in, and was written for, an analysis of present-day trends and their implications for the immediate future, in the same way one of the great merits of Toynbee's book is the light which it throws on our present situation and on the roads which mankind may travel toward its future destiny.

In a brief space the reviewer cannot do more than single out one or two of the fundamental conclusions of these 1,800 pages. The progress of civilization consists in finding effective responses to ever new challenges; the breakdown of civilization occurs if the creative minority is not any more able to find such responses, but proceeds instead to the idolization of institutions which no longer correspond to the needs of the new situation which has thrown up the new challenge. Our present crisis dates from the eighteenth century, when two new forces arose, democracy and industrialism. These two forces were not given free scope but were, so to speak, caught in the meshes of the existing institution, the parochial or national state. Democracy, however, is not parochial but universal.

> Its essence is the spirit of fraternity which knows no bounds but those of life itself. The natural field of action for democracy is then a field that embraces all mankind; and it is on this range that its spiritual potency is beneficent. But when this potent spiritual driving force is diverted into the mechanism of a parochial state, it not only ceases to be beneficent, but becomes malignantly subversive. Democracy imprisoned in parochial states degenerates into nationalism.

In the same way industrialism is a cooperative system of work which demands the organization of the earth into one single field of economic activity; otherwise it will die of asphyxiation. A perversion of industrialism corresponding to that of democracy has made it instead an instrument fortifying under the guise of economic nationalism the political parochialism of our civilization. Economic nationalism represents "an exploitation of the apparatus of a parochial state for the purpose of promoting the economic interests of its population at the expense of the rest of mankind." Therein lies the chief reason of our economic crisis, because economic nationalism attempts the impossible "in trying to harness the intrinsically ecumenical force of industrialism to a parochial aim." To these new ecumenical forces we have to adjust our institutions of sovereignty and of personal property. In a disintegrating civilization the challenge of a new situation is met, however, not by the response of adaptation to the new circumstances, but by the idolization of the past or of a historical phase, by the worship of the part instead of the whole, or in our case by an isolationism which is as strong in some of the democracies as in some of the totalitarian states, except that in the democracies it is pursued in opposition to the meaning of democracy itself. Without the wealth of the detailed examples brought from all civilizations and from all times for the substantiation of this statement, it seems somewhat barren and apodictic; the reviewer cannot do better than to send the reader to the volumes themselves, which after all is the purpose of all reviews.

This reviewer finds it impossible to agree with the sentimental and romantic longing for the catholicity of the Middle Ages at their height which seems to pervade Dr. Toynbee's discussion. It is in the age of Gregory VII that Dr. Toynbee sees the culmination of Western civilization. "Can Hildebrand [Gregory VII] arise again in his might to heal the wounds inflicted upon the souls of his flock" by later developments? To regard this as the greatest of all the questions that have to be answered in this twentieth century seems to me, at least in the formulation given by Dr. Toynbee, as much of an aberration from the real problem as is this other sentence: "If we have really lost the power or the will to practice the virtues of Gethsemane, then it is certainly better to practice those of Sparta or Walhalla than to practice none at all." Dr. Toynbee puts the question in the form of a *tertium non datur* of despair. A return to the eleventh century is impossible. If we have to look back, then it is better to raise before our eyes the short interlude of enlightened tolerance and width of horizon of the eighteenth century. But the response to the challenge of the twentieth century cannot be found in any "return." The twentieth century represents something fundamentally new in human history. Western civilization is not any more today *a* civilization, but *the* civilization. This civilization, under the impact of the ecumenical forces of democracy and industrialism, which arose only in the eighteenth century, is tending to become universal as no civilization before, and therefore incomparable to any preceding civilization. Dr. Toynbee has diagnosed our contemporary crisis rightly as the result of the anachronistic survival of the national state in radically altered circumstances. But they are altered beyond any possibility of comparison with the days of Augustus or Hildebrand. The Christmas message of the King of England and the Emperor of India to his peoples to fight for the preservation of Christian civilization seemed, at least to this reader, unfortunate and incongruous, not only because it is doubtful how far Great Britain can be identified with Christian civilization, but because the large majority of the people to whom the appeal was addressed were not Christians, but Hindus and Mohammedans, who might be called upon to defend a universal civilization, but who may doubt their mission to defend a specifically Christian civilization as much as probably did the Moors whom General Franco raised to the dignity of defenders of Christianity and the church.

There are some other conclusions which the reviewer is tempted to question, for instance, the underestimation of the fundamental contribution of French civilization to human progress, notably of that contribution which is connected with eighteenth-century France. Throughout the course of Western civilization France, especially again the rejuvenated France of the nineteenth century, has been an inspiration to the intellectual life and to the progressive forces of Europe. But any questions which the reader will interject from time to time in no way detract from the gratitude which he will owe to Dr. Toynbee. Even where he has to disagree he will be indebted to Dr. Toynbee for a provocative inspiration to think again, and to think out of a deeper knowledge, about the most fundamental and at the same time the most pressing problems of our time and all times. HANS KOHN

The German Enigma

THE OTHER GERMANY. By Erika and Klaus Mann. Modern Age Books. $2.75.

THE German exiles living abroad today are curiously free from bitterness and loss of perspective in regard to their native land. On the contrary their sense of responsibility and their political conscience seem to have been stimulated, forcing them to deal honestly and constructively with their own and the world's most burning problems: with Nazism and the roads toward and away from it.

The Manns have studied and analyzed the new Germany for years, but in their new book they build up a case for the defense of the "other Germany," the Germany which must be fitted into the historical perspective yet seems momentarily buried under the vast cruelty and barbarism of the present regime.

"Are the Germans Nazis?" the Manns ask at the beginning of their book. "No," they assert, but find themselves imme-

Thomas Mann's son and daughter speak out

Are all Germans Nazis? The son and daughter of Thomas Mann answer a passionate "No!" They reveal the real heart and mind of the eternal Germany which has survived under the Third Reich and will long outlive Hitler, and they indicate how Hitlerism will meet its doom. By the author of *School for Barbarians* in collaboration with her brother. $2.75

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"Extraordinary and very moving."—*Sat. Rev.*

RESTLESS WAVE

By Haru Matsui

MODERN AGE BOOKS, INC.
432 Fourth Avenue New York City

diately confronted by a more fundamental question: "What are the Germans?"

> An enigmatic people, these Germans—the enigma par excellence, we sometimes think: the "bad boy" among the nations, at once melancholy and aggressive. . . . In a mixture of conceit and self-abasement they trumpet forth into the world: "Look at us! We are a singular people . . . we combine the noble melancholy of Hamlet with the rebellious insatiableness, the ever-striving unrest of Faust."

Concrete characterization of the Germans is, however, not easily accomplished. The Manns quote from Goethe, Nietzsche, Heine, and Heinrich Mann and point to characters like Luther, Frederick II, and Bismarck. Character interpretations of paragraph length must at best be sketchy and opportunistic. It is difficult to explain one nation to another nation by means of a hasty pageant of native genius, be it angelic or demoniac. Genius is always removed from the level of consciousness of the masses, and as the Manns themselves assert, "there never was [in Germany] any democratic, free, and easy contact between the creative spirit and the common people." One might, in fact, say that the Germans deny their genius.

Not getting too much enlightenment on Germany's many-faceted soul by examining her great men of the past, the Manns very sensibly turn to truth nearer home and give a rapid description of Germany in the twenties. They do so with tenderness, understanding, and nostalgia. They defend the Weimar Republic, although, they insist, there might be a lot to say about "its faults and weaknesses." The republic wasn't bad, they keep on reiterating.

No, the republic wasn't "bad," but it was not imbued with realism. The Manns quote Article 151 of the Weimar constitution in defense of the lofty spirit of its originators. "Economic life is to be ordered according to the principles of justice with the aim of guaranteeing everyone a livelihood consistent with human dignity. Within these limits the economic freedom of the individual is to be secure." Considering the time, place, and circumstances into which the young republic was born, such optimistic phrasing seems audacious if not downright demagogic.

The best and freshest part of the book begins when its authors deal with the present regime in Germany and its actual and potential threats to the world. Here they report from first-hand knowledge, and they do it with discrimination and fire. But they seem certain that once Hitler is disposed of and the Nazi system destroyed all will be well again, that the Germans will then no longer be "bad" but "good."

> All the Germans need to do is to find themselves—and they will find their way to Europe. They are not to deny but to fulfil their national character. . . . Let them but listen to the noble voices that spring from their own midst! Let them follow the eloquent counsel of their own great, the flowing enthusiasm of their own music, the wisdom of their own philosophers!

Yes, all would be well if the whole complex business labeled "Nazism" could be made an affair of morals and, possibly, aesthetics. Unfortunately there are political and economic sides to it, too. Since 1918 Germany has actually had two revolutions. Twice—in 1919 and in 1933—it has changed its political regime and started to rebuild its economic system. It has done so from grim necessity. Even behind the repulsive and ridiculous front of the Nazi regime, there worked a steady impulse toward economic recovery. I say "worked," because since all this second impulse did was to precipitate a war, it too obviously failed. But after the war what? The will to survive and not the desire to be "good" or "philosophical" will push the nations into a coalition of cooperating states. Nor can the question now be solved as to whether this coalition will be voluntary—dictated by idealism—or enforced—dictated by the strongest state. The Germans may "find themselves"; this means, I suppose, that the inner springs of the nation's soul are to be touched so that the milk of human kindness and mutual understanding will flow again. But this utopian recipe à la Rousseau has never proved adequate in the establishment of a well-functioning society of nations.

The masses in Germany today are political fanatics to an unheard-of degree. To make them adapt themselves to more liberal standards of government and a universally established humanitarian code will demand years of systematic education. Paradoxically one might add that no liberal leader could accomplish such a task, nor will it be actually brought about unless such education is made tempting by a program of universal economic cooperation. TONI CHRISTEN

Huxley in Hollywood

AFTER MANY A SUMMER DIES THE SWAN. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS is Aldous Huxley writing very much in the manner of Aldous Huxley, which is to say, in the manner of a twentieth-century Swift, with a withering contempt for the human animal. To him, practically everyone is eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves, each pushing his puny shoulder against the colossal stone of his own stupidity. The only happy people in his novels are those who live on the completely "animal plane" of appetite and its satisfaction and those who live on the "eternal plane" of stoical realism, forgetful of self, armored against desire. Of the latter type he usually places one in every novel to comment philosophically on the action, presumably voicing the author's own views, and Mr. Propter serves volubly and well as Huxley's mouthpiece in this latest devastating fable. "After Many a Summer" excoriates two human weaknesses: one local and specific, the other more or less universal. The local foible is Hollywood, which has been much more acidulously caricatured by writers who know it better—last year, for example, by Nathanael West in "The Day of the Locust"—and the general one is man's longing for eternal life. Here Mr. Huxley is on more familiar ground, for he can bring all of his tremendous learning in literature, philosophy, and science to bear on the absurd yet pathetic gropings of Jo Stoyte, a fabulously rich entrepreneur who surrounds himself with Arabian Nights' luxury in abominable taste and lives in terror of the conqueror worm. He knows that money cannot buy immortality, but at least it can buy the services of Dr. Obispo, a Mephistophelian scientist pursuing the secret of longevity.

To explain how a pleasant but grotesquely ineffectual

British gentleman and scholar helps to set Dr. Obispo on the right track would be giving away too much of the story, which is told with the usual Huxleyan compound of brilliant epigram, fantasy, irony, suave erudition, and skilful lubricity. If you have liked the earlier displays in the Huxley freak show, you will find this very good entertainment; if the others have shocked or bored you, steer clear.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Colorful China

THROUGH CHINA'S WALL. By Graham Peck. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

OLD China hands invariably possess a lore regarding things Chinese which is fascinating to a novice. But they lack something which every newcomer to China possesses—capacity to see the color and the romance on every side. No old-timer could have written "Through China's Wall," because the things which Mr. Peck finds so exciting and colorful are, for the most part, merely the stage setting for China's real drama. For the average reader, the observations of the newcomer are the more absorbing because he sees the country and its people as the reader himself would see it if he had the opportunity to make the same trip.

This is not to suggest that Graham Peck is merely a novice who skims the surface in this fascinating story of his travels. It is rather to his credit that after more than two years in China he was able to impart all the freshness of a first impression. At the same time he has been able to assemble a mass of detail and folklore which would do credit to an observer with many more years' experience. To be sure, Mr. Peck had advantages of travel paralleled by few foreigners. After a stay of several months in China's most romantic city, Peking, he made an unusual and highly interesting trip to Kweihwa and from there into the Mongolian desert, spending a month as guest of a Mongolian chief in a yurt far removed from any town. The fact that he made this trip only a few weeks ahead of the advancing Japanese may mean that he was the last foreigner to see old Mongolia free from the Japanese yoke. His description of this remote region is both realistic and romantic. It is the kind of travel writing that makes the reader take out the literature of his favorite tourist agency and try to figure out the cost of a trip to the Far East. The sketches which accompany the text, Mr. Peck's presumable excuse for undertaking the trip, are fully as exotic.

After returning from Mongolia, Mr. Peck traveled down to Shanghai and thence up the Yangtze to Ichang and Chungking, settling down for a time at Chengtu in China's Far West. A brief trip to the borders of Tibet followed, after which he journeyed through Yunnan to Hanoi and back to Peking, in time to be on hand for the incidents which led to the present war. The last few chapters are darkened by the Japanese invasion, but this does not detract from the charm of the book. One is merely glad that a writer of Mr. Peck's descriptive powers saw the country before it was laid waste by the invader or modernized by its struggle for independence. For regardless of the outcome of the war, the China described in this book will never be seen again.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

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Human Being into Saint

TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP: THE STORY OF WINIFRED HOLTBY. By Vera Brittain. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN HER "Testament of Friendship," a chronicle of the life of Winifred Holtby, Vera Brittain has succeeded in embalming her friend, sealing her up in air-tight devotion. The events of Miss Holtby's life are recorded with scrupulous fidelity, but a protective anxiety has taken a strangle-hold of Miss Brittain, and only rarely does her subject slip through the network of excellent prose and emerge as a fallible human being. "Winifred," says Miss Brittain, "was a saint."

Starting in Yorkshire, Winifred Holtby's birthplace, the story runs evenly through her school days, war-time service, life at Oxford, her journalistic bombardment of the not over-enthusiastic press, her lecture tour in South Africa, and so on. The growth of her success was steady and unspectacular. It increased with her increasing preoccupation with social and economic problems, and culminated in the acclaim that greeted her posthumously published "South Riding." Her concern for the oppressed and exploited was undoubtedly sincere, but her substantial middle-class background manifested itself in a trace of smugness in her attitude to those whose lot she strove, genuinely, to better.

Had the friendship of Vera Brittain for Winifred Holtby been untinctured by idolatry, "Testament of Friendship" might have been less redolent of an epitaph. The sustained impulse of the writer has been to extol, with the result that she has fabricated a woman in the semblance of a ministering angel, whose wings overshadow every human relationship. There is more than a suggestion that Winifred Holtby herself embraced too willingly the role of benefactress, shouldering the burdens of her multifarious relatives, friends, and acquaintances with a high-mindedness that evaded the rough and tumble of more equal contacts.

The last part of the story tells of her struggle against the encroachment of dire and lingering sickness, and of her final, almost gracious, acceptance of the knowledge of untimely death.

EILEEN HOLDING

MUSIC

THE campaign to get the public to pay $1,970,000 for the antiquated Metropolitan Opera House has begun; and the air is thick with the dust that is being thrown into the public's eyes. There has been talk, for example, of saving opera, which is not subsidized here as it is in European countries—conveying to some people the idea that the producing company is in financial trouble, when in fact it is not. Or the talk is of preserving opera's historic home—conveying the notion of an opera house with which the functioning and excellence of the producing company are so integrally bound up as to be impaired if it were lost, when in fact the Metropolitan, behind and in front of the proscenium arch, is possibly the worst theater in the world for its purpose. Or conceding its defects, which they promise to remedy, the Metropolitan directors contend that it is the only theater available, and that if it is not saved—that is, bought—opera is lost; when in fact opera could be given in a new opera house, and if the members of the Metropolitan Realty Company really are compelled to sell the old building by the failure of some stockholders to pay their assessments they should be willing not to sell if the deficit is made up, until the new opera house can be built.

The talk is also of "a true national music center" which will serve "broad public interests"; and this has caused even the *Times,* at last, to observe that "no one can cherish the illusion that the Opera House itself, in its present form, can serve such a purpose," and to conclude that if the interior cannot be remodeled "to serve the greatest good of the greatest possible number . . . plans for a new opera house should be resolutely kept in mind." Perhaps the *Times,* commenting on the promises of alterations backstage and more comfortable seating arrangements for the public, will point out that the additional space needed backstage is to be found only in Seventh Avenue, and that the public which is to be made more comfortable turns out to be the one which can afford the parterre boxes that are not subscribed for by their present owners, or the expensive seats that are to replace the grand-tier boxes.

But the Metropolitan directors have a more powerful ally than the *Times* in David Sarnoff. A friend told me recently of an occasion when his wife's parents, here on vacation from a mission in China, decided to make the farewell party a visit to the opera, and paid $8 for four seats in a rear row of the side of the Balcony for a performance of "Der Rosenkavalier" which was mostly invisible and only indistinctly audible. One would not expect this to be of concern to Mr. Cornelius Bliss or Mrs. August Belmont sitting downstairs all their lives; but Mr. Sarnoff began life as a poor boy whose love of opera may well have led him to pay $2 for a seat from which he could neither see nor hear; and one would suppose that today he would want the poorer opera lovers not to be mistreated in this way and would not ask them for money to insure the Blisses' and Belmonts' continued enjoyment and their own continued mistreatment—that wishing to see opera go on he would offer the help of his broadcasting network only for a campaign for a new opera house. And much the same thing can be said of Mayor LaGuardia.

My friend's story is one answer to President Roosevelt's statement that "grand opera has now become, in a real sense, the people's opera rather than the possession of only a privileged few." The President had in mind, of course, the millions of radio listeners all over the country who hear the performance that is broadcast once each week and who do not suffer from the present opera house's inadequacies. But as long as what they hear originates not in a studio but in a theater in which performances are given six or seven times each week for paying audiences of two or three thousand, this theater should serve the performers and audiences in a way that the Metropolitan Opera House does not and cannot possibly serve them.

W. J. Turner has pointed out that the passion, violence, demoniac intensity one is aware of in some of Mozart's music are crystallized into the purest, simplest, clearest, most delicate of musical forms, and that it is this fact which makes Mozart the supreme classical artist. It also provides a standard of judgment of performance: there was always a question whether Toscanini's performance of the G minor Symphony was not too explicitly impassioned for the style in which the emotional content of the work was implicitly crystallized; and now, on the records issued by Victor (M-631, $6.50), it is tumultuous, ferocious. On these records, also, it has a harshness of sound and an occasional blurring of sharp contour which are the fault not of Toscanini but of the place where the recording was made, and therefore of N. B. C., which prefers to broadcast and record Toscanini's performances imperfectly rather than admit that its studio is less than perfect for the purposes. But even with the defects in style and recording the performance has qualities that make any Toscanini performance something to marvel at.

The sounds which come from Stokowski's new set of Debussy's Three Nocturnes (M-630, $6.50) are fabulously beautiful; and on the record of "Fêtes" (2034) they add up to a superb performance of the work, recorded at different volume levels on the two sides and with a break, regrettably, in what should be the continuity of the procession. On the other hand, the lush sonorities on the record of "Nuages" would be better suited to the emotions of that famous "simple, sensuous, passionate being" on the morning after his famous afternoon; and for a performance which conveys the aspect of sky and clouds that Debussy intended one does best to acquire Inghelbrecht's version (Columbia P-69314-D). And "Sirènes" one can neglect entirely.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

"PINOCCHIO," Walt Disney's second feature-length picture, is a free version of Collodi's fantasy; it tells the story of the puppet given life by the Blue Fairy and changed into a "real boy" when he proves in many adventures—after initial failures—his truthfulness, courage, and unselfishness. The picture surpasses "Snow White" in many respects though not in all, and presents at least three unforgettable characters: the amorous cat, the jealous fish, and the pompous, humorous cricket—the puppet's good but not too watchful conscience. Everybody, young and old, the world over will enjoy them thoroughly. They steal the show even from Pinocchio himself, who cannot compete with their personalities—the emphasis being on his adventures and not on him as an individual.

There is a variety of fantastic milieus: the woodcarver's shop full of clocks as only Disney can construct them; Stromboli's stage show with the best dancers yet produced; Pleasure Island, where children are allowed to behave like the villains they are, to smash mirrors and whole houses, to drink beer, and to smoke thick cigars, and are finally turned into jackasses—a scene of unsurpassed dramatic power; the journey to the bottom of the sea; the sojourn in the belly of the whale and the escape. Each sequence is full of life, satirical comment, color, and movement. Moreover, the sequences follow one other in a grand rhythm, yet, paradoxically,

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the whole picture seems smaller than its parts. The paradox is not difficult to explain. After achieving the creation and perfection of the cartoon film, Walt Disney is still on his way. He has worked out his means and is master of his technique. With "Snow White" he accomplished the step from the short to the full-length picture. "Pinocchio," with its variety of milieu and action, gives him the occasion to consolidate his technical position. It is, because of this same variety, a less homogeneous story. One misses some of the relaxation which the lyrical parts of "Snow White" provided, and also its stronger central idea. That this is so in spite of the excellence of detail shows only how far the cartoon film has once more been advanced. It is now equal to any theme. Consequently attention and demand are already shifting from the form to the content.

After "Pinocchio" one looks forward to "Fantasia," announced as Walt Disney's next production, with excitement. He will understand that we do not call him a "timeless genius," or "Pinocchio" the happiest event since the Armistice or even since the outbreak of the present European war. He shows in his work too great a sense of proportion not to smile to himself at the labels pinned on him and his productions. He is obviously far from his own goal and will therefore take extravagant notices—they differ from the reactions of the audience, which left "Pinocchio" in a divided mood, half smiling, half bewildered—not at their face value but as a symptom of escapist tendencies in a cruel time.

"The Fighting 69th" (Warner Brothers) is "Angels with Dirty Faces" all over again, in a war setting and sprinkled with historical incident and patriotism. James Cagney plays his bad East Side boy and Pat O'Brien the noble priest who never gives up trying to save him. The boy is as tough, cynical, and lonesome as ever, always ready to pick a fight behind the trenches, but shell-fire he cannot bear. He deserts, is caught, and is sentenced to death, only to escape in the last moment, this time to the front to die as a hero. Cagney is excellent. The variety of his expressions of fear is frightening. Otherwise the picture is a concoction which misuses a great theme by selling in new guise the stale melodramatics of the gangster films.

In "The Shop Around the Corner" (MGM) one finds genuine entertainment. Here is Ernst Lubitsch at his best, exploiting the good hearts and little peculiarities of nice average people. One is amused from beginning to end without being interrupted by stupidities or tastelessness. James Stewart plays a romantic inhibited salesman to perfection. Frank Morgan, Felix Bressart, Joseph Schildkraut, and Margaret Sullavan make up a most amiable supporting cast.

FRANZ HOELLERING

In Early Issues of The Nation

Hermann Rauschning's "THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION"
Reviewed by Franz Hoellering

Erskine Caldwell's "TROUBLE IN JULY"
Reviewed by Margaret Marshall

Elizabeth Wiskemann's "PRELUDE TO WAR"
Reviewed by Rustem Vambery

Peter Quennell's "CAROLINE OF ENGLAND"
Reviewed by Louis Kronenberger

BURLINGAME

Letters to the Editors

Polls and Politics

Dear Sirs: Writing from the standpoint of one with some experience in social and regional surveys I must agree with much of what James Wechsler said in his article on Polling America in your January 20 issue.

No one with any experience with newspapers can deny the implicit pressure, not to say censorship, of a predominantly conservative press. But it must be conceded that most of this censorship is honestly exerted. The same forces that have served to insulate the politician have isolated the editor from large sections of his community. He honestly doubts any poll which does not reflect the conservative trend of the only class with which he has any extensive contacts.

But Wechsler, in common with most commentators on the polls and, indeed, with many professional statisticians as well, falls into one very bad error. This is best illustrated in his comment that because Roper employs only 72 persons, whom he knows intimately, as against Gallup's 1,000, mostly unknown to him, "if one or two of his staff go wrong, their defections will have proportionately greater impact on the result." This is to ignore the difference in the probability of error. Roper can virtually eliminate field errors by careful personal choice of staff, adequate training, and close personal supervision. The very size and distribution of Gallup's staff means that most of them must have been selected on the recommendation of persons who themselves may have no comprehension of the requirements of statistical surveys (in one case I know, the town preacher). Whether or not Gallup can "guarantee their integrity" is beside the point. Chosen haphazardly, insufficiently trained and supervised, they will inevitably make major field errors, and these errors will not counterbalance one another. For reference, look at the individual state errors in Gallup's 1936 poll. The greater accuracy of Roper's 1936 Presidential poll was not entirely chance.

All poll critics overlook the value of personal field experience to the polltaker. Only by actual participation in the field work is the chief in a position to interpret results properly. Roper's habit of doing some of his own field work gives him a check that Gallup cannot hope to duplicate.

Finally, no one can hope to make a good survey in an area with which he has no more than a casual tourist's acquaintance or simply book knowledge, or on a subject or situation with which he is not thoroughly familiar. Gallup's accuracy in New York elections speaks well for his current knowledge of that area and its politics. His results in my own more distant state of Minnesota have not been so felicitous. In 1936 he predicted that Roosevelt would get 50 per cent of the vote. The final count revealed a landslide of 62 per cent. Worse yet, he claimed to have found this summer that 81 per cent of Minnesota voters approved of our present Republican Governor, Harold Stassen. No one with an accurate knowledge of Minnesota politics would have released such a result. No candidate for governor in Minnesota has ever received over 60 per cent of the vote; and that includes the much more popular Floyd B. Olson. Indeed, as part of one of my own polls, I made a very careful check with a similar question and found that 45 per cent, not 81 per cent, actually approve of Stassen's administration.

Before closing let me emphasize that I believe implicitly in the personal integrity of both Roper and Gallup. But I also believe that Gallup is endangering his own prestige and the standing of polls in general by mass-production methods unsuited as yet to statistical surveys, and by expansion into local surveys where his knowledge, experience, and supervision are inadequate.

C. T. WASSON

St. Paul, Minn., February 9

Pacifist Defense

Dear Sirs: As I am a pacifist, a Socialist, and an Englishman, I may be excused for feeling some indignation at the assumptions which Reinhold Niebuhr, in *The Nation* for January 20, makes about pacifism, socialism, and England. The whole of his essay seems to me to be emotive rather than factual. I will content myself with a few citations from Mr. Niebuhr about pacifism. "The pacifists measure them [the evils of capitalist society] against an ideal world in which there will be neither coercion nor resistance"; "[their] attitude of irresponsibility . . . religious perfectionism"; "a religious and moral absolute such as perfect love"; "the disinclination of the pacifists to look at the horrible consequences of tyranny"; "the attitude of cynicism prompted by a disappointed idealism is morally intolerable. But that is a lesson which our present generation of college students has yet to learn"; "pacifism is all the more popular in the churches because it is unconsciously mixed with the national fear of being involved in the war."

Mr. Niebuhr would not speak so glibly of "the pacifists" if he were really acquainted with their views. The curious opinions he imputes to them may be held by someone somewhere, but they are not the opinions of most pacifists in Europe or in America. If Mr. Niebuhr thirsts for knowledge let him reread Huxley's "Ends and Means" and Bertrand Russell's "Which Way to Peace?"

I am not a cynic or an idealist, either in the philosophic or the ethical sense. I don't want to discuss the absolute of perfect love, but it was Mr. Niebuhr's Jesus, not a modern socialist, who said "Be ye perfect." Indeed, I am perfectly satisfied to think in terms of "relative tyranny and relative democracy." Nor do I look to find a world in which there is no resistance. Nor do I care that pacifism is the more popular because there is a national fear of being involved in war. I am glad the people fear being involved in war.

I think college students are wiser than their elders if the chief plank in their platform is "Keep America out of war" and if they consistently urge the United States government to avoid entanglements with the Allied cause. That does not disincline them "to look at the horrible consequences of tyranny" in the German Reich, or even in the treatment meted out to the Negroes in America or to the natives in India.

E. RUSSELL BENTLEY

New Haven, Conn., February 7

More Birthday Greetings

Dear Sirs: Radicals believe in yanking things up by their roots and remaking them. Liberals believe growing organisms can be shaped and directed by continuous and judicious fertilizing, grafting, and pruning. Conservatives believe the social organism should be let alone to follow solely its past habits of growth. The liberal belief in the possibility of social improvement by a continuous series of changes in the right direction is thus under continuous cross-fire, from the conservatives who oppose change and from the radicals who wish complete change.

The Nation's greatest strength has been in its continuous espousal of this middle yet forward-looking position. Liberals come to power are only too likely to be appalled by the magnitude of social problems and the slowness with which efforts to correct them can take hold. *The Nation* has put constant pressure on liberals in power to prevent their becoming "tired liberals" and, therefore, ineffective ones. Liberal programs are under constant attack and sabotage by conservative groups and vested interests, often on a basis of misunderstanding and lack of knowledge. *The Nation* has kept a continuous spotlight upon the activities of such groups, has emphasized the real points at issue, and thus has helped to illumine and clarify the problem. At the other extreme, *The Nation* has paid equal attention to the program and objectives of radical groups, and tried to distinguish clearly between the aid they could give to progressive social action and extreme programs which might actually tend to block helpful liberal progress.

In the confused world of today the position of the liberal is often a lonely one. Power politics, authoritarian ideologies, and extravagant nationalisms are muddying the waters of doctrine, social and economic action, and international affairs alike. The liberal can easily decide whom or what to dislike or distrust. He finds it harder and more hazardous to decide whom he likes or whom he can trust. Liberals need inspiration, information, and guidance more than ever in such troubled times. I hope *The Nation* will long continue as one of the major focal centers in this field.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL
Washington

Dear Sirs: Congratulations for *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday are congratulations for the vitality of a democratic people's will to know the whole truth about themselves.

Ever since I was aware that the daily grist of print did not select for emphasis the things that were really important, or did not tell me all I felt I needed to know about those things, I have been reading *The Nation* to be sure of perspective. In the last few years in particular, *The Nation's* determined realism about affairs in Europe and Asia has been an indispensable corrective to an Irishman's optimistic instincts.

In wishing you many more birthdays I am wishing help to all who want to know.

THOMAS G. CORCORAN
Washington

Dear Sirs: I am pleased to send my greetings on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of your magazine, wishing you may always remain as you are at present—ripe but young.

Paris JUAN NEGRIN

Dear Sirs: I consider *The Nation,* without flattery, one of the most important and significant organs of contemporary thought in the world. I do not always agree with it. I feel that *The Nation* has at times been swayed by influences which were not perhaps always favorable to the principles of our civilization, today so gravely menaced. But its errors, when it has committed them, have never been systematic. And it has proved over a long past that it always finally finds the right road again. I believe that it will continue to be a record of our era and a guide for our generation.

JULES ROMAINS
Saint-Avertin, France

Dear Sirs: It is a pleasure and a privilege to join in congratulating *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth birthday. I have been reading it since my high-school days and would feel lost if a week went by without my copy. Even when I was in the army during the World War, I somehow managed to get hold of it now and then and enjoyed its stimulating and informative contents.

I don't always agree with *The Nation's* articles and editorial views. In fact, sometimes I think they are pretty screwy, especially some of the pieces by elder "statesmen" who do more ranting than reasoning. But the magazine is a vital and necessary factor in our country, and its undiminished existence for many, many more birthdays can only be the wish of every patriotic American.

Washington ROBERT S. ALLEN

Dear Sirs: I congratulate *The Nation* on its seventy-fifth anniversary. It represents one of the finest characteristics of the Union, fearless and independent opinion. If I had not sometimes disagreed with *The Nation,* I should not so much value the times when it has expressed my own opinion. It hews to no "party line," thank God, and speaks for this country and for no other, though its sympathies are international. It's a first-rate fighting periodical, and I wish it well. WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
New York

Dear Sirs: My enthusiastic, if somewhat belated, congratulations on *The Nation's* seventy-fifth birthday. It is the liveliest youngster that comes weekly to this house, and controversy only gives added verve to its youth. I can't pay it any higher tribute than to tell you it is the one paper which is my week-end necessity. And that is true whether I am lecturing up and down the country or rusticating on my mountain farm. I expect to be stimulated by it for at least another seventy-five years.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER
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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THE RESCUE OF THE ALTMARK CAPTIVES was an enterprise stamped with the authentic "Nelson touch," which combines audacity with a willingness to wink at the law in emergencies. Determined not to allow the British seamen, who for three months had suffered close confinement in the hold of the German ship, to be carried to Germany, the British Admiralty deliberately gave orders involving the violation of Norwegian neutrality. The complete success which attended the operation makes the Nazis' fury understandable, but so far as international law is concerned their case looks weak. The Altmark appears to have been a warship masquerading as a merchant vessel, and its captain, when asking for Norway's protection while in its territorial waters, failed to disclose the fact he had prisoners aboard. Under these circumstances the British are taking a high line, refusing either to apologize or make reparation and reading Norway a lecture for failing in its duties as a neutral. Authorities on international law in this country support the view that Norway had allowed a breach of it, but this does not automatically excuse the British, who, strictly speaking, ought to have confined themselves to diplomatic action with a view to forcing Norway to detain and examine the Altmark. In war time, however, one violation of the law usually leads to another, and the position of small states which stand between big belligerents is a miserable one, since each side demands that neutrality be so interpreted as to favor its cause. Hitherto the Germans have been readier than the Allies to apply strong-arm methods to the neutrals, and as a result have received more favors. Now, it would appear, the Allies are preparing to redress the balance by becoming equally tough.

*

DURING THE PAST WEEK THE RED ARMY IN the Karelian Isthmus has been slowly but relentlessly pressing forward, and while the Mannerheim Line, which is a position fortified in depth, has not yet been broken, it is evident that the situation of its defenders is becoming increasingly grave. Now that it has successes to talk about, Moscow is more communicative, but it is worth noting that it considers it unwise to give the Russian people any hint about the price in killed and wounded. According to accounts from the Finnish side, the Soviet expenditure in men and munitions is prodigious. Meanwhile the Finnish shortage of man-power is making itself felt. There are few reserves available for a counter-attack if the Russian drive falters, and the difficulty of affording the front-line fighters adequate rest is a constant problem. Among experts there is general agreement that only large reinforcements from other countries can save Finland. Sweden, however, has flatly refused to intervene in a military way, nor will it permit organized bodies of troops to pass through its territories. Thus even if the Allies decided to send regular forces to aid Finland—and it is rumored that they were prepared to dispatch three divisions—the way is blocked. Sweden's reluctance to abandon its position of formal neutrality is understandable enough in view of the constant threat offered by Germany. Only this week ominous movements in the German Baltic ports have been noted, while the Nazi press is openly threatening.

*

THE COLDEST WINTER IN NORTHERN EUROPE for a century is adding to the miseries of war. In Finland the weather has undoubtedly been an aid to the defense, but it has intensified the suffering of the evacués from the cities and those whose homes have been destroyed by Soviet bombers. The Northern neutrals, dependent on Britain and Germany for coal, have found their reduced supplies still further diminished owing to the freezing of the Baltic and its approaches to an extent that has almost halted sea transport. In Copenhagen hot water has become a rare luxury, and in Sweden mobilized reservists have been diverted from drills to wood-cutting. Weather news from Britain is impeded by the censor, who fears it might provide the enemy with valuable information, but it is known that there has been at least one blizzard which dislocated railroad traffic for several days. Germany has suffered still more severely, and its chronic coal shortage has become acute. The German transport system was already strained, since the blockade made it necessary to move by rail and canal goods which formerly went by sea. Ice-blocked waterways and heavy snows have produced almost a breakdown, and Berlin and other large cities are experiencing a coal famine. The result is an epidemic of influenza—a foe better fought with butter than with

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guns. But hard as is the lot of Germans, it is paradise compared with that of the Poles and Jews, who are being shifted around the country in cattle trucks or left to face zero weather in shattered homes.

*

IN THE MIDST OF ACCENTUATED ECONOMIC warfare throughout the world, representatives from ten countries gathered at The Hague under League auspices two weeks ago to discuss means of post-war economic collaboration. The conference obtained relatively small notice in the press and seems to have achieved little of immediate consequence. Yet it set up machinery which, if properly utilized, may make it possible for the world to avoid many of the economic blunders which characterized the peace following the last war. It is generally recognized that in its own field the economic section of the League has been far more successful than the political section. Given proper support from the United States and other neutrals, this expanded economic body, with facilities for thorough study and unlimited publicity at its disposal, may force statesmen to recognize realities in the post-war settlement.

*

SENATOR NORRIS IS RIGHT WHEN HE SAYS that a trustee, particularly in a receivership like that of the Associated Gas and Electric, should be above suspicion. To judge from Arthur Krock's column in the New York *Times* of February 13, Senator Norris concludes that John W. Hanes was picked for trustee by "insiders" before the bankruptcy proceedings were even begun. Some of the worst abuses in the history of corporate receiverships have resulted from just such attempts by management or controlling interest to arrange matters in advance. This may or may not be true in the case of A. G. and E. We impute no unethical conduct to Mr. Hanes. He may well have known nothing of what was going on, but we believe that under the circumstances Federal Judge Leibell would be wise to heed Senator Norris's warning, and name no trustee who can be linked in any way with the present management of A. G. and E. Too many small investors have lost too many millions in that company already, and complaisant federal courts have bred too many scandals in receiverships. Remember Judge Manton.

*

THAT DAMNABLE "COMMUNISTIC" DEVICE, the inheritance tax, has finally driven the House of Morgan to take out incorporation papers. According to the *Wall Street Journal,* not an unfriendly source, the decision of J. P. Morgan and Company to add an Inc. and become a state bank with trust powers is the result of the death of Charles Steele, a Morgan partner since 1900 and one of the firm's largest owners. Until now the firm has been a simple partnership. Incorporation, and the issuance of stock to the partners, will make it possible for the Steele estate to meet inheritance taxes without withdrawing more capital from the firm. Last September the Steele estate withdrew $5,000,000, reducing capital to $20,000,000. The sum, for so fabulously powerful a banking firm, seems a puny one to a public accustomed to think in terms of New Deal budgets. Perhaps more important than the decision to become a state bank and trust company is the announcement that the Morgans' old Philadelphia affiliate, Drexel and Company, will hand over its deposits to the Morgan bank and become a separate entity engaging in the securities and underwriting business. This will give Morgan and Company two "separate entities" in the marketing of securities, Drexel and Company and Morgan, Stanley.

*

MARTIN DIES CAME BACK TO WASHINGTON full of ideas for his spring offensive. He will expose "communism" in Hollywood, he will probe further into consumer organizations—under the distorted guidance of J. B. Matthews—and he will unveil "Communists in the government." There is little that is new in this program; for two years Mr. Dies has been promising to uncover Communists in the New Deal, and he has yet to produce one exhibit. But his announcement assured the country of another lurid instalment in the story of a committee which has become a standing menace to democratic institutions. It is only two months since the Dies committee issued its "moderate" report, winning the acclaim of liberal columnists like Raymond Clapper. Then we were told that Mr. Dies had "reformed" and that his investigation would follow a new pattern; now we know the degree of his reformation. The agenda he outlined continues a tradition: the committee will keep its eyes focused on the left and wink benevolently at the right; it will contribute valiantly to the Republican war chest; and—Mr. Dies promises—it will suspend operations this summer after the damage has been done. We would not, of course, urge the Dies committee to summon Coughlin, for under Dies's stewardship no effective treatment of Coughlin could be anticipated. If a real probe of Coughlin's affairs were made in advance, he could be cross-examined into extinction; but Mr. Dies doesn't do things that way, as earlier hearings have demonstrated. The simple truth is that liberals can expect nothing but disaster from this committee. While liberal pressure can force some improvements in procedure—such as preventing the chairman from talking at so great a rate—it cannot transform Dies. There is only one inquiry worth fighting for now: an investigation into the activities and associations of Martin Dies, as outlined by Representative Hook and *The Nation.*

WE COMMEND ATTORNEY GENERAL JACKSON for his courage and fairness in ordering the dismissal of the indictment against sixteen persons accused of recruiting soldiers for the Spanish Loyalists. He could see no good, he said, in "reviving in America at this late date the animosities of the Spanish conflict." The fact that Attorney General Murphy ordered these cases presented to the grand jury just before he was elevated to the Supreme Court makes us uneasy about his liberalism. The dismissal of the indictments confirms us in the belief that the budding Palmerism the Administration has been showing in the past few months is not favored by Attorney General Jackson and strengthens our suspicion that the FBI tail has been trying to wag the New Deal dog. To prosecute people for helping to enlist men for the Loyalists while inviting men to volunteer for the Finnish army, whatever the legal distinctions involved, was not to inspire confidence, and we are glad the matter has been dropped. We hope the job will be completed by a return of the papers taken in a raid on the headquarters of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in New York. This action flouted basic constitutional guaranties against arbitrary police action. J. Edgar Hoover and his men seem to think themselves above such trivial matters as constitutional guaranties. A reproof is called for.

*

THE RESULTS OF THE QUESTIONNAIRE SUBmitted to the New York police force primarily to determine how many are members of the Christian Front are open to conflicting interpretations; Mayor LaGuardia's statement on the issue is not. He has vigorously seconded Police Commissioner Valentine's contention that membership in the Front and service on the force are incompatible. The immediate question is what measures will be taken to give substance to his words. According to preliminary figures issued by the Mayor's office, 27 policemen admit that they are still enrolled in the Christian Front; 380 others confess to membership in the past. We see no alternative in the case of the twenty-seven to a flat demand for their resignation from the Front or the force. There are already signs that last year's street violence will be renewed in the spring under Coughlinite auspices—which means that policemen identified with the Front have no business patrolling the streets. As for the 407 who disclaim present affiliation, obviously no reprisals are in order. Undoubtedly many of them joined in innocence; certainly there is no immediate way of knowing how many retain a secret sympathy with the terrorist organization. That will be determined by their behavior in the coming months. It would be foolish to believe that the problem will be dissipated overnight, but there is reassurance in the apparent determination of city officials to face the issue before it attains explosive proportions.

UNLIKE THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY we are not in favor of "bringing God back" into economic life. The phrase sounds too much like "pie in the sky." Theology, like politics, has its demagogy, and the best way to avoid antagonizing either the worker or his boss is to explain from the pulpit that what they really need is to let the Divine Presence take care of wage negotiations. We knew that Buchman was making progress, but until we read the National Catholic Welfare Conference statement, recently issued, on "The Church and the Social Order" we didn't know he had so many followers among the hierarchy. It reads strikingly like the platform of a major political party. The hierarchy is for private property—but the labor of a human being must not be regarded as a commodity. Wages ought not to be so high as to ruin the employer—but they ought not to be so low that the employee cannot live decently. Both workers and employers ought to organize, but labor monopolies are as bad as capitalist monopolies—particularly when they lead to "violence, riot, and disorder." Economic liberalism, that is, of the Hoover-Lippmann variety, is no good—but neither is communism-socialism. "Social incoherence and class conflict must be replaced by corporate unity and organic function"—is this a plea for the Catholic "corporate state" envisaged in the encyclical "Quadrigesimo Anno"? The new statement has been hailed as the most important since the organization of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in 1919. But we will let the reader in on a secret. The social program announced at that time—no doubt owing to the infiltration of Bolsheviks into the hierarchy—was a good deal more concrete. It advocated among other things federal legislation against child labor. The new slogan seems to be, "Let God do it."

*

THE RESTORATION OF A TWO-CENTS-A-MILE fare on the Eastern railways by order of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be welcomed by everyone, including the railways that fought it. For despite determined assertions to the contrary by officials of the Pennsylvania and New York Central, the evidence indicates quite clearly that the roads do better financially at the two-cent rate than at two and a half cents. Absolute proof of this contention is, of course, impossible since the volume of passenger traffic is affected by other factors which cannot be isolated. But the long-term fate of the roads plainly depends on their regaining some of the traffic lost to busses and private motor cars. The two-cent rate is competitive, while the higher rate is distinctly a handicap. A large share of the credit for the I. C. C.'s decision should be given to Daniel C. Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, who has fought single-handed for lower fares against the officials of the other roads.

UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO SYPHILIS WAS AN unmentionable word in any popular newspaper. Now in a picture entitled "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" it is being used for the the first time in a film, with the full approval of the Hays office and the enthusiastic blessing of the United States Public Health Service. Thus slowly we are shedding the taboos which in the past have added to the difficulties of eradicating venereal disease. Warner Brothers are to be congratulated for treating the subject with excellent taste and at the same time creating a picture which conveys the real drama of scientific research. Besides being a great scientist Ehrlich was a Jew, but it never occurred to him that the value of a discovery might depend on the racial origins of the discoverer. The present rulers of Germany think otherwise. In fact, it is credibly reported that "606"—the magic bullet which Ehrlich found to kill the spirochetes of syphilis—is *verboten* in the Third Reich.

* * *

FREDA KIRCHWEY, WHOSE WEEKLY ARTICLE is omitted from this issue, has just left for a tour of Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti. She plans to send back reports of important recent developments in these islands, including a discussion of the project for settlement of Jewish refugees in Santo Domingo.

* * *

WILLIAM E. DODD WAS A GENUINE JEFFERSONIAN Democrat. Faith in the common man and a deep belief in human equality were the springs which enriched his contributions to history and determined his own conduct in public life. It was inevitable that his tenure as ambassador in Berlin should have been stormy. Dodd had a strong affection for Germany. He took his doctorate there and wrote his first book—on Jefferson—in German. He translated the great German historian Lamprecht, and when he left for Berlin it was in the belief that "economic and social cooperation" between this country and the land "of Luther, Stein, and Bismarck" was of great importance. But he soon found that he had not come to the land of Luther and Stein, or even of Bismarck, but to a strange and uncomfortable country. Dodd was no professional diplomat, no pourer of tea on troubled waters. His courage and his outspoken language soon made him persona non grata not only with the Hitler regime but with the State Department "cookie pushers" he detested. Germany made him physically ill, and he never really regained his health; he was unable to finish the history of the Old South that was to have been his major work. His writing and his teaching have left their impress on American life. His courage gave voice to the silenced millions of the Third Reich.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY'S NAME FIRST appeared on *The Nation's* masthead, as managing editor, in the issue of February 7, 1918. It was war time; Mussey gave up the security of his Columbia professorship of economics for an adventure in crusading journalism. *The Nation,* after four decades' association, was divorcing itself from the New York *Evening Post* and assuming that editorial independence which has kept it in hot water ever since. Mussey shared with Oswald Garrison Villard the responsibility of guiding *The Nation* through the sharpest change of direction in its history. Old subscribers canceled; new ones poured in; costs mounted; the government attempted suppression. Mussey carried on. After the crisis he returned to the university field, coming back to *The Nation* briefly in the Hoover years. He had never wholly left it, but most of his contributions were characteristically anonymous. So, too, though he was a keen interpreter of the quagmires of economics, he never was dogmatic enough to compose a book; his academic heritage is rather in the living minds of his students than on the university shelves.

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Japan's New Strategy

ALL signs indicate that the Far Eastern war is about to enter a new stage. The Japanese have officially announced that they will not expand their operations in the future, but will stand pat and seek to hold their previous conquests. This represents a fundamental shift in Japanese policy. Heretofore the Japanese have boasted that they would chase Chiang Kai-shek to Tibet, if necessary. There was no place for an anti-Japanese government in the "new order for East Asia." Now, it seems, Chiang is to be allowed to continue to rule in the areas of "free China" at present governed from Chungking. A glance at the map shows that this is a considerable area. Out of the eighteen provinces of China proper, the Chinese armies are still completely in control of eight and largely in control of five. Even in the coastal regions of the northeast, where the Japanese conquest has been most sweeping, Chinese guerrilla units, acting under orders from Chungking, dominate the entire back country.

The Japanese decision is clearly the result of military necessity rather than political sagacity. Five times recently the Japanese have sought to extend the area under their control. And on each occasion, after an initial success, they have suffered a severe reverse. The repulse of the Japanese drive on Changsha, capital of Hunan, still stands as the major Japanese defeat in the war. But it was followed by signal Chinese victories north of Canton and in Shansi. Conflicting claims leave the results of the recent Japanese drives against the communications with Indo-China and in Inner Mongolia still far from clear. About all we can be sure of is that the Japanese are back where they started and that they failed in their effort to cut the vital Indo-China-Yunnan railway. Although two bombing raids made on the road from the advanced Japanese position in Pinyang did considerable damage, they apparently caused only a temporary interruption of service. Less is known about the operations in Inner Mongolia, but the Japanese withdrawal from an area which would be of strategic importance in the event of a war with the Soviet Union can scarcely indicate a Japanese victory. Similarly, operations against Ningpo, the largest port still in Chinese hands, appear to have ended in failure.

All these developments suggest that Japan has no longer the capacity to organize a sustained offensive. The Japanese army, mired in the vastness of China, has found itself unable to deliver a decisive blow against the Chinese forces. At home, the shortage of coal and power resources, combined with a lack of imported raw materials, is seriously cutting down the material supremacy on which past Japanese victories have been based. Only one course, then, is open to Tokyo—to attempt to consolidate its gains as quickly as possible. But even here there are grave difficulties. Facing incessant guerrilla attacks whose success is dependent on the support of the local peasantry, the Japanese have long realized that their greatest hope lies in organizing a puppet regime which would command a measure of support from the Chinese. For this purpose, Wang Ching-wei's defection seemed a godsend, since Wang at one time had an immense popular following. But nearly a year has now passed since the Japanese began to talk of setting up a Wang Ching-wei regime. Its inauguration has been repeatedly postponed, presumably awaiting a major Japanese victory. The real test of Japan's latest strategy will come after the launching of the puppet government. This regime will doubtless command a certain amount of support both at home and abroad. It may even seriously undermine the unity with which the Chinese people have thus far opposed Japanese aggression. But this possibility seems to have been materially diminished by the repeated delays and the recent Chinese victories. Wang has lost several of his most prominent supporters, and the Japanese have made no progress in inducing other leading Chinese to play traitor to their country. As long as this is the case, Japan's efforts to consolidate its rule are destined to frustration. The war will continue until one side or the other is completely exhausted. While Japan is far from beaten, China's chances of ultimate victory seem better than at any time to date.

Four Negroes

ON THE night of Saturday, May 13, 1933, an elderly white man was robbed and murdered in Pompano, Florida. In a Southern town, when any crime is committed, the police instinctively reach for a Negro. One may dimly imagine the atmosphere when there has been a murder. In Pompano a convict guard appeared on the scene with bloodhounds. Nearly forty members of the Negro community were rounded up and taken to the county jail. No warrants had been issued for their arrest. No formal charges were filed against them. They were not permitted to communicate with relatives or friends, much less counsel. One by one, and over and over again for a week, each of the suspects was taken to a room of the jail for questioning. There he was confronted by four to ten men—the county sheriff, his deputies, the convict guard, and other white officers and citizens. The "questioning," one may be sure, was not purely a contest of dialectical skill. The third degree, particularly for Negroes in the South, does not confine itself to the classic form of the Socratic dialogue. On the night of Saturday, May 20, a week after the murder, the suspects were still denying that they had had anything to do with the crime. That night the sheriff and his aides, amateur and official, set to with new determination. The jail cook stood by to serve them coffee and sandwiches as they applied the full force of their logic to the prisoners. On Sunday morning one confessed, but the state's attorney, when shown the confession, was dissatisfied. "Tear this paper up," he said, "that isn't what I want. When you get something worth while call me." The rebuke may not have improved the temper of the police authorities, but it stimulated their efforts. Early next morning one prisoner had made a "worth-while" confession, and three others, one of whom had been kept in the death cell, also "broke." On the basis of these confessions the four Negroes were convicted and sentenced to death.

This story is one to make all Americans ashamed. The Pompano affair—by no means unusual in the South—indicates how far we have to go before the ideals in which we believe have been fully embodied in the lives we lead. It reflects racial inequality, mob spirit, brutal disregard for the most precious and fundamental rights, lawlessness in the guise of law. Dr. Goebbels collects just such items for retorts to our protests on Nazi mistreatment of the Jews. But we venture to say that though Dr. Goebbels may file this particular story away, he will forget where he placed it. For it has a happy ending of which we may all as Americans be proud. The four Negroes convicted in Florida were obscure and humble men. No political or economic issue was present in their case to mobilize vast protest. But the creaking machinery of the law kept them alive for almost seven years, and the Supreme Court has now set them free. Speaking through a Southerner who had himself once been a member of the Ku Klux Klan, a unanimous court declared, "To permit human lives to be forfeited upon confessions thus obtained would make of the constitutional requirement of due process a meaningless symbol." The court grappled here with a problem that was a severe test of the symbols on which its own power rests. It had to fight our worst form of race prejudice. It had to stand fast against the tide of the white man's unconscious fears in the Black Belt. It had to overcome the usual excuses put forward for law-enforcement agencies when they wink at the law. It passed that test. "Tyrannical goverments," Justice Black warned for the court, have "immemorially utilized dictatorial criminal procedure and punishment to make scapegoats of the weak or of helpless political, religious, or racial minorities and those who differed, who would not conform, and who resisted tyranny." We take out the stock of words required for comment, and find them all dirtied by hypocrisy and encrusted with cant. "The majesty of the law"; "equal justice"; "democratic processes"; "American ideals." We put the words away. All we can say is that the Supreme Court saved the lives of four Negroes. And saved something precious for the rest of us, too.

Wagnerian Socialism

THE newly concluded Russian-German trade pact has been hailed in the Nazi press as the practical equivalent of a defeat of the Allied blockade. It will result, according to semi-official estimates, in an exchange of goods amounting to upward of a billion marks annually, enabling Germany to make good its chief shortages of food and raw materials. Despite this ballyhoo there is not much evidence of an actual flow of commodities westward from Russia, which appears to have little surplus to export. In addition, transport difficulties, accentuated by the severe winter and the demands of the Finnish war, seem to be proving a formidable barrier.

But if trade in goods between the two dictatorships languishes, ideological commerce is flourishing. To an ever-increasing extent Goebbels's brass bands are interweaving the strains of the Internationale with the themes of *Lebensraum* and Nordic superiority. Britain is now being portrayed, not merely as the implacable enemy of the German Reich, but as the head and front of international capitalism, with whose destruction a new socialist millennium will open. Hitler in his last speech spoke of a "social war between nations in which the have-nots are fighting the haves for a new division of the world." Following this speech Nazi press and publicists have increasingly class-angled their propaganda. Dr. Robert Ley, head of the Labor Front, which is assuming a much more important role under the new policy, declared in a recent speech: "The National Socialist state leadership has not only destroyed plutocracy in Germany and allotted to money its proper role in economy, it has also freed the workers from the exploiters' fetters." This accomplished, it proposes to release the British and French workers from their bondage to capitalism and bestow on them the manifold blessings of National Socialism—a society in which every activity that is not forbidden is compulsory.

It would seem that this accent on socialism is intended primarily to influence domestic opinion and particularly to drum up enthusiasm for the regime and the war among the German workers. According to the *Inside Germany Reports*, published by the Friends of German Freedom, an attitude of unfriendly reserve toward the Nazis became prevalent when the war started. The German workers had always dreaded war, and their already low standard of living was further reduced by rationing and by the cancelation of payment for overtime and holiday work. Passive resistance seems to have led to reduced output, despite longer hours, and recently it was found necessary to restore overtime pay and to increase rations for employees of the heavy industries. But the workers' morale still leaves much to be desired from the point of view of the Nazi chiefs. Hence the effort to create a feeling of unity with the party and the state by revamping the anti-capitalist slogans of international socialism.

Propaganda of this kind may also be intended to stir up disunity in the enemy's camp. Certainly it gears in well with the furious anti-imperialist campaign which is being conducted underground by the French Communists and openly by their British comrades. These same campaigners, however, did an effective job in the years prior to August last in helping to convince British and French workers that fascism was the enemy, and Dr. Ley is hardly likely to change this opinion, however skilfully he wraps himself in a red flag. Beneath this disguise the cloven hoof of Nazism shows all too plainly, and the Berlin version of the Internationale cannot rid itself of its Wagnerian overtones: the *Ubermensch Leitmotiv* insists on breaking in. "Workers of all lands, including English and French workers—unite," cried Dr. Ley. "Combine to annihilate the old English dragon which blocks the treasures of the earth. . . . Your common enemy is English Jewish-democratic high finance." Plainly the Nazi Siegfried would like to borrow the sword of socialism. But we can be sure that if and when the British Fafnir is slain he will create a new monster compared with which that rather tired old dragon will be seen in retrospect as almost domesticated.

The Lewis-Roosevelt Feud

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, February 15

THERE is no longer room for doubt about the seriousness of the breach between the President of the United States and the president of the United Mine Workers. Even after Mr. Lewis's speech at Columbus predicting ignominious defeat for the President if he runs for a third term, a few hopeful liberals clung to the theory that it was a fake fight. The C. I. O. chief, they insisted, was merely building a backfire on the left to save the New Deal from the flames of reaction on the right—and with the consent, expressed or implied, of the White House. But the Roosevelt and Lewis speeches to the American Youth Congress revealed fundamental and apparently irreconcilable differences. They went beyond mere disagreement over rate of progression toward a common goal.

Drawing by Strom

John L. Lewis

In the beginning the Roosevelt-Lewis feud had seemed to be the outgrowth of such a disagreement. The President, a master-politician sensitive to every change in public opinion, had slowed down the New Deal after the 1938 Congressional elections to let the country catch up. By the turn of the election year 1940 the Administration had come to a dead stop—no new reforms, reduction of government spending, and reliance on foreign orders to keep the national plant in full-time operation. To Lewis, who judges national welfare from the condition of the under-dog's coat and who has little patience with the fickleness of middle-class opinion, this slow-down looked like a sit-down and was too much to bear. With 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 unemployed, political expediency was not an acceptable excuse for inaction.

The issue finally was joined on a question of foreign policy. In speaking to the Youth Congress delegates the President scoffed at apprehensions about his proposal to extend help to beleaguered Finland. Such help could not possibly lead the United States into war. Talk about the danger of loans to Finland was "twaddle" inspired by sympathy for Russia. The youngsters hadn't informed themselves. Speaking to the same audience a few hours later Lewis pointed out that his full-grown miners also had gone on record against loans to Finland because they feared involvement in the war.

The Finnish loan question may not be big enough in itself to split the liberal movement. But it is the handle to a bigger ax. Blocked on the domestic front by a hopelessly conservative Congress, the President must look to Europe for business. Finnish business wouldn't help much, but useful precedents might be established in the process of getting and financing it. More important, 98 per cent of the American people—the President's own estimate—sympathize with Finland. At least as large a proportion, it can be assumed, hate Communist Russia. Help for Finland obviously has emotional appeal and is good politics, which is not to imply that the President is insincere in its advocacy. Just as obviously, encouragement of the youths who oppose loans for Finland, presumably because of communistic leanings, is not very good politics.

Roosevelt had the popular side in the Youth Congress debate even though he got the boos and his critic the applause. Lewis apparently realized this. Two nights later, speaking at the Broun memorial meeting in New York, he said: "After all, my friends, no one man, no spirit, no matter how valiant, can turn itself alone against the great national mountains of indifference, self-satisfaction, and complacency."

But Lewis is not a spirit to tire easily, and he is not alone. His position on the Finnish question has made him a figure around whom the forces of the extreme left, badly demoralized by Russian collaboration with Germany in Poland and by the subsequent Russian invasion of Finland, can rally. These forces are numerically weak, but they are resourceful and persistent. In opposing the Roosevelt foreign policy they will find allies among the simon-pure isolationists, the peace advocates, and the militant laborites who regard foreign adventure, even though it is confined to peaceful assistance to belligerents, as a poor excuse for abandoning the home fight. That Lewis consciously planned to form and lead such an alliance is doubtful. His Youth Congress speech was extemporaneous and had the ring of indignant spontaneity.

Whether he planned it or not, Lewis has become the leader of an isolated left. Where he is going to lead it is a question. Assuming that Roosevelt does not himself run again, the Democratic nominee almost certainly will be to the right of the New Deal. No Republican who has a chance for the nomination can be acceptable to Lewis. His renewed offer to make peace with the A. F. of L. at once and settle the details at leisure has been turned down, which probably means that the labor wars will continue at least until after the election. This will encourage Congress to whittle down the Wagner Act and the wage-hour law before adjournment of the current session.

The break between Roosevelt and Lewis probably was inevitable. They are determined men, each used to having his way, and their individual brands of liberalism, while similar in objective, are compounded of dissimilar ingredients. That the blow-up should have come on the eve of a national election in which liberalism will need all its power to breast a strong reaction is more than unfortunate. It may be disastrous.

Marxism Reconsidered—II

BY LEWIS COREY

THE turmoil, changes, and problems of our age merge into one dominant fact: capitalism is being transformed. What, in the light of radical experience and frustration, do we need for the job of directing that transformation toward a desirable social order? We need a program of readjustments designed, first, to solve the economic crisis and, second, to set in motion the forces of transition toward the new order. We need tactics for the transition that will maintain and strengthen those democratic procedures and values that, going beyond capitalism, are achievements of civilization itself. We need an understanding of the institutional arrangements that are necessary to overcome the totalitarian potential in collectivism and to make collectivism democratic. There must be, finally, the harmony of ends and means; if means devour ends, victory will spell defeat for the purposes with which we started.

An aid to the understanding of those needs is found in an examination of the failure of Marxist radicalism, since no other movement has developed so much theory and practice on the problems of transition to a new order. The failure, I believe, must be blamed upon two fundamental limitations in the traditional socialist and Marxist conceptions of the transition from capitalism to socialism—misunderstanding of democracy, and emphasis on the proletariat as the "carrier" of socialism; from these flow other limitations of theory and practice.

Marx misunderstood democracy because he saw in the democratic struggle simply a means for proletarian seizure of power and dictatorship, a "catastrophic" conception of the transition from capitalism to socialism which, as we have seen in Russia, crushes the developing forces of democracy and leads to totalitarianism. While the revolutionary tactics of Marx were rejected by the traditional socialism that arose in Europe after the 1870's, democracy was misunderstood in another sense. Socialism was still identified with democracy, but was given several new twists. It was now a reformist struggle for greater democracy within capitalism, in a Europe still strewn with feudal survivals. The new creed was that democracy, a fully democratic capitalism, with gradually increasing government ownership and control of industry would "inevitably" move toward socialism.

The reformist theory worked for a time. Labor obtained greater democratic rights and political power; its social position was improved by greater material well-being, social legislation, and popular education. But other forces were at work. Democratic capitalism moved toward an economic collectivism of monopoly capital and a permanent economic crisis which were to unloose totalitarian forces. It now became necessary to broaden the struggle for democracy into a struggle for socialism. Democracy cannot survive and grow unless collectivism is democratized and the economic crisis is solved through progressive transformation of capitalism. Otherwise capitalist democracy will "inevitably" move toward fascism, which is wholly compatible with government ownership and control of industry. But traditional socialism could not break the entanglements of its accepted theory and practice. The defense of democracy in Germany met defeat because the Social Democrats and their allies were unable either to democratize collectivism or to solve the economic crisis that fed the devouring flames of fascism.

THE PROLETARIAT IS NOT ENOUGH

Disastrous, too, was the emphasis on the proletariat as the "carrier" of socialism, a theory which was bound up with the misunderstanding of democracy. There was, to be sure, historical justification for the emphasis. Against the utopian socialists who wanted to solve the social problem behind the back of society, Marx was right in wanting to give socialism a rational, material social basis; and in his day none but the brutally exploited proletariat could be identified with socialism, since all other classes saw their interests realized in the upswing of capitalism. Identifying the socialist mission with the proletariat broadened its consciousness and moral sense; the proletariat tackled its own tasks all the more vigorously because they were identified with larger historical tasks. Socialism was a tremendous human, cultural, and moral force among the workers, who were largely excluded from the benefits of capitalist civilization. But the proletarian emphasis proved historically justified only as long as the workers were struggling for greater democratic rights and well-being within capitalism. When the fight finally became a struggle for socialism itself, the emphasis on the proletariat revealed its disastrous limitations.

As socialism approached political power, especially in Germany, it was immobilized by failure to get the support of the non-proletarian groups necessary for a democratic majority. The emphasis on the proletariat alienated the middle classes and peasants, who saw in socialism an expression only of proletarian interests. Political necessity forced socialism to make an appeal to those groups. But emphasis on the proletariat was not abandoned. The appeal was never a broadening of socialism, in theory and practice, to include the interests and action of useful social groups other than the workers. It was an appeal of self-defeating opportunism. Socialism was watered down, virtually abandoned, to get the support of non-proletarian groups whose interests should have been unmistakably included in socialism and who should have been drawn into the struggle for socialism.

The contradictions between theory and practice created a split personality in traditional socialism which was expressed in an unprincipled and unwholesome combination of sectarianism and opportunism. Socialism was condemned to the futility of petty everyday tasks that had nothing to do with the transition from capitalism to socialism. The futility was rationalized in a "scientific" theory of the "inevitability of socialism"—an expression of the mystical faith in progress which ignores the fact that reaction may be as "inevitable" as progress.

While revolutionary emphasis on the proletariat led to the Bolshevik tragedy, the reformist emphasis converted traditional socialism into the political expression of "radical" trade unionism. But socialism cannot subordinate itself to unionism without still further limiting its appeal for non-proletarian groups. That is what happened in Germany: when the Social Democracy got government power after the World War it was revealed as simply a trade-union party. It made no effort to introduce measures to solve the economic crisis through progressive transformation of capitalism, or to break reactionary opposition by using those measures to arouse a people's movement for socialism. Solution of the crisis was left to the capitalists; it was considered their job. Social Democracy concentrated on the trade-union job of improving the workers' conditions within capitalism. Such a policy may work in a period of expanding capitalism, when the conditions of all classes are being improved; it is suicidal in a contracting economy, such as that of Germany in the 1920's, when gains for the workers spell losses for other classes. The burdens of the economic crisis were thrust upon the middle classes and peasants, who might have rallied to a socialism that solved the crisis but were repelled by a trade-union socialism that neglected their interests. They got their revenge in fascism.

FARMERS AND THE NEW MIDDLE CLASS

Emphasis on the proletariat is bound up with the failure of socialism to clarify its relation to other classes. That weakness, it now appears, is part of a larger failure—the failure to answer concretely the question, what is socialism? There never was a concrete understanding of what the socialist society was to be, beyond a collective ownership that we now see is compatible with totalitarianism; never a specific program of transition from capitalism to socialism; never a clear picture of where non-proletarian groups fit into socialism and the struggle for socialism. It seems an elementary conclusion to draw that *socialism must express and realize the interests of all useful functional groups within society.* But that conclusion was never drawn, except left-handedly and abstractly as "the liberation of all humanity." As a result socialism misunderstood all classes except the proletariat, a disaster which, among others, enabled fascism to catch socialism unawares.

Socialism misunderstood and neglected the farmers. It waited for capitalist large-scale farming to convert independent farmers—and peasants—into "proletarians" fit for socialism. But large-scale farming did not develop as predicted, and the new technology made it possible to work small farms efficiently. There are more tenants than wage workers in modern agriculture; and agrarian "proletarians" remain farmers and refuse to flock to proletarian socialism. Farmers must be approached on the basis of their functional interests as farmers, not as potential proletarians or "allies of the proletariat." They must be assured the independent ownership they want, limited only by the regulations of self-governing cooperatives where farming is unavoidably large-scale. Collectivization is both unnecessary and undesirable; its use in Russia was determined largely by the dictatorship's need for an agrarian bureaucracy—which numbered 2,000,000 as early as 1931—to control the peasants. The farmers must be fitted into the socialist pattern without violence to their own way of life.

There also existed misunderstanding and neglect of the new middle class. Traditional socialism and Marxism were largely right about the old middle class of small independent enterprisers: its economic power has declined enormously under monopoly capitalism, although the class is still a factor with which socialism must reckon. But a new middle class has arisen that is more important than the old—the new class of salaried employees and professionals, which in the United States includes one out of every six persons gainfully employed. The traditional socialist and communist approach to this class is much too simple: that its members are proletarians or will become proletarians. That is true of the majority, in an objective economic sense, but not of all. Moreover, whether or not they are "proletarians," members of the new middle class remain members of a class other than the proletariat, a class which performs different functions. And these are functions that carry beyond capitalism because they are the technical, administrative, and managerial functions of economic collectivism. The upper layers of the new middle class perform the job of organizing and directing industry, which was the capitalist's job before collectivism separated ownership from management. Whether collectivism is capitalist, fascist, communist, or democratic socialist, its higher functions are performed by members of the new middle class. This class, like the farmers, must be addressed on the basis of the services it can contribute to a socialist society and the benefits it can derive from one. This functional approach reveals more understanding and assures a greater unity than the class approach, with its tortured and ambiguous emphasis on the proletariat.

Continued misunderstanding and neglect may drive the new middle class to fascism. There are totalitarian elements in this class, especially in the upper layers, which come in contact with the reactionary big capitalists. The class now controls the managerial functions of a monopoly collectivism in which there is a totalitarian potential. One expression of that potential is the hierarchical and authoritarian set-up of corporate industry. The totalitarian potential is strengthened if the economic and the political bureaucracy are combined. There are in the new middle class, moreover, traditional prejudices and passions: the authoritarianism of industrial and scientific experts who imagine that socially, too, there is only "one right way" of doing things (their way), attitudes of contempt for the mass of people, consciousness of class and racial superiority, and the hunger for invidious distinctions and privileges. These manifestations in the new middle class may explode in fascism if insecurity and desperation are increased by failure to solve the economic crisis or to move toward a democratic collectivism.

ACCENT ON DEMOCRACY

The danger cannot be overcome by "revolutionary" struggle against the new middle class; that would surely mean fascism. Resort to violence in Russia was successful largely because the new middle class was small and fascism not yet invented. Violence in an advanced country like the United States would be fatal, because the new middle class is large and can dispose of more of today's specialized violence than the proletariat. It would be fatal, too, even if it were immediately successful. The ensuing dictatorship would cancel the advantage of our higher economic, democratic, and cultural levels, which should make it easier to build democratic socialism here than in Russia. And, most important, dictatorship over the new middle class *would ultimately be converted into a dictatorship by that class over the workers and farmers.* The trained personnel of that class must be called upon to administer the bureaucratic posts in government and industry; the class sneaks into power. That is what happened in Russia. For who are they who carry on the totalitarian dictatorship of Russian communism in the name of the workers? Members of what we call the new middle class: the bureaucracy in party, government, and industry, the officials, managers, and technicians, the trade-union functionaries, the professionals and intellectuals. It makes no difference that many of Russia's new bureaucratic middle class rose from the ranks of workers and peasants; so did many capitalists.

To escape the pincers of totalitarianism the new middle class must be drawn into the struggle for socialism. It can be done. The members of that class suffer from capitalist economic breakdown and not from the demands of the workers; they must reject the petty struggle to defend themselves against the workers, which leads to totalitarianism, for the bigger and nobler struggle to construct a democratic collectivism that will liberate and develop their functional talents. Totalitarianism offers privileges to the new middle class only under reactionary and oppressive conditions. Inherent in totalitarianism are insecurity and servility, suppression of independence and corruption of personality, degradation of the human spirit. Inherent also are limitation and distortion of economic progress, which limit functional services and lower standards of living, and the political and cultural reaction that drives toward a new barbarism. Against that totalitarian nightmare democratic collectivism offers security, freedom, and dignity.

Members of the new middle class will occupy positions of privilege and power in democratic socialism, as in any conceivable new order of the immediate future. So be it. It is not dangerous if the larger capitalist privileges and power are destroyed and if there is democracy which permits freedom of discussion and action to limit what privileges remain and to prevent abuse of power. The accent is on democracy. Bolshevism started with an absolute equality—no income higher than a skilled worker's—which is now brutal inequality with protest and action completely stifled.

If socialism becomes the expression and realization of the interests of all useful functional groups, it is transformed into a people's socialism. What becomes of the class concept? It is transformed from a source of confusion and ambiguity into a tool of social engineering; a tool with which to identify and delimit those class interests that must be destroyed in order to realize progressive class interests; a tool with which to gauge the strength and weakness of the different functional groups that make up the people, their relation to one another and to ends and means. The older class concept has been historically outlived; it gave rise to millennial abstractions, such as "workers' rule" and "workers' state," which dangerously distort both means and ends—means because support that is imperative for a democratic transition to socialism is alienated; ends because "workers' rule" and "workers' state" become in practice a dictatorship over the workers themselves.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week. In the concluding section, which will appear in our next issue, Mr. Corey will suggest a transitional program.*]

Has the War Changed France?

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, January 30

ON THE east coast of England and Scotland they have been bombing trawlers and machine-gunning fishing boats. So far France has not experienced any such "frightfulness," and the war continues, after four and a half months, to be "this queer war," *cette drôle de guerre.* Of the five million men mobilized not more than thirty thousand or so have had any direct contact with the enemy; and the rest of the troops, and with them the rest of the country, are waiting. As I write I can see from my window the usual merry-go-round of cars and taxis in the cold but sunlit Place de l'Opéra; and armies of women are flocking past on their way to the January sales at the Galeries Lafayette. Carpeaux's Danse outside the Opéra building is covered with sandbags; and in the shop round the corner they are advertising some kind of tarred-paper vest, at twelve francs apiece, which "will keep the troops warm." But apart from little things like that Paris looks much the same as it did before the war.

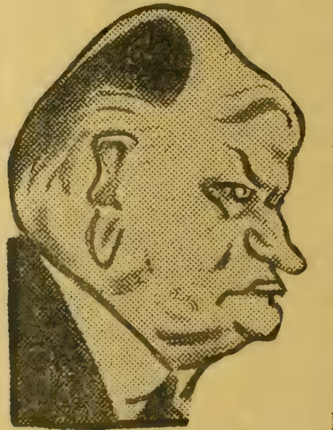
Food, which is already a problem in England, is scarcely a problem here. You can't eat meat on Fridays—for a Catholic country that is no hardship—and you can't eat certain varieties of meat on Mondays and Tuesdays. There are, occasionally, temporary shortages in coffee and in peanut and olive oil. Otherwise, there is plenty of everything, especially if you have the money to pay for it. Not that the cost of living has gone up very much, but incomes have gone down in many cases. Paul Reynaud, the Finance Minister, considers this essential; the "reduction of purchasing power" is one of the pillars of his war finance. The soldiers' wives are certainly much worse off than they were in peace time. A woman with two children receives only twenty-one francs a day to live on if she is in Paris and only sixteen francs fifty in the provinces. The working class is less well paid than it was before the war; it has been estimated that when account is taken of the 15 per cent war surtax on wages—in the case of men of "mobilizable" age—the fall in hourly wages is about 25 per cent. This is partly made up by overtime pay, but not to any great extent. But these are little hardships. Paul Reynaud has told France that "it has no idea yet of the sufferings and privations that will be demanded from it before the war is won."

In a country of forty million people, five million—that is, the greater part of its manhood, and its most productive part—are in the army. In the rear the work is carried on by the rest of the men, including those with *affectations spéciales* (roughly the equivalent of the British "reserved occupations"), and by the women. Female labor is employed on an ever-increasing scale in the armament works. Officially 900,000 men have been given *affectations spéciales* (these include the armament workers, the railwaymen and other transport workers, and miners); in reality, the number of mobilizable men who have remained in the rear is believed to be nearly twice that number. One hears it said, especially by men home on leave, that the proportion of peasants in the army seems abnormally high. M. Daladier has just set up a commission to inquire into the whole problem of "reserved occupations"; one of the tasks of this commission will be to set down more precise criteria of "indispensability" for those who wish to stay behind. All this, however, does not mean that France, or even a large part of France, has not its heart in the war.

Generally speaking, it may be said that France entered this war because it considered war inevitable. The French people had had enough of the "war of nerves," with those partial mobilizations every six months which in the end created in every French home a sense of insecurity that became truly intolerable. They were not willing to wait until Hitler had made himself strong enough to swallow England and France outright. Instinctively they knew that it was "now or never"; this last opportunity of stopping the progress of Hitlerism in Europe had to be seized. If in 1938 opinion on "giving Hitler a last chance" was divided, it was so no longer. Moreover, the country's leaders felt that France and England were better prepared for war than they were in 1938, for both British and French rearmament had made enormous progress in the preceding twelve months. Ciano made it plain in a recent speech that Germany had struck much too soon, and that this was one of the reasons why Italy dropped out.

Il faut en finir was the "peace aim" with which the French people entered this war, and at that moment they did not trouble about any of those other "peace aims" which continue to preoccupy some of our left-wing intellectuals in England. The French had no illusions about Hitlerism being one thing and the German people quite another. For had not the German people loudly applauded every crime of Hitler's—the march into Vienna, the seizure of Prague, the destruction of Warsaw?

While there has been less reflection in France than in England on "peace aims," one idea, at least, has caught on—that of some kind of Anglo-French federation which could become the starting-point for a wider European federation, though not, as Daladier said, "without material guaranties." This phrase, incidentally, was cheered from one end of the Chamber of Deputies to the other. France's distrust of Germany is complete; Herriot summed it up when he said, "We must make sure that our sons do not have to fight another war in twenty years' time." What the "material guaranties" are to be has not been stated by Daladier; some interpret the phrase as meaning, among other things, the creation of a buffer state on the left bank of the Rhine, a guaranty which France abandoned in 1919 for the abortive Anglo-American guaranty, and the reconstruction in one form or another, with or without the Hapsburgs, of a "Danubian federation." What encourages France and England in their federalist ideas is the fact that in this war the neutrals are suffering even more from the German menace than are England and France, and will not soon forget it. Brussels and Amsterdam and Copenhagen and Bucharest are much more uncomfortable places to live in today than London and Paris.



Premier Daladier

How long it will take to win the war and what terrible sacrifices may have to be made no one can say, but the conviction is general in France that it will be won. No doubt the Germans are reckoning, or have been until recently, on the eventual demoralization of the French army if it is kept long enough in a state of inactivity behind the Maginot Line; even some Frenchmen say: "We can stand a bloody war as long as necessary, but we shall not stand a bloodless war for longer than eighteen months." This kind of utterance, however, need not be taken literally. In any case, the French General Staff has done all it could to keep the troops busy; it has greatly strengthened the Maginot Line by increasing its depth, and has vastly developed the fortifications on the Belgian and Swiss borders. The soldiers may be "bored," but they have not been wasting their time. Germany has also relied, as one can see from its propaganda, on pacifist and anti-British currents in the French army, but this propaganda has failed completely, if only because every Frenchman knows that Great Britain has already lost many more men than France in this war and is bearing the brunt of the war on the seas, where it is being fought in real earnest.

The spirit of the French army is extremely good. Combining discipline and camaraderie, it is truly republican in spirit, and there is a freedom of discussion in the army among soldiers and officers alike which is unknown in the rear. The French army is essentially democratic, and

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unlike some British majors of the old-school-tie variety, no French officer would ever dream of objecting to eating in the same restaurant as a poilu. For if the French private respects his officer, it is not by virtue of any social considerations, but simply because he knows the officer's qualifications to be higher and his responsibility greater. Such is the real basis of the republican discipline of the French army.

A question that has greatly worried some English left-wing intellectuals is whether France is still a democracy. The spirit of the French army seems a sufficient guaranty that, whatever may ultimately happen to the "democratic institutions" of France, its democratic spirit will remain intact. But in war time—and in this may be included the six or seven months that preceded the war—the government has been obliged to discard certain democratic principles. France is under a censorship; the decree of November 19 giving prefects discretionary powers to deport and imprison suspect persons is scarcely democratic; and the treatment of the Communists has been such as to cause a great deal of worry to democratic purists in England. However, one has to consider the simple fact that Stalinist propaganda in France is in reality the same as Hitler propaganda; it is sufficient to compare the copies of the clandestine *Humanité* with the radio talks of Paul Ferdonnet, "the traitor of Stuttgart," to see that there is mighty little to choose between the two. Both bellow against the "war of the British imperialists," for whom the people of France are shedding their blood, and some weeks ago it was a German airplane which flew one day over the Paris region and dropped leaflets printed in Moscow. As Frossard said in his speech in the Chamber of Deputies on January 16, "Stalin has placed at Hitler's disposal a valuable weapon—his disruptive propaganda among the French working class."

As for the expulsion of the Communists from the Chamber, it is well to remember that this was decided upon not by a mere government decree but by the unanimous vote of the French Parliament, and the Socialists themselves voted for the expulsion of their one-time comrades in the Front Populaire. What was voted was a *loi d'exception*—which in the annals of the French Republic is not unprecedented. In the past *lois d'exception,* particularly against members of the former ruling dynasties, have been voted in defense of the regime. The *loi d'exception* against the Communists was voted not merely in defense of the regime but in defense of France. Frossard, who cannot be suspected of being undemocratic, declared that "if communism is an opinion, Stalinism at the present time is a form of treason." France is still a democracy, but one that is run on the principle of *salut public.* Herriot, another man who could not by the widest stretch of the imagination be called anti-democratic, recalled in this connection the First Republic and its way of dealing with people guilty of collusion with enemy powers. This does not mean that the *salut public* regime is perfect. Far from it. Abuses and injustices have occurred. The censorship is often guilty of both arbitrariness and incompetence; and some of the sentences passed on rank-and-file Communists for "defeatist utterances" have been absurdly stiff.

A valid objection raised to the expulsion of the Communist deputies is that strong action has not at the same time been taken against certain persons, political figures and others, who are still guilty of "Hitlerite sympathies," and who have not got out of their system the poison of the old Nazi "anti-Communist" ("Hitler the defender of European civilization"), anti-British, and anti-Semitic slogans—a poison pumped into them for years by the laborious propaganda of German agents like Otto Abetz and Ferdonnet, both of whom used to be *personae gratae* in certain high quarters. Henri de Kerillis, the nationalist deputy, did well to ventilate the whole question, first in a series of articles in the *Epoque,* and later in a Chamber speech on January 16. His speech aroused great anger on some of the right-wing benches, where not all consciences were quite clear, at least as regards past contacts and sympathies. Kerillis did not mention any names in either his articles or his speech, but his *dossier* has now gone before the military authorities; and M. Sarraut, the Minister of the Interior, who said not long ago that "the prisoners' carts were ready," may soon get busy on an investigation.

Though not without danger, this propaganda, whether Nazi or Communist, cannot have very much effect; it is certainly not going to change the determination of the majority of the French people to go on with the war. The Stalin-Hitler pact caused the greatest confusion among the Communist rank and file; and although many of them refused for a long time to dissociate themselves from the dissolved Communist Party—partly for reasons of "party loyalty" and partly out of a general dislike of the Daladier government—few could have had any illusions that the Stalin-Hitler pact was in the interests of France, peace, or the working class. In the last two months the Communist cause in France has suffered several severe blows: first, the invasion of Finland, which the Communist rank and file found very difficult to swallow; then the setbacks of the Red Army, which greatly discredited Stalin in their eyes; and, lastly, the unanimous vote of the French Chamber expelling the Communist deputies. One has, indeed, to be fanatical to close one's eyes to the fact that the whole of French opinion, as represented by Parliament, has denounced the Communists as traitors. The moral weight of such a vote is far greater than that of any government decree would have been, for government action might have been attributed to "reactionary" influences.

Japan's Red Flirtation

BY FREDA UTLEY

HAVING for years endeavored to convince the West that Japan is fighting communism in China, the Japanese press is now threatening that "Japan will be driven into the Soviet camp" if the United States embargoes materials for the Japanese war machine. Japanese propagandists no longer attempt to disguise the fact that it is Chinese nationalism which Japan is striving to destroy and do not hesitate to proclaim that it may accept Communist assistance in order to conquer China. The new line shows signs of being more successful than the old, and the threat of a Russo-Japanese pact is taken seriously by many persons in Great Britain and America. Columnists whose wide knowledge of Europe is matched by their ignorance concerning the Far East warn newspaper readers that the United States should hold its hand lest Japan follow Germany's example. Without pausing to study Japan's economic position and trade relations, or the great differences between its situation and Germany's, they tremble before the bogy of the bolshevization of China through a Russo-Japanese pact.

There is, in fact, no similarity between the situation of Japan and that of Germany. Germany is not dependent on the British Empire and the United States for most of its imports or to take its goods. Germany has the greatest heavy industry in Europe, whereas Japan is the weakest of the great powers in this respect. Japan's production of pig iron, including that produced in Korea and Manchuria, is less than 4 million tons a year, against Germany's 19 million; its production of steel is a mere 6 million tons, against Germany's 23 million (plus 3 million from Czechoslovakia and Austria); the Japanese Empire's production of coal is 60 million tons, against the Reich's 200 million. Germany, moreover, makes practically all kinds of machinery as well as any country in the world or better, whereas Japan cannot manufacture certain important types at all. And Germany of course leads the world in various branches of engineering and chemistry. Iron ore, it is true, must be imported by Germany, but it is obtained from Sweden, and Sweden has no choice but to sell it to the Reich. Japan makes its steel out of iron imported from the British Empire and scrap from the United States; the British now require these supplies for themselves, and the United States need not sell to Japan.

Naturally Japan has become increasingly dependent upon the United States since the European war began. It can now obtain very little from Germany and much less than before from the British Empire. The figures for the first ten months of 1939 show a steep rise in Japan's imports of American power-driven metal-working machinery, refined copper, and iron and steel scrap. Even in 1938 Japan obtained 56 per cent of its imported war materials from the United States, as against 21 per cent from the British Empire. In that year it bought in this country 90 per cent of its scrap iron and steel, 90 per cent of its aviation gasoline, 94 per cent of its automobiles, and large quantities of special steels and alloys, trucks, and lumber. The total value of its imports of American scrap, copper, and oil or gasoline came to nearly 100 million dollars.

Japan's trade position with respect to Russia is in no way comparable to Germany's. It may be a long time before Russia is in a position to supply Germany with much in the way of metals and oil, but it can even now substantially relieve the shortage of food and fodder. More important, Germany can sell to Russia precisely those things which Russia needs to increase its output of the materials Germany requires. It can supply Russia with machinery and technicians. Japan's most vital need, on the other hand, is not food but gasoline, iron, special steels, and machinery, of which Russia has barely enough for its own use. Russia certainly cannot supply Japan with these things if in addition to carrying on its war against Finland it is to help Germany.

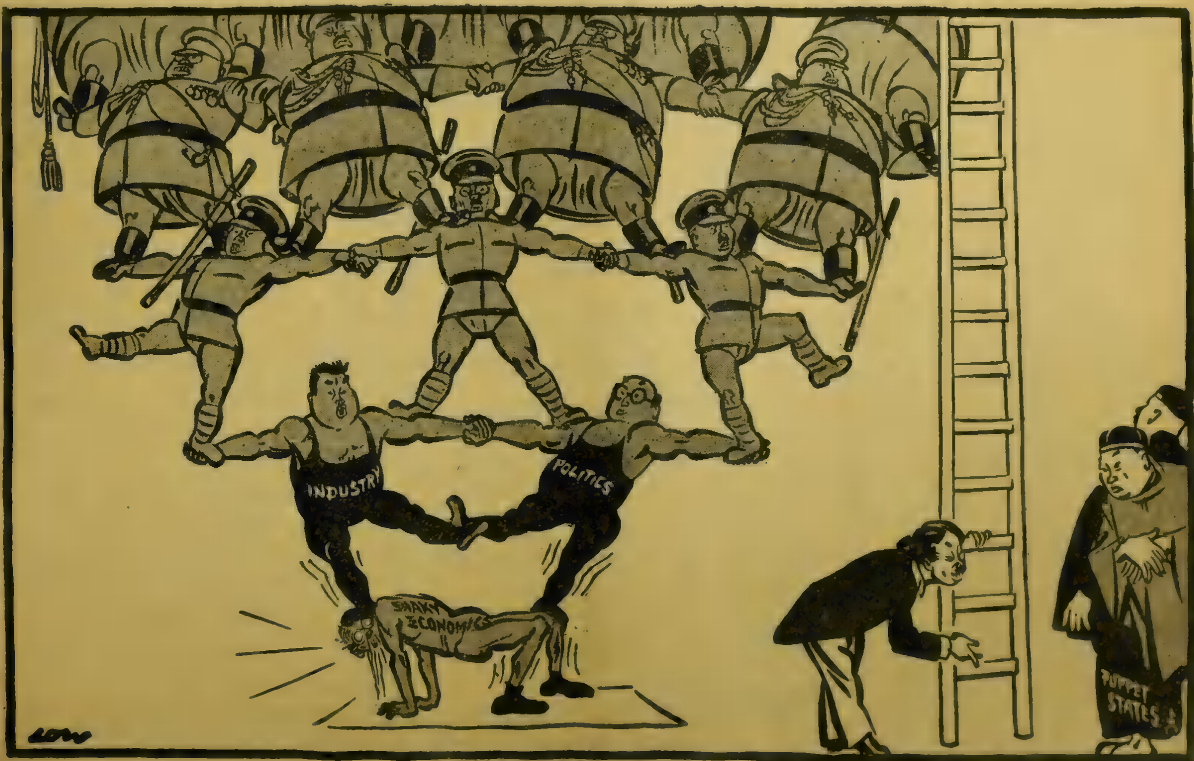
Even if Russia, to serve the interests of a Germany to which it is by now fatally bound, could squeeze out some supplies of metal and oil for Japan, how could Japan pay? Those who speak glibly of the possibility of Japan's joining Russia and Germany, or of the futility of an embargo when Japan could obtain American supplies through other countries, seem to be ignorant of the nature of Japan's export trade. Its primary exports are raw silk, textiles (made of imported raw materials), canned fish and fruit, cheap manufactured articles such as toys, fancy goods, electric bulbs, bicycles, rubber goods, and knit wear, and pottery—all these being things which Russia either cannot afford to buy or makes for itself. Unlike Germany, Japan cannot supply Russia with machinery or construction goods, or with skilled workers and engineers; Japanese industry is itself suffering from an acute shortage of qualified personnel. Japan, in short, cannot supply Russia with what it needs any better than Russia could satisfy Japanese war requirements. Hence Japan's value as an ally would disappear if it were cut off from the American market. The alliance would, in fact, become a liability rather than an asset to the totalitarian powers.

Germany would undoubtedly pay a high price to induce Japan to join with it against Britain and France, and Germany may soon be in a position to force Stalin to come to terms with Japan. Japan, for its part, would give a good deal to insure the cessation of Russian aid to China and the disruption of Chinese unity through the revival of class war by the Chinese Communists on orders from Moscow. But it is highly improbable that Japan could obtain these benefits without severing the hair by which the American sword of economic sanctions is suspended over its head. It would not serve the basic aims of the Japanese imperialists to have Chiang Kai-shek deprived of Russian arms if at the same time Japan itself were cut off from American war materials. And it would help Germany little to secure an already exhausted Japan as an ally against the British and French if Japan became a claimant for the scanty stocks of war materials held by Germany and Russia. In spite of American isolationism and in spite of the opinion voiced in some quarters that to save China means to pull British chestnuts out of the fire, it is hard to believe that the United States would continue to trade with a Japan which had allied itself with the Soviet Union and was partitioning China with the Communists to the exclusion of American trade.

If it is argued that a Russia which cannot supply Japan cannot furnish much aid to China, the answer is that China in this war depends on its great man-power and the endurance of its people, whereas Japan depends on superior armaments. With a limited supply of arms the Chinese can keep up their resistance, but the Japanese can neither conquer China nor hold the territory they have occupied without large quantities of modern war materials.

It must be admitted that if Stalin deserted China, and the United States failed to give it material aid, Chinese political and social unity might be destroyed, and the resistance to Japan broken. Should the Chinese Communists, upon instructions from the Comintern, proclaim Chiang Kai-shek to be the leader of Chinese White Guards and start fighting the Kuomintang government instead of the Japanese, China might once more sink into a state of anarchy or fall a prey to war lords. The Chinese Communist Party, however, is less subservient to Moscow than the artificially created Communist parties of Europe and America; it has in recent years enlisted in its ranks many prominent intellectuals, men primarily liberals and patriots; and it is rooted in a peasant movement in no sense Bolshevik in its aspirations. It is doubtful, therefore, whether a majority of its members would obey an order from Moscow to abandon the war of national liberation for a civil war against Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang.

The gravest danger to China, and to the future of the Far East, is the possibility that the U. S. S. R. may secure a predominant influence over the Chinese National Government. This might happen if the United States as well as Britain abandoned China for the purpose of warding



JAPANESE BALANCING ACT.

off the illusory menace of a Russo-Japanese alliance. Japan's threat to throw itself into the arms of Russia is as hollow as its threat to fight the United States. But China can with truth plead that if it is abandoned by the West it will have no alternatives except surrender to Japan and submission to Communist control. A China deprived of financial assistance from both Britain and the United States, and left to face a Japan armed by both, might find that it could only continue fighting at the cost of an agrarian revolution. If the Chinese peasants were given the land, the whole countryside could be counted upon to resist Japan as the Russian peasantry resisted the Allied intervention in 1920.

Since the Chinese Communists abandoned the class war in 1935, they have both advocated and practiced a policy of agrarian and governmental reform—not expropriation but rent reduction, not a Communist dictatorship but representative government. Nevertheless, account must be taken of the fact that the Comintern abandoned its democratic masquerade last August. Stalin would now have little to lose and might calculate that he had much to gain by ordering the Chinese Communists to revert to a revolutionary policy. China is one of the few countries where a revolutionary policy might succeed, and where the Communist Party is not too discredited to lead it. If Chiang Kai-shek decided to surrender to Japan rather than take a turn to the left so sharp as to lose him the support of the Chinese bankers, merchants, and landowners, we might see a mighty anarchic movement of the hungry and oppressed millions of China, compared with which the Kuomintang-Communist movement of 1924-27 would seem to have been but a breath of wind before the storm. Such a revolutionary movement, although it might not lead China to anything but disruption and misery, would engulf and destroy not only the Chinese possessing classes but also all foreign interests in China—American, European, and Japanese.

Japan so far has created only a "new disorder" in East Asia, but the forces of disruption have been held in check by the Kuomintang government, which is still striving to maintain China's ties with the democratic powers. The most progressive forces in the country, including not only the liberal intellectuals and the emerging middle class but also bankers of the type of T. V. Soong, hope for agrarian and administrative reforms and a democratic capitalist development with the aid of foreign loans and trade. If the United States at this juncture fails to take advantage of the situation to insure a free China and the Open Door—and at the same time the triumph of the moderate and progressive forces in Japan—China is more likely to fall a prey to bolshevism than to Japan. Now that the strain of war has begun to undermine Japanese unity and is giving the Japanese moderates a chance to assert themselves, it would be a tragedy if the United States were to relax the economic pressure which has already done so much to weaken the extremists.

Opponents of the embargo have argued that the Japanese army would lead Japan to commit hara-kiri as a nation rather than abandon the attempt to conquer China, that the Japanese would go to war with the United States over it even though they knew they would run short of essential war materials in a few weeks and had no hope of victory. This argument springs from an absurdly romantic view of the Japanese samurai, and ignores both the war-weary Japanese people and the big-business interests. The latter are by no means so powerless as is popularly supposed. Japan is not yet the fascist state that shortsighted friends of China have proclaimed it to be. The great monopoly business firms which control the economic life of Japan have not until now opposed the army, since they, no less than the military, desire the hegemony of China. Acquisition of a closed preserve for Japan in China was a policy from which all classes hoped to benefit as long as conquest seemed easy, and as long as the United States did not seriously oppose the "new order in East Asia." Today with an American embargo threatening, with no end to Chinese resistance in sight, with a financial crisis looming and a more colossal budget before the Diet than ever before, with the people murmuring at the shortage of rice, fish, and vegetables, at the charcoal famine, the coal shortage, with the shutting down of thousands of industrial enterprises for many days because of lack of power, the attitude of Japanese business men has changed. The "lean and hungry politicians," as the Japanese press terms them, have begun to raise their heads and to harass the government in the Diet.

If one realizes that the political parties in Japan are the spokesmen of big business in a literal sense unknown in the West, the action of Takao Saito on February 2 assumes especial significance. On that day this leading member of the Minseito Party threw a bombshell in the Diet by asking what Japan's war aims really are, and by suggesting that Japan should withdraw its army from China in order to make possible a negotiated peace. Ten days later Ryozo Makino of the Seiyukai Party demanded that the War Minister give a detailed account of army expenditures and spoke of the "uneasiness" of the people who, "debarred from making political criticism, are criticizing nevertheless." No one before has dared to oppose the war in China, or to question the huge military appropriations, and Mr. Saito and Mr. Makino would hardly have dared to do so if they had not been assured of the support of powerful interests.

The tone of the censored Japanese press warrants the assumption that the Japanese moderates perceive that their hour is at hand. The newspapers, like the people, have begun to ask, "When will this so-called long-term construction of a new order in East Asia be ended?" The following passage from an article in the *Kokumin* in December is particularly outspoken but not different in substance from many other comments now appearing in the press:

> There is a limit to the people's patience and endurance of hardship. The government should set up some goal which the people may determine to attain. The people cannot go on as they are indefinitely. Present conditions are like a long-distance race without any fixed goal. Even champions become exhausted in such a race. The nation will not be satisfied with a simple declaration that Japan does not want territories or indemnities but that the fighting will go on. The soldiers will be still more dissatisfied with such a declaration. Show us, say the people, the way and the goal.

Such articles as this could not be published in Japan if there were not powerful elements inside as well as outside the government favoring peace. The opportunity for gaining huge profits in foreign trade, now that Europe is involved in war, is an additional and potent motive impelling Japanese business interests to favor a peace with China which would release Japan's productive forces for the manufacture of export goods instead of armaments. But if the United States follows the British line of policy and "appeases" Japan, the moderates will be deprived of support and the extremists will regain their ascendancy.

In the Wind

WHEN MRS. ROOSEVELT visited one of the sessions of the Youth Congress in Washington, she encountered a picket line of Young Republicans in front of the hall. One of her escorts asked her whether she minded walking past the pickets. "Of course not," she replied, "I only stop for labor picket lines."

LOOK IS RUNNING a picture-history of the present war edited by Laurence Stallings. A recent number showed a picture of a starving child with the caption: "German Child." In Laurence Stallings's book "The First World War" the same picture appears—to illustrate the "post-war famine in Russia."

NO WHITE HORSE? The French weekly *l'Europe Nouvelle* published an item recording the demolition of the Soviet pavilion at the New York World's Fair. A description of the architectural beauty of the pavilion contained a reference to "the high column surmounted by a gigantic figure of a nude woman holding a star aloft."

SHORTLY AFTER the British monarchs visited the United States, George Backer, publisher of the New York *Post*, was a dinner guest at the White House. The menu was unusually elaborate, with caviar and similar dishes. When Backer seemed surprised, the President commented wryly: "Oh, this is just stuff that was left over after the party for the King and Queen."

SOCIETY NEWS: "The Regency Club, 15 East Sixty-seventh Street, a sumptuous playroom for the town's most affluent and spectacular bridge players, is planning a grand party tonight for Finnish relief. A polite and pleasant pandemonium is expected to reign in the plush quarters of the club tonight; and while it does not usually call out its members for 'causes,' Mrs. T. Charles Farrelly, vice-president, expressed the warm feeling the members had for the fighting Finns, adding, 'and we'd do anything for Mr. Hoover.' "—From the bridge column of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

FEMALE MEMBERS of the Communist Party have started wearing silk stockings again: party leaders decided that cotton made them too easy to identify. . . . In a recent *Saturday Review of Literature* poll one author was reported as favoring Mrs. Roosevelt for the Presidency; it was Rex Stout, the mystery writer. . . . A bitter row is raging on the Stanford University campus because the student council refused to sanction a Finnish relief program; Palo Alto, where the college is situated, is Herbert Hoover's home town, and Stanford his Alma Mater.

INTIMATES OF Morris Ernst were recalling his propensity to refer to celebrated people by their first names. Elmer Rice said he heard the neatest illustration of it at a Civil Liberties Union meeting some months ago. A member proposed that James Madison's birthday be linked to A. C. L. U. celebrations of the Bill of Rights; another protested that Madison's name wasn't meaningful enough to most Americans. Whereupon, reports Rice, Ernst protested excitedly: "Jim is damn well known."

IN THE LIST of instructions concerning the Youth Congress meeting, delegates were admonished to behave with "the utmost in decorum" when they met on the White House lawn. Apparently reading the last two words as one, they hissed on several occasions and applauded at the wrong places during the President's speech.

IN ITS MIDNIGHT edition on January 24 the New York *Times* carried a long account of a speech by Tom Dewey under the headline: "New Deal Means Ruin, Says Dewey." In the report of the address appeared two paragraphs hailing the Wagner Act as a "new liberty." It didn't sound like Mr. Dewey; it wasn't. The paragraphs had been transposed from another column quoting an address by J. Warren Madden.

ADVERTISEMENT in the London *Times:* "Sleeping partner required. Quick turn-over essential."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Facts About Mr. Dewey

THE effrontery of District Attorney Dewey's candidacy for the Presidency of the United States has amazed me since my return from Europe. Americans cannot project themselves into the situation in Europe; they do not realize that the demands upon European statesmen and upon those who head the United States government will be greater after this war is over than at any other time in modern history. That in this grave crisis the Republicans of the United States should be asked to vote for a man who is totally without experience in foreign affairs and has never held any administrative position except that of his present office and one other would be an amusing joke if its possible consequences were not so serious.

What are the facts about Mr. Dewey? So far as I can ascertain them they are the following: He is thirty-eight years old and has been a member of the bar for fourteen years. He has been chief assistant to the United States Attorney of the Southern District of New York and for a short time United States Attorney. He has been District Attorney of New York City since 1937 and was defeated for Governor of the state in 1938. He did not wish to accept the position of District Attorney when it was first offered to him, for he was not interested in that service to the public because of the smallness of the salary attached. Not wishing to support his family on $10,000 a year, he had to be dragooned into taking the nomination. He promised, if elected, that he would serve out his term, and a year later accepted the nomination for Governor. On this extremely slim record of public service he is now contending for the nomination for President of the United States at a time when this country is confronting one of the gravest crises in its history.

Mr. Dewey has not distinguished himself at the New York bar. He has, however, made an excellent District Attorney and apparently has been a good administrator of the office. But he has been arrogant, very egotistical, and, if my information is correct, not popular with his own subordinates, for he seeks in every case all the praise for the achievements of his office. The newspapermen who come in contact with him in the main dislike him. He has been extremely high-handed in dealing with witnesses whom he has detained—under $10,000 bail without charges against them—and placed, not in regular state institutions, but in houses specially hired for the purpose, in one of which one of these witnesses committed suicide. Some of his acts along this line have been so censurable that representations have been made in Washington by those who are on the lookout to protect the public from breaches of the Bill of Rights and infringements of civil liberties. In talking recently with a high judge, a Republican, and with one of the foremost members of the New York bar, an independent Democrat, I found that both of them were emphatically of the opinion that even from the lawyer's point of view Dewey lacks the background to make him worthy of serious consideration for the great office to which he now aspires—he certainly seeks the office, and not the office the man. There is no comparison between his career and the early career of Charles E. Hughes, for whose nomination as Governor there was a widespread demand as a result of his services as counsel in the special inquiry into the maladministration of the insurance companies in New York City.

As for Mr. Dewey's speeches, which constitute his bid for the office, they show that he is hastily acquiring opinions upon all sorts of matters; it is reported that there is a brain trust which is carefully coaching him on what he shall say and think, notably on foreign issues. Already he has come out for the extreme big-navy position—navies in both oceans—without, I am willing to wager, ever having considered the arguments on the other side. He is trying to straddle on the New Deal in that, like so many other Republicans, he does not denounce it altogether but wants to keep part of it while opposing its manners and methods. He has as yet worked out no alternative program which is worth considering. That he is being put forward seriously merely testifies to the absolute lack of leadership in the Republican Party. It is true that he makes agreeable, at times skilful, speeches, that he has a fine speaking voice and therefore makes a good appeal on the radio, that he is personally attractive. None of these things warrant the assumption that at thirty-eight he is competent to administer the affairs of the United States in the middle of a war the gravity of which cannot be too much stressed. So far as his record is concerned, there are thousands of other Americans who are just as much entitled to consideration. I for one refuse to believe that he can possibly be put over in the Republican convention. He will not be if those who have come in contact with him in his work in New York say what they really think about him.

Notes by the Way

WHAT one remembers most vividly, at first, about Erskine Caldwell's new book, "Trouble in July" (Duell, Sloane, and Pearce, $2.50), is the sultry, oppressive atmosphere of the Georgia cotton country in summer. Then one realizes that the oppressive element is not a natural but a human one—the tension between blacks and whites and above all the white man's compulsion to cling, in his poverty of body and spirit, to his one remaining value, superiority over the Negro.

The story is a simple one; it is also one which has been enacted so often in real life in the South that it has taken on the quality of a sinister folk tale. A "poor white" girl in the Georgia setting Mr. Caldwell knows and has described so thoroughly in the past asserts that she has been raped by a young Negro. The boy is driven away by his own people out of fear and goes into hiding. Meanwhile the hunt begins; and as it runs its course to its predestined fatal end Mr. Caldwell gives us a picture which conveys better than anything else I have read the quality of a community obsessed and held in bondage by race prejudice. In at least two of the characters there is a conflict of feeling and will—with the will operating on the side of prejudice. It is one of these two who finally turns the boy over to his lynchers, though he is convinced of his innocence, in order to preserve his own status as a white man. After the lynching the girl reveals what everyone really knew, that there had been no rape, and is herself stoned by the mob. By that time it is clear that the hunt and the kill and race prejudice itself are expressions of impulses rooted deep in the human and social complex of the time and place. And the whole episode seems to float in the shimmering dusty heat as in some colorless preservative jelly.

Mr. Caldwell has always worked to a small scale. Many of his short stories are little more than anecdotes that seem hardly to justify formal publication; the present "novel" deals with one incident. Heretofore his most striking characters, being "submarginal," have been interesting not as human individuals but as biological types so low in the scale that their behavior arouses laughter that has always seemed to me half-defensive—to cover a recoil from the idea that these creatures are really fellow human beings. But his technical skill and his unsentimental approach to his material have given his stories an intrinsic interest as writing. In the present book the humor and the merciless objectivity of "Tobacco Road" remain. But the compassion and understanding which have shown through in his best shorter pieces are given fuller expression than in any of his previous work. And the fact that they are not baldly obtruded but woven into the fabric of the story is all the more decisive evidence of his growth as a writer and as an understanding observer of social processes. As a result, even the crudest characters in this book take on humanity, and though Mr. Caldwell has made no compromise with sentimentality—with one exception—he has given us human beings in a tragic situation rather than outlandish figures in a folk tale. The one exception is the characterization of Sonny, the Negro boy, which lacks the shading that gives reality to his persecutors. This defect, however, is less serious in relation to the plot than might be expected, for the reader's certainty of Sonny's innocence rests on Mr. Caldwell's convincing picture of him as young and scared in a white man's world rather than as a good boy.

"Trouble in July" illustrates once more that the first requirement for writing good fiction of "social significance" is the ability to write good fiction. This simple truth bears restating at a time when formless tracts are called novels, when static symbolic figures, in abject slavery to their authors, pass for characters, and when atmosphere, instead of being built into the structure of a given work, is largely achieved by means of a kind of literary demagogy with which the author exploits simple and known responses of the reading populace. This type of evocative writing may be socially useful—witness "The Grapes of Wrath." But the fact that such works are dependent for their main force on external rather than internal elements lessens their chances of standing by themselves in a different public climate—and that is still the test of a work of art. I should not hazard the prediction that "Trouble in July" will live forever; I am merely asserting that being self-sufficient—in form, character, atmosphere, and suspense—it has a life of its own. And art is one field in which autarchy is necessary for survival.

MARGARET MARSHALL

An Epilogue to Peace

PROLOGUE TO WAR. By Elizabeth Wiskemann. Oxford University Press. $3.

WHEN Lord Runciman embarked upon his sinister trip to Prague, a pictorial published a picture of him sitting in a railway compartment reading Miss Wiskemann's "Germans and Czechs." From what happened later we may infer that his journey was too short to allow him to finish this scholarly work; otherwise, perhaps, he would not so readily have assisted at the dismemberment of Europe's only post-war-created democracy, of which, as Mr. Chamberlain confessed, he and his colleagues knew so little. When Miss Wiskemann's new book appeared on the eve of the current war, it was too late for any study of it to avert the catastrophe, but no statesman who may be responsible for the future peace can afford to neglect it, lest the peace should be indeed no peace but merely a prologue to another war.

Bismarck is supposed to have said that there were only two people in Europe who understood the Balkans—himself and another statesman who went mad and, unfortunately, died. Miss Wiskemann, fortunately, is very much alive, and though I am loath to indulge in the Balkan habit of superlatives, her book reveals the most stupendous knowledge of the turmoil in all those countries east and west of the axis upon which Nazi imperialism is anxious to bestow its benefits. She presents a vivid picture of the political and economic pressure exerted by Germany upon the countries in its potential *Lebensraum,* and at the same time gives the clearest possible explanation of the conflicting national ambitions and economic interests in Eastern and Southeastern Europe.

No one has mastered the political and economic entanglements of these countries, with all their party antagonisms, intrigues, and personal ramifications, better than Miss Wiskemann. Not only was she there, "on the spot," as journalists used to be, but she really knows the spot, its history and all its problems, as correspondents do not always know it. This virtue of hers is responsible for her only sin. When, after the World War, society in all countries west of the Rhine and south of the Alps turned topsy-turvy, the upheaval brought adventurers, criminals, nobodies, and, as the Nazi example shows, even monsters to the political surface. Miss Wiskemann's knowledge of these new politicians is not only astonishing but, to the less erudite reader, even bewildering. In spite of her brilliant style, which makes all the details delightful reading, we sometimes wish that she would give us fewer facts and a more compact synopsis of the social background. Considering the ignorance of Western Europe and the United States about the Balkan mentality, it would have been illuminating if she had summarized for us that Eastern mind clad in Western garb for which falseness, deceitfulness, and trickery are natural ways and means to an end.

There could be no more convincing evidence of the keenness of Miss Wiskemann's political judgment than the unaltered publication in September, 1939, of a book finished in July, 1938. No politician who reads this book will have any excuse for believing it possible to come to terms with highwaymen whose craving for world domination implies the destruction of the most valuable achievements of Christian civilization. Certainly no one should feel entitled to express an opinion about the issues of the war without having read its prologue, which harmoniously combines the full command of all relevant facts with a keen understanding.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

The Mexico of Cárdenas

THE RECONQUEST OF MEXICO. By Nathaniel and Sylvia Weyl. The Oxford University Press. $3.

THE project of this book is ambitious: to combine a biography of President Lázaro Cárdenas and an examination of the sometimes spectacular events of his administration with a retrospective view of the Mexican Revolution. The result is not, unhappily, uniformly successful. In an attempt, apparently, to avoid retracing ground already surveyed by previous commentators, the Weyls present their reading of the revolution in terms of the childhood and youth of their protagonist. But the subject of the revolutionary origins and development has by no means been exhausted; on the contrary, it is literally impossible to understand why the Cárdenas government has been unique without a thorough analysis of the pre-Cárdenas period and of the peculiar configuration of historical forces which has permitted its extraordinary experimentation. This the Weyls have failed adequately to provide. Owing perhaps to the divided attention implicit in their approach, their treatment of the revolution is superficial and spotty, and is further marred by hasty and unwarranted judgments, such as their underestimation of Venustiano Carranza, without whom the entire revolutionary movement must inevitably have degenerated into a sterile anarchy leading to nothing but a restoration of the Porfirio Díaz feudalism.

The Weyls are on firmer ground in their discussion of contemporary problems. Their chapters on the agrarian reform, the oil controversy, the nationalization of the railroads, the growing power of the labor movement and its struggles with native and foreign industry, and on education, hygiene, and social welfare are an admirably clear exposition of the policies and accomplishments of the past five years, buttressed by a good deal of valuable statistical and other data which are not readily available to the casual inquirer into Mexican affairs.

The authors see the Cárdenas government as a transition regime between a hybrid capitalism and some form of the cooperative commonwealth, and they find Cárdenas himself the ablest exponent of an emerging Mexican democracy. It is true, of course, that the present administration has made immense strides toward the goal of preparing the Mexican masses for an enlarged degree of participation in political and economic affairs and has shown remarkable invention and imagination in devising new forms by which to canalize the growing political demands of an awakening but still semi-illiterate and half-starved people.

It would be dangerous, nevertheless, to confuse the forms with the underlying reality. Liberal capitalism, as the term is understood in the great industrial countries, has never existed in Mexico, where its struggles to develop have been frustrated by well-defined alien distortions of the national economy. Too weak economically and too timid politically to reap the full harvest of its own revolution, the middle class has lost direct political control of the country to the workers and peasants who are Cárdenas's chief supporters. But despite the growth of public ownership of industry and of collective agriculture in certain regions, Mexico's economy is still preponderantly "feudo-capitalist," with imperialist overtones, while the efforts of the government in behalf of the working classes—that is, its measures to promote literacy, health, and mass purchasing power—are coming ever closer to the dilemma that confronts all liberal regimes: if on the one hand they are building a wider base for the capitalist market, they simultaneously hold back industrial expansion by diverting a limited surplus into social services. This route is progressive, and extremely beneficial to the great majority of the Mexican people, but it does not of itself lead to socialism. What it does lead to immediately is political crisis, as in the current presidential campaign, in which a resentful middle class is preparing, either by violent counter-revolution or by seduction or intimidation of his successor, to bury the policies of the hated Cárdenas regime under a reactionary avalanche.

The Weyls have tackled an extremely difficult task in their endeavor to provide a handbook to the puzzling Cárdenas government, and except for some more or less serious errors —space is lacking to deal with them all in detail—their study is a generally reliable guide. It presents objectively and with considerable insight the essential facts in most of the recent matters of controversy; it is thus an excellent antidote to such "smear-Mexico" propaganda as that currently emanating from oil-company and other interested quarters.

HARRY BLOCK

Politics and Progress

THE TWENTY YEARS' CRISIS: 1919-1939. *AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.* By Edward Hallet Carr. The Macmillan Company. $3.

FORMERLY an official of the British Foreign Office and now a university professor, Mr. Carr, in a book of this title, might be expected to resurvey the history of the past twenty years and to expatiate on the blunders which, in his opinion, were the chief architects of recent moral and material ruin. The crisis which he discusses, however, is a crisis of thought. We have had two decades of muddled thinking. "Politics," he declares, "are made up of two elements—utopia and reality—belonging to two different planes which can never meet. There is no greater barrier to clear political thinking than failure to distinguish between ideals which are utopia and institutions which are reality."

The "utopians" have not seen that morality and power have their connections. This is Mr. Carr's argument, and it is greatly influenced by Bertrand Russell's excellent book entitled "Power." We have had too much morality which ignored power—the League; and too much power without morality—Bolshevism and National Socialism. Mr. Carr sets for himself the task of bringing "down the whole cardboard structure of post-war utopian thought by exposing the hollowness of the material out of which it is built." After he has diagnosed and described the disease, he proposes not a surgical operation but only a dose of salts—that is, clearer thinking; and he himself says that the directions toward which he would push the thinking are "utopian."

Writing smoothly and clearly, widely read in political theory, and with a gift for apt quotation, Mr. Carr devotes much of his book to catching the "utopians"—Sir Alfred Zimmern or Professor Toynbee, for example—in mental undress and demonstrating that their negligee is careless. He is more interested in silly things that utopians may have said than in what statesmen have done and whether they could have persuaded their peoples to support them in doing otherwise. The result is a series of straw men set up and triumphantly knocked down. When he cannot find a personal straw man he creates an impersonal one: "some utopians," "a commonly held view," and the like.

In his final chapter Mr. Carr fuses some of his dialectical points into an analysis which is persuasive and in some respects fresh. He asks whether the satisfied powers which identified international morality "with security, law and order, and other time-honored slogans of privileged groups" do not divide responsibility for recent disasters with the dissatisfied powers which "practically denied the validity of an international morality so constituted." He draws an interesting analogy between intra-state developments with particular reference to the position of labor organizations. A century ago self-help by labor was illegal. Now, although the right to strike is conceded everywhere save in the totalitarian states, the vast majority of labor disputes are adjusted through various forms of conciliation or arbitration. There is almost a regular system of "peaceful change," the costs of which to employers and the possessors of property are constantly mounting. They pay the higher costs, albeit reluctantly, and thereby maintain their position as employers and owners. The parallel cannot be pressed too far, but Mr. Carr argues that a realistic view of a possible new international order must recognize the necessity of making less irrepressible the conflict between privileged and underprivileged in the international sphere. The difficulty is an unwillingness to accept the truth that "conflict between nations, like the conflict between classes, can only be resolved by sacrifice."

So, Mr. Carr concludes, "all states are being compelled to subordinate economic advantage to social ends," and he thinks that the more "the provision of a rational employment supplants maximum profit as an aim of economic policy," the more inclined states will be to see that their social ends are not limited by frontiers. After the last war they recognized this to an extent in granting "relief credits." Loans from which there can be no adequate economic or even military return are now considered sound statecraft. If we further broaden our view of national policy this may help "to broaden our view of international policy." Mr. Carr admits that "this, too, is a utopia," and his readers will agree. But some may be comforted if they recall that, in discussing a league to enforce peace—this was before the drafting of the Covenant—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge declared that it is only by striving for utopias that any real progress can be made.

LINDSAY ROGERS

Cross-Section

BOOKS THAT CHANGED OUR MINDS. Edited by Malcolm Cowley and Bernard Smith. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS symposium is the result of an inquiry addressed to a number of representative men by the editors of the *New Republic* as to the books published in the twentieth century which have influenced them fundamentally. The final list, with the writers who have contributed the evaluations, is: Freud and "The Interpretation of Dreams," by George Soule; "The Education of Henry Adams," by Louis Kronenberger; Turner's "The Frontier in American History," by Charles A. Beard; Sumner's "Folkways," by John Chamberlain; Veblen and "Business Enterprise," by R. G. Tugwell; Dewey and his "Studies in Logical Theory," by C. E. Ayres; Boas and "The Mind of Primitive Man," by Paul Radin; Beard's "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," by Max Lerner; Richards's "The Principles of Literary Criticism," by David Daiches; Parrington's "Main Currents in

American Thought," by Bernard Smith; Lenin's "The State and Revolution," by Max Lerner; Spengler's "The Decline of the West," by Lewis Mumford.

The choice was heavily weighted in advance: first, by excluding all works of fiction, in a time which has been strongly affected by at least two writers of fiction, Marcel Proust and James Joyce, and perhaps a third, the Sinclair Lewis of "Main Street" and "Babbitt"; second, by what Mr. Cowley, in an Afterword on the Modern Mind, which, with his Foreword giving book lists submitted, goes far to redress the balance and disarm criticism, calls "the political temper of its editors and their advisers." "Most of these are progressives," he explains, "in the sense that they believe in democratic control and in the possibility of social progress."

Most of us are progressives in this sense; but the scales are further weighted by the predominance of one particular progressive preoccupation. The exposition of the principle of economic determinism—which all of us whose minds have been "changed" by the twentieth century believe in—is given, through accidents of treatment as well as choice, a preponderance which, in the light of the total omission of literary and scientific works, is almost exclusive. ("The Principles of Literary Criticism," though an important book for students of literature, belongs more in the realm of philosophy and psychology.)

I cannot believe Spengler's "The Decline of the West," however stimulating in detail, changed many progressive minds; nor does Mr. Mumford's beautifully written essay argue very strongly for it. Its inclusion seems to result from a tendency which we share with the Germans: on the one hand, to be impressed by writers who wear their learning heavy with multiplied detail, and, obversely, to be almost ruthlessly preoccupied with one phase of truth (to use a dangerously convenient word) at a time.

In practice it means, at best, a preoccupation with passing phases of the American scene, at worst, the extension of the best-seller system to the world of ideas. Mr. Cowley, using some well-selected passages from Mill as a foil, shows cogently how "the history of thought for the last eighty years might be centered round the attack on the Reasoning Man." Of the eight American writers considered, only Dewey and Boas have played fundamental parts in this attack, and neither of them is quite comparable to Freud—or to Lenin, who leads the attack on another front. Naturally, not all the books which have changed our minds are of the same order of theoretical importance. Yet it is noteworthy that so large a proportion of those which demanded a place in this cross-section of the mind of the American intellectual should be expressions of purely American—and in all but two cases, passing—aspects of "truth." This is a comment and not a criticism. It is even more remarkable that the attack on the Reasoning Man on the biological and cosmological fronts should be unrepresented in an age which has seen a revolutionary break-up of traditional concepts.

But where everyone differs no one can be dogmatic, nor have the editors fallen into this error. Not the least valuable and enlightening feature is Mr. Cowley's humane and reasonable summing up. Which may go to show that the attack on the Reasoning Man has only resulted in more careful reasoning. JAMES ORRICK

Small-Town Exile

THE MORNING IS NEAR US. By Susan Glaspell. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

AS IN her Pulitzer Prize play, "Alison's House," Susan Glaspell again depicts the unraveling of a dead woman's secret, which certain members of her family have assiduously kept shrouded in order to protect her memory. But instead of a literary personage as the vehicle for the mystery, we have a very beautiful woman who married, under unusual and disturbing circumstances, into a middle-class family in a small American town. The focal character is her daughter, Lydia Chippman, who was sent away from home while barely in her teens, and who for twenty-five years has wandered restlessly over the world, hating her nomadic existence, but always finding obstacles placed by her relatives in the way of her returning home. When she does come back she sets herself to ferret out the reasons for her protracted exile, for the ambiguous terms on which she is allowed to take possession of the old family home, and for the mystery surrounding her mother's past, but at every turn she runs into more blind alleys, more admonishments to relinquish the quest. A large share of her puzzlement results not so much from lack of clues as from Lydia's thorough guilelessness and innocence of spirit—she has even adopted two children, one Greek and one Mexican, to say nothing of a sweet-tempered donkey, yet she cannot understand why the townspeople consider her queer. Long before Lydia discovers it, the reader will have guessed that she is an illegitimate child, and guessing that, may feel that the author makes a world of pother and delay in getting to the dénouement; but the explanation turns out to be not quite so simple, involving a tortuous psychological labyrinth in the relations between Lydia's mother and father, the final clarification of which is reserved for a melodramatic reconciliation scene, with appropriate obbligato of night and rainstorm. Except for this unnecessarily shrill climax, however, the book preserves a tone of quiet sympathy and searching analysis entirely worthy of Miss Glaspell's competent hand. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Shorter Notices

ARETINO, SCOURGE OF PRINCES. By Thomas Caldecot Chubb. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

A life of the Cinquecento shoemaker's son, called by Milton "the ribald of Arezzo," who raised libel and pornography to the rank of literature and blackmail to the status of a career. Associated with three popes, Henry VIII, François I, and several lesser notables, he was finally bought off by Charles V himself. Mr. Chubb, author of "The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio," knows a great deal about the Italian Renaissance, but he seems occasionally to supply details from memory and always writes in the style of a mail-order advertisement. This does not prevent the book from being interesting.

WHY BRITAIN IS AT WAR. By Harold Nicolson. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

"The answer to that question can be given in two words, 'Adolf Hitler,' " says Mr. Nicolson, but an additional reason emerges—the extreme gullibility of the British government. He explains to his readers that the ordinary Britisher's instinct for self-preservation and moral sense have been outraged, and offers good advice on war aims and peace conferences. There is no mention of India.

THE CASE FOR FEDERAL UNION. By W. B. Curry. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

A convincing demonstration of the necessity of world order and the desirability of a federal order. The book leans heavily on "Union Now," by Clarence Streit, who contributes the American preface. It was largely written before last September, and the author's afterthoughts fail to dispose of the now obvious objections to Mr. Streit's plan of beginning with a few selected "democracies." Nor is adequate consideration given to the desirability of federating on geographical lines first if only a partial beginning is feasible. The British Empire renders a United States of Europe so difficult that it would seem to be world federation or none.

THE ART AND LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Hazelton Spencer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

All the known facts, together with a compendium of criticism, interpretation, and stage history which represents a remarkable job of sifting. Copious, beautiful, and informative illustrations, notes that interest and enlighten, and a select critical bibliography that is an excellent guide to further study make this a book which any student of Shakespeare will find interesting and useful. The only defect is that the author sometimes overemphasizes common sense at the expense of more interpretative and speculative writers.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V: THE GROWTH AND DESTINY OF A MAN AND OF A WORLD-EMPIRE. By Karl Brandi. Translated from the German by C. V. Wedgwood. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

This biography of the remarkable man who directly or indirectly ruled most of the sixteenth-century world from Poland to Peru, and of all the Holy Roman Emperors since Charlemagne came nearest to achieving their common goal, combines a history of the times with an interpretation of the inner development of a human being. It is not only scholarly—the author is the greatest living authority on this ramified subject—but readable, and the translation is of the smoothest.

Drama Note

SO FAR only two new plays have disturbed the tranquillity of Lent, and neither will be long remembered. Bernard Shaw's "Geneva" was perhaps not quite so dull as one had been led to expect, but there is no reason for deeply regretting its quick disappearance. It was a rather bald mixture of farce and argument whose only conclusion was perfectly familiar to readers of Shaw: as a political animal man is a complete failure. Few would care to dispute that statement, but the implied corollary is not particularly helpful. We can't wait for the superman.

"The Unconquered" (Biltmore Theater) is Ayn Rand's own dramatization of her novel "We the Living." It is a mixture of melodrama and farce purporting to show what happens to personal integrity under the Soviet regime. It is heavy-handed and neither more nor less interesting than most of the plays defending what the present author attacks.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

The Sleeping Renaissance

EXCUSES have come from the directors of the Museum of Modern Art for its exhibition, now current, of the group of paintings and sculptures of the Renaissance and the Baroque period lent by the Italian government to the San Francisco Fair—the group which includes such marvels as Michelangelo's Madonna Pitti, The Birth of Venus by Botticelli, Verrocchio's David, and Titian's Paul III. Defensively the catalogue stresses the appropriateness, to a modern museum, of this show of old masterpieces, insisting that three great traditions of European art have their sources in the art represented: the Venetian tradition of rich color and dynamic motion, the Florentine tradition of classic line and static sculptural forms influenced by antiquity, and the Bolognese tradition of optical realism, realistic subject matter, and analysis of light. Almost defiantly it points to the fact that not only the opulent Titian and the jewel-like Giovanni Bellini now on the museum walls but their neighbor, the delicately coloristic St. George by Mantegna, are connected through Rubens and Delacroix with the painting of Renoir. A straight line, again it affirms, leads from another of the marvelous exhibits, Masaccio's powerful, tactile little Crucifixion, and from the elegantly composed Madonna of the Chair by Raphael—hanging close by—through Poussin and Ingres to the art of Degas and Seurat. As for the Boy Bitten by a Lizard, the sensational Caravaggio prominent in the Baroque section—that, or at least the experiments in violent lighting represented by it, the catalogue avers, helped engender Velasquez and Goya, who helped engender Manet and the impressionists.

Possibly all these claims are just. But such excuses on the part of an institution dedicated to the appreciation of modern art and the illumination of contemporary life were unnecessary. The show, which is effectively, reverently, magnificently spaced and lighted, constitutes a standard of comparison favorable in particular to the judgment of modern art and to a knowledge of our time. The relative freedom of the great modern masters grows distinct as one stands in the midst of it. The old masters, one perceives, were more constrained by conventions than were their recent successors, not only in their choice of subjects but in their techniques and means of solving problems. The relatively more complete aestheticism of the modern masterpieces also grows plain: their greater independence of subject matter for their interest. Simultaneously the exhibition makes evident the degree to which we, who but recently considered ourselves heirs to the Renaissance, have become alienated from its world and spirit.

Among these works one suddenly finds oneself in a world of strangely self-confident creatures, of surprisingly energetic, able individuals who delighted in their personalities, knowing they contained the seeds of universal life, mastered a vast circle of spiritual interests, and aspired to universality; who felt about them, with intoxication, the magic breath of the cosmos. As in a dream, bit by bit, all this becomes clear to us from its expressions, in themselves so curiously philosophical. We recover the intense appreciation of personality and of the beauty of wholeness of soul and body from the serene Donatello portrait-bust; the deification of manhood from the tragic and virile figure of the Christ by Masaccio; the pride, the purposefulness, the self-reliance from the nervous and individualized form of Verrocchio's sinewy little David. In the wavy, gentle lines of the Botticelli reverberates a hymn to the spirit of the blowing earth. Out of the broadly conceived and architectonic Michelangelo low-relief surges a presentiment of the coming god-man, the co-Creator. The unfailing social rhythm not only of the Venetian art but of all the work, the harmony of the feelings objectified in it, and the simplicity of the objectification overwhelmingly bring this strange world home. One grasps that for these artists and the culture they embodied divinity was latent in the whole nature of man. Pico della Mirandola, indeed, spoke for them all in saying, "To us it has been given to turn ourselves of our free will into godlike beings!"

The feeling of remoteness persists. This vernal world of amazing, immense individuals moved to multilateral self-development and still in harmony with nature and society, this world above all of the reborn "Promethean" thought, seems lost in some past of the human being. Is it possible, one wonders, that the abuse of machinery has permanently impaired delight in personality, the sense of the individual's sanctity, and his impulse to self-development?

That thought, however, the exhibition refuses to corroborate. The expression of the consciousness of a great opportunity missed, of disappointed ambition and smothering materialism in Titian's melancholy Paul III; the vision of the ruined, pestilence-smitten Italy of the puritanical Counter-Reformation evoked by Tintoretto's furious, dynamic proclamation of the unity of the spiritual and material realms in St. Augustine Healing the Plague-Stricken, suddenly remind us that even in the sixteenth century the spirit of the rebirth must have seemed frustrated. We know its death was deceptive. Never the possession merely of an élite, the self-confidence of the Renaissance awoke in other lands. Periodically it has died and then resumed: men whom the race has accepted as representative, men close to ourselves, have been moved to universality—Goethe, for example. The "Promethean" thought lives in Beethoven's music and in the poetry of Whitman. We are in one of the periods of seeming death.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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RECORDS

A READER in Arkansas A. and M. College writes to call my attention to "the fact that not one major radio station in the whole South carries the Saturday evening N.B.C. Symphony broadcasts"; and that since the stations which the *Radio Guide* lists for the C.S.T. belt cannot be satisfactorily heard there, "all we have now is Mr. Barbirolli and his constant repetitions of those damned Enigma Variations!" But there are other parts of the South, I was once told, which don't get even that. "Letters to individual radio stations," my correspondent goes on, "bring the reply that the N.B.C. chain selects the stations which will carry the concerts; and the N.B.C. office writes that it is left to individual stations to decide if they will broadcast the concerts. Someone is certainly prevaricating." He feels that "until N.B.C. does something to remedy this situation it should pull in its proud chest and cease this blabbering about the wonderful service it is rendering the cause of good music in America." And his concluding sentence is: "Mr. Olin Downes was too timorous of stepping on somebody's toes to print a letter in the New York *Times*."

Dorothy Maynor's singing of Handel's "O Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" on her second Victor record (15826, $2) is very beautiful, but not as extraordinary as what she accomplished with the piece at her New York debut; and the voice is not as faithfully reproduced as it is in "Ach, ich fühl's" from "The Magic Flute" on the reverse side. There one hears the loveliness of timbre and good taste in phrasing, but also the absence, as yet, of anything that could be called style—the style, for example, which contributes as much as the sheer beauty of Milizia Korjus's voice to making her record of arias from Verdi's "Ernani" and "I Vespri Siciliani" (12603, $1.50) outstanding. Expert listeners note another important difference—that the beauty of Korjus's voice rests on a secure foundation of thorough schooling, and the loveliness of Miss Maynor's does not. And the importance of this difference is that a beautiful voice which is well schooled retains its beauty, whereas one that is not well schooled loses it. These people feel that Miss Maynor has been pushed out on the concert platform before she is ready and may suffer for it.

Kipnis sings Schubert's "Erlkönig" on his new Victor record (15825, $2) with more dramatic point than on his older Columbia record, but with less beauty of voice. On the reverse side is Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," excellently done. Melchior's voice in its best present-day condition and the superb sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy are faithfully reproduced on the record (2035, $1.50) of Siegmund's Spring Song from "Die Walküre" and Siegfried's Forge Song from "Siegfried." As for Igor Gorin's set of Mussorgsky's songs (M-636, $6.50), it offers Rimsky-Korsakov's objectionable modifications of the Mussorgsky originals, sung agreeably but wholly without significant phrasing, and in Russian that is lacerating to Russian ears.

Continuing its Beethoven series the Coolidge Quartet has recorded a polished performance of Beethoven's Opus 18 No. 2 (M-622, $4), a work which I find uninteresting. Some of the music of "Façade" that Walton has recorded with the London Philharmonic (12532, $1.50) is amusing; but in other parts the humor is not apparent without the text. Hindemith's Sonata for piano four hands, recorded by Sanroma and the composer (M-637, $4), one can neglect.

The Soviet Russian records that were sold at the World's Fair and are now being sold by Stinson Trading Company offer good recording and surfaces. The few that I have heard include a coupling of "Kalinka" (7696) and "In the Moonlit Meadows" (6228), both superbly sung by a Red Army group; a coupling of two Ukrainian folksongs, "Gretchanyki" (5215) and "Vzyav by ya Banduru" (5199), as superbly sung by Patorzhinsky and a Ukrainian ensemble; an interesting excerpt from the Armenian opera "Anush" (6691/2), in which an authentically Armenian vocal style is heard over a modern European orchestral accompaniment that is well contrived and effective, though not with the effect that an Armenian accompaniment would produce. Interested in the singing that is to be heard in Russian opera houses I picked at random the coupling of two arias from "Faust" (5958/9) sung by Pirogov, formerly one of the greatest artists in Russia, who turns out to have now only the wobbly remains of a voice. And a coupling of Lykov's aria from "The Tsar's Bride" sung by Sereda (5746) and the Gypsy's Song from "Aleko" sung by Khromtchenko (4598) discloses that in Russia, too, young singers may be pushed out on the stage with insufficiently schooled voices. The reasons are different, but not the results.

What should be Columbia's outstanding February release, the Prelude to Act 3 of "Tristan und Isolde" recorded by Weingartner, has not yet arrived. The rest of Columbia's list offers nothing to get excited over: a performance of the Chicago Symphony under Stock which gives us the letter of Tschaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite, and the letter clouded by reverberant recording (M-395, $5); six English folk dances arranged by Arnold Foster and recorded by his Folk Dance Octet (M-394, $3.50)—charming tunes, but repeated too many times and in too elaborate arrangements; Fauré's Theme and Variations Opus 73 for piano (X-156, $3.50), which says very little very fluently and is well played by Carmen Guilbert and excellently recorded; a dull Geminiani sonata for violin (X-155, $3.50) played by sixteen-year-old Arnold Belnick with good musical taste but with a tone that, on these records, sounds wiry; and Strauss's "Zueignung" and "Allerseelen" (17185-D, $1), luridly sung and played by Nelson Eddy and an orchestra under Nathaniel Finston.

B. B. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

No Adjournment of the War!

Dear Sirs: I know Oswald Garrison Villard too well not to know that he has no desire or intention to play into Hitler's hands, but his proposal in *The Nation* of January 27 that an attempt should be made to bring the Allies and Hitler together would, I fear, do just that.

Mr. Villard says that considerable elements in both the German Army and the German Foreign Office would like peace negotiations. I have no doubt that he is right. Indeed, I would go farther and say that, in all probability, most of the German military and civil authorities, including Hitler himself, would like them. The methods of German propaganda suggest this. The aim seems to be, on the one hand, to terrify us into negotiating by threatening various forms of frightfulness and certain defeat, and on the other hand to persuade us that if we do not make peace we shall have communism in Germany. Mr. Villard says that "undoubtedly" many German military men and a great many civilian officials believe that Germany will win easily next spring. Undoubtedly they say so, but I doubt very much whether they really believe it. It is more probable that this is part of the propaganda.

In general I fear that Mr. Villard has taken too much for granted the sincerity of the remarks that were made to him in Germany. When I was in Berlin in 1933 perfect strangers sometimes talked to me in much the same way, and some of them even called on me to do it. Many of my friends had the same experience. We never doubted that such persons were acting under instructions. I cannot believe that there are as many people in Germany willing to risk a concentration camp or worse as Mr. Villard's experience would suggest.

The question what terms Hitler might or might not be willing to discuss seems to me futile. It is incredible to me that anybody could suppose, after all our experience in the past, that Hitler's signature to any peace treaty would be of the smallest value. He is perhaps capable of pretending to retire for the purpose of allowing other people to sign the treaty and then returning to office to break it. Whatever the immediate result of peace negotiations might be, they would merely adjourn the war—not end it.

The war aim of the Allies has been stated again and again. It is to destroy the present German regime as the first step toward ridding Europe of the German menace. All the foreigners living in Germany that I know agree that nothing will do this but the defeat of Germany in war. I agree with Mr. Villard that defeat in itself will not cleanse Germany of Hitlerism and National Socialism—they are too deeply rooted in the German subconsciousness—but we cannot do everything at once.

ROBERT DELL

Washington, February 13

German Refugees in France

Dear Sirs: In a letter which appeared in *The Nation* on December 16 Gustav Richter complained of the treatment of anti-Nazi refugees in France. While the lot of refugees in France is not a happy one, it is necessary to guard against creating the impression that France is wilfully mistreating them. There is evidence that the French government has taken action to rectify some of the conditions which Mr. Richter discussed.

When war broke out, France was obliged to intern all aliens from enemy countries (Poles and Czechoslovaks were exempted), but since then has been sifting the wheat from the chaff and has released thousands of anti-Nazi refugees. While the internment involved various privations, they were apparently unavoidable. The French government has evacuated the frontier population in Alsace-Lorraine, and these people, housed in camps like those of the German aliens, are suffering similar inconvenience.

France, it must be remembered, is a country of universal conscription. When war comes, there is a sudden disappearance of able-bodied men from the streets. Had the refugees been allowed to remain at large, sitting conspicuously in cafes and taking the jobs of the Frenchmen who went off to the front, there would have been a serious reaction among the French citizenry. The government was in a sense protecting the refugees by interning them.

Furthermore, France, unlike England, adjoins the enemy country, and consequently is obliged to take more severe precautions against espionage. Even refugee relief organizations admitted that there were some among the refugees who might be "unreliable"—perhaps German agents posing as refugees—and these organizations would not take the responsibility of asking for mass release.

Since the mass internment, there has been an individual examination of German aliens and those found to be not sympathetic with Germany have been released. According to a Paris dispatch of December 16 to the New York *Times,* about 10,500 aliens of the 15,000 rounded up at the beginning of the war are still in camps. Other dispatches have quoted Minister of Interior Albert Sarraut as reporting to Parliament on December 12 that about 7,000 aliens had been released and as promising to pursue a liberal policy in regard to the remaining refugees.

The Jewish Telegraphic Agency reported on December 15 that two groups of refugees with visas for Palestine and the United States were released en masse on the condition that they emigrate immediately. And on January 22 the same agency published a list of 156 of the most prominent refugees who had been unconditionally released from the camps.

Men of military age were from the outset given an opportunity to enlist in the Foreign Legion. However, no duress has been used against aliens to compel their enlistment, and no punitive measures have been taken for refusal to enlist. The alien is given the alternative of being immediately released by enlistment in the legion or awaiting his hearing in due course. There is a humanitarian reason for designating the Foreign Legion instead of the regular army. German soldiers in the French army on the western front would be exposed to inhuman cruelty and certain death if captured.

Conditions within the internment camps have improved, according to a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times,* which states: "At the beginning of the war there were undoubtedly hardships for interned enemy aliens, since arrangements were largely makeshift, but conditions have improved vastly in all camps, the informant states, and today every refugee may be said to be satisfactorily lodged under fair hygienic conditions."

MAX WINKLER

New York, February 8

The New Copyright Bill

Dear Sirs: A new proposal for a thorough amendment of the copyright legislation of the United States was presented to Congress on January 8, Senate Bill No. 3043. It should be given very careful study before enactment.

One drastic change proposed with respect to obligatory American manufacture should be eliminated. This major blot on our copyright legislation has existed since July 1, 1891; but since the Act of March 4, 1909, it has been confined to "Books and Periodicals" and, so far as foreign authors are concerned, to such of their books as are printed in the English language. From 1891 to the present time no British author has been able to secure full legal protection for his book, written and printed in his own language, until an American reprint of it has been published "printed from type set within the limits of the United States."

In this bill there has been substituted for existing law the following sweeping declaration: "*All copies* of any copyrighted work which shall be distributed in the United States in book, pamphlet, map, or sheet form, including illustrations, shall be printed from type set within the limits of the United States or its dependencies. . . ."

To ameliorate the hardship of immediate reprinting of the English author's book, under existing law, registration for it for an ad interim copyright of four months' duration may be made, and this period can be extended to twenty-eight years by the production of the British author's book manufactured in the United States. If no American reprint is so produced the copyright protection terminates at the end of four months.

In the bill this ad interim copyright is eliminated, and there is substituted permitted importation of the first 500 copies of the British author's own edition of his book. If copies beyond that number are imported, however, "then no remedies shall be available under this act for the printing, reprinting, publication, distribution, or vending of copies of such works made by any process set forth in Subsection 1 of Section 29." That is to say, the author loses his right to sue in case of American infringement of the copyright of his book.

The proponents of the bill in a note explain that "the sanction of the obligation not to import more than 500 copies of a foreign author's work is not the loss of the copyright in general." The author "merely has no remedy against the printing, publication, or sale of a domestically manufactured work, but he maintains all other rights, for instance, for other versions of his work, for radio communications, for performance."

Two copies of the British author's book must be deposited in the Library of Congress within ninety days after publication, together with an affidavit declaring "that all copies of the deposited work have been of American manufacture." In the event of failure, the Register of Copyrights is authorized within two years after first publication to make a written demand for such copies, and within ninety days after its receipt, the publisher must either comply therewith, or "file with the Register of Copyrights in lieu thereof a written relinquishment and dedication of the publication rights." In the event of noncompliance, he "shall be subject to a penalty of $100 to be paid to the Register of Copyrights."

It is believed that this novel procedure will be held contrary to the provisions of the Berne International Copyright Convention, Article 4 of which provides that the authors of any country of the Copyright Union shall have in the other union countries such rights as the respective laws "now accord or shall hereafter accord to nationals" and that "the enjoyment and the exercise of such rights are not subject to any formality."

This new proposal should be struck out together with the required obligatory American manufacture of "all copies of any copyright work in book, pamphlet, map, or sheet form," and there should be eliminated from the present copyright law Sections 21 and 22, providing for ad interim copyright.

These antiquated and illiberal provisions have nothing to do with the principles of copyright. What is demanded in the way of copyright legislation at this juncture is a bill based solely upon the acknowledged principles of literary property. THORVALD SOLBERG

Washington, D. C., February 6

"The Nation's" Sour Grapes

Dear Sirs: To this unwavering subscriber it beats all how *The Nation* does carry on at times. I am thinking now of the piece by Michel Mok in the issue of February 3. All these years haven't I heard *The Nation* screaming itself blue in the face because Hollywood was not dealing honestly with contemporary social themes? Now comes "The Grapes of Wrath," which Franz Hoellering calls "Hollywood's most distinguished offering," and *The Nation,* through Mr. Mok, sticks out its tongue at Darryl Zanuck *et al.*

"The Grapes of Wrath" is bringing the migratory workers' plight to the attention of a vaster audience—including those at the preview—than John Steinbeck himself could reach through his book. That's something to cheer, not to sneer about. KENNETH CLARK

New York, February 14

[If Michel Mok did any "sneering," it wasn't at Mr. Zanuck's excellent picture but at the preview audience, weighted with those elements that were responsible in part for the Okies' plight. Just irony, that's all.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Professor Taylor

Dear Sirs: Paul S. Taylor, coauthor of "An American Exodus," reviewed by Margaret Marshall in *The Nation* of January 20, is professor of economics at the University of California—not at Stanford University.

LUCY WARD STEBBINS

Berkeley, Cal., February 15

More Birthday Greetings

Dear Sirs: I am very sorry that I have not been able to send you a more handsome present on the seventy-fifth birthday of *The Nation.* I can only offer you my heartiest congratulations and best wishes for many, many happy returns of your weekly, which has been not only my best friend for the last thirty years but also a best friend of my country and my people throughout its long life.

HU SHIH, Chinese Ambassador

Washington

Dear Sirs: An attentive reader of *The Nation* for many years I have mostly admired its effort to extol national values without becoming nationalistic. Some people might call such effort an un-American activity, but in my view it is the only true Americanism. *The Nation* has always had a very definite meaning, but the term "nation" is unfortunately vague and ambiguous.

What is a nation? Is it a unity of economic interests, of race, of language, of history? It would be easy to quote examples disproving all these assumptions. Most likely it is a spiritual community, recognizable, according to Max Scheler, in its creations of art and in its leading personalities. However, the American national idea includes a diversity of ideals in art and very different personalities, representative of New England, the Middle West, California, and the South. This is why the American national idea, in spite of the fire that heated the traditional melting-pot and in spite of nationalistic hotspurs, was and is international, just as the British Empire is an international community in spite of its Horatio Bottomleys, Sir Oswald Mosleys, and Colonel Blimps.

Those who are anxious to harden the pliable and ever growing national idea into a nationalistic idol should glance at the other hemisphere, where "patriotic snobbery," as Carlton Hayes termed it, is at work to destroy nations whose greatness chauvinism has boasted of creating. "Keep out of foreign entanglements" is an excellent catchword, but it should be realized that unfortunate Europe was caught in such entanglements by misinterpretation of the national idea. It seems to be a tragedy of mankind that the most sublime ideas underlying the state—such as religion in the past, nationality at present—are fated to become disastrous to the state they have created. Every sincere admirer of this country must hope that neither *The Nation* nor this nation will forsake its past in the future.

New York RUSTEM VAMBERY

Dear Sirs: On its seventy-fifth birthday *The Nation* is to be congratulated on the theme which it has chosen for its anniversary issue—that of "taking stock of our period and its own record as well as looking ahead into the stormy future." This is a reflection of the breadth of editorial objective that has always characterized the publication.

In spite of its comparatively small circulation *The Nation* has been a potent force in the formation of public opinion in the United States. It gained this influence because it was read by editors and writers and the articulate opinion-forming people in America, also because the intellectually curious and experimental young people of the country were attracted by its provocative content. In literary and dramatic criticism it has had reality and authority. Whether one agreed with *The Nation's* analyses and conclusions has been beside the point. Its service in clarifying minds through stimulating comment on the current scene is what has counted.

New York HELEN ROGERS REID

Dear Sirs: At the *Time and Tide* offices we have taken *The Nation,* I believe, ever since we came into existence, and almost every Wednesday—our press day—I take it out to read over a late lunch. Not quite every Wednesday, because, especially since the war started, Atlantic posts are a little uncertain.

Before the war I used to take it out along with a big bundle of other oversea papers and pick from each what seemed of special interest that week. Now I find that on Wednesdays it is enough by itself, for I want to read it pretty well straight through. Our own papers are so full of war news that we don't get so much American news as we used to, and one is greedy both for American home news and for American reactions to the war. Incidentally *The Nation* has had almost the best set of correspondents on the war that I have seen anywhere—as, for example, Louis Fischer from Paris and Rome, and Oswald Garrison Villard from Berlin and Amsterdam. The London *Daily Telegraph* printed a series of Oswald Garrison Villard's articles, but I do not think that anyone over here has had Louis Fischer, and he is one of the best correspondents writing today.

I disagree with *The Nation* quite often. I sometimes think it unfair to Britain and to the British government. I don't hold any special brief for the Chamberlain government. It has made some very bad mistakes. But it has had uncommonly difficult problems to tackle. I am not sure that *The Nation* three thousand miles away from Europe always appreciates fully just how difficult those problems were—and are. No, I don't always agree with it—but I couldn't do without it.

London LADY RHONDDA

Dear Sirs: I think I am the oldest subscriber to *the Nation.* I did not read the first issue, but I have read every issue since the first one I read. That was about fifty years ago. At my age and in this era of disillusionment I still preserve some enthusiasms. I value *The Nation* for more reasons than I can take your space to enumerate, but chiefly for its *fearlessness,* for its sturdy espousal of the forlorn and oppressed, who have few to take up the cudgels for them, and for its ready acknowledgment of the few mistakes it makes. I love it for the enemies it has made.

Some years ago I took myself severely in hand when I found myself suspending judgment until I could see what *The Nation* said. I thought that an unhealthy attitude intellectually. It no longer worries me, for I know I shall agree.

Dover, N. H. JANE S. BRYAN

Dear Sirs: I congratulate *The Nation* on attaining its seventy-fifth birthday. It is one of the few publications that I read from cover to cover. I always find it stimulating, even when I do not agree with its conclusions.

When I was in my district this summer I was told by one of my friends—a leading member of the bar in the Pacific Northwest and an exceptionally scholarly gentleman—that he read and enjoyed *The Nation.* Although he is conservative in his opinions, he said that he always found it an intellectual treat.

I wish you another seventy-five years of useful service to the American people.

MARTIN F. SMITH, Representative
Hoquiam, Wash.

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The Shape of Things

IN THE KARELIAN ISTHMUS THE RUSSIAN army continues to advance, although slowly and at heavy cost. The Finns have abandoned the fortified Koivisto Islands, and Viipuri is admittedly in grave danger. But even if that key position is lost, strong lines of defense remain. However, with the limited man power at its command the Finnish army is increasingly in need of more substantial reinforcement than the trickle of foreign volunteers can provide. In Sweden agitation for open intervention continues, but majority opinion appears to support the government's determination to remain neutral. War with Russia, it is argued, would probably mean less rather than more assistance for Finland, since it would almost certainly lead to German invasion and the mobilization of all resources for home defense. Allied intervention would no doubt follow, and southern Scandinavia would then become a major battlefield of the greater war. No one can deny the basis of reality on which this forecast rests, but as long as Sweden and Norway seek to limit their risks in this way, large-scale assistance from the west is blocked. Few suitable volunteers seem to have been obtained by the opening of recruitment in London, but the government has sent a good deal of material to Finland, including 144 planes.

*

A BREACH BETWEEN THE U. S. S. R. AND THE Allies is becoming increasingly probable even if the Scandinavian states continue on their present course. Extension of the British naval patrols to Arctic waters and activities in the Near East may be taken as preparatory moves, but the final decision is yet to be made. Public opinion in Britain seems to be adverse to war with Russia, partly because it doubts the wisdom of tackling a new enemy at this time, partly because of distrust of the government's motives. But opinion may change if the Red Army continues to advance, for the dangers of a Russo-German hegemony over Scandinavia will become more obvious. In terms of grand strategy, the question to be decided by the Allied governments is whether the additional weight of Russia in the ranks of the enemy would be counterbalanced by the chance of opening up a flank against Germany. Extension of the war would make possible a tightening of the blockade by stopping such loopholes as Murmansk and Vladivostock. But these are of minor importance, and on the other side of the ledger would be the reinforcement of the counter-blockade by the Russian submarine fleet. A weightier consideration is the possibility of a campaign in the Near East. This assumes Turkish willingness to participate in action against Russia, and, in fact, the preparations of the government and the tone of its press suggest that little remains of the former friendship between Ankara and Moscow. Geographical factors render an invasion of the Caucasus a formidable undertaking, but an Allied-Turkish fleet could probably control the Black Sea while aerial action might destroy the Baku oil fields, thus cutting off one of the chief sources of oil for both Germany and Russia. The effects of such a stroke would be so far-reaching that the Allies may decide that the game is worth the candle.

*

WHY BRITAIN FAILED TO OBTAIN A PACT with Moscow is still an unanswered question, although a White Paper was promised by London weeks ago. On February 21 Richard Austen Butler, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared in the House of Commons that he was still unable to name a date for publication of the documents and seemed to hint that the French government might be the obstacle. One suspects that neitner party to these negotiations is anxious to publish the documents involved because both were dickering behind the scenes with Berlin at the same time. Raymond Daniell, in a New York *Times* dispatch from London on February 7, put forward an explanation of the repeated postponement of the British White Paper on negotiations with Russia which is worth noting. The document was scheduled for publication nearly a month ago. Daniell wrote, "It can be said authoritatively"—and the censor passed the remark—that the postponement is not due to fear that the White Paper might "precipitate a crisis in Anglo-Russian relations." "The explanation," he went on, "lies rather in the belated realization that the document as originally prepared failed to make out as good a case against the Soviet government as the compilators planned, and that it

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might be more embarrassing to Britain's allies than to anyone else, especially after Soviet casuists and apologists had finished talking about it." In the last war the various Blue Books, White Papers, Yellow Books, and the like on both sides were liberally falsified. Is the British case too weak to stand exposure? Or is the reference to Britain's allies a hint that the French and Poles had as much to do with the breakdown of negotiations as Moscow?

*

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW DALAI Lama at Lhasa, Tibet, is an event of great religious and political significance in that far-off land. For nearly a generation Tibet has been, for all practical purposes, a British colony. British control was exercised through the clique which dominated the late Dalai Lama and finally succeeded in expelling his chief ecclesiastical rival, the Panchan Lama. In recent months, as the Chinese government has shifted its base to the west, Chinese influence in Tibet has grown. The new Lama seems to have been the choice of a group which is far more pro-Chinese than the previous ruling clique. There is no evidence, however, that the British have suffered a complete defeat. It is probable that in the three-cornered struggle of Britain, the Soviet Union, and Japan for control of Central Asia, Tibet will remain under British suzerainty.

*

HOPE FOR AN EMBARGO AGAINST JAPAN HAS grown even dimmer this past week as a result of the failure of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to take any action on the measures before it. Senator Pittman, chairman of the committee and author of one of the embargo resolutions, has indicated that as far as he is concerned the committee has finished its work for this session of Congress. The elimination of the million-dollar item for harbor improvements at Guam from the naval-appropriation bill suggests that the House, like the Senate, is disinclined to take any action at this time that might antagonize Japan. To a certain extent this is reflection of isolationist sentiment. But isolationist sentiment has never wholly dominated Congress, and its existence cannot account for the growing tenderness for Japan which has been apparent in recent weeks. There is ground for suspicion that the shift in Congress is a reflection of the more basic change in Britain's policy toward Japan. For it can no longer be doubted that London is seeking a compromise with Tokyo on whatever terms are possible, and that it would like to see the United States take similar action. To the uninitiated it may seem odd that the United States should sacrifice its own interests to please Mr. Chamberlain, but just two years ago the United States did exactly this in refusing to lift the embargo on war supplies to Republican Spain.

JOHN W. HANES IS TO BE COMMENDED FOR withdrawing his name from the list of possible appointees as trustee in the Associated Gas and Electric bankruptcy. Jerome Frank, chairman of the SEC, in a letter to Senator Norris admitted that Hanes had been recommended for the trusteeship by Lazard Frères and by officials of the Guaranty Trust, Bankers' Trust, and Chase National. He was also favored by Roger Whiteford, according to Frank's letter, and Whiteford himself was made president of A. G. and E. "at the instance of the sisters and a brother-in-law of Mr. Hopson." One wonders why these facts were not brought to the attention of the court before Senator Norris wrote his first letter of protest to Frank, or why the latter did not make them public earlier. It is true, as the chairman and a majority of the SEC contend, that these facts "do not constitute a statutory disqualification," but to rest on that is to beg the question. Commissioner Eicher, in charge of the commission's Chandler Act division, took a sounder position when he declared in a minority opinion that "the exercise of a sound discretion applied to the available facts requires a finding of disqualification." The SEC seems to us to be interpreting its own powers too narrowly in a case where the greatest vigilance is required to protect a mass of small investors, and we are not yet convinced that this was not a situation in which the SEC should itself act as trustee. Secretary Morgenthau and Attorney General Jackson still think so.

*

THE NEED FOR KEEPING THE REGULATORY agencies of the federal government free from interference either by the President or the courts is stressed in a report just issued by the Brookings Institution. These conclusions are especially pertinent since the Senate is soon to consider the Logan-Walter bill, which would place such agencies as the National Labor Relations Board or the Securities Exchange Commission at the mercy of the courts. Brookings's opposition to the Logan-Walter bill is based on the fact that the implementation of statutes is an integral part of the legislative process and as such should not, under the constitutional separation of powers, be subject to judicial intervention. The proposed establishment of inter-agency boards is also attacked as inconsistent with the needs of day-to-day administration. Experience has amply demonstrated the wisdom of the Brookings conclusions. At one time or another the work of practically all the regulatory agencies has been gravely handicapped by adverse judicial decisions, and thereby the express intent of Congress has been controverted. Although the courts have the duty of safeguarding individuals against arbitrary or high-handed administration of the law, Congress alone should have the power to revise the rules and regulations established by the agencies which it creates.

MORE THAN ONCE FATHER COUGHLIN HAS stolen his text from other people's mouths—without benefit of quotation marks. His most common and willing victim has been Dr. Goebbels. But recently Coughlin has gone in for a new form of plagiarism: he puts quotation marks around utterances which are completely and exclusively his own, and attributes them to some scholar more reputable than Charles Coughlin. The newest example of this technique appears in Coughlin's current crusade, which is designed to show, in the most impeccably academic fashion, that Jews were responsible for the Civil War in America. In the first of a series of articles which will "prove" this point, Coughlin's *Social Justice* pretends to quote from a book by John Reeves called "The Rothschilds, the Financial Rulers of Nations," published in 1887. The quotation is of a speech said to have been made by Disraeli at the time of the marriage of Lionel Rothschild's daughter to James Rothschild's son. According to *Social Justice,* the passage in Reeves read: "Disraeli is reported to have said: 'Under this roof are the heads of the family of Rothschild—a name famous in every capital of Europe and every division of the globe. If you like we shall divide the United States into two parts, one for you, James, and one for you, Lionel. Napoleon will do exactly and all that I advise him.' " But if you look on page 228, of the Reeves book you discover a strikingly different passage: "In the course of his speech he [Disraeli] made a remark worth reproducing: 'Under this roof are the heads of the name and family of Rothschild—a name famous in every capital in Europe and every division of the globe—a family not more regarded for its riches than esteemed for its honor, virtues, integrity, and public spirit.' "

✶

LAST YEAR'S RISE IN NATIONAL INCOME from $64,000,000,000 to $68,500,000,000 should provide excellent grist for the 1940 Democratic campaign mill. For as prices were approximately the same as in the previous year, the gain is a real one and reflects a substantial improvement in the American people's standard of living. Nor can the improvement be attributed solely to the war. The upturn in business began in early summer and continued unchecked throughout the remainder of the year. What is not generally realized is that the 1939 national income of $68,500,000,000 at the present price level is substantially the same as the record $81,000,000,000 income of 1929. The fact that the population has increased in the interval means, of course, that the per capita income is still well under the 1929 level. But another gain comparable to the one achieved last year would put the country at least abreast of 1929. Comparisons with 1932 are far more encouraging. Republican campaign speakers may be expected to ignore the basic indices of our national well-being.

TWO SERIOUS GAPS IN OUR SOCIAL-SECURITY legislation would be filled by adoption of the bills about to be introduced by Senator Wagner providing voluntary annuities for persons not now covered by old-age insurance and benefits for total disability before the age of sixty-five. Despite the improvements made through last year's amendments to the Social Security Act, approximately one-third of all workers are not now protected by old-age insurance. Although many individuals, such as the self-employed, cannot easily be included in a compulsory system, there is no reason why they should be denied the protection afforded to the majority. Voluntary old-age insurance has long been successfully provided in some European countries, and could readily be incorporated in our present system. Even more urgent is the need for some provision for the disabled. Investigations, both here and abroad, have shown that nearly half of all workers become disabled by sickness, accident, or premature old age before reaching sixty-five. This group is obviously in greater need of benefits than those who reach sixty-five without serious physical impairment. Practically all other countries provide disability benefits as an integral part of old-age insurance. It is time the United States caught up with Europe in this respect.

✶

IN FRAMING HIS PROPOSAL FOR A UNITED States Mediation Board, Senator Wagner has carefully avoided the dangers common to most measures of this sort. The board he plans would be established in the Department of Labor to extend the conciliation service of that department. But its powers would be sharply defined. Specifically the plan eliminates any idea of "compulsory mediation" or of a fixed "waiting period" in which claims would be weighed. Nor would the board have authority to impose penalties or issue subpoenas. The processes of mediation, in other words, would be entirely voluntary. Within these boundaries such an agency would perform a real service. Its most valuable contributions would be in those areas of industrial conflict not covered by the National Labor Relations Act—conflict over hours, working conditions, and other matters which in many cases are susceptible of mediation. If there is any danger at all in this proposal, it is that it may become identified with other and far less liberal measures now pending in Washington; at least one bill already introduced proposes a system of compulsory mediation in every intrastate industry. The sanction for such projects is drawn from the Railway Labor Act, but in less well-organized industries the "waiting period" decreed by this act could be disastrous to union action. Senator Wagner has made clear his own lack of sympathy with such schemes—which seem to be designed primarily to emasculate the labor-relations act which bears his name.

Our Lawless G-Men

THE secret police of totalitarian countries, whether Communist, Fascist, or Nazi, need refer to no statute books in order to investigate, arrest, or imprison. They, and not the law, decide what constitutes a crime. Our G-men, like those other G-men of the Gestapo and GPU, are beginning to act on similar principles. Our evidence for this statement comes from J. Edgar Hoover himself. His testimony last November and again in January before the House Appropriations Committee shows that the Federal Bureau of Investigation is engaging in activities for which it has no legal authorization. We believe it the Attorney General's duty to investigate and forbid the extra-legal activities of the FBI.

In September, 1939, the FBI organized a "General Intelligence Division," and when Hoover appeared before the House Appropriations Committee to ask a supplemental appropriation in November, he described the activities of this division. He said it had "compiled extensive indices of individuals, groups, and organizations engaged in these subversive activities, in espionage activities, or any activities that are possibly detrimental to the internal security of the United States." The detection of espionage is part of the bureau's duty, but what does Hoover mean by "subversive activities" and "any activities that are possibly detrimental to the internal security of the United States"? Either category can be as broad as the head of the FBI chooses to make it, and neither is made a subject for inquiry by any federal law. What is the purpose of these "extensive indices"? They have been arranged "not only alphabetically," Hoover explained, "but also geographically, so that at any time, should we enter into the conflict abroad, we would be able to go into any of these communities and identify individuals or groups who might be a source of grave danger to the security of this country. These indexes will be extremely important and valuable in grave emergency." That is, lists of persons he considers dangerous have been compiled by J. Edgar Hoover for a mass roundup in the event of war or "grave emergency." No such compilation is authorized by law. Is Hoover to act as an American Himmler?

Hoover's notions of what constitutes the "subversive" are sufficiently well known. They parallel the views of his greatest booster, William Randolph Hearst, and it is sufficient to say that they are broad enough to include among the "enemies to society" advocates of as mild a reform as parole. The words quoted are from Hoover's address in July, 1935, before the International Association of Chiefs of Police. Hoover's methods of operation were dramatically demonstrated the other day in Detroit when he chose five o'clock in the morning as the hour to rouse twelve reputable citizens of Detroit from their beds and bring them into court in chains on charges the Attorney General several days later dismissed. The early-morning raid, as a means of striking terror into the victims, is part of the technique of every totalitarian secret-police agency. Some idea of the breadth of Hoover's ambitions may be obtained from the release he sent out last September suggesting that local authorities throughout the country, in granting permits for public meetings, notify the FBI of such meetings in advance. In September, Hoover testified, he wrote to many persons and organizations, including "banks, business houses, railroads," asking for their cooperation in the "general intelligence" work. The definition of "subversive" held by some bankers, business men, and railroad executives is apt to be a broad one, sometimes broad enough to take in the whole of the New Deal from Mr. Roosevelt down. Later in the same month Hoover issued a statement which invited the cooperation of citizens everywhere in "ridding America of those who desire to undermine the federal government."

This is not the country's first experience with either a General Intelligence Division or J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover was head of the General Intelligence Division from 1919 to 1924, when it was abolished by Harlan F. Stone, now a justice of the United States Supreme Court, when he became Attorney General. William J. Burns was then head of the FBI. The division played a part, according to Felix Frankfurter, in framing Sacco and Vanzetti. It compiled biographies, according to the Attorney General's report in 1920, "of all authors, publishers, editors, etc., showing any connection with an ultra-radical body or movement." The ramifications of the FBI's "general intelligence" work were protested by the American Civil Liberties Union in a famous report of May, 1924, entitled "The Nation-wide Spy System Centering in the Department of Justice." According to an article by Ray Tucker in *Collier's* for August 19, 1933, former President Hoover was among the dangerous radicals shadowed by the FBI in that period, and "at one time or another the bureau's files have contained reports on such prominent Americans as Justice Stone, the late Senator Thomas, Senator Wheeler, Senator Borah, Dean Roscoe Pound, Professor Felix Frankfurter, Professor Zechariah Chaffee, Jr., Frank P. Walsh, and John L. Lewis."

The FBI has now been granted $10,000,000 for the next fiscal year, much of it to revive illegal practices of the kind that marked its conduct during the days of A. Mitchell Palmer and William J. Burns. That amount is roughly fifteen times as great as the bureau's appropriation in the year we entered the war, 1917. Congress has failed in its duty by voting that $10,000,000 as a routine matter, consenting by silence to the continuation of activities totally at variance with American principles of government. The Attorney General must now take steps to confine the FBI to its statutory job. That job is not to be a combination of Dick Tracy and Mrs. Dilling.

Trade Agreements Upheld

THE action of the House in deciding, by a vote of 216 to 168, to extend the Trade Agreements Act three more years would be wholly gratifying if it had not been taken on what appears to be almost entirely partisan grounds. While a few individuals broke party ranks and voted according to conviction, an overwhelming majority of Representatives divided strictly along party lines with apparent indifference to the basic issues of the controversy. From one point of view this is fully understandable. For many decades the tariff was the main, if not the only, issue which clearly divided the Republican from the Democratic Party. The Hull trade program is directly in line with the historic tariff policy of the Democratic Party, and therefore has been bitterly opposed by the Republicans.

This may explain but it does not justify such an overwhelmingly partisan vote on a matter of deep public concern. There is no such clear-cut division of interests among the rank and file of men and women who vote the Democratic or Republican tickets. It is true that most persons who live in the South would naturally, in view of the section's dependence on exports, be in the camp of the supporters of the Hull trade policy. And it happens that the South's Representatives in Congress are all Democrats. A similar identity of interest and party inspired New York City's Democratic Congressmen, for New York, as the country's chief port, stands to benefit substantially from an increase in foreign trade.

But on what basis, economic or logical, can the bulk of the Republican vote be justified? The assertion that the Hull trade program is ruinous to agriculture represents, as we have repeatedly shown in these pages, so gross a falsification of the facts that it is to be doubted whether it is believed even by Republican leaders. Similarly, it would be difficult to find any industry of importance which has been materially injured by the trade agreements. If such an industry existed, we should be deluged with "statistics" showing how the program was destroying American industry. On the other hand, several important industries have been materially aided by the trade pacts. In some cases these industries have been virtually unheard in Washington because the Representatives from the states in which they are located happened to be Republicans. Mr. Vandenberg, for example, as the senior Senator from Michigan, is acting in a manner that is fundamentally antagonistic to the best interests of the automobile industry when he attacks the Hull program.

Passage of the bill, under the circumstances, was a foregone conclusion. The crucial vote was not on the bill itself but on the amendment introduced by Representative Crowther of New York to make all agreements contingent on approval by both houses of Congress. Adoption of such a provision, or the alternative proposal of Representative Coffee of Nebraska requiring Senate ratification, would have scuttled the entire program. It would have had the effect of reopening the whole question of specific tariff rates every time an agreement came up for ratification. History has shown that the result would be an orgy of log-rolling and vote-trading, with little, if any, progress in the direction of stimulating foreign trade. Equally indefensible was the amendment offered by Representative Disney of Oklahoma, which would have forbidden the American negotiators to make reductions in the excise duties recently applied on imports of copper, oil, lumber, coal, and vegetable oils. These "excise duties" are clearly tariff duties masquerading under another name, and very bad duties at that.

The bill for the extension of the Hull program now goes to the Senate, where it is believed that the Administration has sufficient votes to force its adoption in substantially its present form. Here party lines are not quite so strong, and it is to be hoped that the debate will be on a higher level than that in the House. But if we are to judge by some of the statements already issued by leading Senators, the prospects for an enlightened discussion are none too bright.

Can Britain Afford Chamberlain?

LAST WEEK, in a purely working-class London constituency, a district of docks and factories, an official Labor Party candidate who supported the war was elected to Parliament with 14,343 votes. Opposing him was Harry Pollitt, one of the ablest and most popular Communist leaders, and a member of Mosley's Fascist Party, both of whom denounced the "imperialist" war. They polled 966 and 151 votes, respectively.

The result of this by-election is a clear indication that the defeatist propaganda of the Communist Party is making little headway among the British working classes despite the freedom accorded to it. But as Ernest Davies points out in an article on page 302, the fact that the British Labor Party is supporting the war does not mean that it is satisfied with the Chamberlain government. On the contrary, the policies pursued by the government both at home and abroad are causing increasing restiveness.

The progressive elements in Britain, as represented by the Labor movement, and the conservative upper classes, from whose ranks the government is wholly recruited, seek the defeat of Nazism from quite different motives.

Long ago the Labor movement, apart from a small pacifist section, realized that Hitler must be stopped if any democracy was to survive in Europe. Mr. Chamberlain's supporters, on the other hand, closed their eyes to the significance of National Socialism. They were dominated by a dread of war because they believed—and with reason—that its economic consequences would be ruinous to the social system on which their power and security rested. Hence they continued to pursue appeasement up to the moment that it became clear, even to them, that Hitler, so far from being a bulwark against bolshevism, represented a revolutionary movement which unless halted would sweep away not only British democracy but the British Empire as well. Once Mr. Chamberlain and his followers had firmly grasped this fact there was little reason to fear another Munich. But since their primary purpose in seeking the defeat of Hitler is to safeguard their economic security, their conduct of the war against him is conditioned by their desire to save as much from the wreck as possible. This is made clear by the direction of those "incitements to treason" of which Raymond Swing wrote in *The Nation's* anniversary number. These appeals to Germans to throw off the Hitler yoke are intended to reach the reactionary rather than the democratic elements inside the Reich. They look toward the reestablishment of a respectable capitalist society on a pre-1914 rather than a pre-Hitler model and, with this in view, patronize the right-wing exiles, the monarchists, the Austrian clericals, the industrialists, and tend to ignore the democrats and the socialists.

The same wish to turn back the clock inspires the domestic policy of the Chamberlain government. Ernest Davies describes the results of its attempts to construct a war economy with a minimum of disturbance and inconvenience to private enterprise. Industry has been organized on a kind of NRA plan largely under the control of its own leaders. Taxes have been steeply increased, but the fact that capital gains are not subject to any levy in Britain leaves a wide loophole for wealthy speculators. Again excess profits are being taxed but only to the extent of 60 per cent. With the war-time powers over production possessed by the government there is no need for it to provide additional incentives to entrepreneurs, and no reason why it should not take all excess profits. A further example of its tenderness toward capitalist interests is provided by the recent agreement with the British railroads, which appears to guarantee for the duration of the war a net income considerably above their earnings in recent years.

Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the workers should kick when told that in order to avoid inflation their wages must be kept down despite a steep rise in the cost of living. There is no doubt that prevention of inflation is a wise policy, but with a large proportion of British workers near the subsistence level, it would appear that a tighter hand on prices is the first essential. This means, however, greater interference with private enterprise and a much wider system of rationing so that the well-to-do cannot bid up the prices of scarce necessities.

Add to the class-conscious timidity of the Chamberlain government in tackling the problem of war economy its penchant for old party hacks in responsible positions, its unwillingness to prove the good faith of its democratic protestations by meeting the claims of India, and its appalling record in resisting totalitarian aggressions, and the sum total explains the distrust of a large section of the British people. Under such leadership the kind of unity necessary for a fully effective British war effort can hardly be developed, and the question arises: can Britain afford to retain Mr. Chamberlain? As the conflict moves into a more active stage, as it becomes more and more a struggle for national existence, with the fate of Poland the penalty for defeat, that question will demand an answer.

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Men Who Would Be President

I. JOHN NANCE GARNER

BY ALLAN A. MICHIE

SIX months ago Vice-President Garner's chance of shortening his title by one word seemed a good deal brighter than it is today. But the visible slump in his stock has not darkened the Raleigh Hotel in Washington, where John Nance Garner has his campaign headquarters. "Garner is in the race to win, regardless of whether there are any other candidates" is the official pronouncement at the Raleigh.

Presiding at headquarters is affable, glad-handing Roy Miller, a Garnerite of many years' standing, with a long and unenviable record as lobbyist for the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company. It is one of Miller's functions to tell all comers of the career of Cactus Jack, the cattle-country politician, of his climb from an obscure country law office to a position of financial importance in Texas—as banker, mortgage-holder, and landowner—and finally to the status of the country's "foremost Presidential candidate." His old age is laughed at—"Jack Garner has the mental and physical vigor of a man twenty years his junior"—and his liking for hunting and fishing, baseball, poker, and neat whiskey is cited as evidence of a homely Americanism designed to withstand the pressures of alien isms. The log-cabin birthplace, the self-education, the simple virtues and simple vices of the rugged individual are all part of the Garner legend which time, more recently aided by smart press agents, has created.

Garner had to be born in a log cabin, since there were few other types of dwelling in Texas when he came into the world on November 22, 1868, at Blossom Prairie, a hamlet in Red River County. He had a sickly childhood, which periodically interrupted his early education, but he was able to achieve a youthful reputation as the crack shortstop for the Coon Soup Hollow baseball nine. Unable to get a higher education at Nashville's Vanderbilt University because of failing eyesight, he came back to the Texas plains and punched cattle in an effort to regain his health, but ultimately abandoned this occupation in favor of reading Blackstone in a small law office in Clarksville, county seat of Red River County. Admitted to the bar, he received an offer of a partnership in Uvalde, at that time a dusty, unpainted little village of 2,000 inhabitants, where he has maintained a residence ever since. The partnership prospered. Garner, whose tight-fistedness is legend in Washington, drove hard bargains and made shrewd deals. Today he owns Uvalde's main bank, holds mortgages on half the homes in the little town, and has acquired vast farming, ranching, and pecan-growing lands either through purchase or foreclosure.

The parsimonious young lawyer had two extravagances—poker and whiskey—but he has done well with both. When a righteous young woman by the name of Ettie Rheiner opposed Garner's appointment as judge of Uvalde County on the ground that poker playing made him a first cousin of the devil, Garner married her. She has served as his secretary ever since. The Garner legend still has the Vice-President playing poker for huge stakes. Actually, Garner has not played cards for money, except when off on a rare Congressional trip, for eighteen years. Mrs. Garner made him stop because the size of the stakes he collected often made poor losers into political enemies.

Convivial nights with local political bosses gave Garner his start. Texas fortunes in those days were founded on cattle, and the ranchers needed politicians in the right places to safeguard the interests of their feudal domains. Big Jim Wells, the boss of south Texas, was the first to cotton to Jack Garner. He had the young lawyer elected to the state legislature to keep one eye on the Wells estate. Four years later Garner moved upward. The census at the turn of the century entitled Texas to another Congressional district, and Boss Wells, anxious to have another representative in Washington, wanted the new district carved out of south Texas. Garner was made chairman of the committee to redistrict the state. The new district, it turned out, was drawn around the region where his own strength was greatest. His colleagues were furious, but Wells, Archie Parr, czar of Duval County, and the owners of the King ranch, still the largest cattle empire in the world, silenced the opposition. In 1902 Garner was duly elected to a seat in Washington, where he has remained ever since.

Unlike the majority of Southern politicians, Garner never had to fight for reelection. Every two years the political bosses in the Fifteenth Congressional District herded the illiterate Mexican Americans to the polls and had them vote in blocks. Returns from some Garner-represented counties read like those turned in by Boss Crump in Memphis. Archie Parr, Garner's old crony, who once ruled Duval County but has now outlived his political usefulness, used to say that since people were sheep anyway, he voted sheep too. With this powerful machine behind him Garner didn't have to bother with campaign promises, or even constructive legislation. A few dips into the pork barrel each term repaid the bosses back home. Cactus Jack, a nickname he acquired when he once sought to make the cactus the official flower of the Lone Star State, had ample time to cultivate his natural talents for making friends who could stand him in good political stead.

It is incredible that a politician with Garner's record—or lack of record—should be seriously considered as a Presidential candidate. His public career has been amazingly barren of achievement: despite thirty years of service in Congress his name does not appear on one major piece of legislation. He attained his position, first as Speaker of the House, then as Vice-President, through the unavoidable process of seniority. "The only way to get anywhere in Congress is to stay there and let seniority take its course," is Garner's advice to freshmen Texas Representatives, and Garner has followed it to the letter. He scarcely opened his mouth during his first eight years in the House, and when he did, it was usually to engage in meaningless, futile attacks on Republican tariff policies.

Garner is far from a liberal, but the well-defined conservative label doesn't fit him either. In fact, it is doubtful whether he understands the meaning of the terms. Never a deep thinker, Garner, quite naturally, has the outlook of a small-town conservative banker, but his whole political philosophy is based on expediency. In one indiscreet outburst he admitted: "I have always done what I thought best for my country, never varying unless I was advised that two-thirds of the Democrats were for a bill, and then I voted for it." The Garner policy of taking the course that was most profitable is nowhere more glaringly revealed than in the field of foreign affairs. Although an isolationist by nature if not by conviction during his early years in Congress, Garner went down the line for Woodrow Wilson and willingly ran for two terms alongside Franklin Roosevelt, two of the most international-minded of American Presidents. In April, 1917, Garner voted for the war resolution, and while America was in the war served as liaison man between Wilson and Capitol Hill, since the President was on bad terms with Speaker Champ Clark and Claude Kitchen, chairman of the influential Ways and Means Committee. Garner balked, however, when it came to lending money to the Allies, and it was only his intimate connection with Wilson that made him hold his tongue against them in public. Today, Washington observers believe, the Vice-President personally favors lending money to Finland. Politically, however, such a course would put him in direct agreement with President Roosevelt and might also cost him support among the more ardent isolationists. In view of these considerations, Garner has allowed his favorite Washington correspondents to hint that "the V.P. is ag'in" lending money to the Finns.

In 1924 Garner earned the fleeting newspaper reputation of a "radical" when he unleashed a characteristic Western attack on a particularly foul tax-reduction bill which Andrew Mellon and Wall Street sponsored. In 1931 he went off in the other direction. W. R. Hearst was anxious to see a nation-wide sales tax enacted, and Garner got behind a bill for a federal sales levy. The tax bill was defeated, but only after a heroic fight by the progressive bloc. Whereupon Garner did an about-face and sponsored a gigantic $2,500,000,000 pump-priming relief bill—largely because Hoover refused to use large-scale spending methods to combat the depression. Representative LaGuardia of New York and Senator Bob La Follette of Wisconsin had long urged relief spending, but Garner's ideas of governmental spending were quite different. He advocated enough new post offices so that every Democratic member of the Congress could claim one; he threw in highways, flood-control projects, and $100,000,000 for outright grants to the states for unemployment relief, plus the provision to print a billion dollars of paper money if necessary. Garner, figure-head leader of the economy bloc of the past few years, doesn't like to be reminded of his spending proposals, which became known as "Garner's pork-barrel triplets." One of the three bills passed the House and Senate, but Hoover vetoed it, and the others died before passage. When spending failed, Garner once again turned to Hearst. The publisher did not forget Garner's services in the sales-tax campaign. On January 11, 1932, he told the country over a national hook-up that Jack Garner should be the next President of the United States.

Garner is not an out-in-the-open fighter, and his attacks on the C. I. O. and the rights of labor, in particular, have always been confined to the cloakrooms. Back in 1926, however, Congressman Garner went on record to defend the exploitation of the Mexican Americans who worked the fields of south Texas. There were rumors in Washington that quota restrictions would be applied on the immigration of Mexicans, and Cactus Jack scurried before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization to testify. Defending the virtues of cheap Mexican labor, Garner explained: "They do not cause any trouble unless they stay a long time and become Americanized. They are a very docile people. They can be imposed upon. The sheriff can go out and make them do anything. That is the way they are."

When the conservative-controlled first session of the Seventy-sixth Congress was gaveled into history a year ago, Garner's political fortunes were at their peak. As leader of the conservative Democratic and Republican coalition, and as the willing symbol of anti-

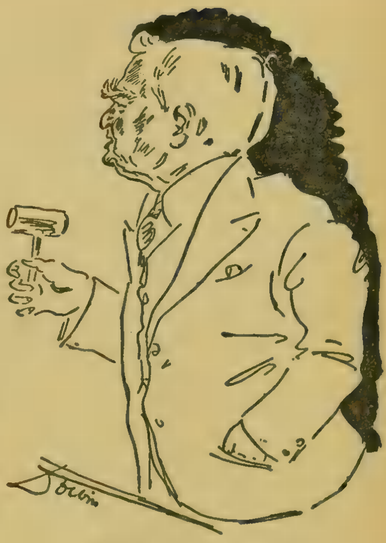
Roosevelt sentiment in Congress and throughout the country, the seventy-one-year-old Vice-President was a serious Presidential candidate, with a nation-wide poll popularity equal to or better than that of Taft, Hull, Dewey, Farley, or Vandenberg. Congressional "beat Roosevelt" maneuvers were worked out in the privacy of his offices, and Senators Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Jimmy Byrnes of South Carolina, master-strategists of the conservative bloc, called daily at the V. P.'s sanctuary to "strike a blow for liberty" with three fingers of Bourbon.

In recent months the play and the players have changed rapidly, and Garner is now given far less prominent billing in the coming Democratic drama. Regardless of what the little Texan's campaign managers say, the early Garner-for-President boom was a simple "stop Roosevelt" movement as far as its conservative Democratic backers were concerned, and its strength came from the reasonable assumption that President Roosevelt would remain outspokenly liberal up to and through the 1940 election. But Garner and his backers have been reminded during recent months that their chief at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue is also a pretty shrewd politician. The new Roosevelt strategy of appeasing the conservative Democrats in the interest of "party unity" has cut some of the ground from under Garner, and the quiet campaign to "draft" Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who is conservative enough to satisfy the right wing of the party, hasn't helped the Garner candidacy.

Garner is acutely aware of his altered position. When I interviewed him in his Senate office, he perched like a puzzled owl behind his desk and testily refused to comment on or off the record on any subject, even the recent death of Senator Borah. His handy supply of liquor, which broke the ice for many a visiting newspaperman in the old days, remained locked in the cupboard. The Vice-President is extremely touchy on his Presidential candidacy. As soon as I mentioned "Democratic Presidential possibilities," I was shown the door. What irritates Garner most is that his offices are no longer the scene of strategy-mapping conferences where Roosevelt-sponsored legislation is crippled before it reaches the floor of the Senate or House. Byrnes and Harrison, who were among the first to encourage Garner to make himself "available" for the Presidency, still drop in to pass the time of day, but they now have almost daily conferences at the White House, and Jimmy Byrnes, an on-again, off-again Roosevelt man since 1936, is once more the President's wheelhorse in the Senate. To rejuvenate the Garner candidacy Roosevelt would have to renounce his policy of appeasement and declare himself a candidate for a third term on a New Deal program or openly commit himself to the choice of a liberal, such as Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, likewise on a New Deal platform.

If, for purposes of speculation, it is conceded that Garner could get the Democratic nomination, what are his chances of election? Washington observers believe they are almost non-existent. Any Republican, they contend, except perhaps Herbert Hoover, could defeat Garner, for if the people honestly want a conservative candidate, they will turn to the party with traditionally conservative candidates. The Democrats, these observers point out, have never won with a conservative.

What the Vice-President would do in the White House in the remote eventuality that he were elected must remain, for the present, a matter of speculation. He has no program. He has come a long way by keeping his mouth closed, and he is not going to ruin his slim chance of nomination by opening it now. To all questions concerning his views on neutrality, relief, housing, civil rights, labor, or anything else he has one answer: "I have no opinion."



Vice-President Garner

Nevertheless, some generalizations on a Garner Administration are permissible in the light of his record. The Dies committee, for example, would most certainly be retained. Garner is still behind Dies, but just as quietly as when he first encouraged the Bad Boy from Orange to begin his investigations. Majority Leader Sam Rayburn, Garner's man in the House, has been instrumental in getting Congressional support for Dies. As a politician who has been maintained in office by the votes of a boss-ridden electorate, Garner has been untroubled by the denial of constitutional rights. In the words of one of his admirers, Colonel Carl Estes, Texas publisher and oil man, "Jack Garner is a Democrat who has no desire to substitute the autocracy of the masses for that of the classes." Garner would like to see relief dumped back on the states, with perhaps small federal contributions, but it is possible that even his conservative Democratic advisers would convince him of the impossibility of such an arrangement. Republicans and Democrats of all shades agree that certain New Deal measures, notably the Social Security Act, TVA, and perhaps the SEC, will have to be retained in principle, if not in spirit, no matter who heads the next Administration. Garner as President would also maintain such agencies as the FHA and the RFC, simply because they are self-supporting, middle-class agencies which, on the whole, meet the approval of a small-town banker like himself. If President Roosevelt is renominated, Garner will be given the chance to run again as Vice-President purely as a courtesy. And he will probably refuse it. Three terms as President are one thing; three sessions in the Vice-Presidential sinecure are quite another. As things now stand, John Nance Garner, retired, will be Uvalde's leading resident in 1941.

Labor Distrusts Chamberlain

BY ERNEST DAVIES

London, January 22

AS THE war develops, British Labor's doubts concerning it are strengthened rather than weakened. When Germany invaded Poland and Mr. Chamberlain appeared to hesitate about honoring England's guaranty, Arthur Greenwood, deputy leader of the Labor Party, was urged to "speak for England." He did so by demanding that a stand against Hitler's aggression be taken and our pledge to Poland honored. At that time the whole Labor movement, including, be it noted, the Communists, was behind him. Had Chamberlain not delivered an ultimatum to Germany, he would probably have been driven from office and the war would have taken place none the less. Support of the war at the outset, therefore, aroused little dissension in Labor's ranks. Doubts only began to arise when the conduct of the war became incomprehensible to the layman, and when many began to wonder whether the National Government was in earnest in its prosecution. This may have been due partly to the failure of the Allies to give any genuine help to Poland and to the widespread ignorance in this country of the dispatch of an expeditionary force to France. Labor's doubts were increased when Soviet Russia marched into Poland and effectively blocked Germany's advance eastward; here were explanation and justification of the German-Soviet pact. But with Russia's subsequent action in the Baltic, culminating in the invasion of Finland, they diminished. At the same time, however, concern spread as to whether a war conducted by a Conservative and capitalist government could really be that war for democracy and freedom the world was led to believe it to be. Had Russia left Finland alone, Labor's opposition to the war might have mounted to vociferous protest. Before Russia's aggression the Communists, who had suddenly reversed their support of the war against Nazism, even though the shift meant the expulsion of their general secretary from office, were able to make a case against the "imperialist" war, and they exploited the situation to the full.

The official Labor movement, however, at no time wavered in its support of the war. It issued a statement condemning Russia's invasion of Poland; and the party's leader, Clement Attlee, in his speech on Labor's peace aims, referred to Russia as "sharing the booty" with Germany. At this point the leadership was possibly more farsighted than the rank and file, with whom it seemed somewhat out of touch. This was partly because at first the impression was created that in supporting the war Labor was supporting the government. Later, when Labor leaders were invited to participate in the War Cabinet they refused to do so, making it clear that Labor wished to retain its political independence. In this they had the whole-hearted support of the entire movement. Labor would reserve its right to criticize the government in its conduct of the war, and at the same time give general support to the war effort.

But there were still sources of confusion. The Labor Party's agreement with the Conservatives and Liberals on a by-election truce was one of these. Under this agreement, when vacancies occurred for parliamentary seats, an election would not be fought, but the party which held the seat would nominate the candidate. This by-election truce was immediately interpreted as a political truce, extending to complete support of the government, come what might. It was not, however, so far-reaching, and the leaders have since made it clear that the by-election truce can be terminated at any time by either side, and that in the meantime normal political activities of the local parties should continue. The government, of course, took advantage of this truce, was inclined to interpret it as a complete surrender, and did its utmost to rope the Labor Party organization into war activities. It strove to make use of the party machine through Transport House, headquarters of the Labor movement. The local parties, however, used passive resistance and did not respond. Ministry of Information posters sent out by Transport House found their way into the waste-paper baskets, and pretense at cooperation has now ended. The demand to end the by-election pact has increased, and recently the Labor Party Executive, composed of representatives of the trade unions and political leaders, turned down by a very narrow margin a proposal to end it Confusion arises from the inability of the rank-and-file party member, whose work is for the most part confined to electioneering, to conceive of any effective opposition outside election propaganda in the constituencies. To him a truce in by-elections means a political truce and the abandonment of all hope of removing the government as long as that truce exists. This state of affairs cannot last indefinitely because the rank-and-file member, who has been fighting the National Government since 1931 and has been loud in condemnation of its foreign policy from that date, cannot believe in its declared war aims now.

Refusal to cooperate and increasing doubts about the desirability of giving the government support in its prosecution of the war have their origin largely in distrust of the Chamberlain ministry. Swept along by the tide of oncoming war the whole Labor movement at first accepted the government's change of front. But belief that Mr. Chamberlain in his seventy-first year could switch from a policy of friendship to Germany to one of enmity proved only temporary. The Labor Party member no longer believes in the genuine conversion of a Prime Minister whose record has shown a decided preference for fascism over socialism. The more documents that are published disclosing the foreign policy of the government up to the outbreak of war, the greater the disbelief. The shrewd but quiescent voter who reads the official documents telling of the barbarities committed in Nazi Germany during the last years realizes that the government knew of these things when it was following a policy of appeasement. If, knowing these things, it still desired friendship with Germany, can it now, he asks, be fighting a war for a new social order? As the picture of the government's pre-war foreign policy emerges, he questions whether the government which destroyed the League of Nations and in effect acquiesced in aggression against Abyssinia, Austria, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and Albania, can be trusted to fight for democracy and freedom or even a federal Europe. It just does not appear logical. The government was formerly willing to shake hands with all it now claims to abhor and to condone the very antithesis of what it now professes to be fighting for. With these doubts latent in their minds, Laborites have watched the prosecution of the war with skepticism. The expulsion of Russia from the League when no action was taken against other aggressor nations reinforced their incredulity.

This distrust of the Chamberlain government is not based solely on its foreign policy, but equally on its actions at home both before and since the war. The National Government's pre-war record was one of protecting private monopoly. Precisely the same policy has been followed during the war. The government hesitates to go the whole way toward state capitalism; that is, it is reluctant to compel the subservience of all industry to the needs of the state. With the possible exception of the United States, England is the supreme example of the capitalist system. Before the war, state interference in industry was at a minimum. Manufacture was divided among a myriad of firms, and where coordination or cooperation existed it was instituted by the industry itself along monopoly lines, with only friendly state interference. In fact, government in Britain since 1931 has not only guarded capitalist interests at every turn but also aided them to build up monopolies which the state protected with tariffs and preferential taxation. The relationship between the state and industry became closer, but it was always on terms that showed the interests of private enterprise to be paramount. It is this hesitation to interfere with the capitalist organization of industry that has so far prevented the complete mobilization and control of production that must come if the war on the economic front is to be won.

When the outbreak of war made it necessary to switch production from a peace-time to a war-time basis, the government tended to rely upon capitalist industry to meet its requirements; where control was unavoidable, it handed it over to existing capitalist organizations, calling upon individual industrialists to act in an advisory capacity. In thus putting capitalist interests first the government is playing a dangerous game as regards the trade unions, which in the beginning were most cooperative. In fact, the trade-union leaders were even more active in their support of the government than Labor's political leaders. Now the industrial and political branches of the movement are becoming equally skeptical of the government's intentions, mainly because of its attack on the standard of living of the workers and its determination to prevent wages from rising.

Clement Attlee

This action on the part of the government is the inevitable outcome of the monetary, economic, and financial policy that it has embarked upon. Aware of the huge cost of the war, estimated already at $24,000,000 a day, the government fears inflation. Because inflation would be fatal to the capitalist system, desperate efforts are being made to prevent it. Runaway inflation can only be avoided in war time when war production is substituted for production for normal consumption, that is, when the war is financed through savings made on a very much increased scale. To achieve this, consumption must be reduced through increased taxation, voluntary or compulsory saving, rationing, or higher prices. Increased purchasing power in the hands of the community resulting from war spending must not be used to buy more goods. On the contrary, the government argues, current spending must be cut down. To bring this about the government is attempting to follow a very definite line. It wants to keep wages down so that the workers will not be in a position to consume more. Professor Maynard Keynes suggests that spending can be cut only if the worker is compelled to save by having a percentage of his wages deducted at the source and retained until after the war. Since two-thirds of the total consumption is originated by the workers, they must curtail their consumption. This argument has been accepted with alacrity by the government because it serves its interests. It does not want to increase direct taxation further; it views with horror any form of capital taxation; and it fears inflation because that would reduce the purchasing power of the rentier class.

The government has, therefore, from the outset of the war resisted all demands to adjust incomes to the increased cost of living. Old-age pensioners in receipt of $2.50 a week are only now to receive a meager increase as the result of a universal demand. Unemployment insurance remains unchanged, and expenditures on all social services are being restricted. Wage increases have taken place, but the government has repeatedly made it known that it views with concern any rise in the general level of wages. Mr. Chamberlain went so far as to declare in a recent speech that there should be no tying of wages to the cost of living: wages should not be automatically adjusted upward as prices rise. Such remarks, demonstrating the policy of the government, are anathema to the workers. Quite rightly they argue that even their pre-war wage left no margin, that they have never been able to maintain their families at the minimum standards set by the British Medical Council, and that they cannot meet any increase in living costs. If the government wishes to keep wages down, it must keep prices down. This it has failed to do because it has been reluctant to go the whole way in controlling production and distribution. It has left too much control to private enterprise; it delayed the introduction of rationing until prices had already risen; and far from stopping profiteering, it shares in it through its excess-profits tax. These are among the reasons why the workers will refuse to fall in line with government policy. If prices rise they will demand wage increases; and because, as Keynes has pointed out, in the race between prices and wages prices always win, inflation is threatened. To avoid it, the government must stick to its policy in the face of resistance from the trade unions, Labor, and the cooperative movement, and either tax wages or introduce compulsory saving. Repeated declarations of this policy by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are strongly influencing the attitude of Labor to the war.

The worker accepted the coming of war as inevitable. He believed we were fighting to end Hitlerism and all that Hitlerism represented—suppression of the working-class movement, tyrannical rule. He wanted to restore international law. He hoped to see a new world order arise after an Allied victory. At first he believed the National Government was fighting for these ends. The concentration of the demand for sacrifices on the wage-earning class has aroused serious doubts in his mind. He begins to wonder whether there is not something in the arguments put forward by the left wing of the movement that this is just another war between the rival imperialisms of the British and German empires. He wonders whether it is not after all just a capitalist government's fight to preserve capitalism, so that the capitalist class can continue to exploit the workers. While such doubts are beginning to stir in many minds, they have not necessarily been crystallized, and the government can yet win back or retain the workers' support through an effective demonstration of its sincerity of purpose. To attack the standard of living of the workers without clearly showing that the capitalist class is making even greater sacrifices is not the way. If the government kept prices down by enforcing reduced profit margins, if it increased taxation of the wealthier classes, even to the extent of a tax on capital, and if it extended state control over industry and prevented all profiteering, it might convince the worker that there was equality of sacrifice.

Since the invasion of Finland, Russia is playing a far less important role in the thinking of the worker, for he is whole-heartedly behind the Finns in their resistance. Nevertheless, he has not lost faith in the Russian Revolution, believing that Stalin has betrayed Russia and not Russia, socialism. Even Sir Walter Citrine, general secretary of the Trade Union Congress, who has always been critical of the Soviet Union, has issued a warning that the workers would not stand for a war against Russia. In this fact is found another reason for the workers' distrust of the Chamberlain government. They are fearful that if the war extends to Scandinavia, and if the Soviet-German alliance becomes closer, the government may ultimately be glad of an excuse to fight against Russia also.

The doubts existing in the minds of the workers must not be misinterpreted. In spite of them, British workers support the war now for the same reasons that animated them on September 3, 1939. They will fight for an Allied victory; they see no purpose in stopping the war today. They desire, however, the fall of the present British government as much as the defeat of the German. As long as the Tories remain in power, Labor will continue to doubt whether the war is being fought for the reasons given, and whether out of it can come a just peace which will build a new order in Europe.

Marxism Reconsidered—III

BY LEWIS COREY

TRANSITION TO A NEW ORDER

THE popular unity that a people's functional socialism might create would make possible a democratic transition to the new order. Such a transition depends upon successful action to solve the economic crisis, to release the forces of abundance and raise the standard of living of all functional groups. Lack of such action was a shortcoming of the "popular front." The "front" was doomed by its defensive nature, for democracy cannot survive the totalitarian danger and grow if it stands still. Failure to solve the economic crisis means a cat-and-dog struggle of group against group for a larger share in the smaller output of a shrinking economy. Those are the conditions upon which fascism feeds. What is needed is aggressive action based on a program of measures to solve the economic crisis which will at the same time create a transition to the new order.

That kind of program is possible today. For capitalism is already being transformed, *and effective economic measures to solve the crisis must mean the progressive transformation of capitalism toward democratic socialism.* We must seize upon that unity and formulate it in a transitional program of social-economic reconstruction.

The program I suggest means gradualism. Social Democratic gradualism failed? Yes and no. Social Democracy was right in its emphasis on democracy and gradualism; but it misunderstood democracy, and its gradualism never had any teeth and never drove toward socialism. Moreover, the older gradualism was limited and distorted by the upswing of capitalism; economic expansion and relative prosperity provided no base upon which to advance toward socialism. That base is now provided by capitalist decline and crisis, which compel increasing state intervention in economic activity, whatever the form of government. That intervention is good or bad, progressive or reactionary, depending solely upon whether or not it heads in the direction of democratic collectivism. It can be made the starting-point of a new gradualism that avoids both Social Democratic futility and Communist catastrophism.

There is no sharp economic break between capitalism and socialism. If the measures of a transitional program are forthright and direct, if they create a new economic balance that solves the crisis while safeguarding democracy, the cumulative effects must mean a progressive transformation of capitalism into democratic socialism. An effective transitional program involves a minimum of strategic economic changes: nationalization of investment and credit, because capitalist decline and crisis are primarily the result of a relative economic maturity that offers decreasing opportunity for the private investment of capital, upon which capitalist economic activity depends; nationalization of large-scale industry, because its systematic limitation of output and its monopoly share of corporate profits unbalance the whole economic system; and planning, because it is now evident that the economy is no longer self-adjusting and the new social controls must be deliberately unified. These are strategic controls that might solve the economic crisis while moving toward socialism. They allow room for the encouragement and free play of small independent enterprise and investment. Small business has everything to gain by a release from monopoly exploitation and by renewal of economic activity on higher levels. That is equally true of the farmers, although special measures are necessary in their case. Such a program of transitional reconstruction limits the number of interests that must be destroyed, while it promotes the interests of all useful functional groups and so creates a popular movement that may beat down reactionary opposition.

But if there is no sharp *economic* break between capitalism and socialism, there are differences that must be recognized. Failure to recognize them may imply a groundless faith in measures to make capitalism—not the economic system—work; it may mean efforts to escape the minimum of fundamental strategic controls. The ensuing failure will multiply totalitarian controls, whereas limitation of government controls is necessary for a democratic transition to the new order.

And what shape shall that new order take? What institutional arrangements are necessary to overcome the totalitarian potential in collectivism, to make that collectivism democratic? While collectivism is the inescapable economic basis of the new order, the collectivism need not be absolute or all-inclusive. Nationalization, or collective ownership, should be limited by definite ends: to break oligarchical capitalist controls, to balance the economic system, to release the forces of abundance, to plan. This can be done in an economic set-up which permits independent ownership among small enterprisers, farmers, and cooperatives. Nor need there be absolute centralization of power even in the nationalized economic sector. Advances in technology make decentralization more efficient. Moreover, decentralization of enterprises and plants permits of that regional decentralization which is necessary for a balanced national economy. Another limitation and control of power is available in the representation of all functional interests in the administration of nationalized enterprises: labor, management, and consumers, as well as regional and local interests. The democratic force of such economic arrangements is clear. Diversity of economic forms and interests and their freedom of action are safeguards against tyranny. Decentralization of economic institutions, authority, and controls encourages initiative, freedom of decision, and democratic responsibility.

Planning is wholly practical within a system of limited nationalization that allows for a large measure of economic decentralization, independent property, and cooperatives. What are the ends of planning? To create a new, upward-moving economic balance, to release the forces of abundance, to serve all functional interests. This can be done with planning limited to regulation of strategic economic factors: investment and large-scale industry, the relation between capital goods and consumption goods, prices. It is not necessary that planning should control all economic activity. And planning is wholly practical, too, with a money-and-market mechanism which, although deprived of its absolute control of production and investment, allows freedom of choice to the consumers.

These institutional arrangements limit the danger of bureaucratic totalitarianism but do not destroy it. An additional factor is necessary: freedom of association, the independence of employee organizations and other functional groups in relation to the political and economic bureaucracy. The traditional socialist idea of "workers' ownership," is ambiguous, and it promotes bureaucratic usurpation of power. For between the workers and the industries they "own" is interposed the bureaucratic state, which under a system of absolute collective ownership wields effective power over economic institutions. The twin ideas of "workers' ownership" and "workers' state" permit the bureaucracy to raise the question, as it does in Russia: Why independent unions? Why should workers strike against themselves, their industries, and their state? The answer, it is now clear, is that the workers remain workers. The wage relation still remains, and in a worse form where there is no democracy and the state is the only employer: wage slavery is absolute. Workers should have at least as much right to strike against the government-employer as against the capitalist employer. Syndicalism offered a solution in the form of union ownership of industry, but that would strengthen bureaucracy through the combination of control over unions and industry. Unions must have a share in management along with other functional interests and groups. But they must keep their independence. It is the tragedy of labor, in Communist Russia as in Fascist Germany and Italy, that "unions" are instruments of bureaucratic control of the workers. Trade unionism, unlike socialism, is a creation of the workers and the bulwark of their democratic rights under capitalism and socialism. Independent unions, with the right of collective bargaining and the right to strike, must exist to protect the interests of the workers who still remain workers and to limit the threat of bureaucracy.

For bureaucracy is the chief danger, though socialism and Marxism have shown amazingly little awareness of that fact. Another millennial abstraction behind which lurk a dangerous unclarity and ambiguity that make for bureaucratic totalitarianism is the socialist idea that the abolition of capitalism means abolition of all class distinctions and exploitation and of all conflict of economic interests. The truth is that all sorts of distinctions and conflicts remain. New forms of exploitation may arise, and the bureaucracy may become a new ruling class. Only all-inclusive democracy can overcome the danger. To weaken or yield political democracy to get economic democracy will end in no democracy at all. There must be the freest expression of conflicting interests and ideas under socialism. That is why there is no room for the one-party system or for the destruction of parliamentarism. Nor is there room for the Marxist governmental theory of the combination of powers as contrasted with the democratic concept of separation of powers. We need, in fact, a new application of the system of checks and balances to limit the power of state and bureaucracy in favor of largely self-governing economic and cultural institutions and groups; a new application of the old liberal theory that "that state is best which governs least."

MARX AND THE STATE

Combination of powers and the abolition of parliamentarism are facets of Marx's theory that the proletariat cannot use the existing state for its own purposes but must destroy the state and build anew. The theory is logical *if* the state is only an organ of class oppression and *if* the proletariat must seize political power and impose "its" dictatorship over the people. But what are the results? Lenin himself gave part of the answer in the final years of his life—the efforts to build a "democratic commune" according to the formula of Marx having proved a failure—when on several occasions he pointed out that the Soviet state was a "bourgeois and czarist mechanism . . . borrowed from czarism and barely touched by the Soviet world. . . . At the top we have perhaps 10,000—I don't know how many—of our own people; in the lower ranks hundreds of thousands of former czarist officials. . . . The Soviet state mechanism is a survival to a large extent of the former bureaucracy . . . with only a superficial new coat of paint." It now seems obvious that no other result was possible. A governing personnel is not created overnight. Dictatorship, which is inevitable if the state must be destroyed and built anew, crushes vital democratic elements that might have been introduced into the state mechanism to democratize it; the new "proletarian" masters and the most unprincipled and servile of the old bureaucratic crowd merge finally into a new bureaucratic despotism which is independent of democratic pressures and ideas. *The new state, which was to be the servant of society, becomes a new, more monstrous, and absolute master of society, the mastery being modified neither by parliamentarism nor by a system of checks and balances.* All states develop their own self-interests, which can be made to serve society only through greater democracy. The Marxist theory may have seemed justified in backward countries, where the state was almost exclusively an organ of class oppression. But Russian experience proves the contrary. And the theory is even more obviously untenable for advanced countries like the United States, where the state has a usable democratic tradition, is still responsive to democratic pressures, and performs an unusually large and growing number of constructive services. We must learn to use the democratic state, overcome its class nature and limitations, democratize it still further with greater popular controls, and increase its constructive services. Upon this depend the democratic transition to socialism and democratic socialism itself. The task, it is true, is a hard one. But we must find ways of doing it. The alternative is the "easy" Marxist way, which, history now shows, ends in totalitarian nightmare.

One final word on the state. Its powers necessarily increase during the transition from capitalism to socialism. There are dangers in that situation which traditional socialism dismissed, as many non-Marxist radicals do today. The dangers were dismissed largely because the Marxist theory assumes that as socialism abolishes classes the need for the state disappears and it "withers away." Marx did a great job of stripping off the metaphysical wrappings of the state by giving it a definite historical location and meaning. But his theory was shaped too much by the nature of the capitalist state, which is dominated by an economic ruling class that derives its economic power from property ownership. Its serious limitations are clearly revealed when the theory is projected either backward or forward. The feudal lords were not an economic ruling class; it was political control over the land that gave them economic power. Similarly, the bureaucratic caste under socialism has no direct economic power in the form of property ownership, and Marxists therefore conclude that it cannot become a ruling class. But it may, in fact, become a new ruling class with vested interests intrenched indirectly in the political control of economic power instead of directly, as under capitalism, in economic power itself. That leads to the "feudal socialism" toward which communism and fascism move. Another limitation of the Marxist theory of the state is the conception of the proletariat as the final ruling class in a succession of ruling classes. Logically, however, if there is to be a new ruling class it will be the new middle-class bureaucracy because of its strategic position in government and industry. Such a class, whether Communist or Fascist, *must* rule by means of a totalitarian state, since its privileges and power are wholly political. The answer to that threat is democracy. A system of pluralism in government and industry which permits the largest measure of self-government and freedom of expression and action to the community's economic and cultural interests is the final assurance of a democratic collectivism, a functional democracy.

[*This is the concluding section of Mr. Corey's article.*]

A Lincoln Nobody Knew

BY I. F. STONE

JUDGING from the quality of the speeches made by leading Republican hopefuls on Lincoln's Birthday the country may be in danger of a fourth term for Mr. Roosevelt. The speeches were not altogether bad. Some of the phrases were good, but the good ones had all been used by Lincoln. At Portland Mr. Dewey said we had been too long a house divided and declared it time "real economic freedom" was restored so that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth. At Grand Rapids Governor James of Pennsylvania thought we ought to bear malice toward none, except possibly New Dealers. At Oklahoma City Senator Bridges was certain that "industry, labor, and agriculture alike cannot progress half free and half under the domination of those who hold public office" unless, of course, the office-holders were Republicans. One began to wonder whether Lincoln died to free Republican politicians from the necessity of writing their own speeches. Those who invoked Lincoln were as bad as those who borrowed from him. Mr. Hoover, who sat without fidgeting in the same Cabinet with Fall and Daugherty, appealed for more morals in government in order to "assure Abraham Lincoln's America." John D. M. Hamilton, with that flair for the right time and place that has made him so helpful to Mr. Farley, picked the Waldorf-Astoria as the setting for a speech calling Lincoln's common people "the backbone of the nation." These were Mr. Hamilton's exact words. I hope I infringe no copyright by quoting them. Senator Capper, with some aid from Julia Ward Howe, worked himself into a fine crescendo at Baltimore. "Abraham Lincoln's soul," he cried, "is marching on." He might have added that his party seems to lie a-moldering in the grave.

Were it not for Bruce Barton I should be content to leave these speeches to closely reasoned analysis by Mr. Lippmann. Mr. Barton's Lincoln's Birthday speech at Buffalo, if not what one would ordinarily term memorable, was certainly something to remember. At Buffalo he set out to do for Lincoln what he once did for Jesus. Some readers may recall, though with mixed emotions, Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows." One chapter of the Gospel According to Barton was headed A Founder of Modern Business, and a passage that should be famous said that the parables were "marvelously condensed, as all good advertising must be." Barton's Lincoln, like his Jesus, is not cut to conventional patterns. "We are met here," he said at Buffalo, "to honor the memory of an American who was ill fed, ill clothed, ill housed—and did not know it." "Inwardly warmed by spiritual fires," he continued, holding up Lincoln as an example to the unemployed, "he was almost unconscious of being ill fed or well fed, ill clothed or well clothed, ill housed or well housed." These spiritual fires would be useful in balancing the budget, but they suggest a dangerously high capacity for sales resistance. A man who doesn't know—or care—whether he is ill fed or well fed is not an encouraging business prospect.

The Lincoln Nobody Knows goes too far. "The Man Nobody Knows" may have seemed bizarre, but Bruce Barton knew what he was doing. The book swung lightly from what Jesus said on the Mount to what the chairman of the board said in the Pullman lounge, and the reader was given to understand that both voiced eternal verities. Barton's Jesus flattered business. Barton's Lincoln seems less than respectful of widely advertised business products. Mr. Barton was not content to say that Lincoln was born in a log cabin. He emphasized that it was a log cabin "without heat, running water, or any modern convenience." He commented loftily that "according to a philosophy now widely current, this was a hopeless environment." Sources less radical than the New Deal spread propaganda for plumbing.

The clothing industry is spending no money to disprove the notion that clothes make the man. Mr. Barton insisted on being an iconoclast. "His clothes," he said of Lincoln, "were of crude homespun, ill fitting, and worn until the fabric would no longer patch." This is not orthodox Hart, Schaffner, and Marxism. Lincoln's "diet of corn pone and bacon," Mr. Barton gloated, "lacked essential vitamins." Does he think this will endear him to tomato-juice accounts?

A few unthinking business men may be pleased by Barton's Lincoln. An America in which young men didn't know or care whether they were ill fed, ill clothed, or ill housed would be an America that didn't bother about higher wages. But it would also be an America emancipated from free wheeling, tiled bathrooms, five-foot bookshelves, and Sunkist oranges. Mr. Barton's program may allow for an occasional Lincoln, but it implies a mass of Jeeter Lesters. "Be Poor White Trash—and Like It" is a snappy slogan, but not for vote-getting. Even Mr. Hoover had the tact to call it rugged individualism.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Poor Man's Credit

MONEY is cheap today. The cost to the Treasury of borrowing on short-term bills is infinitesimal; in fact, there have been occasions recently when lenders were willing to pay the government for using their money. New 4¾-year Treasury notes were offered in December last on a 1 per cent interest basis, while 12-to-14-year bonds carrying a 2¼ per cent coupon stand 3 points above par. Cities and states can obtain loans almost as cheaply, and private corporations with first-class credit standing find a ready market for 3 per cent bonds. If you want a million dollars and have the right kind of credit rating, your bank will probably give you a warm welcome and make you a term loan for six or seven years for as little as 2 per cent. Even if you only wanted a thousand, and were able to provide ample Stock Exchange collateral, you could do business on a 4 per cent basis.

Most people, however, have no formal credit rating, but nevertheless stand in need of loans from time to time. There are a variety of agencies anxious to cater to them but not at 4 per cent. A person with a steady salaried job can apply to a commercial bank with a personal-loan department, and if his credentials are considered satisfactory can obtain a loan for 10 per cent or a little less. More expensive is credit received from industrial banks of the Morris Plan kind. According to one of the valuable economic studies sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund,* the average cost to a borrower of an industrial-bank loan is about 16 per cent, or nearly three times the normal commercial-bank discount rate on small business loans. Moreover, the signature of a relative or friend as comaker is required for the typical loan of this kind. Borrowers from personal finance companies are not called upon to find an outside comaker but are asked for a wage assignment and a chattel mortgage. The cost, however, is again higher and may legally be as much as 36 per cent per annum on sums of less than $150.

None of the institutions mentioned, however, fulfil the needs of the low-paid worker requiring $5 or $10 to tide him over between pay days. If he has anything to pledge he may get accommodation from a pawnbroker, whose charges will range from 1 to 10 per cent per month. A man who lives in New York City can apply to the Provident Loan Society, a limited-dividend company conducting a pawnbroking business and charging only ¾ per cent per month, or 9 per cent per annum. Finally, he can have recourse to one of the numerous "loan sharks" who still flourish despite the laws against them. And, indeed, in a sense they do perform a social function in that they provide credit, albeit at an exorbitant rate, to people who desperately need it and cannot get it from any respectable source.

The high cost of small loans is not due to monopoly, nor is it, as might be assumed, necessitated by a tremendous ratio of bad debts. The primary cause is the amount of labor in-

* "Does Distribution Cost Too Much?" Twentieth Century Fund. $3.50.

volved in preliminary investigation and in collections. A special report of the New York State Superintendent of Banks just issued shows that the chief expense item in the accounts of licensed lenders in the state is salaries, which on the average amount to nearly 5½ per cent of the assets employed in the business. Advertising and federal taxes both cost more than bad debts, which average only 1.62 per cent.

The New York Licensed Lenders' Act of 1932, which is paralleled by legislation in many other states, applies to all persons lending sums of $300 or less at rates greater than 6 per cent a year, except pawnbrokers and institutions chartered under other sections of the banking law. It provides for the supervision and regulation of their business practices and prescribes maximum charges of 3 per cent per month on that part of a loan not in excess of $150, and 2½ per cent thereafter. These rates may seem usurious as compared with the cost of money to men of substance, but the fixing of maximum charges is a delicate business. The object of the legislation was to attract capital to the legitimate small-loan field and thus circumscribe the activities of the "loan shark." To a considerable extent it has succeeded. The number of licensees in the state rose from 78 in 1932 to 269 in 1938, and loans outstanding increased from $10,000,000 to $55,000,000.

According to the report previously mentioned, which analyzes in detail financial returns made by licensed lenders in accordance with the 1932 act, net earnings of the business as a whole amount to 11.25 per cent on used and useful assets. But as the larger firms in the business are able to obtain part of their capital at comparatively low rates of interest, the return on their equity is far above even this handsome ratio. Household Finance Corporation, one of the two large chain enterprises which do some 40 per cent of the total volume of regulated small-loan business throughout the country, had gross assets at the end of 1939 of $74,518,000. Of its capital liabilities $24,460,000 was represented by bank loans, on which the average interest may be as low as 2 per cent, and $18,000,000 by 5 per cent preference shares. Common stock and surplus amounted to $28,787,000, or just under 40 per cent of the total capital employed, receiving a net return of almost 19 per cent.

The average charges of this company to borrowers are below the legal maxima, and as it is probably more efficiently organized than the smaller offices, its proportion of operating expenses may be rather lower. It serves to illustrate, however, the profit-making potentialities of the small-loan business and justifies the contention of the New York Superintendent of Banks that the time has come to reduce legal rates. His proposals, which Governor Lehman has recommended to the legislature, are for a maximum of 2½ per cent per month on any part of a loan not exceeding $100 and 2 per cent thereafter. The resulting saving to borrowers, on a loan volume equal to that of 1938, will be, he calculates, $2,392,163—an addition to the purchasing power of the poorest section of the community which is not to be despised. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the legislature will act speedily on the Governor's recommendations, which have been incorporated in a bill sponsored by Senator Gutman of Brooklyn and Assemblyman Cariello of Queens, and that other states will consider similar action.

In the Wind

PHILADELPHIA CITY EDITORS received a terse release last Christmas from the local recruiting headquarters of the United States Army. It read: "The inclosed Christmas dinner menu of the Quartermaster School, Schuylkill Arsenal, 2620 Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, may be of some interest to your readers. The army still lacks about 17,000 men in its efforts to reach the goal of 227,000 set by the President, and the publication of this essentially normal seasonal menu which is prepared annually at the many army posts throughout the nation and its possessions might show the way to some young men to a better future."

OVER THE United Press wires last week came reports of a student strike at Young Harris College, Georgia. The dispatch reported that "a strike of 250 students for the right to hold hands with co-eds was under control tonight. . . . After Dr. Lance [president of the college] expelled five ringleaders of the fight for hand-holding he warned their surviving classmates: 'This is one institution where the faculty will not brook bolshevism.' "

A MINOR DIPLOMATIC crisis occurred in Miami recently. President Vincent of Haiti, a Negro, planned to stop there on his way to Washington. First he was told he would have to live in the Negro quarter; when he protested he was offered the whole floor of a hotel. State Department officials vetoed that plan as being another form of segregation.

THERE IS GROWING evidence of a rift between J. Edgar Hoover and liberals in the Department of Justice. That Hoover owes his post to a liberal Supreme Court Justice, Harlan F. Stone, is not generally known. Hoover was appointed by Stone when the latter was Attorney General; in 1932, after the Republican defeat, most departments were overhauled, and Hoover was slated to go. Stone quietly exerted pressure to have him retained on the ground that the post should be "above politics." Hoover was kept.

CAMPAIGN NEWS: Paul McNutt's campaign headquarters are at 1 Wall Street, but his stationery is stamped 80 Broadway, another entrance to the building, because "Wall Street" sounds sinister. . . . Key figure at Garner's New York headquarters is William Goodwin, intimate of Father Coughlin and recipient of Coughlin's ardent support when he ran for Congress in '36.

THE NEW SPAIN: In a recent address reported in the Spanish press, José Maria Alfaro, Under Secretary for Press and Propaganda in the women's section of Falange, complained: "Bayonet in hand, under Franco's command, we were able to win a war, but we have not succeeded yet in reaching far down into the sensibility of our enemies or even in winning to our side those who profess to be our friends."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BECAUSE my opposition to a third term for Mr. Roosevelt is so well known, I am constantly receiving requests that I name my candidate. I can think of several men who have shown themselves to be great administrators, true patriots, liberal-minded citizens, and unusually capable leaders. If the Democratic Party were thinking less of votes and more of the genuine needs of the country it could not fail to give the most serious attention to the records of Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior; Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture; and Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Since the selection rests upon something else than proved administrative ability, these suggestions will be ruled out at once as totally unpractical. Take Mr. Eastman, for example. It will be said that he is not known to the country as a whole, that he has lived in Washington too long to be identified with any state, and that he has no political influence. These things are true. Yet the fact remains that his record is an extraordinarily fine one: he has shown unusual ability; he has worked himself up in the government service; and he has proved again and again that he has intellectual ability of a very high order. Secretary Ickes has antagonized the politicians and is regarded as not a Democrat because he used to be a Republican progressive. Secretary Wallace has antagonized the farmers—or many of them—and so it goes. But I repeat that if our party conventions were genuine, free debating affairs bent only on choosing the fittest men to lead the government in Washington, these men would have to be considered among the first.

Since they are ruled out because of the decay of our nominating system, one must look elsewhere. Usually the choice is made from among Governors and Senators. There is no outstanding Democratic Governor. Were Governor Lehman of New York not a Jew—I say this with shame and humiliation—he would naturally be considered, although he is not an orator or a man to rouse great popular enthusiasm. When one thinks how often the Governor of New York has been nominated or come near to being nominated for the Presidency, it is obvious that if almost anyone else now held the position he would be considered. Of the Senators only two stand out, Burton K. Wheeler and Bennett C. Clark. But the New Deal backers have never forgiven Wheeler because he opposed the packing of the Supreme Court by the President, which time has proved to be so unnecessary. Sometimes I agree with the statement recently made by Senator Wheeler that liberals often seem more intolerant than conservatives. At least many of them are so unforgiving that if a man once deviates from the course they have marked out he is at once tagged with having sold out to big business. Wheeler is criticized for having made speeches that were favorably received by the merchants' associations before which he spoke, while his appearances before great labor bodies, like the United Mine Workers, are carefully overlooked. It is said that he cannot be trusted, and so that is an end to him. Senator Clark, whose health has not been good of late, has refused to allow his friends to run him as a candidate. The reason that I should consider his nomination very favorably is that, as I have written before, I trust him absolutely on the all-important question of war and peace. If he, the son of Champ Clark, should come out for our going to war, I should give up all hope of finding anyone who would withstand the war hysteria.

The new Justice of the Supreme Court, William O. Douglas, ought surely to be considered. I am well aware of the objections to taking a judge from the Supreme Court—I was one of those who were much disturbed when Justice Charles E. Hughes ran for the Presidency in 1916. But if a man is capable and the country needs him in a higher position, I do not think that prejudice ought to stand in the way. Nor do I find a reason against Justice Douglas's selection in the fact that he is not known to the country at large. A candidate speedily becomes known if he has the intellectual qualities necessary for leadership; if he is not a Landon he is bound to impress the public very soon. Mr. Douglas has risen to a very high position without influence, solely on his merits, and he ought to be carefully considered. I have not spoken of Mr. Hull because there are obvious reasons why he could not stand the strain of a campaign and the Presidential office.

I am not in the least impressed by the statement that if war comes to us we must have President Roosevelt to direct our participation. In that event, more than ever, we shall need a great administrator, and Mr. Roosevelt is anything but that. Some months ago, in an article which called forth violent protest, I wrote that he ought to think less about Europe and more about home conditions and apply himself to domestic problems. I was denounced as a "tired old liberal," as one who had sold out to the interests and gone conservative. It has amused me, therefore, to find both Matthew Woll and John Lewis saying exactly the same thing about the administrative failure of the New Deal. A great administrator is what the hour calls for, and if either party wishes to serve the Republic it will look primarily for such a candidate.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Faith, Hope, and Clarity

THERE is something very appealing in the spectacle of Oswald Garrison Villard invading the Nazi hell and lecturing the devils on the iniquity of their behavior. I can fairly hear him holding forth on human rights and a free press. He says in his little book "Within Germany" (D. Appleton-Century, $1) that he intended to say "Heil, Roosevelt!" to any greetings of "Heil, Hitler!" but had no opportunity. When Mr. Villard wrote this book, he was the first American journalist to have been in both Germany and England after the outbreak of war, and the first outside journalist to visit Prague since July, 1939. He brought back a picture of a confused and depressed people, opposed to the regime, to its persecution of the Jews, to the war, yet going along because they feel helpless in the face of overwhelming terror—"the other fellow has the revolvers"—but also for other reasons. "Unfortunately," says Mr. Villard, "patriotism and the Hitler teachings that the men of a nation live only to die on the battlefield are bound to hold millions in line who at heart do not like the Nazis or their creed."

Perhaps the most striking chapter in the book is the seventh, which describes the herding of Jews into a "Jewish state" in Poland, a stretch of land 80 by 100 kilometers, inclosed by barbed wire, which is in reality a vast concentration camp where prisoners are dying like flies from cold, disease, and starvation. In Germany proper, he says, Jews sit in their homes, "and every time the doorbell rings, they expect that the order to prepare for immediate departure for Poland, and what they consider certain death, has come." The order came two weeks ago to the 1,200 Jews of Stettin, who were allowed to take with them only food for two days and a single suitcase of clothing.

Mr. Villard closes his book with an Epilogue entitled England at War which made me feel he had better look to his reputation as a pacifist and an isolationist. He justly regards all wars as senseless; for good reasons, based on his experience of the last one, his mind rejects the present conflict as merely another European struggle for power; but his heart belongs to the Allies, not because they have treated it so well but because he cannot face the prospect of a Hitler victory. His book ends as follows: "Goodby, England! I go unafraid. For Justice, Humanity, and Right are standing on your right hand. And to them Victory will come in time."

I should be the last to reproach Mr. Villard for his inconsistency, for I am bothered by the same internal conflict. And what makes reproach even more irrelevant is the probability that his state of mind-versus-heart mirrors the predicament of the great majority of Americans. The prospect of the United States getting involved in another European war, and another European peace, under the auspices of Chamberlain and Daladier is the most revolting of all prospects—except that of a Europe organized by Hitler and Stalin. On the left only the Trotskyists and the Communists have it easy these days. They say it is another imperialist war, and they say the hell with it. What's more, to them the Russian attack on Finland is one step in the world revolution. Only the other day a Communist sympathizer asked what difference there was between what Stalin is doing and world revolution—to such depths has revolutionary "thinking" sunk. Since, to such men of faith, there can be neither socialism nor genuine democracy until capitalism is overthrown, they do not flinch before the idea that Europe may have to undergo the ordeal of totalitarianism, red and brown, secure in the certainty that a united and collective Europe and presumably a classless and democratic Europe must eventually emerge. (For the Communists, of course, the "socialist democracy" of Russia is the model!)

It would be stupid to deny that there is a dynamism in Russian and German totalitarianism that seems to be more powerful than that of democracy in the non-fascist nations. This drive is anti-capitalist; it is also collectivist; but above all it is anti-democratic. And Lewis Corey, in the first of the series of articles concluded in this issue, demonstrated thoroughly enough for most of us the fact that collectivism without democracy equals fascism. The mind rejects the thesis that the proletariat will inevitably have its innings even if Hitler and Stalin overrun Europe, or that if it does it will get anything better than it has today in Russia. The dictatorship of the proletariat is a myth that will be hard to revive in this generation at least—and there is no apparent reason why collective totalitarianism cannot go on indefinitely.

And so, throwing neutrality to the winds, most of us hope the Allies and the Finns will win and cannot bring ourselves to deny them the material aid that may drag us in. Meanwhile, we hug the isolationist hope that they will win in time to keep America from entering what is bound to be another shambles abroad, even if they do win, and a new dictatorship at home.

I do not pretend to have the answer to this dilemma. But in concentrating so exclusively on a dilemma we cannot hope to resolve, aren't we neglecting a job we have at least a chance of accomplishing? Charmed by the spectacle of Europe as by some fabulous deadly snake, we have pretty much turned our backs on America. This group on the left is spending too much energy on campaigns to keep America out of war; that one is spending too much energy on paper projects to keep the European belligerents from making a bad peace. Both are legitimate and admirable objectives; both are negative and cursed with vagueness. One of their few positive effects is to create a rift between groups which are certainly united in their desire to do something fundamental about unemployment, monopoly, and all the other problems that will consign us, unless they are solved, to the fate of Europe, whether we go into this war or stay out. Certainly none will deny that the political temptation to foreign adventures will grow as our own economic situation worsens; if we become involved, there is no doubt that the speed and the certainty with which the inevitable war-time dictatorship "withers away" will depend on the strength of our economy. If we don't become involved, the mills of the economic gods will continue to grind on and not so slowly either.

I have no illusions about the extent or depth of capitalist democracy. But neither have I any illusions about the imminence of a socialist, democratic world as an inevitable sequence of the "second imperialist war." That happy event lies at the end of a long road of preparation. I happen to think that it has infinitely more chance of being carried on in the "capitalist democracy" of England and France even in war time than in a totalitarian Europe even if it were collectivist. But it can best be carried on in the United States of America—now.

In relation to the war, liberals and socialists, it seems to me, can do a few realistic things. They can strengthen the hand of the left in England and France by raising a continuous howl over war-time infringements of civil rights, by preserving in general a sharply critical attitude toward the Chamberlain and Daladier governments, and by refusing to be taken in by appeals for total support in the name of democracy in the face of such negations of democracy as the British government's present treatment of India's just demands. I should like to see a campaign in America on the Indian question. It would have the advantage of being geared to a specific, clear, and extremely vital issue; the British government is very sensitive on the matter of India, and it cannot afford to ignore American opinion unless that opinion is allowed to remain inarticulate. We should maintain a healthy skepticism toward the spate of plans for post-war Europe, pick and choose between concrete, possible programs and vague, high-flown schemes which may in the end mainly serve, like Wilson's Fourteen Points, as a smoke screen for the real work being carried on in diplomatic back rooms. The surest way to get bad terms is to postulate impossible or vague ones. Harold Nicolson's "Peacemaking, 1919," is very illuminating on this point.

But the main job, war in and war out, is at home. We must realize and force others to realize that unemployment and not the fighting on the Karelian Isthmus is a matter of life and death to the future of this country. We happen to inhabit an enormous and rich continent where economic convulsions that in a smaller country like Germany threw up a Hitler are dissipated like the splash of a stone in a lake. Even with 10,000,000 unemployed the rest of us are not actually aware of the catastrophe in our daily lives. But that cannot go on forever. The state of mind and body of that one-third of our people who are ill fed and ill housed must gradually undermine the well-being and the pleasant liberties of the other two-thirds. I am in favor of helping the Finns, but in the long run it won't do us any good to help the Finns unless we do something specific and far-reaching about the thousands of farm workers who are living on nothing a year or wandering over the country looking for a place to settle. (Dorothea Lange, coauthor of "An American Exodus," reports that 8,000 families entered California in January, more than at the height of the Dust Bowl migration.)

It is admittedly difficult to dramatize an issue like unemployment. Government relief has stopped headline hunger riots; it has also lulled the left into a false security. But it is our job to find ways of dramatizing unemployment. . . . Labor must be enlisted in a campaign for a decent house for every American family. . . . Let's have TVA clubs as well as a Paquet au Front. . . . Let's hound the Administration and Congress until they are forced to act on the railroads, public health, and all the other problems. Too many of us have joined the Sidewalk Superintendents to watch Europe being torn down—while our own house is slowly falling to pieces. I know that the European war impinges on every domestic issue, but I don't believe it rules out completely the possibility of doing something about that man who has been out of work or out of land so long that he will soon be fit for nothing but tinder for a demagogue's inflammatory breath.

The fact that the do-nothing psychology of an election year is likely to be extended until the war is settled one way or another makes it all the more imperative to build fires under politicians and carry on the job of clarifying and defining and acting upon domestic issues.

It may be, of course, that the dogmatists of the left will turn out to be right. Perhaps it is impossible to extend the limits of economic democracy peacefully, even though they have been extended in the past. One thing, however, is sure: the chances grow slighter as time goes on.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Mr. Mencken's Cranford

HAPPY DAYS: 1880-1892. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THIS bright and aromatic memoir, emerging from the *Menckendämmerung* that for a decade has shrouded the fire-eating and fire-striking angers of its author's prime, will doubtless confirm in the minds of his baiters and nay-sayers the backsliding reaction of his latter-day views on politics, progress, and literature. The more so since "Happy Days" is offered without apologies as recording the childhood, "placid, secure, uneventful, and happy," of "a larva of the comfortable and complacent bourgeoisie," who was "encapsulated in affection and kept fat, saucy, and contented"; as having "no psychological, sociological, or politico-economic significance"; as the testimony of a man who, though his "days of work have been spent . . . in recording the current scene, usually in a far from acquiescent spirit," must now admit that he has "found existence on this meanest of planets extremely amusing, and, taking one day with another, perfectly satisfactory."

The glow of serene and chuckling affection that bathes the ensuing twenty chapters will thus be taken by all well-equipped psychologists as a more than adequate explanation of the fury with which Mr. Mencken once laid about him against every threat of smugness and puritanism that endangered his birthright. He has never lost the verve and exhilaration that came to him as his portion of the German-American *Gemütlichkeit* of Baltimore. His pages show that he neither lived that life nor was felled at an early age by the "terrific impact" of "Huckleberry Finn" in vain. Obviously no later standards of mental harmony or high seriousness could equal those of his life's first decade. If those first years gave him his zest for the good life they also gave him his sense of the bad: of every spurious dogmatism, inhibition, maggot of reform, and self-righteous theory of existence that rose to chide the well-fed Americanism of his boyhood. He tells us that his early Sunday-school tutelage by the Reverend Sylvanus Stall, D. D., didn't take; that this famous moral hygienist's "What a Young Boy Ought to Know" was wasted on his ears. It may, however, be the irony of Mr. Mencken's old age to have his happiest book used not merely as an opportunity for dreadful pointings of the finger by social and economic moralists but for a fresh "explosion of the Freudian ammunition dump of horrors" by those to whom every detail of these pages, from their doughnut and pancake orgies to their tribal fear of cops, will uncover symptoms of bourgeois decadence never dreamed of in the complacent philosophy of the Mencken household.

"This," said Mr. Eliot lately of a piece of self-portraiture by Byron, "strikes me as a masterpiece of self-analysis, but of a self that is largely a deliberate fabrication—a fabrication that is only completed in the actual writing of the lines. The reason why Byron understood this self so well is that it is largely his own invention; and it is only the self that he invented that he understood perfectly." As much, for what it says for and against the methods of romantic self-regard, might be said of Mr. M. But all solemn issues aside, it must be impossible for anyone to read this immensely enjoyable book and not be grateful that here is at least one example of modern memory that is unburdened by dreary and boring efforts to extract the last drop of moral and deterministic juice from one's youthful fragments; one piece of autobiography in which neurotic portents are left for others to decide instead of being laid on in thick slabs of significance by the trowel of an uneasy vanity; one book of social history whose writing is as clear as water and a credit to the tradition of Mark Twain. It should remind us, against whatever doubts may persist about Mr. Mencken's reactionary excesses, his aesthetic crudities, or his philosophical light-handedness, that he remains one of the few authentic and creative historians of our national manners and folkways. From the early Baltimore *Sun* days down through "The Book of Prefaces," the books of "Prejudices," and the satirical heyday of the *American Mercury* to the latest edition of "The American Language," he has offset his crochets, blind spots, and obtuse literary loyalties by his instinctive feeling for vulgar health and realism, by his unmatched skill in nailing the oddities and idiocies of our folk mind and speech, by the humorous spirit he brought to journalism, by the healthy and evocative sympathies that now quicken the dimmest trivia of pre-war America and should quicken again the sadly enfeebled common sense of the present hour.

Mencken's eclipse in American cultural circles is a necessary preliminary to rediscovering his real place and office in twentieth-century life. When that fact reemerges, the lively validity of his best work will not only excuse the bluntness of his insights and the decided limitations of his judgment, but will reveal the fresh air he let in on our human and social relations, the relief he brought to our aesthetic and cultural suffocation, his honorable disgust, as Scott Fitzgerald recently recalled, "for what passed as criticism before he arrived and made his public," and "his bravery and his tremendous and profound love of letters." These services it is compulsory to remember, by a reviewer of differing loyalties no less than by "the jackals who are already tearing at what they imprudently regard as a moribund lion" and who cannot remember, with Fitzgerald's creditable justice, the attitude Mencken once brought "to any new effort by a new man."

Mencken's attitude toward new efforts and new men was unstable but it was his own; it was honest and vigorous; and however moribund he has allowed it to become in his public offices, it serves him here in the resurrection of his twelve first and angel years. One's immediate hope is that he will proceed to give us his next twelve, of adolescence and journalistic apprenticeship; and his next twelve, of *Sun* labors, political satire, and the Huneker era; and especially his next twelve, of bugbear-baiting and literary championing during one of the most colorful and demented prospecting periods in our history. One's second hope is that he will bring the same salt of sense and charm to leaven their gaseous pretensions. No one who ever shared even a small part of the heroic age of "Happy Days" will miss the beauty of his trophies, from the family rites of Christmas morning to the festivals of F. Knapp's Institute, from summer days on the Patapsco River to the discovery of "The Moose Hunters" in the *Chatterbox,* and from music lessons on the Stieff square at the hands of a roving damsel who mentioned "three sharps" or "five flats" but never a key, to the little girl with a piano solo at the school picnic who was "invariably drowned out by a freight train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which ran only a few blocks away." They are impaled here infallibly on the pins of his wit, and their special honor is that they merit their place among the classic relics of American life, whose full context was displayed in "The American Language." MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Portrait of Hitler

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION. By Hermann Rauschning. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

THE author of "The Revolution of Nihilism" reports in his newest volume the conversations which he, as a high official of the Nazi Party and president of the Free City of Danzig, had with Hitler in the years from 1932 till 1935. He assures us that he "jotted them down under the immediate influence of what he had heard." But even if in the process of making Hitler's unprintable verbiage printable, not to speak of the difficulty of translating it into readable English, the emphasis may have been changed here or there, the report in no wise contradicts our knowledge of Hitler and his politics as it has come to us from other sources—Hitler's own writing, his public speeches, and most important of all his actions. Yet the author is mistaken when he states in his foreword that "only in exclusive circles is it known what Hitler really intends and what National Socialism is." He need only have read the German weeklies the *Tagebuch* and the *Weltbühne* during the years when he was an intimate of Hitler to realize that not everybody was fooled. Even before Hitler, with the help of the Rauschnings, came to power, Carl von Ossietzki, Leopold Schwarzschild, Conrad Heiden, Rudolf Olden—to name only a few independent writers—without having the advantage of belonging to the exclusive circles of the Nazi Party, told who Hitler was and what his aims were and are. They told the truth in time and never believed for a second—as Herr Rauschning did—that the Communists had burned the Reichstag. He also seems to overestimate the news value of his recollections when he writes: "To have published these conversations only six months ago would have earned me at that time an accusation of malicious invention and defamation." Or is he thinking of the English and French Rauschnings who cherished at Munich and for some time afterward his own illusions of 1932?

The real value of "The Voice of Destruction" lies rather in the fact that its author is able to confirm as an insider, by means of a hundred characteristic and convincing details, what could be deduced before only from circumstantial evidence. And the report has another and very fascinating virtue: it gives the most vivid and most comprehensive character sketch yet drawn of Hitler. So plastic becomes his personality and so clear the workings of his mind that in reading this volume one often imagines oneself sitting opposite the Führer in the Berlin chancellery or behind the glass walls of the Berchtesgaden mountain retreat. One also learns to know more intimately such second-string Nazi leaders as Förster, Himmler, Röhm, or the bourgeois backers and allies of Hitler like Herr von Neurath. And one realizes Hitler's superiority in good and evil over all of them. In spite of the great tragedy under discussion one is often tempted to laugh aloud at the cunning advice Hitler gave to the perplexed president of the Danzig senate, who associated with pogromists and expected them to behave like law-abiding citizens.

Rauschning restates his theory of the Nazi movement as the revolution of "nihilism." Yet one feels this time even more strongly than before that he is describing, at best, surface phenomena. He calls National Socialism now the "St. Vitus's dance of the twentieth century." As descriptions of the hysterical aspects of Hitler and his politics such phrases may be accepted, but they are of little help if one attempts to diagnose the sickness which has shaken Europe, and not Europe alone, since the beginning of the twentieth century. It would not be necessary to stress this point in a review of a work which does not deal with the causes of Hitlerism but merely presents, and this with admirable skill, the personality and lack of principle of its leader if Rauschning's books did not tend to arouse escapists of all sorts to a frenzy about the desirability of morality instead of making them thoughtful about the forces which give scope to Hitler's, and for that matter Stalin's, immorality and transform it into forces from which the whole world suffers.

Herr Rauschning has come a long way since the day when he joined the Nazi Party. The shock of his disillusionment transformed him into a first-rank anti-Nazi. It also made him a first-rate writer. One looks forward with great expectations to his next work. It will show whether he is able to make a constructive step or whether he will again join the well-bred bankrupt conservatives who gave Hitler Germany and almost gave him Europe as well.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Business and Government

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMIC LIFE. DEVELOPMENT AND CURRENT ISSUES OF AMERICAN PUBLIC POLICY. Volume I. By Leverett S. Lyon, Myron W. Watkins, and Victor Abramson. The Brookings Institution. $3.

ONE could wish there were some law compelling everyone who participates in the current fad of denouncing New Deal "interference" in business to read and assimilate this first volume of the Brookings Institution's comprehensive study of public policy with respect to economic life. The chances are that few of them will. Its 490 pages of closely packed analysis are not easy reading. Nor would their content be particularly agreeable to those whose minds are already made up on these fundamental issues. Yet it is an extraordinarily important and timely book And it is extraordinarily well done.

The volume traces the evolution of governmental policy toward our economic relationships from colonial times to the present day. It covers, successively, governmental procedures implementing private enterprise—those that affect business organization, bankruptcy, patent rights, and monetary policy—the regulation of private enterprise, and governmental policies toward labor. At the conclusion of each section the issues now on the frontier of public concern are thoroughly explored.

As might be suspected, the government's interest in economic affairs is by no means a new one. Certain established policies are traced back to our colonial period and from there to English common law. This is not to say that profound changes have not taken place in governmental policy since the founding of the Union. Changes of great significance are shown to have occurred, but few of them have emerged full-blown within the past six years. Most of them had their roots in the development of large-scale industry. Early American policy toward business is shown to have been almost completely dominated by the doctrines of individual enterprise then current. During the early nineteenth century it was strongly influenced by the popular idea that private enterprise was "natural" and therefore desirable, while government regulation was "artificial." This does not mean that the government was wholly passive with regard to business. On the contrary, it had a fairly vigorous program for implementing business and removing the obstacles to competition. And throughout the entire period there was some recognition of the fact that the community as a whole had certain interests which must be protected by the government. This responsibility became increasingly heavy as the impersonal corporation gained a dominant role in economic enterprise. Special consideration is given in this book to the as yet unsolved problems growing out of the separation of ownership and control in the modern corporation. It is recognized that the solution of these problems must inevitably lead to a further extension of government control over economic life.

A similar extension of governmental regulation is implied in the discussion of industrial combinations and the activities of trade associations. More striking, however, is the growing sense of public responsibility for the maintenance of "fair" standards of business behavior. Even in this field government activity is by no means new but is rooted in the common law which was taken over from England. The establishment of the Federal Trade Commission a quarter of a century ago has resulted, however, in the development of a brand-new philosophy of trade which is more applicable to modern conditions. Many of the commission's activities have been directed toward preventing the inaccurate branding of products, but not, in most cases, in order to protect the consumer. That is a field in which governmental regulation has scarcely begun. The commission's mandate has extended only to stopping misbranding which injured legitimate competitors. But there are indications that a social conscience is being developed which will demand regulation of a much more far-reaching and socially defensible character.

The section on labor policy is particularly penetrating and objective. Most earlier governmental activities are shown to have been, for obvious reasons, restrictive of organized labor. But in recent years there has been a growing disposition to recognize the legitimacy of certain basic labor rights. These have been defined and implemented, for the first time, in the Wagner Act. Efforts of employers to have that act amended to give them the same right to try to influence workers with respect to their union affiliations are shown to be directed against the underlying philosophy of the act, as, indeed, are most proposals to "equalize" the act. In its final two or three pages, the book touches upon an issue which is basic to the entire discussion. Justice Holmes is quoted as suggesting that the machine technique has made inevitable the trend toward increased governmental control of large-scale combinations; this truth would seem abundantly documented in the preceding pages of the book. Yet the implications of this important fact for the future are ignored. If the study is to have the influence it deserves, this omission should be remedied in the second volume.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Cousin from Australia

BERNARD'S BRETHREN. By C. M. Shaw. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IN THE most exciting plays there generally turns up near the end a cousin from Australia who in a few innocent words sets everybody right. In the life of George Bernard Shaw—which in many ways resembles a play—this incident has not failed to happen. Charles MacMahon Shaw, of Melbourne, Australia, has turned up, with a smile on his face and a manuscript under his arm. It is the manuscript, now printed as "Bernard's Brethren," that sets everybody right.

If you are in doubt about what the aboriginal Shaw was doing when the Life Force got under way, if you wish to know how real live Shaws sat for pen-portraits by Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and W. S. Gilbert (O Captain Shaw), if it would amuse you to learn how many Shaws have been shot, hanged, and deported in the course of a long and honorable family history, with a few details on their finances and tastes in drinks, if, in short, you have been thinking all this while that G. B. S. was an original product of the nineteenth century—Shelley reincarnated and bent on making everybody drink water and eat chlorophyll—then read the cousin-from-Australia's book.

It is a beautifully got-up thing, with interleavings printed in red for George Bernard's comments on Cousin Charles's inaccuracies, perverted judgments, and occasional incoherence. Not that these foibles are characteristic of the Antipodean Shaw, or that the Dublin Ditto is hard on his cousin. Indeed, the statements and counter-statements provide an interesting comparison between the customary attitudes about trivial matters of a genius and a respectable citizen of more than average intelligence.

Once Cousin Charles has got over imagining that he is taking his life in his hands in writing the book, he becomes a fascinator in his own right and almost makes us wish for more. His chapter on Fanny Cashel Hoey—another literary connection of the Shaws—is a top-notch piece of exposition and literary criticism. And throughout the volume, when he lets himself go and doesn't refer to his "battered old typewriter"—a doubtful verbal asset which should be written off, since it certainly cannot be written on—he displays genuine Shavian wit. The quality is a rare one to find in such a tentacular genealogist. Which reminds me: where in all these illustrious kinsmen, including Marshal MacMahon, one time President of France, are Robert Gould Shaw of Civil War fame, the Mikado's Katishaw, and that most appealing of all figures, the Shaw of Persia?

JACQUES BARZUN

Shorter Notices

FINLAND. By J. Hampden Jackson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

This book is heartily recommended to those who suspect that the truth about Finland is to be found neither in uncritical eulogies of "a brave little people" nor in ferocious smears dictated in Moscow. For it is a study in black and white which tells the story of Finland's years of independence without slurring over the dark spots while giving due credit to the Finnish ability to shake off reaction and follow the paths of progress. In addition it provides a brief but useful sketch of the country's history prior to 1918 and an account of social conditions which helps us to understand why Finnish peasants and workers are looking Moscow's stalking horse, Mr. Kuusinnen, very sternly in the mouth. It should be made plain, perhaps, that this book was written, and published in England, in 1938 and has not been revised to include the events immediately preceding the present war.

PAGES FROM A WORKER'S LIFE. By William Z. Foster. International Publishers. $2.50.

A collection of stories from Foster's experience arranged under seven headings: work, sailing-ship days, hoboing, strikes, enemy agents, prison life, party life. Inferior as autobiography since the arrangement of material shows no relation between experience and either character or political development. Much magnificent short-story material frequently marred by poor story-telling. Fresh data on hobo techniques. A source book for Foster's future biographer. An injustice, as it stands, to one of America's greatest organizers.

STALIN and HITLER

The Reasons for and the Results of
THE NAZI-BOLSHEVIK PACT

a new 10c booklet
by Louis Fischer

To thousands of liberal Americans, August 23, 1939, was the darkest moment of the post-war years. On that day Soviet Russia signed its pact with Nazi Germany. There were long hours of mingled disbelief and disappointment; then came the realization that an era of faith and hope had ended. What was the story behind the pact? What had happened inside Russia—and outside—to make the alliance possible? What did the event augur for the future of the Western world?

These are the questions that Louis Fischer weighs in this 64-page booklet. While a small part of this material has already appeared in *The Nation,* Mr. Fischer has added many fresh facts and more detailed documentation. Probably no contemporary journalist is better equipped to discuss the issues. Fischer covered Moscow for twelve years. In his dispatches to *The Nation* during that period—1924 to 1936—the observations of the keen reporter were presented with the perspective of the historian. By reason of Mr. Fischer's background and training, his analysis of the pact is not only exciting as journalism but important as history.

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DRAMA

Could You and I Conspire

CLIFFORD ODETS'S "Night Music," performed at the Broadhurst by the Group Theater's excellent company, is not, I think, one of the best of its author's plays, but it is at least a lively and interesting production which ought to set at rest the fears of those who have been saying that Mr. Odets was growing conventional and conservative in method if not in philosophy. The new piece is fantastic, episodic, and explosive. It is also, despite bitter and protestant overtones, predominantly comic, and if taken in conjunction with two other recent plays might be signalized as part of still another "new movement." First-night wags were trying out phrases like "The Time of Mr. Odets's Life," and it is likely enough that I am not the first to suggest that another good title would be "Two Others on the Same Island." Nor are these mild jokes wholly inappropriate. It is not merely that the Messrs. Saroyan, Rice, and Odets have all abandoned realism for a sort of romantic extravaganza and that the two last have also abandoned realistic staging, but also that all three have adopted the same theme—namely, the triumph of youthful spirits over the confusions and cruelties of contemporary life. The differences—and they are surely considerable —are chiefly differences of temperament. Mr. Odets's angry defiance and his recurrent determination that his characters shall devote themselves to the task of doing something drastic about this sorry scheme of things are not the same as either Mr. Rice's amiable optimism or Mr. Saroyan's romantic primitivism, but all three come out at pretty much the same place. Boy meets girl, and, taking that fact into consideration, life is worth living after all. Perhaps it is also worth pointing out that all three feel the need for a *deus* to lend a hand with word and deed. Mr. Rice provides a hard-bitten man of the world who gives advice and pours champagne at the end. Mr. Saroyan, going the whole way as usual, introduces the mysterious Joe, who acts suspiciously like God himself. Mr. Odets gives us a kindly detective who follows the two innocents about and supplies whatever comments the hero himself is not able to give. For a taste of his quality one might cite the scene in which he squelches the protest of the heroine's father, who cannot understand why his daughter does not see that it is her duty to return with him to safety and Philadelphia. "The only function of parents," says the detective, "is to render themselves unnecessary."

"Night Music," to be more specific, deals with the fantastic and frequently farcical adventures of an unhappy young man sent from Hollywood to fetch two trained monkeys but held in New York over a week-end by events which are beyond his control but which he is desperately sure will cost him his job. He is a bumptious and self-pitying young man with, as one of the characters remarks, "the temper of a crocodile and only half its charm." But he is bumptious only because he is frightened and because he is reminded so frequently and so effectively that, bluster as he will, everyone knows that he is nobody and everyone knows that he knows it. As a whole "Night Music" is centripetal; it explodes, often brilliantly, in all directions—perhaps it would not be inaccurate to say that it is in impulse lyrical rather than dramatic—but the character of this superficially unpleasant young man serves to bring it to some kind of focus, probably because he is plainly a kind of mouthpiece for the author's feelings if not for his thoughts. It is also this young man who finally articulates the theme. His girl makes some comment on the singing of the crickets. "Why shouldn't they sing," he says. "They've got nothing to worry about. But we can sing through any night."

It is hardly necessary any more to say that a production by the Group Theater is extremely well acted. Elia Kazan is well-nigh perfect as the bumptious young man and so is Morris Carnovsky as the detective. All the other parts are also very well played, including that of the heroine, undertaken by an actress new to the group, Jane Wyatt, who is attractive and appealing.

"Reunion in New York" (Little Theater) is the new entertainment provided by the group of exiles who last year gave a similar performance called "From Vienna." The company seems already more at home in both the American language and the American idiom, and there are three or four excellent satiric numbers as well as a general atmosphere of pleasant informality. Lotta Goslar's dances are always amusing. I should also single out the illustrated lecture on the kinds of laughter and the scene in the gallery of modern art.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

READERS keep wanting to know whether the New York *Post* records were made by "the world's greatest orchestras and the world's greatest conductors," whether they are as good as the regular-priced records, whether they are good value for the *Post* price. With one exception, which I will speak of later, the records were made by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy and the New York Philharmonic under Reiner. Some of the performances, then, have greater precision and finish than others; and, as on more expensive records, the performances vary in interpretative understanding and effectiveness. Good are the Mozart, Schubert, Wagner, Debussy's "Fêtes," the first two movements of the Franck, the first three movements of the Tschaikovsky (if one excepts an occasional fussiness in phrasing); poor are the last movements of the Franck and Tschaikovsky, the Beethoven, the Brahms, the Bach; and the performances of Debussy's "Nuages" and "L'après-midi d'un faune," the most beautiful in tone, are in a lush style that I do not consider good.

The recording of all these performances is inferior to the best that can be done nowadays—this, I take it, being Victor's way of making value correspond to price (surfaces, however, are quiet). The Schubert and Beethoven recordings are clear without present-day brilliance; the Mozart, Bach, Wagner, Tschaikovsky, and Franck are brilliant without present-day refinement of sonority and balance; the Brahms

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Was Marx Wrong?

This week *The Nation* prints the last of three articles by Lewis Corey, called "Marxism Reconsidered." Mr. Corey not only finds the Marxist parties—both Communist and Socialist varieties—a failure, but he challenges some of the basic premises of Marx himself.

●

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is excessively coarse in tone and unclear in texture; the Debussy has the refinement the others lack, but in "Fêtes" the muted trumpets at the beginning of the procession and at the very end of the piece were not recorded so as to sound magically distant as they do on Stokowski's record.

Haydn's Symphony No. 99 was recorded by the little orchestra of the New Friends of Music under Stiedry; and performance and recording make this one of the best sets in the *Post* series—which is not to say that it is the equal of the Columbia set with its finer recording of the more beautiful sound of the London Philharmonic and Beecham's phrasing.

Feuermann is a greater 'cellist than the member of the Busch-Serkin Trio whom he was called in to substitute for at a recent New Friends of Music concert; but two members of a group like the Busch-Serkin Trio playing with a stranger do not exhibit the ease and freedom and incandescent ensemble execution born of the mutual understanding, the unanimity of feeling and purpose which the three members of the Trio have from years of playing together. In this situation Messrs. Busch, Serkin, and Feuermann fell back on vigor, with which they were able to cover up defects of ensemble performance in Beethoven's Trio Opus 70 No. 1 but not in Mozart's Trio K. 548; and I don't recall hearing from a pianist of Serkin's eminence anything as heavy-handed, graceless, and insensitive as his phrasing of the Mozart slow movement. He did better playing in Mozart's Concerto K. 271 with the National Orchestral Association, but playing which did not have the sharpness, sparkle, and wit of Gieseking's in the Columbia recording, and which made it clear that Serkin is a pianist who cannot do for music in the classical style what he can do for Brahms.

For its first public concert of its own the Primrose Quartet chose a curious program of unfamiliar and inferior music: Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ" and Smetana's Quartet in E minor. It turned out that the Haydn, largely for solo violin with string accompaniment, exhibited the beautiful playing and phrasing of the group's first violin, Oscar Shumsky, while the Smetana provided solo passages in which one heard some rasping sounds from William Primrose's viola and some fine playing by the 'cellist, Harvey Schapiro. Also, the Haydn exhibited at length the group's beautifully blended and inflected tone in *piano* and *pianissimo;* but above *forte* the tone became rough and lusterless and sometimes departed from pitch.

As for Milstein's recital, he is a virtuoso, but as such he is unusual in possessing the good musical instincts which enabled him to give an excellent performance of the Vivaldi sonata and a good one—even if not the one a great artist would have given—of the Bach Chaconne, but which did not prevent him from tearing through the Beethoven sonata.

B. H. HAGGIN

[We regret that through an unfortunate error *The Nation* carried in its last issue notices of two books which are not yet available. Susan Glaspell's "The Morning Is Near Us" will be published on March 20; "Aretino: Scourge of Princes," by Thomas Caldecot Chubb, on March 8.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Letters to the Editors

Refugee Enterprises

Dear Sirs: Many of the compassionate friends of the European refugees in this country urge them to leave the overcrowded cities and seek the small towns, where they will have a better chance to start a new life. But Robert Lynd, the author of "Middletown," surely a competent adviser in this matter, foresees that immigrants coming from an intellectualized and complicated environment might encounter difficulties in the adjustment to a more primitive milieu. For this reason, if for no other, no enforced placement of the refugees, such as was suggested by a prominent immigrant to this country some time ago, can be considered a desirable solution.

Other reasons are found, however, in the financial status of the refugees now entering this country. Whereas until two years ago many of the emigrants were well to do and were allowed to take with them at least part of their property, there is now a stampede of people running for their naked lives. This second wave of immigrants, comprising Jews from Vienna, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, is a problem for the resettlement program because neither the few who have a little capital of their own nor the many who have nothing but business initiative or specific technical knowledge can solve their very great difficulties by their own strength alone.

Erich Warburg, a member of the internationally known family of bankers, now a leading spirit in the field of refugee service, has recently pointed to the opportunities offered to the immigrant by small business and small industry. However, very definite opportunities have to be found, and when found have to be investigated and appraised. Many of the immigrants who have a little money are so aware of their ignorance of the conditions and technique of business in this country that they vacillate between the fear of losing their last reserves by bad investments and the dread of having to eat them up. The rash ones often lose their capital very quickly. Those who possess nothing except business initiative or some special skill struggle, mostly in vain, to obtain financial assistance. These are the ones that form the long queues in the offices of various refugee organizations, filling out endless questionnaires.

One or two small endowments have as their special purpose financial assistance to immigrants in the way of capitalization of small enterprises. Much more is needed—above all, a well-planned, constructive policy based on sufficient loan funds and carried out by a business organization with the cooperation of refugee organizations and public authorities. In England two years ago the government established in connection with the Board of Trade a bureau with the task of examining the various refugee proposals for new enterprises. Under the auspices of this bureau, aided by the local authorities, many plants in the so-called "distressed areas" were reopened for the manufacture of specialties, some of which had heretofore had to be imported. Several hundred enterprises, most of them quite new to England, have been established, and more than 15,000 British workers, reputedly more than the total number of permanent immigrants admitted to England, have found employment. In the United States the establishment of new business enterprises is not a matter of government control, but a more fertile cooperation with local banks and credit organizations could surely be established by a business organization having as its sole program the directing and financing of resettlement.

The ideal form for such an organization would be an endowed foundation. The experience of institutions with similar purposes may encourage social-minded capitalists. If properly managed, such foundations are not only able to preserve their capital in a revolving investment cycle but even to increase it. Many of the Polish refugees could give reports of what had been accomplished in the way of agricultural resettlement in former Austrian Poland with the help of the Baron de Hirsch Foundation. To preserve their capital, to see it used in a way that would be a blessing for thousands of now distressed but worthy individuals, to take the lead in a field of activity which is of greatest importance in the life of the nation—might that not be a most attractive goal for owners of "idle money"?

VICTOR HELLER

Forest Hills, N. Y., February 21

Imperfect Alternatives

Dear Sirs: I wish to congratulate you on the article by Reinhold Niebuhr that was printed in *The Nation* of January 20. Mr. Niebuhr's argument that in the United States today we do not have the privilege of choosing between ideal international policies but must choose among imperfect alternatives is a view that, elementary as it is, needs somehow to be got into the consciousness of Americans and especially into the consciousness of American liberals. No better commentary on our present confused state of mind could be made than that clarification of this point at the present time is of basic importance.

I wish to carry Mr. Niebuhr's argument a little farther. In my opinion, there is no possibility that this country can follow indefinitely a policy of isolation. We must consider what our situation will be if Germany and Russia, one or the other or both, emerge victorious from the present conflict. Will this country be able to maintain peaceful relations with a Nazi or Communist or Nazi-Communist Europe? More particularly, have American liberals come to the point where they are in favor of a peaceful policy toward nations which exemplify everything that has been abhorrent to liberals in the past?

I, for one, am convinced that in the present European conflict we must sooner or later choose one side or the other. Though the governments and economies of France, England, and Finland are perhaps not the best possible, yet they are so much better than the ones to which they stand opposed, they are so much more in accord with our own, that we shall sooner or later support them rather than see them fall.

At present, France, England, and Finland do not need our men. If we supply them with all the armaments, munitions, and supplies that they need, they can almost certainly win the war. Nothing could be more shortsighted and contemptible than our present policy of requiring payment in cash. What will be the value of this gold when we have it all in vaults in this country? Whatever our interest in the present European struggle, one thing is certain: this interest cannot be measured by gold. If we do not send supplies and furnish credits so that these may be secured as needed, Russia by sheer weight of numbers will overrun Finland and within the next year or two France and England may be faced with the prospect of defeat. When this situation develops, it is very likely that we shall become seriously concerned, and then armaments, munitions, and supplies will not be enough. Then we shall have to send men as well.

There probably is not much time left to make choices calmly, to shape policies carefully, to achieve by positive, intelligent action the ends that the overwhelming majority of the country certainly desires—namely, defeat of Hitler and Stalin and peace with the least loss in the shortest time. If this country does not adopt the policy here suggested, which admittedly is not an ideal one, it may later be faced with the necessity of following a course which will be far worse. W. T. COUCH

Chapel Hill, N. C., February 19

"Cultural" Intimacies

Dear Sirs: Archibald MacLeish, in donning the mantle of prophet (The Art of the Good Neighbor in *The Nation* of February 10) apparently has allowed the urgency of his message to overbalance his sense of logic.

He suggests that North America must fear the development of closer "cultural relations" between Nazi Germany and the nations of the southern continent more than an economic struggle for markets. Yet he admits that thus far the cultural intimacy of South America with Western Europe has been largely with Paris. And, further, he himself stresses the influence of the "small and sophisticated and discriminating jury of critics and artists and professional scholars" in Latin America. Again, obviously, the culture of Paris and the culture of the United States are from the point of view of Western democracy, closely allied.

These are, we believe, the basic premises in Mr. MacLeish's argument. But what happens to this argument under analysis? If South America refuses to accept in any great measure our American culture, will it not, on one hand, still be under the influence of Paris and consequently averse to that of Germany and other totalitarian lands? And, on the other hand, will not the sensitivity and intelligence of our Latin neighbors enable them to perceive the emptiness of Nazi culture as compared with the culture of Paris and with democratic culture in general? Thus, using Mr. MacLeish's own premises, one must conclude that the danger for Western democratic culture is not so great. If Mr. MacLeish believes, as we do, that there *is* a danger, he must demonstrate it upon other grounds.

We do not attempt to deny the validity of Mr. MacLeish's contention that it is necessary to persuade Latin America that Hollywood and the tabloids do not represent the total of North American culture. But while persuading and prophesying it might not be amiss to develop the argument more stringently; possibly the road to better "cultural relations" might thereby be smoothed. HARRY W. BASEHART
SEYMOUR RIKLIN

Chicago, February 22

And Still They Come

Dear Sirs: Congratulations and greetings on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of *The Nation.* In critical examination of current events, in studied analysis of social thought, and action, *The Nation* stands pre-eminently as the most consistent, objective, and liberal magazine in the world today.

It has treated the acute problems of the Negro people with a generosity and earnestness that should be exemplary to other so-called liberal publications. It represents the most vital force, and perhaps the only redeeming feature, in our democracy.

Chicago METZ T. P. LOCHARD

Dear Sirs: As a frequent contributor to *The Nation* in its older management, and in appreciation of Mr. Villard and the tradition he represents in the present continuity, I send greetings and good wishes on the occasion of the anniversary. JOSEPH JASTROW

Stockbridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Somewhat belatedly I should like to add my word of congratulation on *The Nation's* seventy-fifth anniversary.

I cannot remember just when my reading of *The Nation* began. I am under the impression that it was in Canada some years before I came to this country on New Year's Day, 1919, with the intention of becoming an American citizen. I do know that during the eighteen years of my editorship here in Boston, first of the *Congregationalist* and then of its successor, the *Advance, The Nation* has been a constant medium of information and reference.

The Nation would not be the free-minded organ of inquiry and discussion that it is if one did not find oneself frequently at variance with some expression in its editorial or contributed columns. But one always looks to it for honesty of judgment and integrity of record, according to the writer's viewpoint. A paper managed and edited upon that basis will always be a source of inspiration and encouragement to journalists, either in the secular or in the religious field, who are endeavoring to carry on their work with that same high ideal in mind.

Boston WILLIAM GILROY

CONTRIBUTORS

ALLAN A. MICHIE is coauthor of a recently published book called "Dixie Demagogues."

ERNEST DAVIES is a British writer who has long been associated with the Labor Party. Last year he was adopted as labor candidate for Enfield.

LEWIS COREY is the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism," "The House of Morgan," and "The Crisis of the Middle Class."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is the editor of an anthology of "Literary Opinion in America."

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 150 NEW YORK · SATURDAY : MARCH 9, 1940 NUMBER 10

The Shape of Things

THE RED ARMY CLAIMS THAT IT IS NOW closing in on Viipuri from three sides, but the Finns, while admitting a slow retreat, declare that the enemy will yet pay dearly for its ruins. It is not clear, moreover, whether the capture of this city will enable the Russians to outflank the remainder of the Mannerheim Line, or whether they will still face defenses comparable to those that forced them to spend three months in advancing fifty miles. But while the Finns are still far from conquered, their situation is inevitably deteriorating. Nor will the loan which has been granted by the Export-Import Bank do a great deal to turn the tide. It does give Finland command of credit here, but before it can be translated into the planes and guns which are the most urgent necessity, Finland must go through the time-consuming process of finding markets for the non-military goods to the purchase of which the loan is restricted. As a gesture from a great and secure democracy to a small one fighting for existence, the device adopted by the Administration and Congress for helping Finland appears neither very heroic nor very generous. Nor does it provide very substantial backing for the rumored efforts of our Ambassador in Moscow, Laurence A. Steinhardt, to persuade the Soviet government to call a halt and attempt to negotiate peace. Now that they have seized so much of the Karelian Isthmus, the Russians cannot claim that Leningrad is in danger, and the Finns, whose hopes of really adequate assistance from outside have dwindled, might now be willing to meet demands at which they formerly balked. Of course, if Stalin is determined to enthrone Kuusinen in Helsinki, no peace is possible, but in view of Soviet losses and dangers threatening elsewhere, it might be worth while to discover that this comrade is a Trotskyite and liquidate him.

* * *

ITALY'S PROTEST TO BRITAIN AGAINST THE stoppage of coal imports from Germany, though strongly worded, is probably not to be taken too seriously. The inconveniences caused by Britain's drastic system of contraband control may give Italy grounds for complaint, but there is little, short of declaring war, that it can do about it. Transport difficulties impede the importation of coal, which is vital to Italian industry, by overland routes. Freight routes from the United States are almost prohibitive. And entry into the war on the side of Germany would complicate rather than solve the problem. So in the long run it may be assumed that Italy will have to obtain its coal in England, despite its obvious reluctance to do so. Meanwhile, Mussolini is doubtless under pressure from his axis partner to make his protests as vigorous as possible, and there is a possibility that he hopes his threats will gain for him some concesssions from Britain, such as a relaxation of contraband control. The violence of his protests may also serve, in an indirect way, to embarrass the Allied position in the Near East.

* * *

THE CASE OF GUSTAV REGLER THREATENS to mar the visage of *la belle France*. Regler, a victim of Hitler and a fighter against Franco, seems now to have become a victim of Daladier's concentration-camp method of dealing with anti-fascist refugees. Longmans, Green announces the coming publication of Regler's latest book, "The Great Crusade." In this work the distinguished German novelist tells the story of the International Brigades, with which he served in Spain. Why a man of his caliber and known anti-Nazi sympathies should be in a French concentration camp is beyond us, but M. Blum might add the case to his dossier on the poor publicity job the French are doing abroad.

* * *

A COMPLETELY CLOSED DOOR FOR WESTERN capital is indicated in the agreement between Japan and the Wang Ching-wei puppet government as disclosed by two of Wang's former followers. The terms of the agreement, which have not been denied in Tokyo, provide a virtual Japanese monopoly in the fields of mining, railways, aviation, telegraphs, telephone, and water and electric power. These are, almost without exception, the areas in which Western capital has been chiefly invested. Great Britain has extensive interests in mining and railways, and the United States has heavy investments in aviation, telephones, and other public utilities. Needless

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to say, Japan did not consult the United States or any other Western power in concluding these arrangements. They confirm our long-standing suspicion that the Japanese invasion of China, though ostensibly directed against the Chinese, was primarily an attack on American and European interests. From this standpoint, China has indeed been fighting our war, and the assistance given it has been pitifully weak and inadequate.

*

THANKS TO SENATOR NORRIS'S FIGHTING ability and Arthur Krock's indiscretions, the 250,000 holders of securities in the bankrupt Associated Gas and Electric system will not be at the mercy of trustees picked by A. G. and E. management and Wall Street bankers. Federal Judge Leibell's choice of Walter H. Pollak, Denis J. Driscoll, and Dr. Willard Long Thorp to manage the billion-dollar holding-company system could hardly have been bettered for competence and courage. Mr. Pollak's record as a lawyer and his reputation as a liberal inspire confidence. Dr. Thorp brings the widest knowledge of economic and financial affairs to his new assignment. He is economic adviser to the Secretary of Commerce and director of economic research for Dun and Bradstreet. Mr. Driscoll was the Congressman who brought the famous phony A. G. and E. telegrams to light in the fight over the Wheeler-Rayburn Holding Company Act; there seems to have been no small connection between his defeat for reelection and A. G. and E. enmity. He was later appointed head of the Pennsylvania Utilities Commission. In view of the calm attitude taken by the SEC toward the fact that John W. Hanes was sponsored by interests close to A. G. and E., this trio of trustees is probably better than the SEC itself would have been. Again we must thank Mr. Krock, whose column in the New York *Times* gave the public its first glimpse of the Hanes affair, and Senator Norris, who took up the challenge of what might have been another typical "arranged" receivership.

*

THE A. G. AND E. BANKRUPTCY COINCIDES in time with the SEC order to start the long-awaited reshuffling of holding-company systems under Section 11, the so-called "death sentence" section, of the Holding Company Act. The bankruptcy serves to remind the public of the grave evils made possible by holding-company complexities in the field of public utilities. The act itself has been criticized as a menace to property rights, but the real menace to property rights lies in the use that a smart promoter can make of holding-company devices to loot other people's property. The A. G. and E. proceedings should serve to dramatize the evils that enforcement of Section 11 may bring to an end, for a comparatively infinitesimal $500 tail wagged that huge billion-dollar dog. The Federal Trade Commission inquiry showed that Hopson's control of A. G. and E. derived from a $500 investment in a Massachusetts Mutual Trust tucked away at the top of the corporate pyramid he erected. The same potentialities, if not actualities, of abuse exist in the other holding-company systems. Electric Bond and Share and Engineers Public Service are the first systems to be tackled by the SEC. Exchange of plant or sale of stock are but two of the methods that may be used in reorganizing these huge holding-company systems into geographically integrated and economically sound systems. The investor will be protected rather than hurt by the law's enforcement.

*

AS AN EXAMPLE OF DIRTY POLITICS THE attack being made on this year's census questionnaire is hard to match. Eager to grasp any stick to beat the New Deal with, a group of Republicans are attempting to work up popular feeling by assertions that the Administration is violating the Bill of Rights by seeking information about such matters as housing conditions and unemployment. These are two problems which all political parties agree are definitely the concern of the government but in regard to which accurate and complete information is lacking. Yet objections are being raised because the census-takers are being instructed to inquire not only about the employed status of each adult but about family income. This second question is of major importance since there is reason to believe that chronic underemployment constitutes a very important part of what we call the unemployment problem. Its true extent, however, can only be gauged by asking questions about income. The housing section of the census, which seeks information about the construction of homes, appliances and services used, mortgage position, and so on, will yield facts essential for the development of housing policies. Moreover, data of this kind are needed, and have been requested, by an important group of industries which were consulted in drawing up the schedules. The American census is, in many ways, a statistical model, and the Bureau of the Census has an honorable record for efficiency and integrity. The individual returns it handles cannot be made available to any outside department. Census-taking depends on the cooperation of all the people rather than on penalties, and demagogues who for political reasons attempt to sabotage it by working on the fears of the ignorant and hysterical deserve condemnation for utter irresponsibility.

*

GENUINELY SUBVERSIVE IS THE ATTACK ON the alien in this country, for it breeds a habit of racial discrimination and a consciousness of different racial stocks that menace national unity. The American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, which has just ended a two-day conference in Washington, is also protecting the American born. Time and again the entering wedge for an attack on civil liberties or trade unionism has been an attack on the foreign born. This was true in the days of the Alien and Sedition Bills under John Adams as it was true in the days of the Palmer red raids, and it is true again today. United States Commissioner of Immigration Houghteling in a letter to the conference stated that only 19,398 more aliens entered than left the country from July 1, 1930, to June 30, 1939. During the same period death reduced our unnaturalized immigrant population, most of it elderly, by 900,000. The conference launched a campaign against anti-alien measures and received a message from the President implying his general support of that campaign. Mr. Roosevelt called it one of our greatest achievements that racial groups divided by hatred abroad are united and merged into a common Americanism here. He warned that "any oppression, any injustice, any hatred, is a wedge designed to attack our civilization."

*

ONLY SIX OF THE STATES HAVE BUDGETS larger than the cost of relief in New York City, and two recent reports on its administration merit nation-wide attention, for both reveal conditions also existing elsewhere. William Hodson, the city's welfare commissioner, points out that arbitrary cuts in WPA have greatly increased the burden of relief on the city, and asks that the federal government again assume part of the cost of home relief. Washington has been too prone to believe that it has reduced unemployment and the need for relief when it has cut the WPA rolls. The Commissioner also objects that criticism of relief "is placed upon the act of giving and taking relief rather than upon the fact that millions of our workers who are ready and willing and able to work cannot find jobs." In 1934 New York saw disorders and mass protests over the city's refusal to deal with organizations of persons on relief. The Commissioner now reports that trouble of this kind has almost vanished since city officials and organizations have become used to negotiating problems in much the same way that these are handled by recognized and established trade unions. In this connection it is interesting to note that Colonel F. C. Harrington, WPA administrator in the city, reports that 13,000 skilled workers were discharged from WPA for striking against the abandonment of prevailing wages. Colonel Harrington also declares that work has been disrupted, morale lowered, and production costs on projects doubled by the loss of skilled workers under the new eighteen-month "furlough" law. We hope that progressives in Congress will fight for repeal of this provision.

OUR FAVORITE RED MENACER OF THE WEEK was Arthur J. W. Hilly, former corporation counsel of New York City. Mr. Hilly told the Order of Seville at a communion breakfast that subversive elements were trying to stop the Dies investigation and that united Catholic action was needed to fight this "evil influence which would tear Jesus Christ out of the very heart and soul of mankind." Mr. Hilly went on to express the hope that "the order's communion breakfast in 1941 will see a Democratic Mayor in office once again and the proud glories of Tammany Hall restored." Good old 100 per cent American Tammany!

"Plot" Against Hoover

THAT bulwark of civil liberties, the Hearst press, has sprung to the defense of J. Edgar Hoover. Black headlines screamed from the front pages of the New York *Journal-American* last week: "Plot to Smear G-Man Hoover" and "Reds 'Smear' FBI." Mr. Hoover has long been a protege of Hearst. No public figure is treated more tenderly by the Hearst newspapers than J. Edgar Hoover. The *Daily Worker*, the *New Masses*, the *New Republic*, *The Nation*, Senator Norris, and Representative Marcantonio were all linked together by the *Journal-American* as conspirators in this "red plot."

But Hearst's New York newspaper, and no doubt his papers in other cities, neglected to name some of the other participants in the "plot." The New York *Daily News*, slightly to the right of the *Daily Worker*, has been running some embarrassing stories on the chief G-man from Washington ("Hoover FBI Hunts Vice, with Major Crimes Unsolved") and from Miami ("J. Edgar Chases Nothing but Sun, Miami Mutters"). Mr. Hoover's "swanky cottage at the exclusive and expensive Nautilus Hotel" in Miami has drawn the fire of the *Daily News*, and it has asked editorially whether Congress would not be wise to investigate Mr. Hoover. The Scripps-Howard press seems to be another participant in this plot. Both Ludwell Denny and that well-known fellow-traveler, Westbrook Pegler, have been taking pot shots at the G-man. Pegler called Marcantonio a "Bolo statesman," but he coined some new Peglerisms for J. Edgar and his works. He called the G-man "a night-club fly-cop" and a publicity hound pandering to "gents'-room journalism." "He would be a great attraction," Mr. Pegler wrote, "as a keyhole columnist and log-roller, and he should be worth something at current rates, with fifteen minutes of hysterics on the air composed of unimportant and unconfirmed innuendoes about people too big and too contemptuous to talk back." Mr. Hoover had better put Mr. Pegler in that card file right away.

It happens that Mr. Hoover is a victim not of a red plot but of his own itch to publicize and dramatize himself. The Detroit and New York raids on Spanish veteran organizations so far overstepped the bounds of decency and legality as to make many people wonder about Mr. Hoover's trustworthiness as a law-enforcement officer. It sent them back to examine his little-publicized testimony in November and again in January before the House Appropriations Committee, and what they found indicated that he was prepared for a repetition of the Mitchell Palmer raids and roundups that disgraced the Department of Justice after the war. *The Nation* called attention to this testimony last week, and we shall have more to say of Mr. Hoover's methods later. We are glad to see that Attorney General Jackson is also alive to the danger of permitting the FBI to grow into an OGPU. "Law-enforcement officers," he said at Philadelphia the other night, "must be the first to obey the law." The secret services of both the Treasury and the Post Office seem to manage to operate with great efficiency without overstepping legality. But one never meets their directors in our niftier night spots, nor do they get their pictures in the papers.

Safe for Fascism

SINCE Sumner Welles is maintaining complete silence during his mission, we shall not know until he returns and reports to the President what impressions he has received as a result of his visits to Rome and Berlin. But calculated indiscretions in both those capitals have given us some clue to the kind of impression the Italian and German governments have tried to give him. Mussolini, it is fairly certain, talked peace and talked it with sincerity, for although Italy is deriving some economic advantages from the war, a prolonged conflict will render its position, and that of the Fascist regime, more and more precarious. Should the war spread to the Near East, the pressure on Italy to choose sides may become irresistible before it has become clear which is the safe side to choose. Geography and the sentiments of the people tend to push Italy toward the Allies, but the Duce's own inclinations and the ideological identity of his regime with Nazism make the pull of the axis strong. An early peace which recognized Hitler's right to keep his conquests would suit Mussolini's book very well. By heightening totalitarian prestige it would bolster his domestic position; by weakening that of the democracies it would help him to press his claims on Tunis, Suez, and Djibouti. In short, it would make Europe safe for fascism.

On the other hand, if unofficial but obviously inspired statements made in Berlin are to be believed, the Nazi leaders emphasized to Mr. Welles their determination to fight until Britain is smashed. The war aims they are supposed to have communicated to him are ones that could only be realized after a total victory. They include an absolutely free hand in Eastern and Central Europe, the return of the old German colonies as a preliminary to German participation in the world's riches, economic organization of Europe in a way which would permit the "dispossessed" but virile nations to trade on equal terms with the "plutocracies," the surrender by Britain of such key positions as Gibraltar, Suez, and Singapore, together with a "freedom of the seas" which would insure Germany against any future blockade. If these modest proposals really represent Hitler's minimum terms, then clearly he is looking for a fight to a finish. It is interesting to note, however, that the German people have been told nothing of the substance of the conversations with Mr. Welles. The "high authority" talked for foreign ears only; Germans cannot be allowed to know that a possible mediator has been presented with a program which, if seriously intended, would shatter the last hope of peace by negotiation.

Under these circumstances it seems likely that this statement of war aims, like the new threats of a *Blitzkrieg* which have accompanied it, is really a move in the war of nerves and designed to persuade the Allies to talk peace. For simultaneously suggestions have been reaching London, through channels connected with Berlin, hinting at a plan of accommodation which would leave Poland and Czechoslovakia nominally independent. Once again Hitler is saying in effect: Come to terms now, or else. . . . And why not? Any peace which left him in effective control of Eastern and Central Europe, and free to cement economic ties with Russia, would give him all the fruits of victory. Europe would be safe for fascism, and a final settlement with France and Britain could await his convenience.

India in Revolt

IN ITS resolution proclaiming a campaign of civil disobedience unless Britain takes immediate steps to assure India's independence, the Executive Committee of the Indian National Congress has issued a final warning. For months the Congress leaders have been engaged in futile negotiations with the Viceroy and other British representatives. Both sides have been adamant. The British, while assuring India of their ultimate desire to grant self-government to the Indian people, have insisted that no action could be taken during the war because of the as yet unsolved problem of the Moslem and other minorities. The Congress leaders, remembering the unfulfilled promises given during the last war, have made their support in the present war conditional on immediate concessions in the direction of full independence.

To what extent the British government is sincere in maintaining that it dare not grant immediate independ-

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ence because of the minority problem it is difficult to say. While no one would deny that the minorities exist, they are quantitatively much less important than is usually supposed. The Moslems make up only about one-fourth of the population, while the aggregate of princes, Europeans, Eurasians, and other minority groups opposed to the Congress is negligible. Moreover, a very substantial proportion of the Moslems are members or supporters of the National Congress. In fact, the civil-disobedience movement was first announced by Maulana Abdul Kalan Azad, a Moslem who has just been elected president of the Congress to succeed Nehru. It is a matter of some dispute whether Mohammed Ali Jinnah, president of the Moslem League, actually represents a majority of the Moslems in opposing immediate independence for India. In any case, Gandhi has given concrete assurances that the interests of the minorities will be respected, and as the British have had ample opportunity to discover, Gandhi's word is never given lightly. Nor is there any reason to believe that he could not bring the Indian people as a whole to honor any pledge he might give. Although there have been times when extremists have violated his pledges, he has always been able in the long run, by appealing to the loyalty of the masses of the Indian people, to redeem them in full. If Britain is sincere in its professed intention of granting self-government to India, there is every reason why it should act while Gandhi is yet alive to work out the necessary guaranties for the minority groups.

To some it seems indefensible for India to threaten civil disobedience while Britain is engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Nazi aggression. On this issue the position of the Congress is admittedly a difficult one. But it is one that has been studied and debated for years. As one looks back over the resolutions of the Congress, one finds that it has been grappling with the issue since 1936 with ever-growing clarity. The Congress leaders have made it plain from the beginning that they are unqualifiedly opposed to fascist aggression. But they have not neglected to point out the British government's very great responsibility for that aggression. And they have reiterated, over and over again, that the decision regarding Indian participation in the war must be made, not in London, but by the Indian people themselves. Furthermore, India has asked that Britain demonstrate its faith in the democratic ideal for which it professes to be fighting by extending democratic rights to India. The latest Congress resolution sums this up as follows:

> If Great Britain fights for the maintenance and extension of democracy, then she must necessarily end imperialism in her own possessions, establish full democracy in India, and the Indian people must have the right of self-determination by framing their own constitution through a Constituent Assembly without external interference. . . . A free, democratic India will gladly associate herself with other free nations for mutual defense against aggression. . . . The working committee, therefore, invite the British government to declare in unequivocal terms what their war aims are in regard to democracy and imperialism and . . . in particular, how these aims are going to apply to India.

The declaration of a civil-disobedience campaign puts Britain in a position where it must make an immediate decision. While action is being deferred a few days, at Gandhi's request, in order to allow time for negotiation, it is probable that the campaign will start no later than March 17, the date set for the next session of the Congress. Rejection of the demands of the Congress will precipitate a costly and fateful struggle for Britain, one which will have repercussions on British prestige throughout the world. In the United States, for example, much of the sympathy and support which Britain now receives will be forfeited if it brutally represses India's striving for independence. Whatever its past record in India, the British government can hardly be prepared to pay the price of such a struggle.

Frank but Not Candid

THE easiest way to summarize the report of Glenn Frank's Republican Program Committee is to say that it comes out for the New Deal with ifs and buts. The report was intended to serve as an arsenal for the 1940 campaign, but the weapons supplied seem chiefly boomerangs. The Democrats could find no more graphic testimonial to the permanent character and historical importance of the changes associated with Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency. Read in the light of the "rugged individualism" campaign of 1932, the report shows the extent to which the Republican Party has been forced to accept the leadership, not of Mr. Hoover or of Mr. Landon, but of Mr. Roosevelt. The intent to sabotage his reforms is clear enough to one who reads this program carefully —and between the lines—but the report is nevertheless forced to pay him the tribute of indorsing the principle of virtually everything he has done. Mr. Hoover still belongs to the Republican Party, but the Republican Party no longer seems to belong to Mr. Hoover. It accepts collective bargaining, relief for the unemployed, social security, soil conservation, subsidies for agriculture, reciprocal trade agreements, regulation of stock markets, government "yardstick" competition where necessary, minimum-wage and maximum-hour legislation, and even the impossibility of returning to the gold standard at this time. In what, then, does it differ from the policies of Mr. Roosevelt?

It differs only as the plugged nickel does from the genuine. This program is no doubt honest in its implied pledge to keep New Deal legislation on the statute books, but there are more ways than one to skin a statute. The Republican administrations which followed Wilson's repealed neither the Clayton Act nor the Federal Trade Commission Act. The Federal Trade Commission continued in existence, but it soon became a means not of policing industry but of extending old-age assistance to some of the Grand Old Party's deserving poor. New Deal reforms are susceptible to the same treatment. It may be that we are over-suspicious. It may be that Ernest T. Weir, who has just been appointed chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee, is preparing to pass the hat among his Wall Street friends on the basis of a frank pledge to carry on the New Deal. We have too high an opinion of Mr. Weir's astuteness to believe it. The program shows that the contributors will get their money's worth if the Republicans win. Its position on the Securities Act is an example. The Glenn Frank brain trust—another Democratic imitation, incidentally—thinks "full disclosure" on security sales "as vital as protecting consumers against adulterated or poisonous foods." But they believe sellers of securities are being asked to disclose too much. The reference to protecting consumers against adulterated foods is itself a wink that potential contributors will not be slow to understand.

Similarly, the ifs and buts on collective bargaining and the Wagner Act are sufficient to give business all the amendments it has been asking. Without saying so, the report implies repeal of the Wage and Hours Act, for it proposes wage-and-hour protection only where collective bargaining is not possible. The program committee does not object to government "yardsticks" in the power industry, but its proposals on accounting methods and delimitation of territory will not antagonize Mr. Willkie. It approves reciprocal trade agreements but recognizes with equanimity that "the present trend toward national self-sufficiency" may require another and bigger dose of Hawley-Smootism. It agrees that the unemployed must be fed, but wants "local forces" to determine relief allowances and methods. It is for social security but objects that pay-roll taxes do not represent taxation on the basis of ability to pay. It is for taxation on the basis of ability to pay, but wants lower taxes on higher incomes. It wants a balanced budget, but it proposes reduction in the higher individual surtax rates, repeal of the capital-stock and excess-profits taxes, and abolition of the normal tax on dividends. It is true that these tax proposals are coupled with elimination of tax exemption on future issues of government bonds, but this reform would have its compensation in a higher interest rate. Mr. Weir should not find it difficult to raise money for the campaign on the basis of this program. Contributions might well represent a self-liquidating investment.

There are more half-truths, juggled figures, and stacked cards in this report than we can attempt to set straight in this editorial. There are proposals of the purest Throttlebottom variety, such as the suggestion that corporations make annual reports to their workers as well as their stockholders. There are passages of unconscious humor Max Beerbohm could hardly surpass. The 200 experts, after two years of work, have reached some profound conclusions. "Expenditures," they decide solemnly in one passage, "are at the heart of most fiscal problems." This is, indeed, a discovery. There are analyses which one would ponder respectfully if they came from Norman Thomas but which are pure non-sequiturs in the context of Republicanism. Of such are the discovery that the farm problem would be solved of itself if every American family enjoyed a decent diet and the discovery that there would be a boom in building and in household accessories if every American family had a decent home. But how are we to enable every American family to afford a decent diet and a decent home? On this new version of the full dinner pail and two cars in every garage the experts are silent. And in that silence, now as in 1932 and 1936, lies the New Deal's opportunity.

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Puerto Rico: Tourist's-Eye View

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

San Juan, P. R., February 23

IT'S a strange and not entirely pleasant sensation to be in a place which is palpably foreign and at the same time aggressively a part of the United States. I want to put down this feeling before it evaporates in the warmth of closer acquaintance. It is a feeling that more accustomed senses could not register; only a newcomer would notice those small anomalies that betray an inner, perhaps essential and unchangeable, disharmony. After a while other things come to seem more important: political conflicts, economic distress, open clashes of cultural values. Perhaps they are more important, certainly they are more clamorous, but they belong to another scale and they are likely to hide rather than explain differences that lie closer to the bone. The senses, on the other hand, while quick, superficial reporters, often reveal matters that mean much in the life of a people. They tell the newcomer one important fact, at least; they tell whether the society he looks at and feels has a sound, firm texture—however worn, however blurred the pattern.

To this newcomer the texture of Puerto Rico seems badly made, a patchwork affair. And the patches that pain the eye were slapped on by the United States. I'm not forgetting about the "progress" of the last forty years or about reconstruction and relief in the past five; but those matters belong on the other scale and I don't know much about them yet. So far I am aware only of small items that catch the eye and afflict the ear or the palate. Most of my fellow-tourists don't agree, and so I may be wrong. They like finding someone who speaks bad English in every store and on almost every street corner; you can get around without using your own much worse Spanish. They like using American money and stamps in a foreign port—for it is profoundly foreign—and paying no duty on the stuff they bring home. But those benefits are offset for me by the aggressive American continental pattern laid over, sometimes obliterating, sometimes just distorting, the pattern of Spanish living, adapted gradually through four hundred years to warmth and mixed blood and a colonial economy.

Here on our hotel terrace, sitting in the sun, with a lizard beside us on the wall, we eat canned tomato juice and butter and meat and vegetables imported from the States and cooked badly with American seasoning by a Puerto Rican cook. One can, it is fair to say, get some native fruit, papayas any time and pineapples in season. But the backbone of the menu is mediocre, imported American food. Since this is not to be endured three times a day, we go often to a restaurant in the center of town, recommended by a Puerto Rican friend. It is good, and one can eat the food of the island, along with some dishes that are more Spanish than native: cuttlefish cooked in its own ink (*calamares en su tinta*) is delicate though it looks forbidding; *asopao de pollo al Jerez* offers a rich blend of spices and sherry; *paella Valenciana* combines a variety of shellfish with rice in a well-seasoned sauce.

But even in this good place corruption is evident. The oysters, here as elsewhere, are sent over from the States. Puerto Rican oysters are too small, and perhaps, as the waiter tells us, the harbors are too dirty. But in Cuba oysters of the same sort, slim and small as mussels, are served heaped high on the plate and eaten with relish by tourist and Cuban alike. The music of Puerto Rico is its own, much like that of Cuba in rhythm, but distinct in tone and mood and tempo. And, I am glad to admit, it is played. Our excellent hotel orchestra plays three *boleros* and *bolero-sons* for every "fox." But here in the Puerto Rican restaurant four young American naval officers struggle hopelessly with a willing, smiling Puerto Rican accordion player. The accordion is not a native instrument though he squeezes from it authentic-sounding native songs. But the American boys need more sustaining nourishment. They want "Home on the Range." They want it badly; they sing the air off key with earnest insistence. The accordion player tries to oblige; he is amiable and he needs the dollar that may be waiting, but "Home on the Range" simply won't come. Finally they all compromise, with fair grace, on "Ai, Ai, Ai," a bond beween the races. But soon, next week perhaps, the accordion player will know "Home on the Range."

The Fortaleza—for three hundred years the palace of governors from Spain and the United States and one of the most beautiful public buildings to be found in the Americas—is wrapped in scaffolding. It is being completely renovated and repaired and is, I am told on the highest authority, to be restored exactly: tiles, frescoes, every detail. But Puerto Rico doesn't believe it. People think it will be "Americanized"; what horrors of plastic and chromium they expect I can only imagine. It is characteristic of the underlying disharmony of the place that they have no trust in first-rate architects and engineers sent by "Washington." The Fortaleza belongs to Puerto Rico, and the Americans are tearing it to pieces.

Puerto Ricans are apprehensive and say so freely. And they tell you in the same breath that General Daley, commander of the American forces in Puerto Rico, has closed the Casa Blanca to the public. Now the Casa Blanca is as important a national—Puerto Rican—monument as the Fortaleza. It was the home of the family of Ponce de León, and it has stood through peace and war and sun and hurricane for 417 years. It is now the home of General Daley, who has chosen to close its doors and treat it as if it were a private house. But Puerto Ricans say the Casa Blanca also belongs to Puerto Rico; naturally it is General Daley's official residence, but how could it hurt him to open it to the public on certain days for certain hours? Especially since the General is a bachelor. Behind this quite logical attitude one senses a complex emotion compounded of national pride and possessiveness along with a less conscious resentment that the particular dog in this manger should be the general commanding the American troops, now multiplying so fast and so visibly in the streets of the city.

Do you notice that I use the word "American" in speaking of people or things or influences from the United States? If I were writing from any other Latin American country, I would not do that. I would say "North American" or "United States" (though the latter is an atrocious adjective), because obviously the people of all the countries are equally "American" and the tendency of the United States to apply the term to itself alone is properly resented throughout the rest of the hemisphere.

Except in Puerto Rico. Strange irony, in Puerto Rico, which is part of the United States, the people, who are citizens of the United States, always call themselves "Puerto Ricans" and always call people from the United States "Americans." It is as if, in their anxious national pride and their determination to make the difference felt, they were deliberately forfeiting their claim to the larger title. Since they cannot share it as equals or independents, they will not share it at all. The people from the mainland can be Americans; Puerto Ricans will be Puerto Ricans.

The Marxists Reply to Corey

[*Because of the wide interest and controversy aroused by Lewis Corey's series of articles—Marxism Reconsidered—in the last three numbers of* The Nation, *we asked leaders of five Marxist parties to set forth their "first reactions" to Mr. Corey's argument. Their answers are published herewith. We hope in the near future to publish other and more detailed analyses of the issues raised by Mr. Corey.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

NORMAN THOMAS

Socialist Party

THE era now drawing to its end has been dominated by the interaction of two great loyalties, or concepts, and the institutions based upon them: in the political world, nationalism; in the economic world, private capitalism. The failure of the social order founded upon these concepts is tragically evident. Socialism, which was the most vigorous and scientific critic of that order, is itself today universally on the defensive because of its failure to achieve its own ends, either under the forms of social democracy in Germany or of communism in Russia.

From that double failure we have at least learned this: that the drift toward, or the achievement of, a high degree of collectivism not only is not of itself equivalent to socialism but does not bring socialism inevitably nearer. It is a sign of life and vigor that within Socialist ranks there is such a searching reexamination of the external situation and of Socialist dogmas in relation to it as Lewis Corey has given us in recent issues of *The Nation.*

With what Mr. Corey has said I am largely in agreement. I have not space in the limits assigned me to clarify my position adequately. Three points I must make, briefly and dogmatically.

1. It is true that "socialism must express and realize the interest of all useful functional groups within society." That fact must lead Socialists to a reappraisal of their definitions of both the "working class" and the "middle class," and they must take respectful account of important elements of society which regard themselves as middle class. But not at the cost of losing their concern for the dispossessed, which *Fortune* recently estimated at 23 per cent of our American population, and their hope in the wage-earning proletariat. Moreover, it is highly important for the achievement of a better society that farmers, engineers, and other useful sections of the American middle class should learn to think of themselves as workers in the best sense of the word, and to realize that labor of hand and brain should bring economic rewards. This is an idea not popular with a middle class which, however blurred the boundaries, is more class conscious than the proletariat.

2. The "final conflict," as Socialists used to envision it, was to be between a vigorous and ruthless class of private owners, symbolized and led by what we call "Wall Street," and a Socialist collectivism for which the workers consistently would struggle. Actually, as

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Mr. Corey points out in his third article, "capitalism is already being transformed." The whole world drift is toward collectivism. The real final conflict will be between a fascist collectivism, or more accurately the collectivism of the totalitarian state, and a democratic socialism. Recognition of this fact in time would give new hope, at any rate in America, for the success of non-violent methods of struggle.

Mr. Corey gives a good general picture of his "people's functional socialism" and the steps toward it, but it is imperatively necessary for him, as for all Socialists who agree with the point of view which he has expressed, to fill in the important details of their program more explicitly. I await his fuller treatment eagerly.

3. If the older socialism was mistaken in believing that it was the historical destiny of the "working class" almost automatically to achieve socialism, so will the modern advocates of the glories of "democracy," or even of a "people's functional socialism," be mistaken if they think that there is anything in the untutored and instinctive processes of the democracy we now have by which we shall achieve plenty, peace, and freedom. It is the failure of that democracy which gives rise to fascism. The achievement of our great ends requires socialism, and it requires a creative socialism, a socialism conscious of its goal and of its program, a socialism which must rest on its own organizational power. To be sure, such socialism must work in and through mass movements and mass organizations of various sorts, but emphatically it needs its own political expression. What the New Deal has done, especially if it involves America in war, can be a preparation for fascism just as truly as for the achievement of democratic socialism. Indeed, fascism, military or otherwise, in some form and under some name will win the day in America unless within the next few years a democratic Socialist movement can be built.

EARL BROWDER

Communist Party

Your invitation to write a "critical first reaction" to Lewis Corey's articles, Marxism Reconsidered, has caused me to read them. Here is my critical first reaction.

The underlying thought, it seems to me, could be most clearly set forth in a syllogism of formal logic:

Major premise: Mr. Corey was the most penetrating exponent of Marxist thought after Marx himself.

Minor premise: Mr. Corey failed.

Conclusion: Marxism is a failure.

Granted the first premise, the conclusion is irrefutable. But it is the first premise that must be rejected. Mr. Corey, in all his independent writings, has always struggled against Marxism, not expounded it (see the pamphlet "Leninism—the Only Marxism Today," by Bittelman and Jerome, 1934). What he has now reconsidered is not the validity of Marxism but rather the method of struggle against it; where formerly he conducted his fight under the guise of an adherent, he now comes out openly as an opponent. That much, at least is clear gain. May the Lord protect us from our friends; our enemies we have learned how to deal with.

As I plodded through Mr. Corey's "arguments," my subconscious mind was busy rummaging in the dim past, and as I laid the papers aside there was thrust into my consciousness a famous phrase from the age of the good Queen Victoria: "the blessed word, Mesopotamia." Yes, Mr. Corey has his blessed word, which he substitutes impartially for all the missing elements of the rational process, and which casts over all a thick aura of righteousness (or should one say self-righteousness?). It is the magic word "totalitarianism."

With this blessed word Mr. Corey conjures up the whole of his newly acquired ideology, without the inconvenience of having to set it forth in specific terms; with this word he *assumes* as established, without further examination, the propositions which his articles purport to prove to the reader. This little sleight-of-hand performance will not, of course, disturb those whose minds operate from the same assumption. We may fairly expect Mr. Corey to be quite a lion, for the next few weeks, in those circles where the blessed word solves all problems and answers all questions. With equal assurance we may expect that in critical and thinking circles, whether Marxian or otherwise, Mr. Corey's "reconsideration" will gain him but the recognition that here is a man who should go far under a Rooseveltian third term.

As honest and forthright men are more and more driven from public life by the hunger-and-war program of the "national unity" camp forming around Roosevelt, they will be replaced by the most glib devotees of the blessed word "totalitarianism." This word is the battle cry of the American bourgeoisie embarked upon a holy crusade to save Europe from socialism, from proletarian revolution, and to assure itself the lion's share of profit from a salvaged European capitalism.

Mr. Corey should hear the knock of opportunity upon his door with increasing insistence, once these articles come to the attention of the right people.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

Independent Labor League (Lovestonites)

Western socialism, based on traditions of bourgeois democracy and democratic unionism, has for some time been trying to shake off the incubus of blind acceptance —and blind rejection—of the Russian Revolution, a revolution occurring where both bourgeois and proletarian democracy were lacking. The Corey articles now broaden the scope of the discussion and thereby perform a significant service, for out of such discussion alone can come the necessary clarification, reunification, and new advance toward socialism.

Corey makes it clear that socialism's errors and defeats do not give capitalism new vigor. Decay continues: from free trade to monopoly; toward longer and deeper crises; from productive abundance to legislated scarcity; toward autarchy and recurrent war. Capitalism is in transition toward "some sort of collectivism"—the real choice being between monopolistic, oligarchical, authoritarian forms and democratic socialism. What we have learned is that nationalization of industry does not automatically lead to increased democracy or to "withering of the state," but rather increases the dangers of totalitarianism and the need of a conscious drive to achieve freedom. This emphasis on the inseparability of democracy and socialism is the major service of Corey's articles.

With Corey's analyses I have several disagreements:

1. I think he underestimates the trade union as the most important single institution for the development of economic democracy.

2. Corey rightly emphasizes the need for a socialism expressing the interests of all functionally useful groups. But if socialism is not, in the first instance, the expression of a democratic mass movement of which labor is the most important constituent, then it is nothing at all. Is not the working class the most numerous and significant single class in modern society? Who else is to form the core and driving force? With whom shall Corey's "new middle class" combine, when it is won away from adherence to monopoly capitalism and the status quo? The greater danger is not, as Corey seems to imply, that of dictatorship by the mass of producers over technicians and administrators, but—as happened in Russia—the dictatorship of indispensable technician-administrators over the mass of producer-consumers. If the "new middle class," as some technocrats and other followers of *Common Sense* imply, is to become the core of the movement toward a new order, then bureaucracy and totalitarianism are hardly avoidable.

3. Corey rightly rejects the schematic caricature concept of class often advanced, and would use it rather as "a tool with which to identify and delimit those class interests that must be destroyed in order to realize progressive class interests." But this is quite different from the sweeping title The Class-War Fallacy, which I fancy is a cuckoo egg laid in his nest by some *Nation* editor.

At the extremes of the social spectrum there is more class consciousness, actual and potential, than the articles seem to reckon with. At the right, a handful has sufficient power to sway governments, manipulate opinion, subsidize fascist movements. The inclusion in the "popular front" of parties controlled by such monopolists of economic power is the real reason for the sterility of such fronts, which Corey notes but does not analyze.

4. He rightly rejects that caricature revolutionism which worships violence and upheaval for their own sake; he warns of the destructiveness and "totalitarian potential" involved. Rightly, too, he emphasizes continuity where many have one-sidedly emphasized break; but he seems to fall into an opposite one-sidedness.

In order to move toward, not away from, a new social order we require a sharp break: (a) in the *direction* of development; (b) in the *central purpose* of production —from private profit to social use; (c) in the *control* of the mainsprings of economic and political power. Otherwise, as the "older gradualism was distorted by the upswing of capitalism," Corey will find that his new "gradualism"—an equivocal word—will be distorted by the prevailing downswing into becoming, not a new order, but gradual decay and collapse of the very foundations on which such order might be constructed.

5. Undoubtedly violence is a matrix of totalitarianism, yet history still fails to show examples of transitions to a new order without some violent attempt of the privileged to hold on to power. Against such force a democratic majority might conceivably have to use force, in addition to persuasion and affirmation of its will. The latest examples are Austria and Spain. This dilemma must be faced, not evaded.

6. To what extent is modern industry compatible with Marx's belated rejection of centralization (after the Paris Commune) and advocacy of the non-bureaucratic, decentralized, libertarian commune-state? And with Lenin's hope that "every cook" would become a polytechnic multi-expert on every phase of economic, cultural, and social life?

Incidentally, that approach derives, via France, from Jefferson, who proposed an arrangement where "every man is a sharer in the direction of his ward-republic . . . not merely at election one day in the year but every day . . . there shall not be a man in the state who will not be a member of some one of its councils . . . and every citizen can act in person . . . in all things relating to him . . . and in the offices nearest and most interesting to him." Is Jefferson really as out-of-date as the "horse and buggy" spurners glibly imply?

The major lack in the articles I find to be omission of the overshadowing problem of peace and war. It is inextricably tied up with the problems treated. There can be no healthy socialist regrouping if this is evaded or ignored. Modern war involves maximal totalitarianism. The struggle for socialism and freedom is first of all a struggle to prevent war, limit and shorten it where it occurs, transform the institutional and economic arrangements from which it springs.

Finally, these comments are inadequate both as to praise and difference because of limitations of space; and they are personal rather than "official," since the Independent Labor League possesses no "pontifical" views on these questions; nor does it believe that matters essentially experimental and scientific can possibly be "settled" by a vote of a committee, an "authoritative" citation, or adoption of twenty-one points or ninety-five theses.

ALGERNON LEE

Social-Democratic Federation

"History," says Lewis Corey, "has played one of her stupefying tricks; for it is now clear that democracy is on the defensive as much against the totalitarianism of Russian communism as against that of fascism."

Poor Mr. Corey! His position is surely not an enviable one. But we could better sympathize with him if he took it like a man instead of blaming History. The fault, poor Corey, is not History's, but yours, if you are stupefied. History may be a Theban Sphinx, who slays those who misread her riddles, but a shabby trickstress she is not.

Mr. Corey had served the Bolshevist Moloch for years, and striven to justify his ways before men; had seen him murder the young republic and slaughter its defenders and make Russia a house of horrors; had heard him revile democracy, ridicule men who valued truth above expediency, and explicitly command his acolytes to lie for his greater glory. Five years ago he had seen his Moloch put on a false-face clumsily simulating the features of democracy—but meanwhile explaining to puzzled worshipers in a whisper that all this was only a maneuver. Last August he saw the mask cast aside, saw Bolshevism and Nazism clasping hands—and was Mr. Corey stupefied! Or was he really?

Anyway, he has now more or less emerged from his stupor. Six months, in such a case, is perhaps no more than a fair equivalent for the ten seconds allowed in pugilistic practice. Barely in time, Mr. Corey has come to—somewhat groggy but still in the ring. He really is not clear as to who it was that hit him—maybe it was History, maybe not—and after three-quarters of a column he decides to "square accounts with Marx." Brave man, after all—or perhaps I'd better say rash man! Marx has taken a lot of pounding since he started to fight, but his assailants' knuckles have suffered most.

Am I being too flippant? Not a whit. Mr. Corey seems to have developed what the psychiatrists call a delusion of grandeur. With a magnificent flourish he makes an "admission of failure" on behalf of everybody in sight—save only himself. Communism has failed, Social Democracy has failed, "all variants of Marxism" have failed, non-Marxian radicalism has failed, democracy has failed, and so on. The field is clear—now just watch.

To follow Mr. Corey through some 9,000 words of pontifical irresponsibility and undertake to analyze and answer his argument systematically within my allotted space of 700 words would be folly. The subjects on which he expatiates are important. They must be adequately discussed. But Mr. Corey does not lay the basis.

MAX SHACHTMAN

Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyists)

The title of Mr. Corey's articles is misleading. What he is really reconsidering is post-war Social Democratic reformism, and with a few unimportant verbal improvements he finds it quite acceptable. The fact that he attaches to it the not entirely novel label of "people's socialism" or "functional democratic socialism" testifies only to his squeamishness about fathering what is so thoroughly bankrupt and discredited.

What Corey leaves of revolutionary Marxism after his "reconsideration" is scarcely visible to the naked eye. The Marxian theory of the state is dropped down the chute because, you see, the modern democratic state also performs some useful functions. Presumably its principal function of maintaining the social rule of the propertied class by armed force is secondary to its meritorious work of providing farmers with weather reports and regulating traffic. The Marxian theory of the class struggle and the decisive progressive role of the proletariat goes down the same chute, to be replaced by "the interests of all useful functional groups." The Marxian theory of the seizure of power for the socialist reorganization of society meets the same fate, and is replaced by the ludicrous and outworn theory of a parliamentarian democracy that will absorb as much social justice as this sinful world makes possible, but absorb it by a process of osmosis, so "gradually" that the crisis-maddened capitalist class will not notice it. What is left of Marxism? A few liberalist phrases.

Corey's criticism of Social Democratic reformism leaves it essentially intact. The central point in the criticism—the stress which the German Social Democracy laid on the proletariat to the exclusion of the middle class—is simply groundless. To an ever-increasing degree, from the days of Eduard Bernstein at the turn of the century, the German Social Democracy put emphasis on the middle class; all its policies proceeded from fear of "alienating" the middle class. It ended by being completely dominated by middle-class elements. Corey is arguing against a Social Democracy that did not exist only to recommend one that did and still does exist.

This becomes quite clear in the programmatic conclusions at the end of his series. His discomfort in shifting from Marxism to reformism sticks out in every apologetic line. Gradualism? "Yes and no." But far more "yes" than "no." The only serious difference between Corey and the German Social Democrats is that he promises to put "teeth" into his gradualism. The promise need not be taken too seriously, however. Otto Bauer used to talk the same way just before he gave way to Dollfuss. Léon Blum swore that he would not be a Kerensky, only to surrender to the economic and political democracy that now flourishes so sturdily under Daladier.

In reality, Mr. Corey's teeth, and those of most middle-class radicals, are chattering with fright in the growing totalitarian darkness. Despite the strong talk, there is nothing aggressive in their program. The long but essentially temporary series of defeats and setbacks suffered by labor has caused them to abandon the bold socialist program with which they had some measure of sympathy in the early post-war years. Every paragraph of Corey's is defensive. He stresses not so much what he proposes to accomplish as what he proposes to prevent. In genetics, such an approach to the problem would result in ridding us eventually of all cretins to be sure, but also in drying up the human race. In politics, it would be little less disastrous. One must be purblind not to see that the policy of defending the status quo, of preserving a rotted capitalist order by "democratic" means, as the mild and impotent left wing of this order has tried to do for the last quarter of a century, leads neither to socialism nor even to the maintenance of bourgeois democracy.

Stalinist totalitarianism is not, of course, the only alternative to the inexorable trend toward fascism inherent in disintegrating capitalist democracy. In identifying Stalinism with revolutionary Marxism Corey shows that he does not understand either one of them. Revolutionary Marxism came closer to solving the problem of the middle class, both theoretically and in practice, than any other movement. The Bolsheviks, a proletarian party, led a hundred million peasants—Russia's middle class—to victory; but in that *alliance* (not fusion) of the two classes the workers *led* the middle class. The victory of Stalinism, significantly enough, was obtained by abandoning the world-revolutionary outlook and submitting to the same middle class at the expense of the workers. At bottom Stalinism and fascism are not identical but "symmetrical phenomena," as Trotsky puts it, products of a revolutionary decline and a failure of the working class and its party to fight militantly for a program of hope, a program of radical socialist reorganization that would enlist the support of the rural and urban middle classes as it did in 1917.

Corey's familiar attempt at a program midway between capitalism and socialist revolution would only facilitate the progress of the demagogic fascist "radicals," as it did in Central Europe. The "accent on democracy" means here essentially what it meant there: preservation of that status quo, touched up a bit here and there, with which *all* classes are increasingly discontented. In 1940, however, it means even more: it is the slogan of the chauvinists seeking to whip the people into another blood bath, this time against "Hitler-Stalin totalitarianism." Corey's amazing success in eliminating all references to the Second World War, and to the role of the "democracies" and the "democrats" in it, is perhaps accidental. It is to be hoped that in his further reconsiderations he does not follow his first big step to Social Democratic reformism with the much shorter step required to land in the "democratic" war camp, which is already proceeding, in its own way, to reconstruct the world.

Does Mexico Face Rebellion?

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, February 20

ALL presidential elections in Mexico are overshadowed by the question: Will the transfer of power be effected by peaceful means, or will the candidate counted out try to seize by force of arms what he was unable to win at the polls? As July 7, date of the elections to choose Cárdenas's successor, approaches, Mexico begins to hold its breath in anxiety about what the immediate future may bring.

The difference between the coming contest and the numerous putsches since 1920 is that the previous upheavals, although of varying severity, were hardly more than quarrels over the spoils between members of the ruling clique; only incidentally if at all were genuine social antagonisms involved. The Cárdenas regime now drawing to a close is unique in that it has really challenged many of the basic premises by which Mexico formerly lived and worked, and has adventurously struck out to create a new organization of the nation's economy. In so doing, it has stepped on many toes, native as well as foreign; as a matter of fact, it was only comparatively late in the process that foreign interests were affected. The plight of Mexico's own landlords and capitalists has been less publicized abroad, but many are infuriated by measures which have divided their estates and reduced their swollen profits.

Mexico's middle class is thus thoroughly aroused. Having wrought a considerable amount of economic damage in its bitter struggle against Cárdenas during the past five years, it is now shedding tears over the resultant havoc and is seeking to make political capital out of it by blaming the broken crockery on the President's "communist" regime. This is the chief argument of the Almazán campaign. The candidate himself is one of the most discredited of Mexico's nest-feathering generals and is taken seriously by only a small fraction even of his most ardent supporters. The truth is that the reaction is sublimely indifferent to the name of its standard-bearer; what it wants is someone willing to stick out his neck and carry the brunt of the offensive—which it hopes will this time be decisive—against the whole nexus of social trends known as the Mexican Revolution.

For a brief time two years ago it thought it had found its fighting cock in General Cedillo, but that illusion was dissipated when Cárdenas adroitly forced Cedillo out into the open, where he either had to put up or shut up. When he elected to fight, the very groups which had most noisily inflamed his ambitions, realizing the hopelessness of his cause, quickly deserted him and retired to await more propitious times. Almazán, for all his shady record, is a far better bet. He is able and intelligent, and if his campaign tour has not been attended by any notable demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the lower strata of the population, there has been a sufficient turnout of landowners, small ranchers, and professional and business men to make an impressive showing in the press reports.

On New Year's Day, according to an apparently well-founded rumor now current here, Almazán and his principal advisers met secretly in a house on Mexico City's fashionable Paseo de la Reforma to map out the concluding phases of their campaign. The plan adopted, if these reports are true, was to induce a state of mind in the public receptive to armed uprising. Waves of sporadic terrorism have since been invading small cities and villages throughout the country; the atrocities, some real and some imaginary, have all been calculated to fan existing prejudices and hatreds to greater fury and to create sympathy for Almazán as a fearless democrat persecuted by a cruel dictatorship. The same technique was used during the months preceding the Franco uprising in Spain. Here, too, churches have been burned by unknown hands so that the newspapers on the following day could attribute the outrages to phantom Communist bands. The Yaqui Indians, whose ancestral lands were recently restored to them, have been unaccountably reported in revolt. Strikes are deliberately provoked to whip up public alarm, and if responsible trade unions cannot be trapped into strike action, fake strikes are staged by the small groups still controlled by Luis N. Morones, the deposed labor czar, who has characteristically turned up among the Almazán stalwarts.

Editorial and oratorical attack has chiefly converged, however, on the act recently passed by Congress to enforce the provisions of Article 3 of the constitution, establishing socialism as the basic philosophy of official education. Here is an issue which reaction believes will be capable of reviving the religious struggles of the 1926-28 period and of stirring the former *cristeros* to renewed armed resistance to the government in the name of Christ the King. This, too, is largely a shadow battle. Article 3 was already in force before the "regulations" were passed, and there is nothing to show that Catholics have been prevented from bringing up their children as believers, nor are they hindered from so doing under the new law. Actually, the government's "socialist education," as even its bitterest opponents will admit off the record, is nine parts verbal fireworks and only one part serious endeavor to impart the principles of socialism to the new generations. Nor is Mexico at present in possession of the army of trained teachers, the educational equipment, or the vast funds necessary to launch an integrated program of effective socialist instruction on a national scale. The program itself has not even been elaborated, much less put into effect, and the whole problem is one that will not arise in actual practice for years to come. This does not, however, prevent its being excellent political ammunition, and the reaction is making the most of it.

The deceptive surface harmony within the P. R. M. (Party of the Mexican Revolution) and the forces of its presidential candidate, General Manuel Avila Camacho, has been abruptly disturbed by Emilio Portes Gil, who (1929-30) was one of the series of dummy presidents through whom ex-Dictator Calles ruled the country until Cárdenas dissolved his political monopoly in 1935. An agile politician, Portes Gil helped Cárdenas to throw off the Calles tutelage, but in 1936 he was himself forced to resign the presidency of the National Revolutionary Party under combined pressure from the Congressional left wing and the labor movement. He has since devoted himself to backstage intrigue, and apparently he joined Avila Camacho early in the latter's campaign in the expectation of repairing his political fortunes.

In a speech made several weeks ago Vicente Lombardo Toledano, general secretary of the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers), referred to Portes Gil as a puppet of Calles during the 1929-34 period of revolutionary decline. The statement has been made scores of times in Mexico and is certainly no news to anyone. But Portes Gill, at present in New York, chose suddenly to take offense at the unflattering characterization and replied with a blast against Lombardo that was curiously reminiscent of the Calles philippic which provoked the break with Cárdenas in June, 1935, particularly in the phrases proclaiming that labor's present leaders are responsible for the "chaos" toward which the country is heading. The National Committee of the C. T. M.—all the important labor unions have already expressed their indorsement of the Lombardo leadership—is expected to counter with a comprehensive indictment of Portes Gil's whole political career; as a result the P. R. M. is currently in an uproar.

Such billingsgate is so common among Mexican politicians that ordinarily it would hardly cause a ripple, but there is more to this exchange of amenities than appears on the surface. Lombardo and Portes Gil are both, after all, prominent supporters of the same candidate; Lombardo heads the labor sector of the P. R. M., while Portes Gil's political strength is largely derived from the agrarian organizations, in which he has considerable influence. A row on this scale may produce serious dissensions within the party, and in the case of so astute a politician as Portes Gil, who does not often allow his feelings, no matter how outraged, to run away with his good sense, it is hard to avoid the suspicion that this was the end sought; if so, he is acting uncommonly like an agent of the reaction within the Avila Camacho forces. It is likewise said here that the incident is perhaps not unconnected with Portes Gil's present mission in New York, where he was sent, according to a cryptic official announcement some days ago, "on oil business." Could his attack on Lombardo possibly be intended to convince the oil companies that a new day is dawning in Mexico in which labor's voice will carry considerably less weight than in the recent unhappy past? In the meantime, if the fight continues, it seems calculated to drive a wedge between workers and peasants, one of the opposition's chief objectives, and to strengthen the efforts of the conservative factions of the P. R. M. to wean Avila Camacho from his present friendship with labor.

On the international front oil is still leading the offensive. There is no great mystery about the recent breakdown of negotiations between Mexico and the oil companies. Mexico had consistently maintained that it would deal only directly with the companies, without the intervention of their governments. Apparently the American companies were finally persuaded that Washington could do nothing for them unless they complied with this not unreasonable request. They therefore went through the motions of sending a representative—Donald R. Richberg—to discuss a settlement, but when it developed that their idea of compromise included a return of the properties under conditions clearly violating the Mexican constitution, only a single outcome could be anticipated. The Richberg pamphlet since distributed by the Standard Oil Company is apparently designed to convince the American public and Washington that there is no longer anything to be gained by temporizing with the Mexican bandits. "A deliberate distortion of the facts," Mexico has flatly called Mr. Richberg's presentation of the case, and there for the time being the matter rests.

More serious in its effect on Mexico's internal economy and hence on the political situation is the continuing boycott of Mexican goods. The high hopes entertained at the outbreak of the war, on the basis of which the peso moved sharply upward for the first time since March, 1938, have been rudely blasted by the failure of the United States to take up the slack in Mexican exports caused by the collapse of European markets. Increased imports naturally followed the improved exchange rate and were themselves a factor in driving the peso back to its former rate of six to the dollar, since exports were progressively dwindling. Threatened with still further depreciation of the currency, the Bank of Mexico is at last taking steps to check the fall. It has announced the retirement from circulation of some 40,000,000 pesos in paper money and is staking its gold reserves to defend the existing rate. It has likewise initiated restriction on credit for speculative purposes, and other official moves to reduce prices seem imminent. At the same time the government has stated that oil and mineral exports are again mounting and that this year's excellent crops from the cooperative *ejidos* will eliminate the need for costly imports of foodstuffs. By next June, it is confidently promised, the peso will have risen to five to one, its rate before the price of silver was forced down last June. But even should this optimistic forecast be fulfilled, the improvement worked by the deflationary measures is hardly likely to come soon enough or to be widely enough felt to cut very much ground from under Almazán's feet.

What, actually, are the chances of armed struggle next summer? The answer to this question depends on a number of factors. First of all, who will join the rebellion? The workers, who have made tremendous trade-union advances under Cárdenas, and the peasants, who have been given land—and credit and machinery with which to work it—are surely not going to revolt against their benefactor. Nor does the middle class, although largely sympathetic to Almazán, seem imbued with the spirit of street fighting and barricades. The conspirators are thus placing their reliance on disaffected elements in the army—chiefly among the officer class, which is said to resent what it considers the coddling of the workers; on certain backward and fanatically religious rural sections, including even some recipients of government land grants whose purely local grievances are being cleverly exploited; on a few labor organizations run by racketeer henchmen of Morones; on the more militant members of the numerous but small fascist groups; and, above all, on the hope of foreign aid.

The alliance that has been formed at last, after many false starts, between Almazán and the Calles faction of Generals Amaro and Pérez Treviño is an indication that the latter group is prepared to sacrifice its own ambitions and to throw in its lot with Almazán as the best way to secure a circuitous return to power. (Close associates of Amaro were arrested last week after police investigation revealed that they were in possession of subversive propaganda and detailed plans for military action. The government contemptuously turned them loose as a demonstration of strength.) Nevertheless, in spite of this fresh addition to his ranks, Almazán cannot be so bemused by his own speeches as not to realize the numerical weakness of his forces. Informed opinion here ridicules the notion that he will be rash enough to be trapped

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as was Cedillo or that he will voluntarily embark on a possibly fatal adventure. But political commitments are no respecters of personal inclinations: it is difficult to say at this moment how deeply enmeshed Almazán has become with his more determined backers and whether he is not by this time their prisoner. Should it come to fighting, he may find it more dangerous to attempt to run out on his "army" than to take his chances on amnesty or safety in exile in the event of defeat.

On only one condition can this hypothetical revolt be conceded a probability of success, and that is, of course, active support or an attitude of benevolent "neutrality" on the part of the United States. The unfortunate precedent of the Spanish embargo might conceivably be repeated, with the Central American countries providing a convenient base of supplies for the rebels. It seems clear that the present "war of nerves" will not be followed by large-scale civil war unless there is assurance of concrete aid from abroad. My own guess is that the odds for a peaceful election are at least seventy to thirty and perhaps better. But I could easily be wrong. One thing, however, is certain. If the United States commits the colossal blunder of supporting a fascist bid for power in Mexico, it will at one blow destroy the growing confidence and good-will so laboriously nurtured in the Western Hemisphere by the Good Neighbor policy.

De Valera's Dilemma

BY FLORENCE M. BAKER

THE Irish Republican Army is making trouble not only for the government of Great Britain but also for the government of Eire, that state which under the adroit manipulations of Eamon de Valera has become a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, free except for some defense obligations, and whole except for six out of its thirty-two counties. It is against these limitations that the I. R. A. is protesting, protesting chiefly on English soil and in the British portion of Ulster. But no matter where the bombs are bursting there is no one who hears their thunder with more dismay than Mr. de Valera. As Prime Minister of Eire he had hoped for many years of peaceful relations with the British government; it was for that reason that after sh-sh-ing the rebels as long as he could, he recently secured the passage of an amendment to the Emergency Powers Act which permits him to intern without trial citizens suspected of treason.

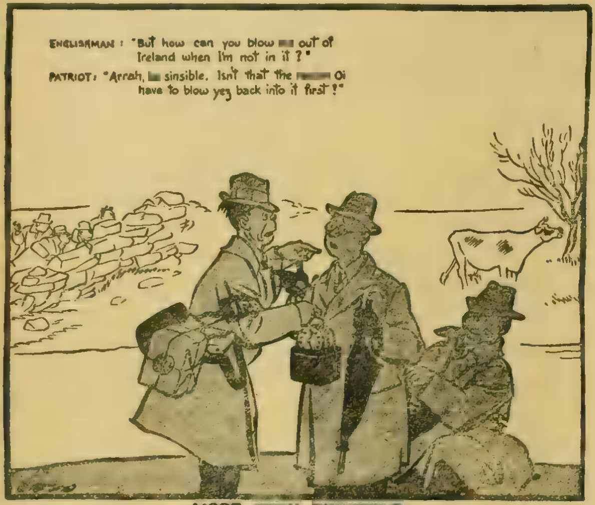
In taking this step, however, he has not enjoyed the unanimous support of his countrymen. Cries of "pro-British" are coming from the hills and glens of Eire and from Irishmen across the Atlantic, many of them former members of the now outlawed army. Such an accusation is an empty one; Mr. de Valera is not, and never was, pro-British. He himself once belonged to the I. R. A. and to that even doughtier company that preceded it, the Irish Volunteers, who set the mills of republicanism grinding in 1916. He made no whimper when he was condemned to death in an English prison; and when, in 1921, a treaty was made with Great Britain establishing the Irish Free State, he was the first to spurn it. Even after he had become leader of the Free State in 1932 he still professed his old friendship with the Republican Army, and would salute it from the reviewing stand.

But there were men in its ranks who even then suspected that Eamon de Valera had no intention of establishing a republic in Ireland, for they knew that religion meant more to him than patriotism and that the day would come when the Catholic church would tell him that he had gone far enough. To the rest of his countrymen he seemed to be taking all the steps necessary to a complete separation from Great Britain. He repudiated the oath of allegiance to the British government; he shooed the Governor General out of his handsome Viceregal Lodge in Dublin; he suspended the payment of land-purchase annuities; and he forced British ships to pull up their anchors from Irish harbors and be on their way. Nevertheless, when Mrs. Tom Clarke, now Lord Mayor of Dublin, an ardent old-time supporter of Mr. de Valera, stood up in the Dail in 1937 and declared that there were indications that "the government is no longer aiming at a republic," she voiced the opinion of thousands, especially the young men and women, that the slogan "Irish Republic" which had secured their cooperation was little more than a bunch of carrots at the end of a pole.

It was then that the I. R. A. took matters in its own hands and proposed to seize for the Prime Minister the republic he asserted he desired. He repulsed them then, and he repulsed them two years later when British soldiers were moving into France and they reminded him that "Ireland's opportunity" had come once again. Few Irishmen will accept his excuse that tariff barriers would be thrown up if a step were too hastily taken, for he plunged unhesitatingly into the economic ruin which faced the country when payment of the land-purchase annuities was suspended and the British Parliament empowered the Treasury to impose tariffs up to

100 per cent on imports from the Irish Free State.

It is a different kind of economic crisis that makes Mr. de Valera hesitate before this last step, which would mean lifting the bridge that is flung across the Irish Sea. Over this bridge pass in never-ending file the young men and women looking for work in England or the far-flung lands of the British Empire. They send money home from their earnings, but he does not fear the loss of that any more than he would fear a tariff. He refuses to lift that bridge because across it walk not only the peasant and workingman but thousands of the middle class, graduates of colleges and universities, persons who, if they stayed at home, might interfere with the smooth working of his own hand-made constitution, which "recognizes the special position of the Catholic Apostolic Church as the guardian of the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens." Establishment of an Irish republic would make them aliens in the British Empire, and once forced to find work at home they would quickly challenge this "special position," protesting that the church is too deeply imbedded in the economic life of the country, that church services and visits to the sick form only a tiny fraction of the activities of the priests, monks, and nuns.


ENGLISHMAN: "But how can you blow [redacted] out of Ireland when I'm not in it?"
PATRIOT: "Arrah, [redacted] sinsible. Isn't that the [redacted] Oi have to blow yez back into it first!"

MORE [redacted] [redacted]

Take from the hands of lay workers the vast educational system of a country, positions in both public and private schools ranging from that of principal to kindergartner; take from them the manifold jobs connected with social service, orphanages, settlement houses, hospitals, clinics, visiting charities, homes for the aged, and institutions for delinquents—and you have taken away the means of livelihood of a large section of the population. The lay teachers occasionally found in Irish schools and the few lay nurses in the hospitals are usually brothers, sisters, nieces, or nephews of a member of the clergy. Even doctors, lawyers, and business men, occupying positions in which the clergy cannot compete, are dependent on the latter for good-will, and outside the city of Dublin would be hard put to make a living should they incur the priests' disapproval.

It was not the power of Rome, as it was in France and Spain, that lifted the Irish clergy to their high place, nor do they hold it solely by the support of a superstitious peasantry. They are part of the very fabric of the country's history, and history is something that no Irishman willingly forgets. It is little more than a hundred years since Catholicism and patriotism ceased to be synonymous; before that the priest played as perilous a role as does the I. R. A. soldier of today. He was an outlaw, saying Mass on the bleak hilltops, teaching in the foggy "hedge schools," visiting the sick at night, sleeping and eating when he could. Reckless in the pursuance of his duty, he became a heroic figure, embodying in his person all the qualities which the Irish most revered. These qualities are no longer evident, but the tradition lasts and has created a country that is more clerical than religious. The tourist will not find in Eire the stately cathedrals or lovely shrines of Catholic Europe, but he will see lots of fat priests strolling through the towns and villages while a respectful population doffs its hat.

"Why," one may ask, "has not this hero-worship cooled in three generations?" The answer is that the people who could have whittled the priest down to his proper size have left for other lands. The moment Catholic emancipation was established the church came forward and took charge while a bewildered, unorganized Irish population stood by. Since that time the priests have maintained their strangle-hold on the economic life of the middle class; and emigration has seemed the obvious solution. In the meantime the shrewd peasant, instead of using his earnings to give all his children an equal chance, spends everything to make one of them a priest. This son in his turn obtains for his brothers and sisters the lay positions that the church controls. Thus an artificially created bourgeoisie moves steadily into seats left vacant by the emigrants.

Emigration in Catholic countries has always been a vital prop to clerical power. In France, a nation of stay-at-homes, the struggle between the layman and the priest came to a head more than half a century ago; in Spain, with South America offering work to the people in considerable numbers, it arrived a good deal later; in Ireland, with unlimited opportunities for the painless deportation of intellectuals, the problem has not been attacked at all. It never will be if Mr. de Valera can help it. Not that he wants the clergy to have so much more of the good things of life than the common people enjoy; it is simply the only condition under which he can maintain the Ireland of today and yesterday. A deeply religious man, he wants a land free of divorce and birth control, where boys and girls are brought up in purity and where neither they nor their fathers and mothers read "bad" books. In the anxious years that he has steered the ship of state he has never loosed his hold upon the censorship he established, a censorship which is two parts religion and one part English puritanism and probably the most rigid in the modern world. Yet he has never officially banished or persecuted a writer. Armed with vast powers for a seven-year period, he lives in a veritable dictator's paradise, a paradise *sans* purges, *sans* martyrs, thanks to the British Empire, which takes to its bosom the more refractory of his fellow-citizens.

It is no wonder that the I. R. A. is a thorn in his side, for he knows that if it succeeds in making a separate, independent country of Holy Ireland, it will open a Pandora's box, and he will not be able to cope with the middle-class men and women who, forced to stay at home, will lock horns with the clergy in their struggle for a living.

So Eire's Prime Minister is making it plain to Britain that he will join it in suppressing the I. R. A. At times, however, he gets an uneasy feeling that Britain may not join *him*. Changes are taking place within the empire. In Ulster young descendants of British settlers are growing up who feel remote from England and who wonder if their interests do not lie to the south rather than to the east. Nor is the picture in England as clear cut as the American sees it—millions of Britons standing shoulder to shoulder opposing separation. There are plenty of practical men who feel that in England's present crisis a free Irishman growing wheat around the corner is more to be desired than a subject Irishman throwing bombs in English sewers. Among them are merchants, executives, and business men, and more numerous still, employed and unemployed workingmen, who are sick of the Irish question. You need attend only an occasional meeting in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, or read the letters which appear in such abundance in the newspapers, to realize that the sentiments of thousands could be summed up in one sentence, "Give them their blasted republic and send them back to it." Reams of statistics are quoted to show how unemployment could be reduced if the inhabitants of the Land of Heart's Desire would stay at home.

The I. R. A. leaders are fully aware of this sentiment; what they do not know is how much support they can expect from the officers and men of Eire's own army, or how many recruits they will get from Northern Ireland and the Irish dwelling in England. They realize that the hanging of two of their members will arouse sympathy, and sympathy can be translated into more volunteers from Eire and more money from the United States. Such assets are worth little in the present state of affairs, but if the European war is intensified and the I. R. A. continues to snap at the heels of the harassed British lion, it is not impossible that the dismayed Mr. de Valera may find a republic handed to him on a platter.

In the Wind

REPRESENTATIVE FRANK HOOK is planning to renew his attack on Martin Dies, and a new blast is likely to be issued soon. When the letters linking Pelley to Dies were shown to be forgeries, Hook withdrew his whole address. Now he is rewriting it, stressing the evidence of Dies's collaboration with Merwin K. Hart. Meanwhile, Pelley's magazine *Liberation* is becoming a perennial embarrassment to Dies and his committee; its latest issue boasts that Chairman Starnes promised to "protect" Pelley if he came to Washington to testify.

SOME MONTHS ago, anti-Nazis relate, Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, bought a house near Berchtesgaden for 100,000 marks. The night he moved in a sign was mysteriously placed on the door reading: "Where did Ley get 100,000 marks to buy this house?" Indignant, Ley posted a notice the next day offering a 1,000-mark reward for apprehension of the man who posted the sign. That night another sign mysteriously appeared on the house: "Where did Ley get 101,000 marks?"

LONDON IS flooded with stories lampooning the war-time censorship. The latest is about an officer, on leave from his regiment, who received a letter from a friend at the front. The letter concluded with this sentence: "If only the Nazis would come over here, we'd chase the whole lot to ——." The last word had been struck out by the censor with the notation: "All references to future movements of enemy troops are strictly forbidden." When the officer returned to his regiment he asked the writer what the censored word had been. It was "hell."

MRS. ELLWOOD J. TURNER, corresponding secretary of the Daughters of Colonial Wars, has appealed to Philadelphia school authorities to ban a textbook written by Harold Rugg. Mrs. Turner, according to the Associated Press, pointed out that "all the old histories taught 'my country, right or wrong.' The Rugg book teaches children to be biased instead of teaching them real Americanism."

FREDERICK T. BIRCHALL, former managing editor of the New York *Times*, who now covers Canada, is engaged in a minor war with *Times* executives. It all started when Birchall sent a dispatch describing repressive activities of the Catholic church in Quebec. The copy was slashed by one of the night editors and all references to the church deleted. Whereupon Birchall dispatched a bitter protest to managing editor Edwin L. James and publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, and the tumult hasn't subsided yet.

THE SPRING CATALOGUE of Columbia University lists this course: "Russian, Russian conversation (for U. S. Army officers)."

[The prize for the best item submitted during February goes to Norton Thompson of Long Island City for the item about war pictures published two weeks ago.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE apparent espousal of the Allied cause by Turkey is not so easy to explain, for it was believed at the outset of the war, even by such an able observer as H. N. Brailsford, the English authority on Russia, that Turkey would remain neutral lest it get into war with the Soviet Union. It is not certain just what Turkey is to receive from the Allies for this aid besides the Syrian province of Aleppo and a French agreement to sell to it planes, machine-guns, rifles, and the like. Remembering, however, the secret treaties of the last war, and knowing that the Allies were under the absolute necessity of coming to terms with Turkey, one cannot but wonder if there are not other considerations. Even so, the aggressive acts of the Turkish government—the expulsion of German workmen and experts, the taking over of German ships being built in Turkey, the declaration of a state of emergency, and the alleged threats to Russian oil holdings in Baku—are not easy to understand, though they are obviously a cause of rejoicing for the Allies.

This aggressiveness is bound to have an important influence upon Italy. It will be accepted in Rome that the Turks have made up their minds that the Allies are going to win and therefore have joined their standard. Whether Italy can continue to hesitate or seek to stay on the fence remains to be seen; emboldened by Turkish friendliness the Allies may be more inclined to compel Mussolini to take sides. Il Duce cannot but be rendered nervous by Turkey's apparent readiness to fight when there is no emergency and no threat to its sovereignty. As Mr. Brailsford has written, "They are linked opponents who must watch each other's steps." Finally, it must be noted that, if the Allies are seriously contemplating moving upon Rumania, Turkish aid to enable them to enter the Black Sea with warships and transports is essential. Should Rumania decide to cut Germany off from the 130,000 tons of oil a month it has agreed to supply to Hitler, that might well be the direct result of the aggressiveness of the Turkish government.

With Turkey actively lined up with the Allies it would more than ever be difficult to speak of them as "the democracies." Although it ranks as a republic and has a parliament, Turkey has actually been a complete dictatorship ever since the last war. There is only one party, the People's Party, and this has been represented in parliament by 389 members out of 399. Kemal Atatürk worked incessantly until his death to modernize and rebuild Turkey. Under him the country made amazing advances, and he was so fearful of another war with the Allies, or of one with Russia, that he was responsible for moving the capital from Constantinople to the specially developed city of Ankara, which is only a few miles beyond the furthermost point in Anatolia reached by the armies of the Allies during the last war. It is surely a remarkable about-face which makes the government now apparently lean so far toward the side of the nations against which it fought in 1914-18. That the possibility of going to war on their side is being seriously considered—even invited—is proof of the extraordinary changes—social, economic, and political—that have taken place in Turkey in the last quarter of a century.

The government's present attitude is even more striking in view of the fact that Germany has been Turkey's best customer. During the first eight months of 1939 more than 50 per cent of all Turkish exports were sold to Germany, which in turn provided 55 per cent of Turkey's total imports. Obviously the Allies must have given Turkey complete assurance that it will be able to find other customers with which to do business, at least until the war is over; there was a Turkish-German commercial agreement which expired about the time of Germany's invasion of Poland. The London *Economist* is strongly of the opinion that the redistribution of trade was essential for Turkey and that continued subservience to German economic methods might have seriously endangered the very foundations of Turkish foreign trade. The first move of the Turkish government after the arrangement with Germany ended was to insure a complete supply of foodstuffs, and the next was to relax the control of exports in order to obtain necessary supplies of raw materials and semi-finished products from abroad.

Curiously enough, it is the United States that will profit most. The Turks decided to stimulate immediately the purchase of supplies of vital American goods, and the government obligated itself to lend dollars for use in the New York market. Limited companies have been set up to handle this new trade with the United States, and have been granted the exclusive right to deal with this country—a new departure in Turkish trade. Undoubtedly these new arrangements have given to Kemal's successor, Ismet Inönü, some of the confidence manifest in his sudden change of attitude and in the government's announcement that Turkey is not neutral. Naturally the Turkish people have no say about this; their dictator tells them what to do and when to die on the battlefield. Theirs but to do and die.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Wild Goose

JAMES JOYCE. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

THE structure of Joyce's life is defined in his colophons. Dublin, 1904-Trieste, 1914; Trieste-Zurich-Paris, 1914-1921; Paris, 1922-1939. These cities are the signals of his destiny, these dates the index of his elected career, and they tell a story that found its symbol in the title and allegory of his greatest book. It has remained for Mr. Gorman to supply one date and to span one interval—that from Joyce's birth in Rathgar on February 2, 1882, to the fateful morning of Bloomsday, June 16, 1904—for the design to stand complete. And it requires only a glance at the portraits in this biography—aloof, quizzical, intense, remote—to catch the note of daemonic conviction that drove its hero to repudiate his Irish birthright that he might claim his European inheritance and so forge in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race. Yet he remained spiritually anchored in his native port, whose subtlest details of life and history no long term of "silence, exile, and cunning" was ever able to efface from his mind.

No life—certainly no creative life—is successful that does not find its instinctive pattern, its final embodiment in a myth or allegory of the spirit. In Joyce a tenacious egoism of this kind existed from childhood. It is not strange that he held contemptuously aloof from the conscious aestheticism and elaborately dramatized cultural ambitions of the Irish Revival of his youth. Yeats's pursuit of selfhood, of "unity of being," must have seemed a luxurious and experimental indulgence to the fierce sense of integrity that possessed Joyce in 1904, dictating his future course of exile and hardship, and standing over him, like a tyrant with a rod, until he had vindicated his pride by producing his books. He wrote them against every conceivable obstacle of poverty, persecuting publishers, popular hostility, and terrifying physical affliction. "Steeled in the school of old Aquinas," he accepted a logic more ruthless than that of the eclectic schools or aesthetic experiments flourishing around him. Fitful, defeated, and tragically distracted though his middle years appear in this narrative, there flies through them the arrow of his life's central and undeviating passion. When it struck its goal the last word of "Ulysses" was written, and the word was Yes.

"Formal criticism of Joyce's work has no part in this book," says Mr. Gorman, and the quality of its writing—rough, rapid, graphic, and gross—does not make one regret the omission. Even in matters of fact there is some room for protest. One would like to have more details on Joyce's early studies and reading. At least three generally known aspects of his personal life are vaguely passed over. The making of "Finnegans Wake" is handled sketchily by comparison with the exhaustive genesis supplied for "Ulysses," and its central motives are wholly ignored. And despite Joyce's close assistance, Mr. Gorman grows obtuse when it comes to specifying the nature of Joyce's family relations, his religious and political emotions, and his aesthetic beliefs. None of these facts is omitted by the test of formal criticism, and they insist on the future collaboration between biography and criticism which a career, a background, and an art like Joyce's make imperative. Meanwhile, Mr. Gorman's documents are of the liveliest appeal. His account of the Dublin days, of schooling at Clongowes, Belvedere, and University College, of the Italian and Swiss years, and of Joyce's reappearance on the scene of Paris supplements at every point the exegesis of Stuart Gilbert and Frank Budgen.

The central fact of Joyce's career is his unremitting and undeflected tenacity of purpose. But another fact emerges—the felicity of his defeats. They caused his break with Dublin at what appears to have been the precisely opportune moment; they rescued him from Paris bohemianism in 1903; they saved him from obscure collusion with the frightened publishers of Dublin and London and so gave his books time to have a critical reception prepared for them before being mauled by the general public; at their worst, in the shape of his ruined eyesight, they even brought him munificent financial relief just when he most needed the seclusion that prepared the path for his ascent to the lonely and uncharted country of "Finnegans Wake." What Mr. Gorman makes most impressive is the unflagging enthusiasm of Joyce's spirit, not only in relation to the endless labor of his manuscripts and proof sheets, but in the personal contacts, trivial diversions, and practical anxieties of his life. To anyone who has caught, at the heart of his tales, their piercing human compassion, high mirth, and exquisite sympathy for the meanest pathos of obscure and blundering lives, it comes as a special force to find that Joyce carried these qualities into his daily life, making them the obverse of the pride and intransigence of his aesthetic and moral temper. Like many men of taste and intelligence, he has written ribald and scurrilous verse all his life, and like most men of taste and intelligence he has left them unpublished. Mr. Gorman includes a number of them, and they immediately suggest the tradition of Swift. Joyce's lifelong love of music and lyric verse, his early reverence for Ibsen, his taste in verse translation, his wit in satire and travesty, the domiciliary restlessness natural to a man who has rejected the true home of his spirit—these facets of his intelligence reveal the complex and multiplied consciousness that has existed in a physical life of the most rigorous and straitened circumstances. They account for a temperament endlessly curious, exploring, mercurial, and sympathetic—and quite as endlessly disciplined by a purpose and by ineffaceable personal and racial allegiances.

They also make it imperative to recognize in Joyce's art the basic components of his character: its Catholic conscience, its racial and aesthetic sentimentality, its formal discipline, its expressive faculty, and the continuous sublimation of its fancies in the most minutely recorded and remembered realism, even when it plumbs the darkest abysses of dream. Superficially his life is fitful, defiant, agonized, and remote.

It has never been evasive, listless, irresponsible, or unreal. The daemon that possessed it made virtues of its defects, and so gave Joyce's books the tragic insight, the long persistence, the comprehensive humor, and the isolated courage that form their claim to distinction among the discoveries of the spirit. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Dissenting Opinion

THE AMERICAN ENTENTE. By R. B. Mowat. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL. By C. Hartley Grattan. Stackpole Sons. $2.

KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR. By Norman Thomas and Bertram D. Wolfe. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.50.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR: FIRST PHASE. By Duff Cooper. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HITLER'S GERMANY. By Karl Loewenstein. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE WAY OUT OF WAR. By Cesar Saerchinger. The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

EGOTISM IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

WAR IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Edited by Willard Waller. Random House. $3.

CAN AMERICA STAY NEUTRAL? By Allen W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. $2.50.

AMERICA'S CHANCE OF PEACE. By Duncan Aikman and Blair Bolles. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.

COMMON SENSE NEUTRALITY. Edited by Paul Comly French. Hastings House. $2.

IM WESTEN, NICHTS NEUES, but on the American literary front the carnage is terrific. The point of view expressed in this latest batch of war books ranges from that of R. B. Mowat's "American Entente" to that of C. Hartley Grattan's "The Deadly Parallel." Mowat's book may win him the Garter, but Grattan's will shut the door forever on an honorary degree from Nicholas Murray Butler. Mowat is professor of history at an English university, but judging from his book he does not always practice what he professes. His account of Anglo-American relations, ending in the conclusion that the two nations "completely trust each other," has a high sugar content and is rich in butter fat. Grattan's book is a fighting-mad comparison between the propaganda that took us into the last war and the propaganda helping to get us into this one. Norman Thomas and Bertram D. Wolfe present a no-entanglement program that includes restoration of the arms embargo, reduction of Presidential powers to make war (and mischief), and control or government ownership of the munitions industry. The articles and speeches of Duff Cooper collected in "The Second World War: First Phase" should help disabuse Americans of the notion that the British ruling class has any intention of turning this war into a crusade for democracy. I hasten to add that the conclusions I drew from the book do not seem to be the ones intended.

None of my best friends are Nazis, but I cannot approach these books in the belief that the present war is "a struggle between two totally incompatible ideas of man's destiny." In Karl Loewenstein's able and compact "Hitler's Germany: The Nazi Background to War" I see the picture of a state based on ideas of man's destiny totally incompatible with those which underlie democracy. But judging from their conduct at Munich and on other occasions, I am not at all sure that Chamberlain and Daladier share that point of view, and they are not without influence in the running of the war. It may be, as Loewenstein contends, that Hitler will be overthrown "only if the regime is shaken in its foundations by serious blows on the battlefield." But I am dubious when he writes that revolution "will occur only if and when the victorious armies of the Western powers pour into Germany and allow the people to burn out the regime to its roots." I find it hard to picture the armies of Chamberlain and Daladier supporting a German revolution. Neither can fairly be described as Old Bolsheviks. Their own preferences are for a "conservative insurrection." Pale pink is apt to look red in Chamberlain's limited political spectrum. As for helping to burn out the regime "to its roots," that seems definitely on the optimistic side. For the roots of Hitlerism are intertwined with the roots of Anglo-French imperialism, with the rivalry of Britain and Germany for markets and for sea power, and with the old struggle between Germany and France over the Rhine. Hitler cannot "organize" Europe. But neither can Britain and France, except in the sense that they organized it at Versailles. As Cesar Saerchinger says in "The Way Out of War," a new addition to the Macmillan People's Library, "Hitler himself was only the symptom of a disease that has been gnawing at Europe's vitals for years." The struggle between the fascist and the democratic powers seems to me only an extension in intensified form of the imperialist struggle. The ideological factor is largely a smoke screen. The Nazis were ready to give up their hatred for bolshevism when a pact with the U. S. S. R. suited their purposes. The U. S. S. R. was ready to revise the "line" of the Comintern for a pact with Berlin. The Allies, cultivating the friendship of those well-known democrats, Franco and Mussolini, might be glad to give up the struggle between "two incompatible ideas of man's destiny" for an alliance with Hitler against the U. S. S. R.

Like Grattan, I see no issue here that warrants American intervention. I see no solution to this conflict that could possibly compensate us for the expenditure of lives and money, and for the bigotry, madness, and folly inevitably unchained by war. This struggle among England, France, Germany, and Russia, with the line-up shifting as strategy dictates, has been going on ever since the appearance of the European state system. The ideologies change. The basic factors of national interest, geographical position, and commercial rivalry remain virtually the same. I strongly suspect that the interminable wars will end only, as did the similarly suicidal warfare of the Greek cities, with mutual exhaustion. The issues, as always, are cloaked in moral terms. They were last time, as "The Deadly Parallel" shows. Grattan's hard-hitting little book may be recommended to the fevered and the perplexed. This new war began as the last war did—in a clash between German and Anglo-French imperialism, masked on the Allied side then as a crusade against Kaiserism. Judging from Duff Cooper's interview with reporters last October on his arrival in New York, the Allies—having fought one war to get rid of Kaiserism—are now fighting another to restore it.

The present struggle may also take up where the last one left off—in an attempt to make Russia safe for oil cartels and capitalism. I am not prepared to champion the present Russian regime. It seems to use the same kind of propaganda against the Finns that big powers—ourselves included—invariably use in their attacks on smaller neighbors. But whatever the true nature of the regime in Moscow, a holy war against it, like England's holy war against the "ungodly" Jacobinism of France a century and half ago, will be an excuse for the fiercest kind of repression at home of all who believe in social reform, though it be of the mildest variety. It is this, indeed, rather than concern for the poor downtrodden, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-fed Russian workers that gives the idea of an anti-Soviet crusade such appeal in some circles. There comes to mind a certain Mr. Hoover, who made a reputation as a humanitarian by feeding hungry Belgians, lost it by refusing to feed hungry Americans, and is trying to regain it by feeding hungry Finns.

All the old nonsense about the Germans as a basically wicked and depraved people is reappearing. Scribner's has brought out a new edition of George Santayana's "Egotism in German Philosophy," which first showed us in 1916 the painful but instructive spectacle of the philosopher as mob. Santayana again abandons the life of reason in war time. Harry Elmer Barnes, writing of the last war in Willard Waller's comprehensive and useful symposium on "Wars in the Twentieth Century," should serve to remind us that the seeds of Kaiserism and Hitlerism may be found in the political thinking of Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen as well as in that of Germans. If Germany had its Treitschke and Bernhardi, France had its Barrès and Déroulède, England its Kipling and Cramb, we our Hearsts and Teddy Roosevelts.

Nothing is so likely to fertilize the seeds of fascism in the democracies as another war to end war. War is part of our civilization, just as the hope of ending war is always part of war propaganda. "The Western state system," Max Lerner writes in his shrewd contribution to the Waller symposium, "is as surely a war system as it is economically a capitalist system and politically a system of organized force." Idealists able to sway the masses with their eloquence are as necessary to a war system as munitions makers or professional soldiers. Men will not kill each other en masse except for the loftiest reasons. You will find these rationalizations of war time debated pro and con in "Can We Stay Neutral?" by Dulles and Armstrong (they think we can't), in "America's Chances of Peace" by Aikman and Bolles (they are not too hopeful), and in Paul C. French's symposium on "Common Sense Neutrality." Charles A. Beard's contribution to this symposium may be useful to those over-fearful of a German victory, and there is blunt Marine language in Major General Smedley D. Butler's warnings in the same volume. I particularly recommend for meditation two sentences from Willard Waller's discussion of theories as to the origins of war. "Perhaps the simplest theory, and the most widely held," Waller says, "is what we may call the moralistic theory. Wars are bad because bad men make them." Hitler is a bad man, but there's more to the war than that.

I. F. STONE

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American Painting as American

THE BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN TRADITION IN ART. By Oskar Hagen. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THE question of European influences upon American culture has smoldered sullenly for a good many years, occasionally flaring up into acrimonious debate. Is American culture only an extension of European culture or has it developed a character of its own? In the field of art the contenders for a simple European transit have had things pretty much their own way, and their conclusions have been mainly disparaging. What they found in American art in its early phases was "illiterate versions" of European art and in recent decades feeble imitations or a backwash of European movements.

The weakness of this debate has been that its terms have been generalized. The prime materials, the pictures, have been insufficiently considered. Though other critics have done invaluable spade work in dating and describing early American paintings, Mr. Hagen is the first to view them in close comparison with the European art from which they have been supposed to derive. He is also the first to consider the early, mainly anonymous American works of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century as anything more than scattered and sporadic. He finds in them a common approach that differs from that of the English or Dutch art to which they have been generally related: in other words, he advances, and I think successfully proves, that American art began to be distinctively American at the beginning, mainly by a reduction to primitive elements. In this connection Mr. Hagen's evaluation of Tudor and Stuart art is new. At many points he offers the fruits of fresh research and a fresh synthesis, and he constantly ranges pictures or groups of pictures beside each other, the American against typical Dutch or English works, to establish comparisons. Fortunately he has a most sensitive perception of the peculiar qualities in form, color, handling which distinguish given works.

The lines which Mr. Hagen traces through our colonial art run from the early anonymous works through Feke—rather than Smibert, who is related here to the English school in portraiture—and thence to Copley, who makes the final subject of the book. Mr. Hagen has much that is illuminating to say about Copley's development in his American phase but perhaps even more about this artist's European career. The accepted conclusion has been that Copley's work declined when he went to England and entered the popular field of history painting, that he merely tagged after the prevailing English school. Mr. Hagen shows interestingly and conclusively that this was not true but that Copley achieved for this phase of art a new and broad use of form and a new emphasis upon detailed portraiture.

The tragedy for American art, as Mr. Hagen sees it, was that Copley did not return to this country to become the official history painter of the Revolution, thus to reestablish his powerful influence here in new terms. Perhaps in his enthusiasm for Copley Mr. Hagen argues in too summary a fashion that essential strands in an American tradition were cut because this artist chose to remain in England. Mr. Hagen himself has proved with much force that the tradition to which Copley gave a rich climax was well rooted in this country. This conclusion might have been demonstrated with even greater breadth, I believe, if he had chosen to consider more fully the varied work subsumed under the name of Pietr Vanderlyn, and, in its time sequence, that of Ralph Earl, to whom he gives only a few paragraphs. We could wish, too, that the qualities which Mr. Hagen believes to be peculiarly American had been discussed more freely. A somewhat naive angularity, a departure from social graces, a fairly uncompromising realism, a bold emphasis upon design: these make the main portion of it, but for the most part we must derive these qualities for ourselves, and occasionally the sense of them is lost in the abundance of biographical detail and in the running arguments with Mr. Alan Burroughs.

But the details have their importance, and Mr. Hagen's ardors are refreshing. He has written a basic work in all senses of the term, as important for its method of approach as for its disclosures. In "The Birth of the American Tradition" he reaches the era of the Revolution. Successive periods in American art are still pretty well tangled. We shall hope that he will bring to them his special discernments and similar comparisons in further volumes.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Imperfect Yankee

CALVIN COOLIDGE. By Claude M. Fuess. Little, Brown and Company. $4.75.

MOST people who begin to read a biography of Coolidge find themselves lying in wait for the didactic statement about New England. In the present book it appears on page 4: "Coolidge bore the unmistakable stamp of the perfect Yankee." The trouble with Coolidge biographers continues to be that they are suckers for Vermont. Cal was "New England incarnate," but in a country largely populated by New Englanders that is hardly a descriptive phrase. Let's forget then the platitudes about New England and remember only the simpler picture of a runt in a lean land.

Mr. Fuess's biography invites comparison with William Allen White's "Puritan in Babylon." In his introduction Mr. White admits that his book is an apology. Mr. Fuess's introduction on the other hand closes with these words: ". . . he was a great and a good man." And his book is the more revealing because he has been less aware of what there was to conceal.

"Calvin Coolidge" is an "in-no-sense-official" biography. Writing in the easy, assured style of the after-dinner biographer Mr. Fuess paints a picture of a pocket Lincoln. It's a portrait for the White House library, but the interesting thing about it is that the painter let something slip in. Unseen by the artist the unhappy shadow of the true Cal rises from the canvas like a mist.

The trouble all began when Galoosh Coolidge, who had a touch of the heroic, married the woman who introduced the pickle-puss strain into the Coolidges. Humor went; only up-country wit remained. Cal's father was a big man with Galoosh's big expressive mouth, but he wore it pulled down at the corners in complacent, unrelenting righteousness; his son Cal was to make the pickle famous.

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Coolidge's mother was slight of frame and a chronic invalid; she died when he was twelve. From her Cal inherited his smallish stature and less rugged health. He was a high-average boy in most ways, this runt, and strong enough to get along; but he liked to tease smaller boys and little girls and therefore must have been teased himself. He was very, very shy; so probably he was intimidated at home. His grandmother used to shut him in a windowless attic, and he never went there twice for the same offense. Once she gave him a dollar not to go to a dance, and he not only took the money but stayed away from the dance. Of his father he said, "I cannot recall that I ever knew of his doing a wrong thing." Cal never rebelled against authority. He just harbored a wistful memory of his mother and tried hard to please. If he forgot to fill the wood-box he got up in the night to do it so as to avoid a row in the morning. Spending his childhood among more vital people, Cal, the runt, had to live by his wits. His strategy was simple: be a good boy and never fly in the face of authority.

At Amherst the runt came in among the last in a ceremonial sophomore race and as a forfeit had to make a speech. This is how it ended, "Remember, boys, the Good Book says, 'The last shall be first, the first last.' " That crack made Coolidge popular, but it did more. It summed up the philosophy of the runt who survives because there is no glory in his defeat. From here on the successful life of Coolidge presents itself with tragic justice. The exultation of victory deserved was never his. He could achieve only scorn, the scorn of the wood-box filler for the fire lighter; the scorn that a man like Coolidge, who above all knows his own value, must have for the fool world that will swallow Coolidge. He had self-respect resting on a conviction of inadequacy and motivated by a consuming filial love.

When Coolidge got out of Amherst, he asked his father to decide what he should do. He went to the Massachusetts legislature, and the first bill he introduced was one to prohibit the licensing of cars that could go over twenty miles an hour. As governor he did nothing in the Boston police strike, but when the smoke had cleared he admirably stated the people's case. Here was Cal who always knew the score as a wood-box filler, knew how much wood had been burned, yet who could never call the next play because he had never dared try to lead. Here was Cal who understood that the world couldn't tell a score-keeper from a score-maker; here was Cal, made by a dozen fools, as the Boston *Herald* pointed out in an article that it and Fuess thought was a defense; here was Cal, pathetically, honestly grateful to all those dozen fools; here was Cal who asked his father to swear him into office ostensibly as a loving publicity gesture while really he compelled a final obeisance to Colonel John's good boy. When his father was dying Calvin wrote him: "I think only two or three fathers have seen their sons chosen to be President. . . If that was what you wanted you have much to be thankful for. . . ." In March, 1926, Coolidge's father died, and a little more than a year later Coolidge handed his "I do not choose" to the reporters. Coolidge did not choose because the man who in spirit—and often in fact—had always chosen for him was dead. Cal was just biographer bait from then on.

This is the man who in the platinum-plated twenties was so far behind the age that all the world thought he might be

"Do you know how I would live if I renounced religion and was illogical enough to disbelieve in a life beyond—in the real life? Why, if I threw away and denounced my faith, I would surround myself with the most adroit hijackers, learn every trick of the highest banking and stock manipulations, avail myself of the laws under which to hide my own crimes, create a smokescreen to throw into the eyes of men and—believe me, I would become the world's champion crook."

—From an interview between Father Coughlin and Ruth Mugglebee, author of Father Coughlin, the Radio Priest.

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ahead; the laissez-faire-weather President who let the bandwagon get out of hand and quacked speedometer readings to the heedless world with the voice of Donald Duck and the heart of the third little pig. This is the ghost that rises from the pages of the Fuess biography, and this is Mr. Fuess's great and good man, his "perfect Yankee." It is a merit of the painting that it gives off a ghost so easily, a ghost who is just one of history's routine ironies but who, none the less, undeceived and sad, looks at his oily portrait with a pathos that is tragic and—in a nation of imperfect Yankees—universal as well. LOVELL THOMPSON

Murder Stories Will Out

WINDLESS CABINS. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

I HAVE too much respect for Mr. Van Doren's abilities to believe that this second novel of his is actually a very recent piece of writing, unless, like Carlyle with "Past and Present," he may have dashed it off as a bit of recreation after the arduous labor of a large, serious volume—in this case, his study of Shakespeare. "Windless Cabins" is a very romantic murder story in which the principal characters have all the trappings of Victorian melodrama except black cloak and lace-trimmed parasol. Not that a poetic murder yarn is anomalous *per se*—witness "Macbeth" and "Hamlet"—but when you make your hero a man-of-all-work in a tourist cabin camp and furnish him with a family of plain American white trash, the reader wants to be able to believe in him and wants his simple country sweetheart to be a woman of flesh and blood. Here the rustic protagonists talk like starry-eyed hero and ethereal lady out of Charlotte M. Yonge; the diabolical Mr. Delano, with his smooth tongue and slick city ways, merely drives a sleek roadster instead of twirling a sleek mustache; and the eccentric old aunt who terrifies everyone but eventually solves the lovers' problem sounds about as plausible as a ghost.

There is some beautiful writing in the chapters that depict the young hero's morbid imaginings after he has accidentally killed Delano in a fit of anger; that is the part in which a poet, like Mr. Van Doren, naturally would let himself out, reveling in vivid, fanciful prose. But you have to believe in people before you sympathize with their self-torturings, and I found the only convincing folk in the story were Dutch Berger and his wife, cloddish owners of Windless Cabins, where the whole unlikely tragedy occurs.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Coming Soon in *The Nation*

Max Eastman's "Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism"

Reviewed by ABRAM L. HARRIS

"The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman"

Reviewed by MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

About Vitamins

VITAMINS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Leslie J. Harris. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE VITAMINS—A SYMPOSIUM. The Americal Medical Association. $1.50.

IN THE past year I have received a number of requests for good books on nutrition and on vitamins. In response to these inquiries, I recommend the two volumes listed above.

In "Vitamins in Theory and Practice," a worker in this particular field has put together the various lines of attack leading to the knowledge that proteins, carbohydrates, minerals, and fats alone are not sufficient to maintain an animal. Dr. Harris writes well and is not afraid to depict the struggles and the drama that surrounded these investigations. It is not generally known that two lines of scientific work converged in the vitamin field. There was on the one hand the study of adequate diet, which led to the startling discovery, for a long time not accepted, that the old basic dietary mentioned above—proteins, etc.—needed accessory foods to complete it. On the other hand, scientists had found that certain diseases, such as beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets, could be cured by minute amounts of some mysterious substance. When these two avenues finally converged, a new group of deficiency diseases emerged, separate from diseases of germ origin. The League of Nations last year officially recognized this classification of diseases, and in so doing took an important step in the liberation of medical thought in general from the over-application of the germ theory to all diseases.

Dr. Harris surveys the older work that led to remedies for this or that disease without any knowledge of the mechanism of the cure. This makes interesting reading today, because it can now be seen how significant those early discoveries were. In the last few years England has awakened to the problem of general malnutrition resulting from inadequate vitamins. For this awakening men like the author have been largely responsible, because they have taken their discoveries into the field of public health and demanded that the knowledge be used for the public betterment. In the United States we still lack, to cite one example, any organized attack upon pellagra in the South, a disease known to be due to the lack of vitamin P. Our public-health departments have elected the germ in preference to economic conditions as their arch-enemy. However, even the economic aspect of deficiency disease is well treated by Dr. Harris.

The increasingly wide demand for vitamins in this country has led the American Medical Association to prepare a symposium on the subject, in which authorities in various sections of vitamin research have summarized the work in their own special fields. The result of this method is of course that some chapters are extremely lucid, while others are not. It is, however, an excellent compilation and, in combination with Dr. Harris's book, makes a reference work of great usefulness. To those wishing authoritative information on this subject, such as dietitians, teachers, and parents, I suggest the reading of the first book and consultation of the second. The symposium is, of course, the better annotated, but since Harris was writing for the general public his account is by far the more readable. HUGH H. DARBY

MUSIC

WEBSTER AITKEN'S playing at his recent recital reminded one of the fact that the performer's art, no less than the composer's, the painter's, the writer's, involves the operation of mind and feeling on a material, and that a performance, no less than a painting, a piece of writing, or music, may exhibit the style that is the impress on a material of individual and forceful qualities of mind and feeling. For listening to Mr. Aitken's playing in the first movement of the Schubert-Krenek Sonata—listening, for example, to the powerful tensions between sounds in a phrase, between phrases in the huge span of the movement—one was aware above all of a style which distinguishes his playing from what is to be heard day in and day out in the concert halls, a style which expresses a way of feeling and thinking about music, of concentrating it down to its essence, that sets him apart from other pianists. That this way of feeling and thinking is not yet fully developed, not yet equal, for example, to the demands of the slow movement of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata, is less surprising and less important than that already in so young an artist it is as developed and forceful as it is, that already it is fully equal to the demands of the opening section of the last movement. Even now it makes Mr. Aitken lonely—amid other pianists, amid listeners with ears not for his subtle musicianship in the first movement of the Schubert but for his brilliant virtuosity in the Fuleihan Sonata. And he may expect to be lonelier.

Among further releases under the new Royale label the best are a group of records (ten-inch, $.75) offering some fine vocal music well sung by the Madrigal Singers under the leadership of Lee Jones. The works are Morley's "It Was a Lover and His Lass" and "Dainty Fine Sweet Nymph," Weelkes's "Hark All Ye Lovely Saints," and Gastoldi's "Maidens Fair of Mantua's City" (1790); Weelkes's "Sing We at Pleasure," Wilbye's "Adieu Sweet Amarillis," Morley's "Sing We and Chant It," and the Coventry Carol (1791); Morley's "My Bonny Lass She Smileth," the carol "On Christmas Night," Gevaert's "The Sleep of the Child Jesus," and John Benet's "All Creatures Now Are Merry Minded" (1793); Victoria's superb "O Magnum Mysterium" and Guerrero's "Ave Virgo Sanctissima" (1792); Vecchi's "So Ben Mi Ch'a Bon Tempo," Lassus's "Matona, Mia Cara," Praetorius's "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," and the old French song "From Lyons as I Journeyed" (1794).

On two twelve-inch Royale records (577/8, $2) is Vivaldi's fine Concerto in A minor, played without distinction or grace by Eddy Brown, Roman Totenberg, and a little string orchestra. Two ten-inch records (1826/7, $1.50) offer a better performance by Messrs. Brown, Totenberg, Benno Rabinoff, and Boris Schwarz with strings led by Ernst Victor Wolff at the harpsichord, but a work—an obscure concerto by Leonardo Leo—which, after an impressive beginning, justifies its obscurity. And I advise against Alfred Mirovich's records ($.75 each) of Debussy's "Minstrels" and "The Girl with the Flaxen Hair" (1820), and "The Ox-Cart," "The Old Castle," and "The Great Gate of Kiev" from Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (1819, 1821); and the Royale Symphony Orchestra's versions of Schubert's Unfinished and Mozart's G minor (Albums 21 and 22, $3.50 each).

The same company has issued under its Varsity label ($.35) a large number of jazz recordings by small bands. Most of them are run-of-the-mill; and of these the Varsity Seven's "Scratch My Back" and "Save It Pretty Mama" (8135), with Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, and Joe Sullivan, are better than average. The outstanding performances are the Jess Stacy "Breeze" (the fox-trot, not the blues) (8121), and "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me" and "Clarinet Blues" (8132)—the last not for the clarinet solos but for what Stacy does behind the soloists and alone. Other superb jazz performances are the Muggsy Spanier "At the Jazz Band Ball" and "Livery Stable Blues" (Bluebird 10518) and "Riverboat Shuffle" and "Relaxin' at the Touro" (Bluebird 10532); Earl Hines's piano solos, "Rosetta" and "Glad Rag Doll" (Bluebird 10555); and Mildred Bailey's "There'll Be Some Changes Made" (Vocalion 5268), with Mary Lou Williams at the piano. Jimmy Blanton, the new bass player of the Ellington Orchestra, does some playing that is astonishingly inventive and agile in his duets with Ellington, "Blues" and "Plucked Again" (Columbia 35322); but even an inventive and agile string bass is not something one enjoys listening to at length. Alec Templeton's "Phonograph Record, Player Piano, and Carmen

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Lombardo" and "Mendelssohn Mows 'em Down" (Victor 26440) are diverting but not on the level of his devastating burlesque of Walter Damrosch in "Three Little Fishies" (Victor 26402); his performance of "Night and Day" on the reverse side, which is serious, is terrible.

The Lafayette eleven-tube BB-17 for $119.95, which I have heard at last, is not a Scott twenty-tube or thirty-tube set; and if you want the sound of a Scott you will have to buy a Scott. But if you have only $119.95 to spend, the Lafayette, unlike other commercial products, is honest value and a well-sounding machine. Since the size and weight of the cabinet contribute a great deal to this sound, you will not get as good reproduction from the BB-13 for $96.50, which is the same set in a lighter cabinet. And lighter cabinets make part of the difference in the eight-tube BB-8 for $84.95 and the A.C.-D.C. twelve-tube CC-46 for $107.50, both of which, however, are also good machines for their prices. All these prices, incidentally, are for the machines without automatic record-changers.

The Magnavox radio-phonographs I heard, from the Belvedere down, sounded very poor to me. Magnavox, regrettably, no longer makes the Symphony, but it still makes its excellent table model, the Concerto.

I am informed that research in wear on the sapphire needle has led to the conclusion that this needle should not be used in a pickup with needle-point pressure of more than one ounce, which means any crystal or magnetic pickup you are likely to encounter. Use a jewel point only with a pickup especially designed for it; with the ordinary pickup use steel.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

WITH "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" (Warner Brothers), as with "The Grapes of Wrath," Hollywood takes a great step forward. The picture is in theme and presentation so mature that it provides a deep and exciting experience. It surpasses the films of the biographical genre that we have seen before in every respect. Here are no cheap melodramatics but instead great emotions and spiritual processes presented with power and suspense. The necessary dramatic short cuts are achieved by condensation not by falsification of the historical material. The result appeals simultaneously to heart and intelligence, and is as fascinating as life itself. The picture really lets one take part in one of the momentous fights of science against disease and of a great man against the limitations of his fellow-men. John Huston, Heinz Herald, and Norman Burnside have written an original screen play which sets a new standard in many respects. It was possible for them to do this because they were allowed to handle a mature theme honestly. The producers must be congratulated for giving them the opportunity. In this connection it seems a rather crude attempt to shift the responsibility for hundreds of thousands of yards of film trash when Mr. Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers' and Distributors' Association, confronted with the universal success of pictures like "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," remarks that he does not think the producers have become appreciably more mature-minded but rather that scenario writing has very much improved.

If the authors of the script make a tense epic of the long and lonely fight of Dr. Ehrlich which resulted in the production of the effective anti-syphilis medicine "Ehrlich-Hatta 606," its presentation has been ably handled in every department. Edward G. Robinson as Dr. Ehrlich is not only better than he has ever been before, but he gives one of the greatest performances ever seen on the screen. His simplicity in portraying a great man without putting his words in quotes should be an example for other actors called to similar tasks. There is not one false touch in his moving characterization. The many outer and inner transformations which the character undergoes in a period of thirty-five years—the picture starts by showing the young, unknown doctor and ends with the old, world-famous scientist on his deathbed—are indicated so naturally that one scarcely notices them as they occur. The actor builds a character by means of many little unobtrusive details. Naive, sincere, and uncompromising in a quiet way, Dr. Ehrlich dominates his surroundings by virtue of his inner force. There is no love story, but the tenderness with which he appreciates his wife and home gives the film more true feeling than is found in a hundred romances.

William Dieterle, with excellent understanding for the atmosphere of imperial Germany, directs a supporting cast of many first-class players. Among them is Albert Bassermann, for the first time on the American screen. This greatest of German actors—in the opinion of many he is the greatest living actor—left Germany voluntarily, declining the offers Dr. Goebbels made him. His Dr. Koch is, as was to be expected, a masterpiece of imaginative acting. After this try-out Warner Brothers gave him a contract. We hope they will soon find a great part for him.

It is not easy to step down from the artistic and spiritual heights of "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" to the usual run of pictures. They offer at best a single performance which has to be accepted for the whole if one is not going to want to leave the theater before the end. Such a performance can be seen in the English-made "Earl of Chicago" featuring Robert Montgomery in the part of a sly, half-crazy Chicago gangster who inherits a Scottish peerage. The actor, who is much too little seen nowadays, creates within the framework of the grotesque story a believable and very entertaining character.

"Sidewalks of London" (Paramount release) shows Vivien Leigh before she became Scarlett. She and Charles Laughton have excellent moments, but the picture as a whole—about street entertainers—is rather dated.

"Castle on the Hudson" (Warner Brothers) repeats again the sickening story of Pat O'Brien attempting to reform an East Side criminal. John Garfield this time replaces James Cagney; everything else is the same.

The French picture "The Human Beast," based on Emile Zola's "La Bête Humaine," has many powerful scenes and should not be missed. Jean Gabin and Simone Simon play under Jean Renoir's direction a love story of sweeping passion and insane brutality in the best tradition of French realism.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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Letters to the Editors

What the Nazis Think

Dear Sirs: While the crew of the Columbus was detained at Ellis Island, one of the immigration officers had frequent conversations with an intelligent German petty officer of that ship. The German claimed he had a brother high in Nazi circles. Here are some notes of the talks:

Germany expects to be "sort of" victorious after an exhaustive war. Shortages will in time be made up through trade with nearby neutrals and the breaking of the British blockade by air "smashes." British tonnage losses are already far more than they publish. The Germans are inured to hardship by the long years of iron Nazi discipline. There will be no crack-up because the older people are apathetic and resigned. The Gestapo gets stronger all the time. Next to Hitler, Himmler is supreme. The ardent Nazi youths are not at the front but are on police duty in Germany and in the conquered regions. The German generals will make no attempt to rush the war to a quick conclusion, but they expect the Allied war ministries to make that fatal mistake. Göring has at last won Hitler over to that point of view. There is one chance in a thousand that they may be goaded to rashness by insulting personal propaganda emanating directly from leaders of the enemy governments. They become furious at lies that tell how luxuriously the Nazi chieftains live—coffee for Göring; cigars, meat, wine for the mighty—because envy is no small trait in the German people.

Contrary to gossip, Hitler does not contemplate suicide if Germany is beaten. He will disappear and remain in hiding for the remainder of his life. He wants to live to see a world-wide annihilation of all Jews. He is certain that this will be brought on after the war by the economic and political chaos in all countries. He believes that the United States will have a Dictator-President or a "man behind the throne" dictator by 1945 or soon after. This man will rise to power on an anti-bolshevik, anti-religious, anti-labor, and anti-Jewish-plutocracy appeal to the poor and unemployed masses. Liberalism, labor, and Jews will be held responsible for the huge national debt and the post-war industrial dislocation. Hitler feels that his propaganda will have gained such momentum by 1945 that the defenders of democracy will bow to the inevitable.

ARTHUR D. POPE

New York, February 25

The Lesser Evil

Dear Sirs: The editorial called Shadow and Substance in the February 10 issue of *The Nation* might better have been called The Lesser of Two Evils. You mention the horrors of Nazism and rightly advise us to steel ourselves against Nazi propaganda. At the same time you admit the questionable motives of the Allies in the war, but tell us that these are "not really relevant" to the present crisis, that we must ignore these "imperfections" or we will leave ourselves wide open for Nazi propaganda and eventual dominance.

During the 1914-18 conflict most of us were not aware of the real causes —imperialism, monopolies, etc. We believed along with *The Nation* in the war-to-make-the-world-safe-for-democracy hoax. After the war the real causes were exposed, and we were told that the "democracy" issue had been unimportant.

Now Europe is again at war. Fascism and Hitlerism have replaced monarchism and Kaiserism. Must the readers of *The Nation* wait another five, ten, or fifteen years to learn what is relevant or irrelevant in this war? Shall we allow war hysteria, fanned by British and French propaganda, to lead America into another hollow war for democracy?

MARYBELLE PIATT

New York, February 27

The Future of the "Met"

Dear Sirs: I have read with interest the article in your issue of February 17 in regard to the Metropolitan Opera. Without attempting at this time to comment in detail, I do want to point out that our present problem is one of maintaining the opera and continuing it without interruption. This campaign is not one to perpetuate the present house.

All plans for a new opera house with which I am familiar involve the expenditure of from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. It seems to us that the raising of any such sum under present conditions would be quite impossible. Therefore the Metropolitan Opera Association, the producing company, has put forward the present plan to acquire the opera-house property, to strengthen its financial position, to make certain physical changes in the house, and to broaden its influence in a way which we hope will lead to still greater achievements for opera and music in general.

If we are unsuccessful in this effort and if we are unable to meet the present situation, then it seems that there must be an interruption in the production of opera in New York—certainly so far as the Metropolitan Opera is concerned. This, we believe, would naturally hamper any plans for the future, including the forward-looking suggestions made by a number of friends for the building of a new opera house.

As the matter stands today, more than one-third of the million dollars requested from the public has been subscribed. Approximately $125,000 of this amount has come from radio listeners in all parts of the United States and from Canada, Hawaii, British West Indies, Cuba, and Central and South America.

GEORGE A. SLOAN, Chairman,
Metropolitan Opera Fund

New York, February 26

Praise and Blame

Dear Sirs: I have found much less to criticize in *The Nation* since Louis Fischer and other writers joined us who are pro-socialist but anti-Stalinist. But the writer of the editorial on the recent statement of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (in the issue of February 4) is either bitterly prejudiced in respect to the Catholic church or simply did not read the document. He says it sounds like Buchman and makes fun of its emphasis on God. Well, isn't it a religious document? Then he declares, "It reads strikingly like the platform of a major political party." It does not, but if it did, how does this complaint go with the criticism that the statement is too pie-in-the-skyish? It cannot be both.

My point is that the criticism is grossly unfair and that we radicals lose by such factionalism and petty tactics. I know that the Ezekiel-Voorhis-Lauck group of planners for industrial expansion have found more support for their proposed bills in the group of Catholics around Father Ryan than among the most left-wing Protestant ministers. Obviously these Catholics advocate a pro-labor, transitional, planned, capitalist (somewhat socialized) economic order in language that does not impress *Nation* editors. Is this any reason for ridiculing them?

While criticizing you thus severely, I also want to commend you for carrying the suggestive articles by Lewis Corey. They are a major contribution to labor and radical thought.

FRANCIS A. HENSON

Washington, February 25

"New Masses" Under Fire

Dear Sirs: In commenting on the recent FBI raids in Detroit—a case which has since happily been dropped—*The Nation* wrote (issue of February 17): "Here as in the Browder case it [the FBI] seems to be looking for technical excuses to implement an anti-red drive." *The Nation* was right. Another case of this type is now being developed which has not been so well publicized. This is the grand-jury investigation of the *New Masses.*

At the beginning of the year Attorney General Murphy convoked a grand jury in Washington for the purpose of investigating a number of alleged crimes. He mentioned by name several organizations and individuals, among them two left-wing publishing houses. The newspapers proceeded to smear those named, stating that they had been charged with military espionage. So extraordinary was the procedure followed in initiating this grand-jury investigation that it drew a sharp editorial rebuke from the conservative Washington *Post.* Two editors of the *New Masses,* Joseph North and A. B. Magil, and its former business manager, George Willner, were summoned before the Washington grand jury, though there had been no mention of the magazine in Mr. Murphy's statement. The present business manager, Carl Bristel, was subpoenaed to appear before a New York grand jury in an investigation involving a totally different charge: conspiracy to violate the laws of the United States.

The questioning of these witnesses was predominantly political. Much of it was undoubtedly in violation of constitutional rights. It was clear that the grand jury had been sent on a fishing expedition in an effort to discover some technicality by which the continued publication of the *New Masses* could be rendered extremely difficult or impossible. Though all this may be strictly according to law, it ought to be recognized for what it is: a disguised attack on freedom of the press.

The *New Masses* has nothing to hide. It is a reputable magazine whose history goes back nearly twenty-nine years. It was suppressed once before—during the World War—for its political views, and it is being harassed now for the same reason. We urge readers of *The Nation* to protest to Attorney General Jackson and to President Roosevelt.

JOSEPH NORTH
A. B. MAGIL

New York, February 28

Anniversary Notes

Dear Sirs: On the occasion of *The Nation's* seventy-fifth anniversary I should like to recall to your readers a man who was one of the most militant spokesmen and writers for democracy that imperial Germany ever knew. In Heidelberg, where his body lies buried, these words were inscribed on his tombstone thirty years ago: "Dr. Theodor Barth, one who sowed the seeds of democratic ideals in our land."

In the New York Public Library can be found the complete volumes of *Die Nation*—the counterpart of your own outstanding journal—into which Dr. Barth breathed the finest spirit of German liberalism in politics, art, and science. Among the many well-known contributors to *Die Nation* were Theodor Mommsen, Ludwig Bamberger, Lasker, Lujo, Brentano, Brahms, Schlenther, and Rudolf Virchow—writers whose works are widely known and appreciated in the United States.

In 1879, when Bismarck initiated the period of protective tariffs, the free states of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck began to look for a fearless and outspoken opponent of that policy. Such a man was Barth. O. G. Villard has characterized him as "the most brilliant opponent of Bismarck."

Although earlier Barth had been hostile to the Socialist Party, he came to realize that German democracy could be achieved only by active collaboration with the Social Democratic Workers' movement. The Liberal Party to which he belonged rejected that policy; indeed it formed a coalition with the Conservatives under Chancellor von Bülow, and in return for certain progressive concessions voted the notorious laws against the Polish minority. Barth's reply to this attitude of compromise was to leave the Liberal Party.

As a Christian and a liberal Dr. Barth believed in the necessity of defending civil liberties and minority rights and served for many years as president of the League to Combat Anti-Semitism.

He knew America well. In 1907 after several years of travel and study in this country he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University. His "American Impressions" and "Political Portraits" are of particular interest to Americans.

Now when we are looking forward with the whole democratic world to the day when Hitler's reign of barbarism will be smashed, we are confident that in the Germany of tomorrow men like Barth will come forward to bring a democratic Germany into the Federation of European States.

MARTIN SCHWARTZER

New York, February 15

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

ECONOMY WAS THROWN OUT THE WINDOW as the dictates of election year caused the Senate Appropriations Committee to add $297,000,000 to the Agriculture Department's appropriation bill. In addition to this sum, which was earmarked for parity payments and surplus commodity disposal, the committee voted to ask for a $100,000,000 RFC loan for the various farm agencies. If the action of the committee is ratified by the Senate, President Roosevelt's budget estimates will be exceeded by approximately $300,000,000. This completely obliterates the few million which have been saved by Congressional cuts and greatly accentuates the need for additional taxation as proposed in the President's budget message. Unfortunately there is no way under our representative government by which Congress can be forced to vote taxes to offset the expenditures which it authorizes with such alacrity. This makes it possible for Republicans to give benefits to voting farmers with one hand while beating the air for economy with the other. We trust that if the bill reaches the President in its present form he will have the courage to veto it.

*

THE UNRECONSTRUCTED PUBLIC-UTILITY rebels are mustering their propaganda forces for a new fight against integration. Defeated in their efforts to kill the Public Utility Holding Company Act and foiled in their subsequent attempts to stall the application of the "death sentence" clause, they are now hoping to put pressure on the SEC to nullify it. During the past week the $1,200,000,000 Commonwealth and Southern Corporation was ordered to show cause why it should not adjust its structure to comply with Section 11 of the act. Wendell Willkie, president of the corporation, whose genius for publicity none can deny, immediately issued a long statement declaring that the break-up of the C. and S. system would result "in material losses to our consumers and great destruction of values to our security holders." He therefore urged that the SEC should use its "broad discretion" to "preserve these material values rather than to destroy them." Although he did not enter into specific proposals, his glowing description of the benefits of centralized ownership and management suggested a belief that the C. and S. set-up should be left substantially unchanged. The act, as Mr. Willkie pointed out, does permit the commission to allow the retention by a holding company of more than one integrated public-utility system under certain conditions, including their location in adjoining states. But C. and S. is composed of two distinct groups of properties, one in the Southeastern states and one centered in Michigan. If each of these groups were owned by a separate holding company, it would seem that the terms of the act would be met. But we do not see how the SEC's discretion could be stretched to allow the continuance of both under one umbrella.

*

ATTACKS ON THE SEC SOONER OR LATER come to the accusation that it is interfering with private management or the sacred rights of the investor. Quite apart from the fact that public utilities are affected with a public interest and are the beneficiaries of extraordinary privileges granted by the public, the question arises of whose ox is gored. For the private interests represented by holding-company managements frequently differ from, and conflict with, the private interests of bondholders and senior security owners, who have supplied the bulk of the money on which utility empires are built. In this connection we should like to call the attention of our readers to the following comment in the March 2 issue of *Bond Outlook*, published by Standard Statistics Company, the leading financial-information service:

> The publicity given to the so-called "political persecution" of the utility industry has led to a general belief that the position of utility securities has been damaged by increased regulation. . . . Regulation under the Holding Company Act has strengthened materially the position of operating-company bonds, and added many safeguards thereto. . . . As an example, the SEC decision on the Consumers' Power case, in reality, was favorable to the company's bondholders, since it necessitated equity financing of future capacity expansion which would widen earnings and asset protection of the bonds.

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MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S LITTLE EXPERIMENT in "socialism" on New York City's transit lines may prove worse for labor than "capitalist" operation has been. The city, which already owns and operates one of the three rapid-transit systems in New York, is now about to take over the other two under a plan of "unification." Unification has been widely touted as a victory for public ownership, particularly in Wall Street circles ordinarily hostile to public ownership but glad of any chance to unload deteriorating transit securities on the city. For the people of New York the plan will mean loss of the five-cent fare; for workers on transit lines it may mean the loss of hard-won rights to collective bargaining. The Transport Workers' Union wrung recognition and contracts from the B. M. T. and the I. R. T. systems, though both had been notoriously anti-union in the past. Both lines will now be taken over by the city. The third rapid-transit system, the Independent, already operated by the city, has always refused to bargain collectively or to recognize the union, and at one time set up instead an employees'-representation plan. Mayor LaGuardia, though a friend of other people's labor, has resisted pressure to recognize the rights of his workers on the Independent, and has now publicly declared that under unification he would permit neither the right to strike nor the closed shop on the lines. His bold statement is strategically clever because it hides the main point at issue, which is not the right to strike or the closed shop but the right to bargain collectively.

*

TENNESSEE IS FAR FROM BEING THE ONLY place in the country where ignorance makes a monkey of education. Hill-billies from Morningside Heights, led by His Most Worshipful Eminence Bishop Manning, and bigots from the backwoods of Brooklyn, mobilized by the Hearst press, have raised a hue and cry against Bertrand Russell. In the world of education and enlightenment Mr. Russell is a distinguished philosopher, mathematician, and logician, but there must be several hundred thousand New Yorkers who now believe that he is a confirmed lecher, an advocate of adultery, and a believer in the nationalization of women. The storm arose when Mr. Russell was appointed professor of philosophy at City College. Bishop Manning at once seized on certain passages in "Education and the Good Life" to make it appear that Mr. Russell believed in education for a very wicked life. The campaign reached one of its high points when Monsignor Francis J. Walsh asked a gathering of Catholic policemen to join in the protest. They had had occasion to learn, he said, the full meaning of the "matrimonial triangle" by finding one corner of the triangle in a pool of blood. The Hearst press, scenting its favorite journalistic combination, sex and subversion, leaped to the fray. The Knights of Columbus girded on their armor. Behind the uproar is the fact that for the first time in years New York City has a liberal Board of Higher Education. We hope it will repudiate in no uncertain terms an attack which, if successful, would be a serious blow to academic freedom, not only in New York City but throughout the country.

*

IN PROPOSING THAT PART-TIME WORKERS be covered by unemployment insurance, a committee of the New York State Labor Department has sought to eliminate one of the primary weaknesses of New York's job-insurance system. As it has worked out so far, unemployment insurance has aided chiefly those among the unemployed who were in least need of assistance. Only persons who had been working more or less regularly at fair wages have been eligible for benefits; casual workers, employees in seasonal trades, and part-time workers have usually been ineligible. Moreover, the provision in the law barring benefits to anyone earning over $3 a week has discouraged the unemployed from seeking or accepting part-time jobs of any kind. Adoption of the committee's recommendation would provide partial benefits to any insured worker who is unemployed four or more days during a seven-day week. No account is taken, however, of part-time work which involves employment during only part of the working day. Some provision for this type of partial unemployment is obviously necessary if our state job-insurance laws are to fulfil the function for which they were designed.

*

FOR THE FUTURE HISTORIAN, AUGUST 23, 1939, the day on which the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed, may prove to be the most momentous date in the twentieth century. We therefore make no apologies to our readers for publishing yet another account of the events which culminated in this deal which shook the world. Frederick Kuh, whose article appears on page 360, is a foreign correspondent with long experience in both Germany and Britain. Unlike Louis Fischer, he believes that serious political negotiations between Moscow and Berlin did not begin until July, when Russian conversations with the Western powers seemed doomed to failure. He stresses, too, as an influence on the Soviet government's decision the many snubs received from London, including the ignoring by Lord Halifax of a direct invitation to visit Moscow personally. But the evidence he presents does not invalidate the theory previously put forward by Louis Fischer that the decisive factor drawing Germany and the U. S. S. R. together was the abandonment of appeasement by the Allies. So long as Hitler thought he could gain his eastern objectives without Allied interference, there was no inducement to him to pay a price for

Soviet neutrality. It was only when he became convinced that to attack Poland meant war that he determined to woo Russia and so avoid the possibility of having to fight in east and west simultaneously. At the same time, the Russians, with fear of appeasement at their expense removed, saw a deal with Germany as safer and more likely to be profitable than a treaty with the Allies. It still remains to be seen whether by that decision the U. S. S. R. removed itself from participation in World War II or whether, as the end result of the pact, it will be dragged into the struggle against the West as a junior partner of Nazi Germany.

✶

THE GRANTING OF A NEW $20,000,000 LOAN to China by the Export-Import Bank would be welcome news if it were not for the suspicion that it is being given as a sop for our failure to impose an embargo on Japan. With the Gallup poll showing 82 per cent of the population favoring an embargo, Congressmen dare not face their constituents in an election year without doing something for China. Passage of an embargo involved possible political reprisals from the scrap-iron, oil, and copper interests. But a loan to China offers the unique advantage of permitting American business men to trade with both sides. The fact that a continuation of our sales of war supplies to Japan threatens the very existence of China, and thereby endangers the loan, is apparently a minor consideration. As the money has been put up by the government, no private interest would be affected by such a development. Meanwhile, the $20,000,000 is enough to keep China going for several months even though it is far less than the $75,000,000 which China set as the amount needed. And if the loan were accompanied by an embargo instead of a continuation of direct economic aid to Japan, it would represent an important step in the defense of American rights and a setback for aggression. An articulate public opinion might still achieve this.

✶

THE BAN ON THE SALE OF ARAB LAND TO Jews in important sections of Palestine was upheld in the House of Commons last week by a vote of 292 to 129, after the bitterest debate heard in that body since the outbreak of the war. Opposition to the plan has been widespread. Zionists attacked the restriction as a final betrayal of the Balfour Declaration. The powerful League of Nations Union opposed it as inconsistent with the terms of the mandate granted to Britain by the League of Nations. Laborites charged that the arrangement unduly favored the Arabs at the expense of the Jews, and was part of a barefaced maneuver to enlist Moslems throughout the world in support of the Allies. Most observers profess to see a link between the British policy in Palestine and that in India, where an effort is also being made to win Moslem aid. But despite the opposition—and despite a renewal of rioting in Palestine—the Chamberlain government has not wavered in its program. It is another example of the way ideals are apt to be smothered by war-time exigencies—in this instance, the necessity to offset intensive German and Italian propaganda in the strategically vital Arabian lands.

✶

SPAIN HAS BEEN RETURNED TO ITS FORMER condition by Franco's decree restoring to the grandees all land seized by the republic for distribution among the peasants. The "owners" are to decide in each case whether the collectivist peasant organizations are to be allowed to continue to work the land at rentals approved by the government. Except in the north the greater part of the agricultural land in Spain was held by large landowners, and this fact was the chief cause of discontent in former years. The failure of the Republican government to enforce its expropriation decrees greatly weakened its prestige among the peasants prior to the outbreak of the Franco revolt in 1936. The present action has undoubtedly been delayed until now for fear of provoking new uprisings. Whether the Franco regime is now strongly enough intrenched to withstand the storm of opposition which is bound to arise remains to be seen. An observer who has recently returned from Spain reports that even before this action the whole country was seething with discontent—the middle classes no less than the working class. The prisons are still full, and arrests and executions are continuing. Unemployment is widespread. Food conditions are reported to be extremely bad, except for those who have the money to buy the more expensive, unrationed foods. Under such conditions Franco would seem to be tempting fate in taking the land from the peasants. But he apparently has obligations which he dare not repudiate.

Axis Over Finland

AS WE go to press, a Finnish delegation is in Moscow talking peace terms with Stalin and the ubiquitous Herr Ribbentrop is in Rome interviewing not only Ciano and Mussolini but the Pope. At first sight there may not seem to be any clear connection between these two events, yet it is not hard to see a possible link. From the Nazi point of view Italy's non-belligerent status is far from satisfactory, and it will become infinitely less so if the Allies succeed in forcing Rome to accept their blockade regulations. The Finnish war, however, has added to the barriers between Italy and Germany, for both the Fascist government press and the Vatican have loudly and frequently expressed disapproval of the Nazis' Russian comrades. If, therefore, peace could be patched up between Russia and Finland, a first step at least would have been taken toward bringing Italy back as an active partner in the anti-pluto-democracy front.

If this maneuver is to succeed, pacification of the Vatican is essential. Mussolini himself is realist enough to suffer no qualms about shaking hands with Moscow provided there is a profit in it. But he cannot ignore altogether the feelings of the Italian people. They retched unmistakably when asked to swallow the Nazis; and to expect them, devout Catholics for the most part, to embrace the godless Russians as well, is a little too much. Unless, therefore, Mussolini can get some kind of blessing from the church he is hardly likely to agree to a tightening of Italian bonds with Berlin and through Berlin with Moscow. This is what makes the request of von Ribbentrop for a papal interview so significant. He is reported to have told the Pope that the German understanding with Russia was purely economic and that the Third Reich still stood as a barrier against the bolshevization of Europe. Does he hope to clinch this argument by showing that as a result of German pressure Moscow has agreed to a negotiated peace with Finland?

Certainly it is remarkable that the Soviet government, forgetting that it had refused to recognize any Finnish government except that of Mr. Kuusinen, should have consented to talk terms with Mr. Risto Ryti and his colleagues. That in itself must prove damaging to its prestige and suggests that the war had proved unexpectedly costly, that Allied intervention was feared, or that Berlin had urged very strongly the desirability of an early peace. Probably all three of these factors played some part in launching the negotiations.

By the time this issue of *The Nation* appears, the outcome of the peace conference may be known. The difficulties of reaching agreement are obvious. The Soviet government cannot afford to offer terms more favorable to Finland than those rejected last fall. Yet the Finns, desperate as their position is, are not likely to accept proposals which would enable them to be digested in two bites à la Czechoslovakia. One of the numerous rumors afloat is that their integrity might be guaranteed by Scandinavia and Germany. This would be a very astute move on the part of the Reich, for it would thus be placed in a strong position to influence Scandinavia, which would be bound to lean on it for protection against Russia.

By the same token, peace between Russia and Finland under the aegis of Hitler would be an adverse development for the Allies. Moreover, it would release for German use Russian supplies and transport facilities now tied up by the Finnish war. Speaking in the House of Commons on Monday, Premier Chamberlain declared that Britain and France had offered to aid Finland "with all available resources" provided that a direct appeal for assistance was made. This declaration may help the Finns in their negotiations, although nothing was said about how the obstacles which hitherto have prevented the Allies from doing more than deliver material to Finland were to be overcome.

These obstacles are both diplomatic and strategic. Unless a landing could be effected at Petsamo—a very hazardous undertaking involving tremendous supply difficulties—the only route for troops is by way of Norway and Sweden. But these countries, more impressed by German power to hurt them than by Allied power to protect them, and anxious not to become the war's major battlefield, still refuse to permit passage to an Allied army. Possibly, if the Soviet demands are too harsh and the war continues, this refusal will be reconsidered, but the Allied command would then be faced with the problem of how to dispatch large enough forces across the North Sea, and how to move them quickly enough into southern Scandinavia to forestall a German invasion across the shorter and safer Baltic route. If a northern front is to be established at all, it cannot be treated as a minor "sideshow." Not tens but hundreds of thousands of men would be needed to overcome the danger of another Gallipoli. And, without firm guaranties of assistance on this scale the Scandinavian states can hardly be expected to indorse a plan which, at best, would be appallingly costly for them. It must be admitted that the Allies would have real difficulty, at this stage, in diverting really massive forces to the north and are thus hardly in a position to encourage the Finns to continue fighting. Under the circumstances, it is easy to explain the gravitational pull of Berlin on the northern states, and the prospects of a new Nazi diplomatic triumph should not be minimized.

Whittling Away the Wagner Act

AS AN investigating body the Smith committee showed an ineptness that soon made it less effective than it might have been, but there is a new shrewdness apparent in its recommendations for revision of the Wagner Act. Amendments whose meaning have been too well publicized and whose consequences are therefore too well understood have been avoided. No attempt is made to write into the law a section on unfair practices by labor unions, or to forbid coercion "from any source," or to relieve employers from the need for treating with aliens in collective bargaining; the last being aimed, of course, at Harry Bridges. As late as March 1 the *Wall Street Journal*, in a detailed and seemingly authoritative account of the forthcoming Smith committee proposals, reported that the alien provision would be included. Wiser heads seem to have prevailed in the interval. The majority report is confined largely to proposals whose effect on enforcement of the law would be no less disastrous because they are of an obscure and technical character. If these amendments could be obtained under a "compromise" by which the committee abandoned its more obvious proposal for a new three-man board, a great advance would have been made toward the transformation of the Wagner Act from a means of helping labor into a means of hamstringing it. This, rather than outright repeal, is now the strategy of the right, as Kenneth Crawford's article in this issue indicates.

One of the most important of these "technical" changes is that which would redefine "employee." Under the Fansteel decision, though not under the law itself, a striker convicted of violence or some other unlawful act growing out of a strike loses his status as an employee and thereby his right to reinstatement. The Smith committee would amend the definition of "employee" to take the right of reinstatement from any employee "who a preponderance of the testimony taken shows has wilfully engaged in violence or unlawful destruction or seizure of property in connection with any current labor dispute or unfair labor practice . . . or in connection with any organizational activities." Now under the Fansteel decision a striker convicted *in a court of law* loses his right to reinstatement. Under this proposal the Labor Board itself would have to determine whether violence or property damage had been committed. It would thus be converted into a kind of national police court, its duties enormously enlarged, its power to reach a decision hopelessly slowed up by the employer's power to bring charges of this kind against any number of strikers. It should also be noted that while the Fansteel decision dealt with strikers, this proposal also applies to rights of employees not on strike who accuse their employer of some unfair labor practice or some interference with organizational activities.

Another "technical" change of the greatest importance is that which would apply ordinary rules of evidence to Labor Board cases. The purpose of these rules is to guide the presentation of material to juries of laymen. Where legal proceedings are carried on without juries, as in courts of equity, far greater latitude is allowed. These rules of evidence have never been applied to proceedings before administrative bodies, where they would serve only to obfuscate and entangle. There are some ninety different exclusionary rules, and every infraction alleged could itself be the subject of an appeal. The potentialities for delay and costly litigation would be immensely increased by this change. Similar in effect is the proposal to apply the "clearly erroneous" rule to appeals from board decisions. This would make it possible to retry every case in the Circuit Court. Further delay is implicit in the proposal to divide the powers of the board with an administrator, the latter to investigate and prosecute, the former to try Labor Act cases. The board would try cases, but its decision, as now, would not be enforceable until the administrator took it into a Circuit Court of Appeals. The administrator would become a key figure. It would rest with him alone rather than with the board whether to investigate or prosecute complaints, and it would rest with him whether to move for enforcement of board orders. A bad administrator could make the Wagner Act a dead letter. The case for division of the board's powers in this way rests on a constitutional bromide about "separation of powers" too complicated to discuss at this point, but the proposal itself derives not from abstract considerations but from the fact that we have a vigorous Labor Board. If we had an able pro-labor administrator we should no doubt hear him denounced as a "dictator," and it would be proposed to cut down his powers and enlarge those of the board. We must note among the "technical" changes, finally, the redefinition of collective bargaining which would no longer require an employer to bargain in good faith and to present counter-proposals to his employees.

The Smith committee's best strategy is to distract attention from these obscure but crucial proposals to debate over the question whether Congress is to "encourage" or "protect" collective bargaining, and whether employers should have the right of "free speech." The latter has great possibilities as a smoke screen, particularly since the Civil Liberties Union has been rushing in where many other liberals fear to tread. We believe that to give an employer the right to discuss questions of unionism with his men is to throw open the door to coercion in fact, even though one provides that the discussion may not be accompanied by threats of discrimination, intimidation, or coercion. No open threats are necessary where the employer, who can hire or fire, talks "abstractly" with the employee about the virtues of this or that union. The tone of voice may be enough, or a raised eyebrow, or a sharp glance. None of them can be taken into court and read into a record.

The Joads' Neighbors

NOT all their neighbors joined the Joads in the trek to California. Even poverty has its aristocracy, and there were some who had no jalopies. Four out of five families edged off the South's land by the tractor crowd into the slums of the nearest city, living as they can between the meager jobs to be obtained at planting and harvest time. A continuous process adds to their ranks. Year by year more farmers become tenants and croppers, more tenants and croppers find themselves pushed down to the bottom status of day laborers. The base of the South's agricultural economy grows broader, the mass of the dispossessed and landless widens, while the number of the landowners grows smaller. When a multiplying number of have-nots confront a dwindling number of haves, the wise take warning. We wonder how many members of the Senate's Committee on Agriculture will prove to be in that category.

The plea made to the committee last week by the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union contained specific proposals for amendments to the Soil Conservation Act, successor to the AAA. But the issues involved transcend mere questions of how farm relief shall be administered. The ultimate success or failure of the New Deal farm program in the cotton belt depends upon the answers, and the fate of democracy in the South will be determined by them. For the dispossessed, the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union wants a start at subsistence farm homesteads and minimum-wage protection. For the tenants and croppers still hanging on, the union wants safeguards against the grasping planter. It proposes that Farm Security Administration and Federal Housing Administration cooperate in establishing at least one subsistence-homestead project where with government aid families driven off the land may make a new start. It wants crop subsidies refused to planters who pay less than 25 cents a hour; the present wage ranges from 50 cents to $1 a day, and the day from twelve to fourteen hours. For the tenants and croppers it makes two requests, both of them revealing. The first is that benefit checks be mailed direct to the tenant or cropper instead of to the county agent, who is almost always under the thumb of the planter. When a planter gets a tenant's check first, the amount which goes to the tenant usually depends on the planter, and some of the stories told by union officials remind one that the South was the scene of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The other request is that not more than $5,000 be paid in crop benefits to any one individual or corporation. The union, with 40,000 members, prides itself on having recovered $100,000 in crop benefits during the last two years from greedy planters. The figure is in illuminating contrast with the $10,000,000 which our largest "farmer," the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, last year received from the Department of Agriculture. The more money paid to big corporate farmers, who do not need protection, the less there is left for the small farmers and tenants who do.

The New Deal has alleviated the immediate need of the South, but at the expense of intensifying its long-range problems. Increased prices for cotton have encouraged production abroad, which cuts into foreign markets that once absorbed half our crop. Benefit payments have eased distress in one way and increased it in another. They have supplied the planter with cash, and the cash has made possible the purchase of machinery. The more machinery, the fewer hands he needs. If he has a tenant or cropper he must share the benefit payments with him. It is more profitable to push the tenant or cropper off the land, hiring him when needed by the day, and keep the benefit payments. Assurance of certain benefits has encouraged landed interests to increase their holdings—the more land the more benefit payments. The Department of Agriculture prides itself on the democratic nature of its regulatory program, on the elaborate schemes of local election of control committees. But in the South control committees are controlled by the planter, and even though there are no poll taxes or grandfather clauses to make a mockery of these elections, there are other ways to keep the small farmer and cropper, particularly the Negro, from voting. Throughout the South planters dominate the farm program in local administration as they do in the councils of the Democratic Party and in Congress. Unless that control is shaken loose, the South will continue to head for a new irreconcilable conflict. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and its program, regarded in this perspective, is not the dangerously revolutionary force the planters think it, but one of the constructive agencies at work in the South to erect a bridge between haves and have-nots as well as between blacks and whites.

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Labor's New Friends

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, March 11

ORGANIZED labor, with the help of the New Deal, has stood its ground against all comers through the long winter of ownership's discontent. It has had little trouble holding off such enemies within the gates as Big Bill Hutcheson and such enemies without as the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers. But the spring thaws have come now, and labor must take on, in addition to its old foes, a formidable force of volunteer friends. These new friends will not be easy to fight, for they are intrenched behind money bags and led by Chairman Howard W. Smith of the House Committee Investigating the National Labor Relations Board, Chairman Glenn Frank of the Republican Program Committee, and Chairman Ernest T. Weir of the Republican Finance Committee.

Ever since the act was slipped through Congress in the confusion of 1935, its destruction has been the primary objective of thinking reactionaries. They realized from the start that strong unions would be harder to get rid of than government reforms when the march back to "normalcy" began. Yet every frontal attack, regardless of the intensity of advance propaganda barrage, failed miserably. With some 8,000,000 workers organized into unions, most of them under the protection of the Wagner Act, few Congressmen were willing to proclaim themselves enemies of labor. A change in tactics was indicated. Came then the new friends of labor.

Smith qualified as nouveau laborite by announcing in a radio address, shortly after starting his investigation of the National Labor Relations Board, that he had undergone a change of heart. He voted against the Wagner Act, to be sure, but he had now decided that labor was entitled to government protection in the exercise of its right to organize without interference and to bargain collectively for improved wages, hours, and working conditions. He assured friends of the law that he was one of them—that some perfecting amendments would have to be adopted but only to fend off destructive attack by the predatory Republicans. He was so persuasive that some of the more gullible of the bona fide labor sympathizers in Congress were taken in. What Smith wanted was a unanimous report from his committee underwriting his amendments. Thanks to hard-headed Abe Murdock of Utah, who persuaded Arthur Healey of Massachusetts to join him in filing a minority report, Smith's scheme fell through.

What he and his majority called perfecting amendments turned out, as anticipated, to be plausible but tricky. Where they came from is anyone's guess. Since John Lewis showed up the old A. F. of L. amendments as products of collaboration between Joseph Padway, Federation counsel, and a group of Wall Street lawyers, no guess as to origin would seem too fantastic. The amendments finally incorporated in the confused and abstruse Smith bill, in so far as they had any correlation, suggested the editorial hand of the committee's labor-badgering counsel, Edmund Toland.

The procedural amendments attracted most attention and were, in all conscience, bad enough. The substantive amendments were more forthright and more dangerous. The so-called Garrison amendment, although it had been tentatively indorsed even by Chairman J. Warren Madden, by forbidding the board to settle jurisdictional disputes over bargaining units would give employers a chance to avoid responsibility by the simple dodge of fomenting jurisdictional disputes between plant majorities and minority craft groups. The amendment limiting back-pay liability to six months would encourage discriminatory discharge of "agitators" and provide employers with another handy coercive weapon. The average case, if not settled in advance of a decision, is before the Labor Board for a year. It may spend another year or two in the courts before it is finally settled. A worker discharged for union activity might be out of work for years before he was reinstated and then get only six months' compensation.

But it was in his definitions that Smith wielded the ax with most telling effect. No employee would be subject to reinstatement if he had "wilfully engaged in violence," for example. Thus if a striker were attacked by a company guard and fought back he would automatically forfeit claim to his job. Then there was the definition of collective bargaining, as nice a joker as ever emerged from a Congressman's sleeve. "The terms 'collective bargaining' and 'bargaining collectively' shall be deemed to include the requirement that an employer or his representatives shall meet and confer with his employees or their representatives, listen to their complaints, discuss differences, and make every effort to compose such differences, but shall not be construed as compelling or coercing either party to reach an agreement or submit counter proposals." This would, in effect, invite employers to talk interminably with union committees, knowing that nothing would be settled.

The strange thing about Smith's bag of tricks was that it contained no fish to throw to the A. F. of L. except the ripper amendment abolishing the present Labor Board. William Green opposed some of Smith's proposals before they came out. Smith made no adequate provision for fostering the A. F. of L.–C. I. O. split or the A. F. of L.–N. A. M. alliance. Right there he may have stubbed his toe. United opposition from rival factions of organized labor probably would prevent enactment of the amendments at this session—if not in the House, then in the Senate or the White House. The President is reported to have told Sam Rayburn that he would veto a destructive bill. He doubtless would go through with this threat if all of labor were behind him.

Assuming, then, that the amendments will not become law before the Presidential election, Smith will shortly be supplanted as commander of the save-labor-from-itself forces by Frank and Weir. The essential fraudulence of the Frank report was nowhere so plain as in the labor section. The whole thing was based on the phony premise that the Wagner Act has increased industrial strife. Frank offered as proof statistics of 1937—a banner year for strikes because employers, acting on advice from the Liberty League's unofficial supreme court, systematically defied the law until the official Supreme Court declared it constitutional that spring. The report generously conceded that the federal government should protect collective bargaining but urged a long list of amendments. Among these was the old N. A. M. favorite preventing "coercion from any source," but with a nice feeling for semantics Frank changed the language to "unfair practices by whomever committed."

Weir changed his spots overnight by subscribing to the Frank report. But it is doubtful whether Weir and Frank will fool anybody. The issue will be fairly clear in the Presidential campaign. The danger is that this, the major issue confronting the electorate, will be submerged by foreign affairs and political oratory.

Men Who Would Be President

II. THOMAS E. DEWEY

BY JOHN RICHMOND

APART from his youth Thomas Edmund Dewey hasn't much more to recommend him for the Presidency of the United States than boundless energy, striking good looks, and a successful record of nine years in public life—three of them spent as the most high-handed District Attorney New York City has ever had.

Aside from his skill and success in sending criminals to prison, virtually nothing is known about Dewey. Up to the time he began his Presidential campaign he never had come out with a platform, a program, or a policy other than "crack down on crime." He had not spoken an illuminating word on taxation, relief, labor boards, social security, or any other important public issue. A scrutiny of thousands of clippings buried in newspaper morgues concerning the thirty-seven-year-old racket buster yields no sign of an underlying philosophy—political, social, or economic. Even on current issues in his own city and state Dewey has consistently refused to commit himself.

At the moment Dewey is acutely aware of the fact that his youth, considered one of his chief assets six months ago, has become one of his greatest handicaps. The war turned it into a factor that must be minimized, in view of the prevailing sentiment that "in these troubled times an old and wise head is needed in the White House." Dewey's publicity handouts try to circumvent this issue by painting a dazzling picture of the multifarious problems and duties that he copes with in a typical day as District Attorney. But these efforts have served only as a spur to cartoonists to lampoon the youthful candidate as "Old Man Dewey" in contrast to "Kid Garner." In what amounts to Dewey's campaign biography, "Attorney for the People," Rupert Hughes compares his subject's youth and ability with that of Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and William Pitt, but no such flight of fancy has yet succeeded in turning to advantage Tom's thirty-seven years. Even though it may bother him, however, Dewey is not above capitalizing on his youth when circumstances permit. Asked for his opinion on capital punishment the day after he was elected District Attorney, Dewey cagily replied, "After all, I'm still young. You can't expect me to solve all the problems of the world."

Dewey's is a neat little success story. He was born on March 24, 1902, in an apartment over a general store in Owosso, Michigan, a town of about 8,000. His family was always in modest financial circumstances, his father's annual income as postmaster never climbing above $1,800. At the age of thirteen young Tom had a dozen boys working under him peddling the periodicals of the Curtis Publishing Company and the Detroit *Daily News*. When the United States entered the first World War, he secured a job on a neighboring farm in need of man-power. He entered the University of Michigan

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at seventeen, and while he did not distinguish himself there as a student, he did take up the cultivation of his voice. His net gains from his college career included a victory in a state singing contest, his B.A., and a music scholarship in Chicago. The vocal career looked promising, and when he completed his course his teachers advised him to go on to New York to continue his singing lessons, which he did. To help pay his way he sang on the side as a baritone in church choirs and, with the aid of phonetically spelled lyrics, in synagogues as well. At the same time he attended Columbia Law School, chiefly because he had enjoyed the year of law he had taken at college.

People who knew Dewey the law student paint a not too flattering portrait of him. He was cocky, self-assertive, strongly inclined to take command of all situations, and brimming over with energy to the point of being annoying. He became more and more absorbed in the law, and when he received his LL. B. in 1925 it was a toss-up between the bar and the concert stage. The issue was decided when despite an infected sore throat he was forced to go through with a previously announced concert. The law won, and Dewey soon secured a job in the law office of Larkin, Rathbone, and Perry, where he worked for fourteen months at the modest salary of $1,800 a year. At the end of that time he shifted to the firm of McNamara and Seymour, where his legal talents were more handsomely rewarded—so handsomely in fact that by 1928 he was able to marry Frances Hutt, once a member of his singing classes, and later in the cast of George White's Scandals.

During his early career at the bar Dewey made his acquaintance with local Republican politics, spending many a spare hour trudging through his election district, punching doorbells, canvassing for votes, and acting as a watcher in polling places. He had to wait only two years to get the break that was to change the course of his life and direct his energies irrevocably into political channels. Assigned to a particularly complex case, Dewey suggested that outside legal talent be called in and recommended George Z. Medalie, a Republican, who had been Assistant Attorney General of New York and who in private practice had defended such distinguished underworld clients as Arnold Rothstein and Legs Diamond. The choice was a ten-strike for Dewey, for in the middle of the trial Medalie was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. He had taken to Dewey and urged him to join his staff. So, early in 1931, at the age of twenty-nine, Thomas E. Dewey first took public office, becoming Chief Assistant United States Attorney, with a staff of sixty lawyers working under him. He had never tried a criminal case in his life and few cases of any kind for that matter, but he put on a bold front. He scored several quick victories, chief among them his conviction of the bootlegging beer baron, Waxey Gordon, and in 1933 when Medalie resigned, Dewey was sworn in to take his place, the youngest man ever to hold the office. His career as United States Attorney was brief, flashy, and profitable. In the same year he resigned and hung out his own shingle. The publicity he had won as the dashing young federal attorney enabled him to earn $50,000 in fees in two years.

In 1935 when a grand jury bolted because of the clumsy maneuvers of Tammany's District Attorney, William C. Dodge, Dewey was suggested to Governor Lehman for special prosecutor. After hesitating because of his youth, the Governor appointed him at a salary of $16,695 a year, plus $122,000 for expenses, and gave him orders to smash the ring of racketeers whom Dodge had treated with such obvious tenderness that the newspapers felt called upon to demand his removal. Immediately Dewey selected four assistants—William B. Herlands, Jacob J. Rosenblum, Murray I. Gurfein, and Barent Ten Eyck—all under thirty and all fervent, able, and fearless. They broke up the rackets in poultry, trucking, restaurants, and baking; they cracked down on the loan sharks and the organizers of policy games and prostitution. Dewey normally put in a day of ten to twelve hours besides toiling three or more nights a week, and he demanded a similar spartan regimen from his staff.

As special prosecutor Dewey amassed a brilliant record in the number of convictions he managed to attain, but many of his devices were of a kind to disturb people who are vitally concerned with the preservation of civil liberties. Some violated state law, others brushed aside the canons of professional ethics of the American Bar Association, and many were flagrant abuses of civil rights. Phony grand-jury subpoenas were used to pull in witnesses when the grand jury was not even in session; material witnesses were jailed under high bail and refused their legal fee of $3 a day unless they testified favorably for the prosecution; people were held incomunicado in the name of protective arrest and for no specified crime; defense attorneys were forbidden to speak to witnesses before trial; all manner of rewards were offered for favorable testimony; searches and seizures were made without warrant and material so gathered was freely used as legal evidence.

Whatever his methods, Dewey piled up the greatest record attained by a special prosecutor in New York in twenty years, and his reward came when the united anti-Tammany forces picked him as their candidate for District Attorney in 1937. Before Dewey accepted the nomination he outlined the conditions under which he would consider running. His terms were harsh, but his sponsors listened because they had no better candidate to offer. He insisted that there be no restrictions on the conduct of his office or the development of his unique methods of prosecution. And he tacked on the unusual request that the large sums he received from weatlhy reformers to aid his prosecutions might be used without the necessity of accounting for their expenditure.

When the campaign started, the G. O. P. bosses got a real taste of Dewey's political tactics, and they haven't forgotten them to this day. They outlined for Dewey a perfect campaign for a crusading prosecutor and advised him to discuss the causes of crime in cities, the conditions that breed crime, and also the forces responsible for racketeering. But he had his own boyish ideas and he stubbornly carried them out. His campaign consisted largely of galloping around the city scaring and thrilling people by telling them ten-cent-detective-magazine stories of his experiences with crime and the underworld. Dewey was right and the party hacks were wrong. The public lapped up this new and amusing type of campaign and cheered him to an easy victory. The party leaders were grateful for a victory, but they put Tom Dewey down as a pompous and arrogant whippersnapper.

Thomas E. Dewey

Installed as District Attorney, Dewey continued to operate on the principle that any means are justified by the ends. When he prosecuted Charles (Lucky) Luciano, whom he accused of heading the vice racket, he relied upon the testimony of three prostitutes: Mildred Harris, Cokey Flo Brown, and Nancy Presser, and also on that of Joe Bendix, a lifer at Sing Sing. Mildred was given a letter by one of Dewey's assistants promising her immunity for current misdeeds and "for any other offense"; Nancy Presser was promised a trip to Europe; and on behalf of Cokey Flo and Mildred a deal with *Liberty* magazine was made by the Dewey office after the trial whereby their "life stories" were purchased by that journal at the rate of $2,500 each. Joe Bendix was promised a pardon. In summing up to the jury Dewey vehemently denied promising Nancy Presser a trip to Europe. However, in the appeal motion for a new trial the defense attorney caused something of a sensation by flashing a letter from Nancy Presser addressed from London: "Dear Mother and Dad: I wrote you a letter from the ship. The Dewey office asked me not to talk and I didn't. The office is to pay all our expenses but it turns out to be different once their case was won. They don't care now. We went first class to England. We were their little darlings. But now we are coming back tourist class. That's funny too. They didn't keep their word at all. I didn't think they would." Dewey unhesitatingly admitted that he had, in fact, sent this girl to Europe, but it was merely to keep her from being harmed by gangsters in New York. Bendix, however, fared badly. Dewey was unable to get him the promised pardon and feared to send him back to Sing Sing, lest he get vengeful and tell all. So now Joe languishes in an old, unused city jail, held for further action; he is allowed certain weekly liberties under guard.

In 1938 Tom Dewey ran for Governor in a campaign that still remains a nightmare to the G. O. P. chieftains who drafted him. Again he insisted on the cops-and-robbers technique which he had formerly used so successfully. Again, ignoring all advice, he barnstormed up and down the state telling the people about crime and how he had wiped it out in New York City. He tripped, however, when he tried to tie up Albany beer runners with George Z. Medalie, the man who had given him his first opportunity in public office, and he changed his tack only when Frank Gannett, Republican owner of an influential chain of upstate newspapers, cracked down on him with a caustic warning. Chastened for the moment, Dewey switched to taking pot shots at the New Deal, charging that it "kept millions of workers out of jobs by a spirit of hostility and quarreling toward business." But after a few such speeches he returned to the crime-does-not-pay theme, delivered with lush melodramatic overtones. This brought exciting applause while the anti-New Deal speeches only provoked polite handclappings. The election was close, Dewey losing by 64,394 votes. For all his vaunted appeal he had raised the Republican vote by only 4 per cent over the 1936 election.

Returning to his office of District Attorney, Dewey plunged into his job and obtained the conviction of Jimmy Hines, the grafting Tammany leader, who escaped conviction in his first trial through what is generally regarded as an elementary legal fumble on the part of the District Attorney. The court declared a mistrial when Dewey in cross-examining a witness insisted on referring to an unrelated crime. So certain was Tom that he had committed no error in legal judgment, however, that he stubbornly announced to friends that, given the same opportunity in the second Hines trial, he would follow the same line of questioning. Fortunately for the taxpapers of New York the opportunity did not occur.

"Mr. Dewey," his press representatives will tell you, "never grants personal interviews." He will permit, instead, a fifteen-minute off-the-record chat, with the clear proviso that no quotations either direct or indirect are to be attributed to the Great Man. This is the best that any journalist gets regardless of the size or importance of his publication. After stating the rules of the game to me for the dozenth time, Dewey settled down to the business of my visit. He was cordial and pleasant, and his attractiveness as a figure to present to the public was not lost on me. The photographs hardly do Mr. Dewey justice. His high, broad forehead, his sharp, pointed nose, his coal-black neatly trimmed mustache, his quick, darting brown eyes fringed with long lashes, his carefully combed thick, black hair are all handsome features. It was easy to see, moreover, why he had recently been named one of the twenty best-dressed men in America by a national tailors' association. Nevertheless, the total effect, emphasized by his plumpish cheeks, is one of smugness, even foxiness.

After listening to Tom Dewey for fifteen minutes the reason for his silence on so many issues becomes startlingly apparent. It is not, as many people suppose, that he completely lacks knowledge or even opinions on national problems. The truth is that Dewey is definitely conservative-minded and shrewdly prefers that the public does not become fully aware of this. He constantly stresses the viewpoint of business and the seemingly unjust regulations which its spokesmen believe have been imposed upon it by the Roosevelt Administration. I got the unmistakable impression that he felt these regulations must be revoked before the unemployment problem could be solved, for his emphasis was almost wholly on the pre-1929 benefits enjoyed by business. Dewey's convictions favor the industrial rugged individualism of pre-New Deal days, slightly modified of course. Not only would this reversion to fundamental principles bring a revival to business that would revitalize the entire United States, but all other governmental problems would be almost automatically solved if American industries could find themselves thus untrammeled.

To intimates Dewey has stated with certainty that eighteen months after a Republican President gets into office (preferably, by implication, Mr. Dewey) at least half of the unemployed will be back at work. How this miracle is to be achieved he has never explained fully or convincingly. His liberal friends say that he is willing to retain many New Deal measures but add that he feels they must all be amended. He believes they are now much too severe. While he acknowledges the necessity for social legislation, he thinks it should be instituted slowly and without boisterousness. No one has ever heard Dewey express any ideas on foreign policy, but he is believed to be a Henry Stimson interventionist. He believes the farm problem will be solved when the government adopts a more friendly policy toward big business. When unemployment is wiped out, surplus crops will cease to trouble us. Until complete recovery solves the farm problem, however, Dewey favors applying virtually the remedies employed by the present Administration. His eight-point agricultural program differs very little from measures now in operation. But Dewey feels that under his guidance the agricultural program would function more efficiently.

In public Dewey is an ardent budget balancer. He boasted in a recent speech in Massachusetts that the Republican Legislature of New York State reduced Governor Lehman's budget "without impairing a single essential service." The reduction in question cut $10,000,000 from the educational budget by eliminating day classes in English and citizenship for over 8,000 adults, depriving about 15,000 of the same group of evening classes, and wiping out school community centers which had served to keep children off the streets; and it also slashed the food budget in state hospitals to 21 cents per day per person. This may provide a clue to what Tom Dewey considers an essential service. On his recent swing out West he pleaded in Helena for a balanced budget and reduced spending; the next day at Spokane he promised to complete the $394,000,000 Grand Coulee project, Roosevelt's pet undertaking, and even added, "I hope to have a part in advancing the great work you are doing here." He was ill-advised enough, however, to attack public power projects in a part of the country where public power has attained wide popularity. No wonder the Oregon *Labor Press,* state A. F. of L. paper, tagged him with the headline, "The same old Hooey—that's Tom Dewey."

In Nebraska he even was tactless enough to insult party leaders. When he caught State Chairman Kenneth Wherry waving to the crowd from the window of the Dewey car, he stopped him at once, saying, "Let us handle things our own way." Later when A. W. Jefferis, candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator from Nebraska, spoke a few words at one stop, Dewey demanded that he make no more speeches during the rest of the trip. "I won't have anyone else," he said, "using the people who come to hear me."

Among his professional colleagues, Dewey is considered just a fair criminal lawyer. He has achieved a dubious fame for crafty—and infuriating—courtroom tactics. In summing up he almost invariably resorts to a running fire of innuendo. "I can't tell you what this man was doing at that time or in that place . . . of course I know," he will say; and the record is full of such irate protests of defense counsel as "I resent with all the vehemence at my command his dirty, nasty insinuations"; "Mr. Dewey poses like God in this courtroom." Outside the courtroom Dewey has a reputation for having written some of the most comprehensive briefs extant. He is also responsible for the revision by Stanley H. Fuld, one of his assistants, of more than 100 old, redundant legal forms used in criminal indictments.

Dewey possesses a remarkable memory which enables him to sop up information overnight, and this ability is unquestionably a political asset of a high order. No one knows this trait better, perhaps, than the industrial and financial leaders with whom Dewey frequently lunches at the Bankers' Club. He has received and taken many suggestions and much advice from them. At first they were inclined to shy away from him as "a housebroken liberal," but as he proved himself more and more receptive and advanced to a proud defense of big business in terms of their own opinions, they gradually became sure that they had nothing to worry about in Tom. Among the more prominent contributors to his gubernatorial campaign fund were J. P. Morgan, Eugene G. Grace, Mrs. David Bruce, daughter of the late Andrew Mellon, Solomon, Simon, Harry, and Murray Guggenheim, E. Frazier Jelke, and F. Trubee Davison.

Dewey's campaign managers, J. Russell Sprague, Republican boss of Nassau County, and Ruth Hanna McCormick Sims, daughter of the late Senator and an old hand in party politics since 1896, try hard to sell their candidate as the most liberal among the Republican hopefuls. The groundwork for Dewey's speeches is prepared by his brain trust, consisting of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Elliot V. Bell, formerly assistant financial editor of the New York *Times,* and Representative Bruce Barton, advertising tycoon, who in 1938, when Dewey was running for Governor, sounded the keynote: "The next national campaign will not be fought between a liberal party and a reactionary party. There is no place in America for a reactionary party. The next national campaign will be between a Republican liberal party and a Democratic radical party." But for all their efforts, Dewey remains a conservative even within the ranks of the Republican Party. The Old Guard split with Kenneth Simpson, New York leader, because of the deals he made with the American Labor Party in 1938. Dewey concurs with the oldsters, including Hoover, and has never patched up his quarrel with the man who told the press: "The people will return to the Republican Party only if they are sure it is not under the domination of Mr. Hoover, the Liberty League, and some of the reactionary forces of the past. If we turn that way, we might as well fold up." That is the kind of statement people expect from Tom Dewey, but there's not much chance that he will make it, either publicly or privately, as long as he travels in the company he keeps at present.

The old wheel horses in Dewey's party realize full well that he is still unripe for Presidential picking, but they know too that he is one of the best fruits in the meager G. O. P. orchard. They know that besides being young he is shockingly inexperienced in national politics and extremely hard to handle. But they also know that they haven't anyone around with one-tenth of his vote-catching glamor. Gallup polls on the subject have shown Dewey's popularity among Republicans rising from 30 per cent in November, 1939, to 56 per cent in February, 1940, with Vandenberg trailing feebly and Taft a tired also-ran. However, there is no indication that the party is prepared to fling the nomination into Dewey's lap by default. While he has been piling up popular acclaim among the voters, his attempts to secure the backing of G. O. P. bosses and their delegates have met with indifferent success. His failure to win the solid backing of the New York State delegation has encouraged other states to hold out on him. Compromise offers of the Vice-Presidency or the job of Attorney General have already been suggested, but Thomas E. Dewey so far has shown no interest. His eye is still on the main chance.

Göring's Prophecy

BY FREDERICK KUH

London, March 1

IF SOME observers are surprised that Field Marshal Hermann Göring, commonly hailed as the great moderate among the Nazi chieftains, favored an accommodation with Bolshevik Russia, I am not. I first met Göring, then a retired captain, parachute salesman, and one of twelve National Socialist Reichstag deputies, in the summer of 1930. We sat on a cafe terrace on Berlin's Kurfürstendamm chatting about the manner in which Baron von Richthofen, Germany's leading aviator in the last war, had met death. The conversation veered to current politics, and grinning broadly, Göring said, "Don't be frightened if I tell you that I'm a National Socialist." I assured him that politicians of his persuasion were familiar to me; I had first attended Hitler's meetings in Munich in 1922 and had acquaintances among the other eleven Nazi deputies. "Do I look scared?" I asked, and he dropped his Big Blond Wolf role.

A few weeks later we again met. This time he lunched alone with me in a Dorotheenstrasse restaurant of his choosing, five minutes walk from the Reichstag, of which he was ultimately to become—president. The waiters clicked heels, bowed, and dusted his chair with a napkin as he entered. In the center of the restaurant was a table laden with hors d'œuvres, lobsters, luscious cuts of cold meat, and other delicacies. But to Göring the restaurant seemed shabby, and he was apologetic. I remember that there were only two men, seated at another table, in the entire dining-room. "I used to come here often during the monarchy," he explained, "and in those days this *was* a restaurant. Now it's dilapidated, *verschlampt.*

Nobody comes any more. What you see on that table isn't worthy of being called food. Once it was a delight to eat here."

During our meal, which turned out to be an excellent one, he unfolded his major plan for Germany's future: an arrangement between the German and Soviet armies by which they would jointly attack and overrun France; after which, he said, the Reichswehr would polish off its Red ally. This idea, he confided, had been germinating in his mind for many a year. The ultimate pact with Russia, signed more than nine years after that conversation, came as a bombshell to the world, but it fell far short of Göring's bold designs. That is no indication, however, that he had abandoned them.

Göring never lost sight of his objective, although—as I shall point out at the end of this article—his tactics and strategy wavered and changed. It was he and Hjalmar Schacht, endeared to cartoonists by his lofty collar, who made the first significant Nazi overtures to Moscow. The late S. Parker Gilbert, partner of Pierpont Morgan, once remarked to me while he was chairman of the Reparations Commission in Berlin, "Schacht is a master of his craft, but just a shade too crafty, even for a banker." Göring and Schacht were foremost among the Nazi leaders who sporadically approached the Soviet government during the three and one-half years preceding the German-Russian pact, always with a view to an economic agreement, though occasionally with a political innuendo.

A long time is likely to elapse before the Soviet and German Foreign Offices open the relevant archives, but authentic information makes possible, even now, a reconstruction of actual events, as well as of the play of forces which culminated in the signing of the pact on August 23, 1939. Hitherto undisclosed facts, coupled with those we know, and all obtained from responsible, official sources, supply missing pieces of the jigsaw puzzle. I am here concerned with a chapter of history, mostly unwritten until today, and not with judging merit, demerit, guilt, or innocence. That task had better wait a while, though the reader may form his preliminary opinion.

Moscow's coldness toward Berlin first began to thaw ominously in the six weeks following Hitler's occupation of Prague on March 15, 1939. Vital economic negotiations between the Reich and Russia started in the first half of May after Litvinov's dismissal; in the character of these discussions was implied the Nazi government's hope of a future political understanding. The real political negotiations, according to the best available indications, began in July. And on August 3, as a climax of two days' frenzied consultations in Berlin, Hitler himself decided to conclude the treaty with Moscow.

Concrete evidence casts doubt upon the accuracy of a prominent Soviet diplomat who told me that the Russo-German political negotiations started only when the Anglo-French military mission arrived in Moscow on August 11. Even farther off the mark is the widespread impression in the Allied countries that Russia was conducting secret, parallel political talks with Germany during almost the whole five months of the Anglo-French-Soviet parleys, which opened on March 17 last year. That impression has been strengthened by a misreading as fact of certain rumors chronicled in the official French Yellow Book.

The Yellow Book really tells us little on this subject. Its dispatch from the French Minister at Sofia, Ristelhüber, to Bonnet on December 16, 1938, has of late been mentioned often and quite naively as indicating that the Bulgarian government had received a tip about the Soviet-German pact nine months in advance of its signing. Ristelhüber quotes the Bulgarian Premier, Kiosseivanov, as having said that he did not exclude the possibility of a reconciliation between the U. S. S. R. and the Reich. "Such," Kiosseivanov added, "has always been the dream of part of the German general staff." This remark, citing a fact familiar for eighteen years, suggests that Kiosseivanov lacked any new or startling information and that he was speaking from sheer intuition. Indeed, were he not the distinguished Prime Minister of a sovereign state, one would say that he just had a hunch. I have it on the authority of a high representative of the Bulgarian government, who discussed these questions with Kiosseivanov on July 20, 1939, that even at that late date—about one month before the pact was concluded—Kiosseivanov possessed no information of an imminent German-Russian understanding.

Then there is the Yellow Book's message to Bonnet from the French ambassador at Berlin, Coulondre, dated May 7, 1939, conveying information "from a personality . . . particularly well stationed to know the intentions of the Führer and his principal lieutenants." This French embassy tipster foretold that "the Führer will reach an understanding with Russia." But many persons, including myself, said that after Litvinov was sacked, though they spoke on the basis of deductions which might have proved false and not on the basis of fact. Coulondre's additional quotations from the Führer's confidant scarcely indicate more than that, after Litvinov's resignation, the Nazis' hope of agreement with Russia was rising.

The Yellow Book does not offer a particle of hard evidence of Berlin-Moscow political conversations before the startling announcement of their result. Coulondre's message to Bonnet of June 13 mentioned the possibility of a German agreement with Russia and the destruction of Poland by partition between the Reich and the Soviets, but for such cautious augury did not pretend to adduce anything more tangible than German hopes. Coulondre's June 13 report does not go beyond the negative assertion that "Ribbentrop has not yet renounced that idea. He will not abandon it until the signing of the Anglo-Russian accord intervenes."

What, then, actually happened?

From the end of 1935 Germany repeatedly offered to open economic negotiations with Russia, showed a readiness to grant Moscow a fresh, big commercial credit and to enlarge trade turnover, and at times even hinted that economic talks, if fruitful, could be followed by political discussions. It was on these and subsequent German fishing expeditions that Göring and Schacht were prominent anglers. At intervals in 1936, 1937, and 1938 attempts to refloat German-Soviet trade were renewed. Those efforts were interrupted for long periods after an especially vehement anti-Soviet outburst by Hitler, an anti-Nazi sortie by Stalin, or similar disturbances. The Reich's annexation of Austria and the Munich conference also interfered. But the crushing of Czechoslovakia gave Berlin a new instrument of pressure. Russia had been receiving big arms deliveries from Czechoslovakia, and after Hitler's promenade to Prague they stopped abruptly.

Evidence is available that on March 19, four days after the occupation of Prague, the Soviet government was still hostile to Germany. On that day Litvinov handed the German embassy in Moscow a tart note, condemning the seizure of Czechoslovakia, refusing to recognize Germany's action, and branding it "arbitrary, violent, and aggressive." The Russian note was couched in stronger terms than the corresponding British and French protests to Berlin. On March 17 Litvinov had proposed to the Chamberlain and Daladier governments a six-power conference in Bucharest, including Poland, Rumania, and Turkey, to consider measures against German aggression. Britain had rejected the idea as inopportune and counterproposed a four-power declaration to resist further German excesses beyond the Reich's frontiers. Moscow remembered, moreover, that after the famous Munich meeting Britain and France had guaranteed survival of Czechoslovakia's remnants, Bohemia and Moravia. On October 4, 1938, burly, red-cheeked Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for Coordination of Defense, had told Parliament that "His Majesty's government feel under moral obligation to Czechoslovakia to treat the guaranty as being now in force. In the event, therefore, of an act of unprovoked aggression against Czechoslovakia, His Majesty's government would certainly feel bound to take all steps in their power to see that the integrity of Czechoslovakia is preserved." As Britain and France—France being committed not only by this guaranty but by its mutual-assistance pact with Czechoslovakia—did nothing when Germany carved up the republic six and one-half months later, Soviet leaders began to scratch their chins.

The first sign of Soviet cooling toward the Allies in the Moscow-London-Paris talks is recorded in the report of the British ambassador, Sir William Seeds, to Lord Halifax on his April 1, 1939, conversation with Litvinov. Litvinov reproached Britain for summarily dropping both the Soviet conference proposal and the British suggestion for a four-power declaration. "The Soviet government has had enough," Litvinov told Seeds, "and will henceforth stand apart, free from any commitments. . . . In any case, we can pursue our own policy; the Soviet government will stand aside—a course which might possibly be in our best interests."

Diplomatic reports from Moscow, reaching a government on amiable terms with Russia, suggest that at the end of April or at the very beginning of May Litvinov's government gave him one more chance to make appreciable headway in his negotiations with London and Paris. On April 16 Litvinov had presented to the British and French ambassadors the first Soviet offer of a tri-power pact of mutual aid. The Anglo-French replies had not arrived by May 4; Soviet impatience and doubts had grown; and on that day Litvinov was dismissed. Not until May 27 did Britain and France communicate their agreement in principle to such a pact, and Moscow considered their answer unsatisfactory.

Then something happened in Berlin. The Anglo-French hare had enjoyed, rather grimly enjoyed, a few weeks' start when the German tortoise entered the race for Moscow's favor. Moscow was anxious for renewal of arms deliveries from German-occupied Czechoslovakia. Berlin took the initiative to reopen negotiations on this question; they started early in May and in about ten days led to an agreement for resumption of the suspended armament shipments. Hitler, Göring, Schacht, and other Nazi policy-makers undoubtedly had in mind the gold or foreign currency which these arms sales would bring in. But the Nazi government would probably not have supplied valuable war material to Russia just then had it not hoped that this bait would tempt the Bolsheviks to a political understanding. In the latter half of May the American embassy in Moscow alertly reported to Washington that Russo-German economic negotiations were proceeding very favorably and, if successful, would probably be followed by political negotiations. When Washington received this report, agreement had already been reached for resumption of armament sales to Russia by the German-controlled industries of Bohemia.

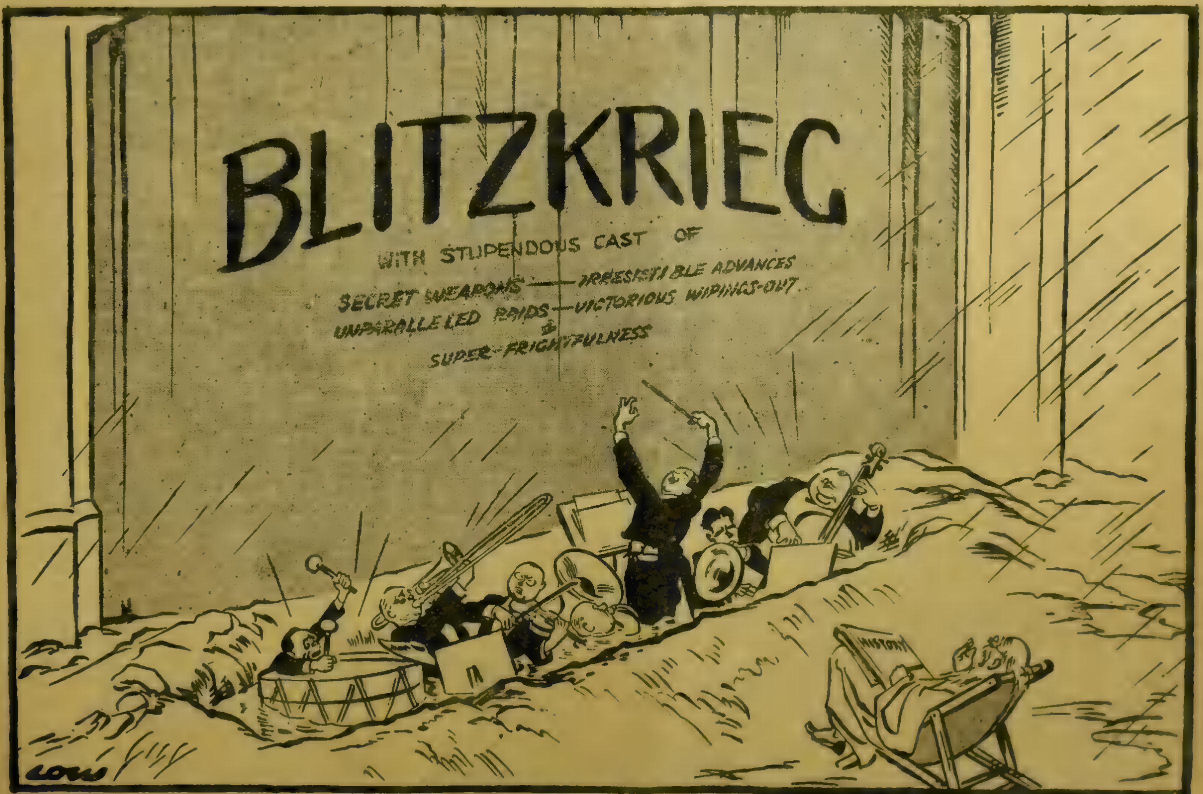
Speaking to the Supreme Soviet on May 31 Molotov, then Commissar for Foreign Affairs as well as Prime Minister, gave the Allies a veiled warning, the importance of which they may have underestimated. "We do not refuse to improve our trade relations with Germany," he said, and added that Soviet-German commercial negotiations, recently carried on, were at the moment interrupted. "But there are signs that negotiations may be resumed."

In mid-June negotiations for a Soviet political and military alliance with Britain and France were moving at the pace of a crippled snail. Then two diplomats met one afternoon. One of them was a tall, lank, slightly stooping gentleman, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—Lord Halifax, honest, devoutly religious. The other was a short, squat Siberian with high cheekbones and slit eyes that move with darting rapidity, the Soviet ambassador to the Court of St. James's—Ivan Maisky, kindly, cynical, and irreverent. Complete contrasts in mentality and physique, both were men of charm and intelligence. Acting on his government's instructions, Maisky visited the Foreign Office to quicken the sluggish tri-power negotiations. He told Halifax he had reason to believe that if His Lordship were to visit Moscow he would be assured of a very cordial welcome. Halifax replied that he would bear the suggestion in mind. As far as the Soviet government knows, he is still bearing it in mind. Made orally but unmistakably, the invitation was never answered. This not only hurt Moscow's vanity but, probably quite unwarrantably, fanned the flames of suspicion regarding Britain's earnestness in the whole negotiations. Soviet officials say that the absence of any reply to this invitation may well have been the final incentive leading Moscow to open political negotiations with Germany in July.

In July, too, Germany resumed discussions with Moscow for a more extensive and durable contract to replace the May agreement for selling Czechoslovakian munitions to Russia. An accord was reached under which Bohemian armaments and industrial machinery were to be supplied on Russian financial terms, which German business experts considered highly unsatisfactory. In July, however, financial profit had ceased to be the principal German motive. Russia's benevolent neutrality, if not its aid as an ally, was the stake.

Toward the end of the same month, as Germany was accelerating preparations for smashing Poland, Hitler received news which made him gamble more heavily on his Russian card. He learned definitely that he would have to undertake his Polish expedition without active Italian support.

On August 2 the counsellor of the German embassy in Moscow, Gustav Hilger, reached Berlin slightly out of breath. Two days previously Chamberlain had announced in the House of Commons that Britain and France were about to dispatch military missions to Moscow. The race for a treaty with Moscow was now on in earnest. Hilger is reliably known to have hurried home with a now-or-never message and to have told Ribbentrop on the day of his arrival that the clock stood at a split second before twelve. He emphasized that unless Hitler decided at once to conclude the political pact with Russia, Moscow would probably sign the alliance with


BLITZKRIEG
WITH STUPENDOUS CAST OF
SECRET WEAPONS — IRRESISTIBLE ADVANCES
UNPARALLELED RAIDS — VICTORIOUS WIPINGS-OUT.
&
SUPER-FRIGHTFULNESS
HISTORY
LOW

INTERMINABLE OVERTURE

Britain and France. On August 3 Ribbentrop engaged in long consultation with the German military chiefs, and late at night the Führer decided to close the deal with Moscow. Hilger promptly returned to the Soviet capital to settle details.

One week after the event Hilger's mission, its purpose and result, was known to at least one foreign statesman in London. If the members of the British Cabinet did not *know* of the German-Soviet negotiations and of the imminent conclusion of the pact, it is hard to believe that they were completely taken by surprise. I have been told credibly that the gentlemen in Downing Street received many a report about the off-stage whispering between Berlin and Moscow, but that they remained skeptical to the last.

It is in this light that one must view the August 22 visit of Sir William Seeds to Molotov, to whom—on instructions—he expressed "the astonishment of His Majesty's government that the Soviet government should have concluded such an agreement with the German government at a moment when the tripartite negotiations had gone far toward successful conclusion, and that they should have carried on the negotiations with Germany without a single word to His Majesty's government or to the French government, with whom the Soviet government were already in treaty relations." In his bitter interview with Molotov, Seeds described this as an act of bad faith.

Göring has not always clung to the idea he sketched for me on a summer's day in 1930. He has toyed with interchangeable plans. In 1930 he visualized a German-Russian campaign against the Western powers, or at least against France, after which the Nazis would turn on their Bolshevik ally. But in 1935, 1937, and 1938 he strongly hinted to Poland's leaders that he wished an alliance with the Poles against Russia. On his visit to Warsaw in January, 1935, he told the Polish Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Count Jan Szembek, that Poland was the link between the Baltic and the Black Sea and that great opportunities awaited it in the Ukraine. In February, 1937, he told Marshal Rydz-Smigly that Russia, whether monarchist, liberal, or bolshevist, was a menace to both Poland and Germany, and that in this vital respect Polish and German interests dovetailed. In February, 1938, he told Rydz-Smigly that he held a poor opinion of the Red armed forces and that it would not be difficult to defeat the Soviets in war, again stressing the common concern of Germany and Poland to meet the Russian political danger.

Now that he has the Nazi pact of friendship with Russia, will he and Hitler try to transform it into a full-fledged military alliance? And has Göring abandoned that lunch-time dream of war upon the West only as a prelude to a German march on Moscow?

Everybody's Business

By KEITH HUTCHISON

Profits Without Honor

WALL STREET these days is completely listless. For months past—ever since the brief September spasm in fact—price movements have been extremely narrow, and the volume of business has been so contracted that a million-share session has ranked for headlines. If the stock market really reflected the condition of industry, as many Wall Streeters claim that it does, we should expect to find business practically stagnant.

When we turn, however, from stock quotations to corporate accounts we get an entirely different picture. Last year, it appears, saw a really sensational expansion in profits, and the current outlook, in the opinion of many corporate executives, is by no means unfavorable. Although the war boom failed to materialize last fall, the final quarter of 1939 showed a steep rise in industrial production and a much steeper one in earnings; so that even those industries which had been lagging in the earlier part of the year were able to report good results for the whole twelve months.

According to the current bulletin of the National City Bank, the combined net profits of 960 leading companies in 1939, after deduction of taxes and the deficits shown by about one-tenth of the total, amounted to approximately $1,281,000,000, as compared with $647,000,000 in 1938. On the net worth of the group as a whole this represents a return of 8.4 per cent as against one of 4.2 per cent the previous year. The following figures from the *Wall Street Journal* show the results of some of the more important industrial and commercial groups for 1939 and 1938, together with the number of companies included in each classification and the percentage change:

	1939 Earnings	*1938 Earnings*	*Percentage of Increase*
Autos and trucks (6)	$224,424,424	$120,439,882	86.3
Auto parts and equipment (35)	23,257,755	3,719,042	525.3
Building supplies (38)	59,720,745	31,943,244	86.9
Chain and dept. stores (16)	62,988,505	54,712,209	15.1
Chemicals (11)	121,627,460	69,469,644	75.1
Electrical products (17)	78,446,174	46,836,575	67.5
Farm equipment (7)	27,791,301	35,405,136	21.5*
Food products (44)	83,932,468	78,577,029	6.8
Mining and metals (19)	38,246,781	25,884,499	47.7
Steel and iron (36)	137,021,344	8,129,360†	—
Tobacco products (16)	89,147,332	86,270,126	3.3

* Decrease. † Net loss.

Turning from this evidence of capitalist resilience to the Stock Exchange, we note that the Dow-Jones average of industrial stock prices is practically unchanged from a year ago. Or, if we pick out representative dividend-paying stocks, we see that many of them are priced at a far lower ratio to earnings than in March, 1939. Can we avoid the conclusion that today in Wall Street profits are without honor?

Of course it may be argued that last year's results are water under the mill and the market is discounting the future. That is to say, the figures indicate a period of poor business ahead and a falling off in profits for 1940 as a whole. I hesitate to compete with so impersonal an oracle as the ticker-tape, but it is worth while mentioning that at this time last year market behavior was regarded by many experts as forecasting a business slump. Moreover, if we forget Wall Street and take a broader economic survey, it is hard to find any other facts pointing toward a really serious recession. It is true that in the past two months there has been a falling off in industrial output, and for the first three months of this year the Federal Reserve index of production is expected to average about 110, as compared with an average of 124 in the final quarter of 1939. For the first quarter of 1939, however, the average was only 99, for 1939 as a whole 105.

Reports from the key industries suggest that the recent setback has been most marked in steel, which was operating at nearly 100 per cent of capacity in December and has now dropped back to around 65 per cent. This ratio, it may be noted, is far higher than a year ago and is well above the break-even point. Among other industries the railroads are expected to experience their most profitable first quarter since 1930; automobile output is estimated at the largest for the period since 1929, with earnings substantially better than a year ago; the demand for copper has sharply increased; chemicals are maintaining the high level of activity achieved in late 1939; electric utilities continue to mark up new output records with earnings for January and February estimated at 8 per cent higher than in 1939.

It would seem, therefore, that a fair degree of industrial activity is being maintained despite the fact that there is little visible evidence of new capital investment—the factor on which most economists lay particular stress as a pillar of recovery. Certainly the behavior of the stock market is not such as to encourage investors to put new money into industry, but it is probable that a certain amount of expansion is being financed out of corporate reserve funds. Moreover, although there has been no war boom, there has been a sharp rise in exports during the past three months, and this seems likely to continue. The immediate economic effects of increased sales abroad, unaccompanied by an equivalent advance in imports, is very similar to that of an increase in domestic capital expenditure. That is to say, it makes for a rise in purchasing power, through the payment of additional wages, without immediately adding to the stock of consumable goods. Thus the greater amount of employment offered by the aviation, machine-tool, and other export industries is being translated into a better demand for food, household equipment, automobiles, and so on.

However, Wall Street today cannot arouse itself to consider development of this kind, for it is too engrossed with the political trees to see the economic woods. Robert Laffan, in the *Wall Street Journal,* tells the story of a security salesman who called on a country client recently and heard the usual lament about the country going to the dogs. He then produced figures, such as I quoted earlier, showing the tremendous gain in profits during 1939. Said the client, "I don't believe it." The state of mind illustrated by this anecdote is so widespread as to suggest that if Wall Street really wants to stimulate business it should sack its economists and engage a few good psychiatrists. I cannot help suspecting, however, that the immediate concern in that quarter is political overturn rather than business turnover.

In the Wind

TESTIFYING BEFORE the La Follette committee on the West Coast recently, Joseph di Gorgio, a fruit magnate, described the publicity fund he had raised for the Associated Farmers. He explained why he had boosted the salary of the publicity man employed from $3,000 to $5,000 by saying: "I don't think a man can live on $3,000 a year." The same hearings disclosed that workers on the Earl fruit ranch, a subsidiary of di Gorgio's, had struck because their wages were cut from $3.50 for a nine-hour day to 25 cents an hour.

A CONCERTED DRIVE against liberal textbooks in the schools is under way. Although protests against Harold Rugg's books in particular and other progressive texts in general have appeared "spontaneously" in various communities, they have two main sources. One is the Advertising Federation of America, which says liberal texts "smear" advertising; the other is Merwin K. Hart (and co.). Hart's weekly news letter foreshadowed the campaign weeks ago.

WHILE THE "independent left" which Granville Hicks and others projected last fall has gone into eclipse, Hicks himself is carrying on an extensive correspondence with unaffiliated radicals. He sends out a mimeographed letter at intervals to more than a hundred persons and publishes their comments. One wrote thanking him for conducting a "correspondence column for Marxist lonely hearts."

FACTS IN REVIEW, a Nazi propaganda bulletin, recently quoted the glowing tribute to Nazi troops paid by Sister Bogumila, an American nun who was in Poland during the invasion. "The German soldiers," according to Sister Bogumila, "brought to us the dead and wounded children that they had picked up on the road." The bulletin didn't mention who had killed the children.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT appeared last month in the *Caswell Messenger,* a newspaper published in Yanceyville, North Carolina: "NOTICE—I forbid anyone to hire or harbor Herman Miles, colored, during the year 1939. A. P. Dabbs, Route 1, Yanceyville."

DESPITE NEWSPAPER denials there is authentic basis for reports of a rift between Chief Justice Hughes and Frank Murphy. Hughes feels that Murphy hasn't been taking his work seriously enough, and Murphy, reliable sources insist, isn't too happy as a Supreme Court justice.

". . . FROM HIS train window the American [Sumner Welles] saw huge black signs in letters twenty feet deep on private homes and factories, proclaiming Italy's sympathies, 'Viva Il Duce,' 'Heil Hitler,' and 'Asse Berlino-Roma' [Berlin-Rome axis]. Welles retired immediately to his hotel suite and rested."—A cable from John O'Donnell to the New York *Daily News.*

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Will Hitler Strike at England?

A JOURNALIST of high standing who has just been in Canada writes me that many well-informed men there do not believe that the Germans will undertake a great offensive against England this spring. They argue that it is to the Germans' advantage to wait, since they are not wasting their substance as England is and are steadily getting stronger. Why, they ask, should the Germans any more than the French begin to sacrifice man-power at a ruinous rate? It is, of course, anybody's guess as to what will happen in this war, which in its character is so unprecedented. But from my point of view, based as it is on my trip to Germany in October and November, it is impossible not to believe that the Germans will make a mass attack upon England. That will not involve, as these Canadians seem to think, a tremendous loss of life on the part of the Germans. I believe that the officers with whom I talked in Germany meant what they said when they declared that they had nothing to gain from an attack on the Maginot Line, which, they admitted, would cost them not less than one million lives.

The question is simply this: Will Germany attack England with a huge air force, a great flotilla of submarines, and also with surface ships in March or April, while acting strictly on the defensive on the Rhine? I do not see how Hitler can fail to do this, for since the first of January he, Göring, Goebbels, Hess, and Dr. Ley, the head of the Workers' Front, have all made speeches announcing that England will be smashed this year by the overwhelming might of the German sword. They have proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of their country that the British Empire is to be destroyed. How can they possibly fail to make good their boasts without being tremendously weakened with their own people? Who among the masses of the German people will believe them the next time that they broadcast their views about what is to happen? I know the reply that will be made. It will be said that Hitler has already broken innumerable promises made to the German people, that he promised them peace and led them into war, and that he gets away with these contradictions and false statements.

To this my answer is that Hitler does not get away with it, that the increasing unrest and unhappiness in Germany are largely caused by the increasing recognition that he does not keep his word and that he is totally inconsistent. Every German knows that he is at war, for every German is suffering in consequence in the blacked-out cities of the Reich. He cannot forget the war for a single moment. He cannot enter a store without being aware that there is war, or travel on a train, or listen to the radio without hearing of it. And there is nothing that the average German longs for so much as for peace. Therefore the leaders who have made these distinct and specific promises as to England, notably Dr. Ley, have placed themselves in a position where they simply must make good or admit that they have misinformed and misled their people. Some of the people may not hold the Russian alliance against the regime—though I met no one who would say a good word for it; they may feel that there were hidden reasons that made the alliance necessary; but the specific pledges of Hitler and his four chief lieutenants that England is to be destroyed cannot be talked away. The people will know it if their leaders fail to make good and will realize that they are in for a long war or for defeat. If another winter comes without any dent having been made in England's armor, the stock of the Nazis will take a terrible fall. So I believe what the military men told me in Berlin, that there will be a terrific drive against England this spring when the weather makes it possible.

There is still another reason for this belief, one which the Canadians whom my friend quoted have overlooked. It is the power of the blockade. The British are carrying out their policy of economic encirclement, while the German campaign against British and neutral shipping by submarine and bomber is still far behind the record of 1917. The loss of twenty-five warships, costly in valuable lives as it is, is insignificant in comparison with the total strength of the British navy, plus the 1,700 auxiliary ships which Churchill says have been put in commission. The most startling news of the war has just appeared and, if it is verifiable, has not been played up properly by the American newspapers. It is that Rumania will refuse to supply the gasoline that Germany demands. That means the loss of absolutely essential gasoline supplies. Without the flow of Rumanian oil Hitler's time in which to beat England is severely limited. If the report is true, then more than ever the logic of the situation will drive the Nazi brigands to make one desperate effort to win the war and save their own positions and lives.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Black Native Son

THE Negro in America is confronted by two attitudes. He is treated either as an inferior and an outcast or as the member of an oppressed race who is therefore owed special consideration by "enlightened" whites. These opposite attitudes are in fact the two sides of the same coin of race prejudice, since both deny to the man who happens to be colored his standing as a human being—to be accepted or rejected as such in his relations with other human beings. This is the real tragedy of the black man in America, and this is the basic theme of "Native Son" by Richard Wright (Harper and Brothers, $2.50).

With a boldness entirely justified by the result Mr. Wright has chosen for his "hero," not a sophisticated Negro who at least understands his predicament and can adapt himself to it, but a "bad nigger," a "black ape," who is only dimly aware of his extra-human status and therefore completely at the mercy of the impulses it generates. Bigger Thomas, a twenty-year-old colored boy, lives with his family—a meek, religious mother and sister, and a younger brother who worships him—in a grisly tenement room on the South Side of Chicago. Bigger hangs out at pool halls with a gang of friends who go in for petty robbery and spend their idle hours planning "jobs" and talking about white folks, about cars and airplanes and all the symbols of power in free America which are forever flaunted yet pretty consistently forbidden to 11,000,000 of its "native sons."

In the first part of the book one gets a picture of a dark world inclosed by a living white wall to which the black inhabitants react according to their natures. Bigger's mother and sister are humble; Bigger and his friends are resentful; all feel powerless and afraid of the white world, which exploits, condescends to, and in turn fears the race it has segregated. Against this psychological and social backdrop, which hangs over the reader like an overcast sky, the terrible story of Bigger unrolls. He is removed from the WPA to be given a job as chauffeur and handy man in the establishment of a rich white real-estate operator who owns the tenement in which the Thomas family lives but who has contributed millions to Negro philanthropies. Bigger's first task is to drive Mary, the daughter of the house, to a lecture. Instead she orders him to take her to a rendezvous with her lover, Jan, a Communist, whose views she shares after the romantic fashion of the college revolutionist. In their "proletarian" exuberance Mary and Jan insist that Bigger eat and drink with them. Bigger, who is terrified of "reds" and regards the strange friendliness of Jan and Mary as only another expression of white scorn, sullenly complies. At the end, drunk and confused and frightened, he carries the girl, who cannot walk, to her room; and out of fear, when her blind mother enters, he smothers her to prevent an outcry and his own discovery. From there on the sands run out fast. Faced with the evidence of his unpremeditated murder he burns Mary's body. Then, driven by an inexplicable sense of power and release which his crime has given him, he evolves a stupid scheme for extracting ransom money, forcing his girl Bessie to act as his accomplice. When suspicion falls upon him, he kills Bessie in order to protect himself. After a police hunt during which race feeling rises and innocent Negroes are persecuted for his crime, Bigger is caught and tried while troops guard him from the anger of the mob. A Communist lawyer, Max, takes up his defense but pleads in vain, and Bigger is condemned to death.

The tale is sheer melodrama, but it is no Grand Guignol in black and white. For Mr. Wright has laid bare, with a ruthlessness that spares neither race, the lower depths of the human and social relationship of blacks and whites; and his ruthlessness so clearly springs not from a vindictive desire to shock but from a passionate—and compassionate—concern with a problem obviously lying at the core of his own personal reality that while the reader may recoil he cannot escape from the conviction that this problem is part of his reality as well. It is not pleasant to feel at the end that one is an accessory to the crimes of Bigger Thomas; but that feeling is impressive evidence of the power of Mr. Wright's indictment with its cutting and accurate title of "Native Son."

As narrative the story of Bigger Thomas carries its own dreadful fascination. Bigger's world is made real and terrifying; the theme is developed with such passion and honesty—Mr. Wright plays so directly upon the sense of guilt that is inevitably part of the white American's attitude toward his black fellow-citizens—that the critical faculties tend to be held in abeyance while one reads his book. Only afterward does one take stock of its defects as a work of art. And here, too, it is Mr. Wright who forces one's hand, for he would be the first to scorn indulgence.

The defects have to do with characterization and style. Aside from Bigger, the characters are too lightly sketched. Bigger's friends are real; the girl and her father are not; the Communist lawyer, Max, is only a voice, though a stirring one. In the case of Bigger Mr. Wright has not solved the admittedly difficult problem of projecting in terms of an ignorant and confused, though intelligent, Negro boy the forces that motivate his actions. As a result the author often ascribes to Bigger thoughts of which he is plainly incapable. The situation is saved because Bigger's behavior is authentic and because Mr. Wright's analysis of the roots of that behavior is so patently true.

Mr. Wright's style often reminds one of a stream "riled" by a heavy storm. Its element of Biblical rhetoric is not out of place since it is part of the colloquial heritage of the Negro in America, but there is in addition a bookish quality, often encountered in the self-educated writer, which should be weeded out. Mr. Wright's boldness in choosing to develop his theme through the story of a "bad nigger" is all to the good, but his flair for the melodramatic could bear curbing.

These defects cannot be described as minor, but they are extenuated by the wealth of evidence in "Native Son" that they can be overcome by a writer whose talent and seriousness are apparent on every page, who displays a maturity of thought and feeling beside which the eloquence of "The Grapes of Wrath" grows pale. And Mr. Wright's youth demonstrates once more that maturity is not necessarily a matter of years. MARGARET MARSHALL

Watch Over Hellhounds

THE STORM BREAKS. By Frederick Birchall. Viking Press. $3.

ACCORDING to a story current in pre-war Vienna, a newspaper correspondent knocked at the gate of heaven but was refused entrance by St. Peter for having served the truth of Mammon instead of the truth of God. In his despair he turned to hell, but was not admitted there either, since the gatekeeper was afraid his articles would imperil Satan's dictatorship by stirring up the evil spirits. So the errant journalistic soul settled in purgatory, started a newspaper, and—the story went—in a few days was granted a free pass both to heaven and to hell.

Mr. Birchall, not an errant soul, but a very brisk and lively correspondent of the New York *Times,* has had in these last eight years a "front seat" at all the prologues to hell. Moving, as events moved, from one spot to the other, he watched "the Cavalcade of the Thirties" as he captions the burning of the Reichstag, the storming of the workers' houses in Vienna, the Dollfuss murder, the Hitler blood bath, the Czechoslovak tragedy, and the rest, for his job was "to provide not opinions but news." That this job from the newspaper standpoint was brilliantly done needs scarcely to be said.

Mr. Birchall has a keen sense for the picturesque, and his vivid, colorful, dramatic narratives never bore the reader. Out of gratitude for his admirable descriptions we might even overlook such slight slips as his reference to Thomas G. Masaryk as an "American school teacher," though Masaryk was perhaps the only real statesman of post-war Europe whose biography would be worth knowing. In the first chapter "the proud Magyars" fight against Nazi ideology, but in a later chapter "minor beasts of prey, Hungary and Poland are . . . jackals who share the corpse of Czechoslovakia." I don't think jackals are, as a rule, very proud.

From a chapter dedicated to the memory of a "good dictator," we learn how much Pilsudski did for the poor Polish peasants, who "now even had a little money in their banks . . . and were able to eat meat at least once a week"; but at the funeral of the good dictator the same peasants, gathered spontaneously along the two-hundred-mile route of the funeral train, were "poor beyond any estimate of poverty in our richer countries." And now we know, of course, how usefully the Marshal spent the poor peasant taxpayers' money on showy armaments. I am afraid no such thing as a "good dictator" is conceivable, because all dictatorships are bound to be militaristic and if they are large in scope are bound to become an international menace, for they always need an external enemy upon whom to blame their economic troubles. The dictator himself may of course be a man who is abstemious, loves children—even illegitimate ones if there are plenty—and lives up to his own moral standards, as both Mussolini and the Führer unquestionably do. However, since the author is a journalist and does not teach political science, such mistakes are easily condoned.

Mr. Birchall thinks that the events he watched were "the forces that wrecked the peace" of Europe. It was not Hitler who produced Nazism, but Nazism that produced Hitler, and the forces behind Nazism were the hopeless quandary of the middle class, which had failed to make the war a profitable enterprise, the hopeful efforts of the victor powers to back reaction in the defeated countries, and the Bolshevik scare, which made them complacently overlook German rearming while MacDonald's pacifism lulled British public opinion into the mood of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

If the same danger did not threaten after the present war, we should gladly share the author's wishful thoughts that "free people will then have the task of . . . putting together a shattered world"; but what we know of history rather substantiates Mr. Birchall's opposite yet apposite maxim: "Optimism may be incurable, but it should have limits." However, neither the pleasure which the reading of an extremely well-written book gives us nor the author's optimism is limited. He apparently wants to use his journalistic free pass not only to hell but also to heaven. May God grant his heart's desire. RUSTEM VAMBERY

Health for the Millions

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA. By Hugh Cabot. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

HEALTH IN HANDCUFFS. By John A. Kingsbury. Modern Age Books. 75 cents.

IT MUST be fairly obvious to readers of *The Nation* that the relation between the doctor and the public is at the present time under serious scrutiny; but this is not the only phase of medicine that faces change and reorganization. Hospitals and other public-health facilities have recently been the scene of new and vital undertakings. In the past few years a number of surveys have been published on medical facilities, both local and national. Many of these surveys have been backed, at least temporarily, by large organizations. In addition, Paul de Kruif and James Rorty have dramatized certain phases of our present medical insufficiency. Despite these efforts, however, there has been no general awakening, even in liberal minds, to the immensity of the problem of national health. When the organized forces of conservatism descended on Washington with the avowed purpose of scuttling the Wagner bill, no liberal opposition was encountered.

Seeking an explanation for this general public apathy, I recently asked Stuart Chase for his opinion. His reply was that the urgency of the problem of unemployment seems to overshadow everything else. This view is interesting, as it echoes a remark made by Josephine Roche in 1934, apropos of a certain health project for the underprivileged. Miss Roche expressed the view that it seemed futile to cure these people when they had neither jobs to go to nor the wherewithal to maintain their health. These opinions show how faintly the problems of national health have touched even our most social-minded citizens.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

In "The Patient's Dilemma," an efficient and highly respected doctor explains to the public some of the problems, both medical and financial, that medicine has to meet today. Dr. Cabot's account is thus an inside story. "Health in Handcuffs" is from the pen of a noted investigator and one-time head of the Milbank Memorial Fund's investigation into the costs of medical care. Dr. Kingsbury's many years of fact-collecting in this difficult field were so successful that the A. M. A. found it expedient to have him removed. Granted the premise that national health is an important public issue, both books should be considered in some detail.

After describing many of the separate functions of medicine, Dr. Cabot remarks that the reader no doubt is confused, but this is inevitable, because the subject itself is in a confused state at the present time. That point is not as widely recognized as it should be. Medicine, like everything else, is developing—becoming less and less an art, and more and more a science. It has achieved a fairly good separation from its background of magic, but the change from art to science is of necessity difficult. The A. M. A. would have medicine remain an art, and at times you can even see the robes of priestcraft. The A. M. A.'s doctor, with his all-sufficient black bag, is completely exposed by Dr. Cabot, who cites the necessity of X-ray equipment for both diagnosis and therapy, and the increasing use of quantitative and qualitative chemical tests that require laboratory facilities and trained technicians.

With the advance of medicine both diseases and treatment have become more specific, and honest physicians, feeling unable to cope with the entire field, have specialized in certain branches; but since the patient has to be treated as a whole, groups of these specialists have banded together to do it. This type of medical organization has come to be known as "group practice." The most famous of these groups, of course, has been the Mayo Clinic, of which Dr. Cabot is an outstanding member. He is therefore well qualified to discuss the value and necessity of group practice in its proper perspective. The A. M. A. fought this new unit in medical organization so bitterly that it was finally indicted in Washington in 1938. Dr. Cabot reveals that whereas an immense amount of knowledge is available for the alleviation of suffering and the elevation of national health standards, it is not being used, primarily on account of costs, and secondarily because of a conservative political group that has control of the A. M. A. Dr. Cabot is in favor of a general medical council, federal in nature, to maintain standards and to study new problems as they arise. He thinks medical care should be under state control, with federal aid, but is strongly opposed to state establishment of standards. The present system of independent standards for each state has produced such incongruous results as the following: Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island, taking advantage of what is known about the prevention and control of smallpox, had not a single case from 1933 to 1937, inclusive. In these states vaccination is compulsory. Montana, however, without such a law, had 2,467 cases during the same period. Compare the populations and do your own arithmetic. Remember also that there is no law preventing the inhabitants of Montana from engaging in interstate travel.

One of the ways in which the A. M. A. has attempted to chastise its liberal members has been to deprive them of hospital affiliations. Perhaps in so doing the A. M. A. has inadvertently done medicine a good service, by calling public attention to the doctor-hospital relation. It is not generally known that many medical men who have passed their examinations and are practicing do not have access to a hospital where they may treat their more serious cases, even when hospitalization is absolutely necessary. Previous to the A. M. A.'s use of disbarment from hospital practice as a political tool, the reason for disbarment from a hospital was usually incompetence, although there have been other reasons. In cases of incompetence the doctor is forbidden to practice in association with his fellows, yet retains his license to practice on an ignorant public outside the hospital. Federal standardization would take care of both of these abuses. The properly qualified physician would not find himself without a hospital in which to care properly for his patients, and the doctor too poorly trained to practice in affiliation with a hospital would be eliminated from private practice as well.

"Health in Handcuffs" is in the main a summary of the findings of various committees that have worked on the costs of medical care. After firmly basing his position on the need for change in the medical system, Dr. Kingsbury proceeds to carry the war to the A. M. A. It is true that the A. M. A. has today changed its stand on a few issues, but I do not think that the changes have been important enough to weaken any of the accusations or facts presented by Dr. Kingsbury. In fact, the action of the association during the hearings on the Wagner bill shows that it has not changed its stripes in the slightest. The A. M. A. frequently stated that British medical men are completely out of sympathy with the nation's health-insurance system. Dr. C. G. Anderson, medical secretary of the British Medical Association, branded this as a gross misrepresentation:

> Chiefly the A. M. A. and its members who oppose national health insurance allege that it has proved to be a failure and detrimental to the interests of both profession and public. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a matter of fact, most of our physicians are eager for panel service. From the viewpoint of the public, the insurance act has been equally successful, and any attempt to represent it as being otherwise proceeds from a misapprehension of the facts.

A detailed analysis of Senator Wagner's National Health bill is given, followed by a report of the Congressional hearings, at which organized medicine did its best to kill the bill. The connection between the Gannett publications and the A. M. A. is given in factual form, for the reader to draw his own conclusions. Since this bill is not dead, but is to be resubmitted, there is yet time for liberal assistance to be lined up behind it.

Much of the awakening in England to the need of health reforms was brought about by public-spirited scientists, especially those working in the field of nutrition. If we had strong departments of public health in our universities, we might depend on their leadership to carry on the battle here. But our public-health professors have been a queer mixture of medical artist, politician, and faddist, and have been mostly anti-New Deal. If public health in the United States is to be bettered, an aroused public will have to do the job itself by supporting such bills as those presented by Senator Wagner, which had the benefit of extensive study by the Public Health Service. In conclusion, let me point out that there is no field where additional labor could be better used than in the various branches of hospital service, both in nursing care and in technical laboratory work. A sizable contingent of the army of the unemployed could be trained and absorbed in this field, with distinct benefit to national health.

HUGH H. DARBY

Augustan World

CAROLINE OF ENGLAND. By Peter Quennell. Viking Press. $3.75.

THE present life of George II's consort follows swiftly (and avengingly) on the heels of R. L. Arkell's dreary "Caroline of Ansbach." Miss Arkell sought to restore Caroline's celebrity, but in vain, for all she did was to turn an obscure queen into a dull one. Mr. Quennell now makes clear—what any reader of Hervey's Memoirs already knew—that Caroline was anything but dull; that she was shrewd, courageous, and worldly; that she played the wife of a strutting and clumsy fool with magnificent good sense; and that she exerted over affairs of state a greater influence than any other queen consort of modern England. Nor has Mr. Quennell merely recreated Caroline: he has lighted up that world, at once brilliant and stodgy, that Caroline inhabited, and introduced those odd, capable, conspiratorial people among whom she moved. His book, subtitled An Augustan Portrait, may claim many of the merits of Augustan writing. It is neither straight history nor straight biography, but a mesh of both; and though it has rather more polish than weight, on its own terms it is a delightful job.

In reviewing Miss Arkell's book a few months back, I ventured to characterize Caroline and to suggest what she suffered in the way of a father-in-law, a husband, and a son. I need therefore not rehearse those matters here, or dilate upon the notorious quarrelsomeness of the early Hanoverians; it is enough to say that Mr. Quennell has hit off Caroline very well and her husband even better. But something should be said of the son they detested, Frederick Prince of Wales, since Mr. Quennell has been at special pains to reinterpret him. On the subject of "Fred, who was alive and is dead" the history books have been extremely harsh and unfavorable; Mr. Quennell plausibly contends that the history books took their cue from Hervey, who loathed Frederick, and that the Prince was less a villain than a weakling. Certainly he was much sinned against by his family, though Mr. Quennell is no better able than anyone else to account in full for Caroline's almost psychopathic abhorrence of her son.

With far more feeling for the period than Miss Arkell, and a far better knowledge of its facts, Mr. Quennell has vividly evoked its social life and sketched in its culture. His scenes of the court are done with style; his pictures of the courtiers, the conspirators, the unattractive German mistresses, the engaging English maids of honor, with gusto and wit. He pushes Pope into the limelight, touches on the Bolingbrokes and Lady Marys, is solicitous for Chesterfield. But the greatest object of his interest—someone who really shares the honors with Caroline herself—is that greatest source of his material, Lord Hervey.

Of all the figures satirized and reviled in an age of satire and vilification, Hervey has assuredly come off the worst. His foppishness and effeminacy were, and still are, a joke; there is an anecdote (which Mr. Quennell does not repeat) of Hervey being asked at dinner if he would have some beef, and replying: "Beef! Faugh, don't you know I never eat beef, nor *horse,* nor any of those things?" A silky and sinuous fellow, he was not unreasonably distrusted and disliked; he had a spiteful tongue and a waspish pen—a pen that has brilliantly if unreliably preserved the court life of his time. He was clever enough to exchange sallies with Pope, and got sufficiently the better of him to win his undying hatred: in the character of Sporus—"that mere white curd of Ass's milk"—Hervey lives on as hero of the most violent piece of abuse ever written by the greatest master of it. But despite his

> Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
> Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust,

Hervey was a man of uncommon intelligence and, despite his womanishness, of remarkable efficiency, and he served during many years as a sort of adjutant to Caroline and Walpole. Mr. Quennell, fascinated by the man and aware that Pope's ferocity was unfair to him, has played him to the hilt and produced a most lively figure.

One might wish that Mr. Quennell had dealt as brilliantly with a far more important figure, the most important figure, indeed, of his time. But to do justice to Robert Walpole, one must study in all their complexity the political movements of the age, which does not suit the scheme of Mr. Quennell's book. His Walpole is accordingly rather the burly Norfolk squire who talked dog-Latin to George I and filth to Caroline than the great Prime Minister whose virtue was to make England prosper and whose sin was to make her love prosperity too well. Mr. Quennell, by keeping things largely on a personal plane, has filled his book with absorbing personalities, some of whom he elucidates in an epigram. What could be neater than that Chesterfield's wordliness "was as earnest as other men's saintliness," or that to George II "adultery was a duty, marriage a pleasure"?

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Shorter Notices

THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

The liberal democratic world, declares Mr. Eliot in a book which will commend itself even to hostile readers by the chastity and economy of its style, has no faith which it can set against the demonic faith of the new political religions of blood and soil. In so far as it has a religion, it is the worship of profit; and that is a faith even less acceptable than racism. It is, in fact, so unacceptable that the liberal world practices its worship surreptitiously while outwardly conforming to a "Christian" past. There will be many who will profit from Mr. Eliot's interesting diagnosis of our ills, even if they find his cure irrelevant. His cure is an Anglicized version of the Catholic conception of a society which is prevented from worshiping itself, its instrumentalities, mechanisms, and subordinate values, by being officially committed to the worship of God. A group of Christian élite will see to it that the implications of this worship are implemented in social action. Mr. Eliot thinks that the abuses which this kind of official Christianity developed in the Middle Ages can be obviated; but are they not inherent in the system? It is well to remember that, whatever the superficialities of so-called "liberal" culture, it was, on its creative side, a needed and successful protest against the religiously sanctified social injustice of the feudal order. General Franco's Spain reminds us that it is as impossible now as then to give religion political power without corrupting it.

THE NEW WORLD ORDER. By H. G. Wells. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Quick communication and mechanical power have produced a dislocation between the real nature of the world and the obsolete framework of organization which is rapidly carrying us toward world revolution. The only possible alternative to collapse is socialism—not of the Marxian variety—based on law (the Rights of Man) and knowledge. Though not new, the Wellsian argument appears in fresh perspective, newly implemented by events.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOGIC. By James MacKaye. Dartmouth College Publications. $3.50.

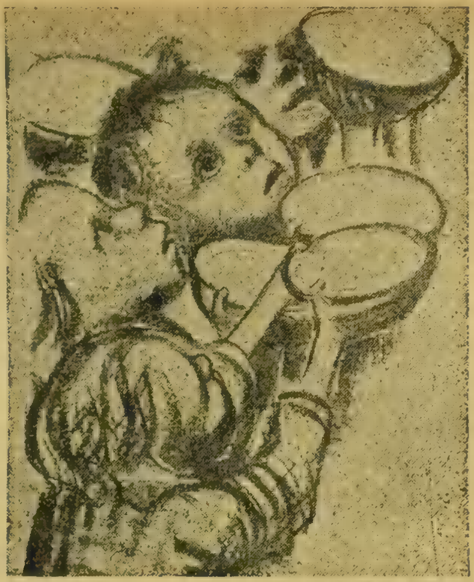
An exceptionally clear analysis of the nature of meaning, the technique of definition, and their relation to the nature of existence. The author simplifies the popular question of semantics by demonstrating its basis in traditional logic.

DRAMA

"The Fifth Column"

"THE FIFTH COLUMN" was written and published in play form by Ernest Hemingway. It was "adapted" by Benjamin Glazer and has now been performed by the Guild at the Alvin Theater. If a consensus of reviewers' opinions is sufficient evidence, it is a fine play and ought to be a great success. In my judgment, however, it is not quite the first nor very likely to become quite the second.

Mr. Hemingway's report on the war in Spain begins well. In fact, the first of the two acts is, in its entirety, tense and absorbing. But the expectations created by that first act are never fulfilled, and despite sincere, perhaps even brilliant acting and staging the very subject matter itself seems to elude the authors, and what had begun as a complex picture of life in a war-torn city ends stagily as the love story of a hard-boiled hero whose grandiose gestures may be authentic but are too familiar and expected to carry very deep conviction. The fault does not seem to lie where one would have been most inclined to expect a fault, for the writing in the first act at least is not only vivid and terse but little marred by that tendency toward exhibitionism which is its author's besetting sin. He does not wear his lack of heart on his sleeve; he is



Hungry Children *Drawing by Kathe Kollwitz*

REMEMBER—THE SPANISH CHILDREN

We have just received the following cable from Eric G. Muggeridge, our executive secretary:

Paris, France.

"MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR POLISH CHILDREN TO ENTER OUR COLONIES ONE BOY ELEVEN YEARS OLD WALKED FROM WARSAW TO PARIS PLEASE AMERICA ALSO REMEMBER THE SPANISH CHILDREN."

War in Europe has intensified the suffering of the Spanish Children. France has a million additional refugees today. Word comes from our nine children's colonies in and around Biarritz, France, telling us of the pressing need of the Spanish children outside our gates. We have the facilities to care for these children. We need your aid. At the moment only Spanish children may be "adopted"—but funds are needed immediately to rent new houses and furnish them for the Polish children.

Your "adoption" today means the taking of a child out of a Concentration center. The child is placed in our children's colonies immediately. Perhaps, if you cannot "adopt" a child by yourself, you might ask a group of friends to join in the "adoption." An "adoption" costs $9.00 per month.

You will receive a photograph of your Foster Child along with its history. You will also receive personal letters and drawings from the child. You will, of course, want to correspond with your Foster Child.

If you cannot afford to "adopt" a child, your contribution, no matter how small, to help these children will be truly helpful and appreciated.

Our funds are cabled directly to our colonies in Biarritz, through the Chase National Bank. Safe arrival is guaranteed. The doors of our colonies are open to all children.

EDNA BLUE, Executive-Chairman.

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not, to revive the familiar taunt, too overwhelmingly aware of the hair on his chest. But he does abandon a complex and difficult subject for one that is relatively easy and already stereotyped, with the result that the spectator finds his interest declining step by step after the mid-point of the play has been reached and as the themes which had been brilliantly suggested in the first half of the piece recede farther and farther into the background.

These themes are all concerned in one way or another with the difficulty of reconciling the aims of a holy war with the methods which it must inevitably use, and with the contrast inevitably apparent between the cause for which one is fighting and the individuals in whose name the cause is fought for. It is not merely that the hero, a young American correspondent who has been drawn by his sympathy for the Loyalist government into the dangerous business of counter-espionage, cannot fail to realize that the drunken electrician of the hotel in which he lives is no very inspiring specimen of that proletariat for which he is endangering his life; it is also that his superior, the officer in chargė of espionage, has been completely dehumanized by the process of fighting for humanity, and that the ruthlessness which he himself believes to be necessary remains nevertheless debasing when it is translated into a concrete instance—when, for instance, he has to bully a frightened boy wrongly suspected of treachery or shoot a fat German general in the back when the latter, a captive, will not walk fast enough. But these themes, brilliantly suggested, are never fully treated, and they are, I think, left undeveloped, not because they are not what the author is really interested in, but because it is plainly so much easier to develop instead the easily managed story of the hero's love affair with an American girl and his final decision not to follow her out of Spain to safety. Probably both original author and adapter are familiar with the fact that puzzled critics of the drama often fall back upon the statement that a play under discussion "doesn't come to a focus." The trouble with "The Fifth Column" is that it does—at the wrong place. In the opening scenes several themes are in solution, and it is the least interesting of all that crystallizes.

In the past, when Mr. Hemingway has been beset with doubts he has sometimes seemed to imply that the sensible thing for any modern man faced with a difficult problem to do is just to forget all about it and go out and kill someone, or failing that, some animal—even if it is only a lion in Africa or a skilfully tortured bull in an arena. In the present instance there is little suggestion of that attitude, and he ends instead with a careful debate in which the girl who argues that Americans should leave dying Europe to wallow in its own blood is answered by a German refugee who explains that fascism cannot be fought with any chance of success except upon its own frontier. But the difficulty with this last conclusion is simply that by the time one has got around to it in the last few minutes of the performance the whole play has become so artificial that the argument has ceased to seem very real and has become merely the inevitable end of a play.

Franchot Tone plays the hero with great sincerity; Lee Cobb, the German equally well. Katherine Locke is also excellent in the faintly drawn role of the girl, and Lenore Ulric does what is required as the inevitable child of nature turned prostitute.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"THE FIGHT FOR LIFE" (United States Film Service Production) is for many reasons the most exciting picture I have seen since I began conducting this column. Its theme, childbirth in the slums of our great cities, seems at first unsuitable for movie treatment because the industry, in imposing limits on its own work, has curtailed as well our expectations. Two pictures, "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," have recently broken down these limits to a certain extent. "The Fight for Life" offers a new and even more striking example of how effective a medium the screen may become once the purely commercial principle of "nothing but entertainment" is left behind.

Pare Lorentz, director of the United States Film Service, whose film "The River" set a high standard for the American documentary, wrote, directed, and produced "The Fight for Life," taking the material from one chapter of Paul de Kruif's book of the same name. By combining elements of film drama with straight camera reporting he has created a new genre which is inadequately called semi-documentary. There are actors and non-actors—"doctors, students, nurses, women of the city." There are staged scenes and unstaged ones. But one is never aware of the difference, and one has to look at the program to distinguish the "women of the city" from the actresses who impersonate some of them. Here is a genuine documentary minus the dead moments of straight reporting—the best non-fiction picture yet produced.

After a childbirth which is fatal to the mother, a young interne (played by Myron McCormick, who is excellent in his earnest, taciturn simplicity) joins the staff of a maternity center in Chicago. Here pregnant women receive advice and medical care, and from this center doctors and nurses rush by day and by night into the slums to deliver babies and to fight against the principal causes of death in childbirth—uncleanliness, malnutrition, ignorance. We learn with the young interne the exciting business of bringing children into the world; and the picture gives in an unobtrusive way a tremendous amount of information which no future father and no expectant mother can afford to ignore. It protests powerfully, by simply showing the truth and without once descending to the propaganda level, against shameful conditions, and at the same time celebrates the men who fight them.

Technically the picture is excellent. Hollywood could not have done a better job. Artistically it is full of unforgettable moments. Notice, for example, the dramatic use of the black-gloved fingers of the doctor counting the heartbeats of the unborn child. Dorothy Adams as the young mother and Dorothy Urban as the grandmother in the terrific scene in which a mother is saved by means of a blood transfusion give performances of unsurpassed power. Again, as with "The River," the United States Film Service and Pare Lorentz have made film history.

I am sorry not to be able to call "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" (RKO) a great picture, though it bears evidence of the efforts which have been made to produce a film worthy of the theme. Robert E. Sherwood himself adapted his successful stage play for the screen, but many values of the play have been lost in the process and nothing essential has been added. Too much space is given to background scenes which should have been lightly sketched in, and likewise Lincoln's inner life and development have been neglected. Raymond Massey is convincing as the mature Lincoln in the latter part of the picture, but from the first moment he seems too conscious of his future important role as President of the United States. The direction is straight and unimaginative. There are many good and interesting scenes, and the picture is worth seeing, though it only makes one realize that the real picture about Abraham Lincoln has not yet been done.

The French picture "The Baker's Wife," based on an incident in a novel by Jean Giono, directed and produced by Marcel Pagnol and featuring the great actor Raimu, is a most humane, entertaining, and delightfully frivolous comedy. Its witty dialogue is often untranslatable, but John Erskine's English titles will enable anybody to enjoy what is in many respects the best film of its kind to come across the Atlantic. FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

TOSCANINI'S new set of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (M-640, $8) offers one of the greatest performances ever put on records, for which posterity will thank Victor. But I doubt that it will thank Victor and N. B. C. for the hard, wooden sound which the performance has on these records because of the unfavorable conditions under which the recording was done.

For several years we have heard about a recording of the second-act duet of "Tristan und Isolde" by Flagstad and Melchior; and some of us have hoped that the gala occasion would be used to give us on records what we never hear at the Metropolitan—the entire duet without cuts. On five records we could have had it; but of the actual five records of the Victor set (M-644, $10) two are devoted to Brünnhilde's Immolation from "Götterdämmerung" and one to the *Liebestod* from "Tristan," leaving two which give us the second-act duet only from "O sink hernieder," and this with the Metropolitan's cut between Brangäne's two warnings; and whereas the first time the warning is sung by an unnamed singer, the second time, when Brangäne's voice should interrupt the duet, only her orchestral accompaniment is recorded (which leads me to suspect that the unnamed singer, who is heard only faintly the first time, is Flagstad herself). This is bad enough; and in addition, instead of a balanced recording in which the orchestra is heard as clearly as the voices, there is the effect of microphones close to the singers—the effect, that is, of an orchestra subordinated and obscured. And the reason is simply that this is not primarily a recording of Wagner's music but primarily a recording of Flagstad's and, to a lesser degree, Melchior's voice.

The improvement in recording in the five years since Flagstad's first record of the *Liebestod* is evident in her new one. One hears it in the greater distinctness and sharpness of the *s's* and *t's* in "Seht ihr's nicht," and in the similar

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distinctness and sharpness in the reproduction of the voice, which make it amazingly and confusingly lifelike—confusingly, since hearing the more lifelike reproduction one may think one is hearing the more beautiful voice; whereas in fact the voice that is so lifelike on the new record is one which has lost the soaring opulence in its upper range that is reproduced with less distinctness and sharpness on the older record. In this range it is worn thin, with a strong tremolo; but the lower range is still sumptuous. The same confusing improvement in recording and a worse deterioration in the voice itself are to be heard in Melchior's singing on the new records of the second-act duet when they are compared with the corresponding record he made with Leider years ago. In the duet Flagstad's voice sounds as it does in the *Liebestod;* but on the two records of the Immolation Scene her upper range is rounder and steadier, and if her singing here is not all that I can recall in the past it is still quite wonderful. The fact is that even with its losses the voice retains enough of its extraordinary quality to make the records treasurable—and this not only to a person interested in the voice but even, despite the cuts and other defects, to a person interested in the music. But no less treasurable are the earlier records of the music with Leider, Austral, and the younger Flagstad; and I hope these will remain available.

There have been, all along, persons who have insisted on the distinction between the mere beauty of Flagstad's voice and the musical and dramatic art of singers like Lilli Lehmann, Ternina, Fremstad—to say nothing of Frida Leider and Lotte Lehmann. To demonstrate this distinction one of the readers of this column has had the International Record Collectors' Club (318 Reservoir Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut) send me its re-recording of Fremstad's 1911 record of the *Liebestod,* with Verdi's "O Don Fatale" on the reverse side (No. 158, $2.25). From this re-recording the scratch and noise emerge very strong, the voice rather weak, the wheezy orchestra so weak as to leave the vocal line almost without the orchestral context that gives it continuity and, at times, sense; and while I hear evidence of a voice that was clear and strong, and phrasing that imparts continuity to the vocal line, I do not hear the subtleties of coloring which constituted the art of Fremstad, and which even this re-recording may recall to those who heard her sing in 1911. One gets a better notion of her impressive style in "O Don Fatale."

More successful is the re-recording (No. 5004, $1.75) of Muratore's 1916 record of "Elle est à moi" from "Monna Vanna" (awful music), on which his superb voice and style as I recall them are re-created in sufficient degree, I think, to be appreciable even to someone who did not hear him; but the reverse side, with an excerpt from Messager's "Fortunio," is very poor. And best are the original 1906 Eames-De Gogorza recordings (No. 20, $2.25) of "Là ci darem la mano" from "Don Giovanni" and "Crudel! perchè finora" from "Figaro"; but the voices sound different on the two sides, which were made a month apart in different studios. De Gogorza's, especially, has a brightness and color in the "Figaro" duet that it does not have in the other, and the finish and style of his singing are more impressive. Eames's voice is clear and agreeable, but no more than that, and her musical taste is not impeccable.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Curbing Japan

Dear Sirs: The editorial on our relations with Japan which appeared in your issue of February 10 puts quite fairly the case for positive action against Japan. Your statement as to the extreme improbability of war with Japan resulting from firmness on our part seems to me sound. As you say, it is not possible to state that war cannot happen, if we, for example, impose an embargo on the export of war materials to Japan. It is also impossible to say that war will not come if we encourage the Japanese army to believe that we will stand for anything and consequently encourage it to proceed to extremes which might inflame even our peace-loving people.

From what I have learned here I am not disposed to fear that our government will make any agreement that will impair our rights in China or compromise the Chinese government, but I share your fear that complete inaction on its part may be the policy for a time, and that this will do harm to our interests.

You are quite right in believing that the Japanese government cannot depend upon its army to carry out any agreement that the Tokyo Cabinet may make with the United States or other foreign powers. Even the army in the field is not a unit controlled by one head, and the picture is further complicated by the corruption which seems to have spread through all ranks of the invading army. ROGER S. GREENE

Washington, March 5

Nazi "Law"

Dear Sirs: Why the Nazi government regards the Altmark incident as a British breach of international law is hard for me to understand. According to Dr. Franz von Liszt, formerly professor at the University of Berlin and a leading German authority on international law, the liberation of the British seamen even in neutral waters was justified. Von Liszt has pointed out that the recognized conceptions of self-defense and self-help exclude the illegality of such an act.

Aside from that, the present German regime is not usually very particular to respect foreign territorial sovereignty. In 1935 Himmler, the chief of the German police, ordered his men to arrest illegally the journalist Berthold Jacob on Swiss soil and take him to Germany. At about the same time two German police officials penetrated illegally into Czechoslovakia to destroy a secret broadcasting station. On this occasion the broadcaster, Rudolf Formis, was shot down by the two German police officers. Himmler has even boasted of the latter act in an official publication. In September, 1939, Himmler ordered that the British secret agents Best and Stevens be arrested on Dutch soil near Venlo by Gestapo officers and brought to Germany, where they are imprisoned. These are only a few cases among many.

R. M. W. KEMPNER,
Formerly First Legal Adviser in the Ministry of the Interior, Police Department, Berlin

Philadelphia, March 8

Questions for Mr. Corey

Dear Sirs: In his series of articles in recent issues of *The Nation* Mr. Corey criticizes the orthodox Marxist view of the rigidly defined class struggle and sees the origin of failures of the socialist movement—particularly in the Third International—in the exclusively proletarian base necessitated by this orthodox view. Emphasis on bitter class struggle—"all who are not with us are against us"—has thrown the middle classes in with the fascists, he says, and checked socialism in those countries most prepared for it. Nor does Mr. Corey hesitate to maintain, with some gymnastic logic, that this basing of the revolution on the working class alone, with the consequent alienation of the middle class, has led to a dictatorship of a middle-class bureaucracy.

I wonder if history doesn't permit a somewhat less confusing explanation. Recall Lenin's debate with the economists who wanted to have a democratic party of working-class people. Lenin's solution in "What Is to Be Done?" was an autocratic party of revolutionists of no particular class origin—middle class, clergy, or even members of the court, it didn't much matter so long as they were discontented and determined. I would suggest that Arthur Rosenberg's view of Bolshevism as a device whereby the educated middle class uses the workers to fight their revolutionary battle may be correct. Certainly the Communist Party, with its allies, presents no solid proletarian front even today. I think it significant that certain middle class groups are present in its ranks far beyond their proportions in the total population.

Mr. Corey's picture of his gradualistic Utopia is very pretty indeed, but it too raises some questions. He visualizes a central core of government-owned credit and big industries with a periphery of smaller private concerns. I wonder how long this equilibrium could last or how desirable it might be that it should. Small business seems to subsist in our monopoly economy mainly because of its cruder exploitation of cheap labor. A socialistic government would probably raise wage standards beyond what these small industries could pay and still be profitable.

Without a doubt private business will do its best—constitutional or otherwise—to hamper the transition to Utopia. Mr. Corey doesn't say what we are to do when reaction ("counter-revolution") comes out in the open using all the forces at its disposal. Yet that is probably the most crucial problem of the transition. Whatever tyrannies have arisen from the application of the "dictatorship of the proletariat," the Marxists have at least tried to solve this problem. I wish Mr. Corey would.

JOHN B. MARKS

Chicago, March 4

Italy Waives the Rules

Dear Sirs: The conduct of the Italian steamship lines since the war began deserves critical attention. In normal times the Italian lines were predominantly used by Italians, but all that changed after September. Now the flag of Savoy seems to rule the Atlantic, at least in respect to passenger business. The Italians are exploiting the opportunity to the limit, and their victims are helpless refugees.

Up to last December some 20,000 refugees came to the United States on Italian boats; the same ships are looking forward to transporting 50,000 more in the future. Italy's anti-Jewish laws have not inhibited the Italian lines from providing passage for the Jews—at exorbitant rates. After September 1 all lines of the Atlantic pool raised their rates from 30 to 50 per cent, because of the increased insurance costs and higher wages of sailors in war time. When I last investigated, the Italian line alone had not raised crew wages. Yet their rates have been steadily rising. Before November they charged passengers $170 for a third-class ticket when the United States Lines were charging only $130. Since November the Italians have introduced the deceptive fiction of "all third class"; in return for giving passengers the "run of the boat" they charge $200 to $220 for third-class berths. To financially hard-pressed refugees this is small compensation for the increased price. It is true that the United States Lines have now also raised their rates to a comparable figure, but a host of other profiteering devices remain unique with Italian ships.

A young refugee girl from Berlin took a boat from Trieste. She had made a reservation in advance, but when she came on board she was told the room was taken. The head steward then demanded—and got—fifty lire for obtaining an identical room for her. Her case, I am reliably informed, is not unusual. Refugees naturally carry a great deal of baggage. Two hundred pounds of clothes and linen are transported free, but other material is classified as "merchandise" and must be paid for at $2 a pound—lire are not accepted. And if a single piece of "merchandise" exceeds a certain limit in weight, it is measured in cubic volume, and the charge is $10 for each cubic meter. All these petty forms of legal extortion are cruel enough. But worst of all is the contemptuous and abusive language of the ship officials toward the refugees. I have heard numberless examples of the small ways in which life for the Jewish passengers is made unbearable by scornful officials.

No Italian booking office in Central Europe is supposed to reveal the detailed financial burden of the journey in advance, and especially not to refugees. I am told that a few officials are so ashamed of the extortion practiced on the ships that they have on occasion paid the fees themselves. Almost the whole refugee traffic is financed by American relatives of refugees or by refugee agencies. To that extent Americans have a very concrete reason for striving to halt this cruel—if legal—piracy.

A. P.

New York, March 7

"We Who Are About to Die"

Dear Sirs: In 1914 it was "Huns" and "Boches" and "Hang the Kaiser." Today it's "Hitler, Beast of Berlin." The truth is, the same ones who ran the last war and cleaned up on it are doing business at the old stand. They hand out the same pap about "a struggle between two totally incompatible ideas of man's destiny." Imperialist rivalries? God forbid! says *The Nation*—only the shadow, not the substance.

We who are about to die say, "Rot!" And we have the colonial slaves of the British, French, Italian, and American empires to prove it. We have the domestic slaves in Germany and Japan to prove it.

You don't want American participation in a physical sense? Of course you don't. But reread the files of a journal called *The Nation* and learn how you are helping with your present editorials to prepare the ground for it. Reread those columns that say "Never again." I've been brought up on them; you can't sell me any Chamberlain-Daladier-Blum-Roosevelt-Hoover-*Nation* axis.

S. L. J.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., March 6

Never a Socialist

Dear Sirs: In your issue of December 9, 1939, in a review signed by James Rorty, he lists me along with others as a Socialist. Never at any time in my life was I a member of the Socialist Party, and I cannot imagine where Rorty obtained any authority for the statement.

GEORGE CREEL

San Francisco, February 27

A Long Association

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate *The Nation* upon its seventy-fifth anniversary and upon the very significant issue which marks the event.

In my childhood I knew of the weekly arrival of *The Nation,* and heard my father's often-expressed admiration of E. L. Godkin. Earlier still, before my arrival upon the scene, *The Nation* published letters written by my father, Richard Dewey, M. D., from Germany, where from September, 1870, to April, 1871, he served as volunteer surgeon in the Franco-Prussian War.

I feel therefore a reflected pride of association with *The Nation;* I have also an appreciation of it entirely my own. In the years since 1914 this truly liberal journal has provided fearless comment and democratic outlook on the chaotic events of our time. Like another of your congratulators, I am "uncomfortable until I find time to give *The Nation* a careful reading."

ETHEL L. DEWEY

Chicago, February 20

Llewelyn Powys's Letters

Dear Sirs: Alyse Gregory, widow of Llewelyn Powys, is collecting his letters for publication. She would appreciate it if anyone having letters from him would send them to me for forwarding to her in England. All originals will be promptly copied and returned. They may be addressed to me at 519 West 121st Street.

AGNES A. DE LIMA

New York, February 23

Bibliography of a War

Dear Sirs: I am preparing a comprehensive bibliography on the Spanish civil war which will list all books, pamphlets, and magazine articles dealing with the war. Prose, poetry, and fiction will be included. I shall be happy to acknowledge any assistance your readers may offer. Address me at 5989 St. Urbain Street.

SAMUEL H. BROWN

Montreal, March 8

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The Shape of Things

IN VOTING TO SUSTAIN THE APPOINTMENT of Bertrand Russell to the faculty of the College of the City of New York, the Board of Higher Education withstood a formidable united front of small minds and large prejudices. The closeness of the vote—eleven to seven—is a measure of the ferocity of the campaign against Russell, and there is no sign that the opposition will yield gracefully. Legal action has already been instituted by the diehards, who will seek to have the appointment annulled by the courts. There will be further fireworks when the college budget comes up for consideration. In view of the storm of opposition the board's decision is an important victory for academic freedom. We cannot help regretting, however, that some of Dr. Russell's defenders sought to vindicate the appointment by proving that his thoughts are as safe and sane as George F. Babbitt's. If Dr. Russell were as innocuous as some of his supporters insisted, he would not be the center of such a storm.

* * *

MAYOR LAGUARDIA CONTINUES TO PLAY A strange role, for a friend of labor, in his controversy with the Transport Workers' Union in New York. On the eve of a conference with John L. Lewis, the Mayor named George Keegan, general manager of the Interborough subway system, to the Board of Transportation which will run all the high-speed lines after they come under municipal ownership and operation. Keegan has an anti-labor past, although the I. R. T. was recently forced to grant the Transport Workers a closed shop. The board post has been vacant for two years, and some wonder why it was so suddenly filled. It is suspected that the Mayor feared Lewis would ask to have C. I. O. subway workers represented. The other two members of the board are Francis X. Sullivan, counsel for the State Federation of Labor, and John Delaney, an old-line Tammany politician who once carried a card in Big Six. Sullivan is no friend of the C. I. O., and Delaney is no friend of collective bargaining. After the conference with Lewis the Mayor seemed somewhat less adamant, and there will be another conference on March 27. The Transport Workers' Union, as representative of the majority, is asking for the right to be the exclusive bargaining agency for all the subway workers. This the Mayor has yet to concede, although majority rule is a basic principle of the Wagner Act.

* * *

THE ALL-INDIA NATIONAL CONGRESS MUST decide this week between an immediate campaign of civil disobedience as urged by its more vigorous elements and Gandhi's moderate program looking toward "moral independence" from England. The Patna resolution calling for immediate independence and the dissociation of India from the European war has been accepted by the Congress Committee against the wishes of Gandhi. Whether the full Congress will ratify this action is difficult to predict. Despite the apparent tactical weakness of his position, Gandhi retains his immense personal prestige with the Congress. In requesting a postponement of the campaign for civil disobedience, his hand has been strengthened by the recent affair in London in which an Indian gunman killed Sir Michael O'Dwyer, former Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, and wounded the Marquis of Zetland, the present Secretary of State for India. Most Indians will sympathize with Gandhi in his insistence that a civil-disobedience campaign can succeed only if it is not marred by violence. Subhas Chandra Bose, former Congress President and leader of the anti-compromise bloc, has drafted a program which breaks with Gandhi not only on the question of immediate tactics but on long-range economic policy. Adoption of this program in its entirety is unlikely. Neither the moderate elements within the Congress nor the left-wing group associated with Jawaharlal Nehru seem ready for such a break. It is more probable that some compromise will be reached on a program that will carry Gandhi along. An independence movement without Gandhi would be unthinkable.

* * *

PLANS FOR INSTALLING WANG CHING-WEI as the Japanese puppet ruler of the occupied areas of China appear to be nearing fruition after months of delay. Wang has issued a formal statement setting forth

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his program for the new "state," and Premier Yonai has replied with an official pledge of Japanese support. General Nobuyuki Abe, who recently stepped aside as Premier, has been selected to represent Japan at the inauguration, the date of which has not yet been set. That the establishment of a centralized puppet regime will be an important victory for Japan cannot be denied. It is probable that Wang will command a certain amount of support from conservative elements in the occupied areas. The establishment of his rule is not likely to prove as serious, however, as it would have been six months ago, when it was first announced. Wang's prestige has suffered considerably in the interval as a result of the defection of his chief subordinates and the premature publication of the terms of his agreement with Japan. It looks as if the Japanese no longer had very much hope of winning substantial Chinese support for his government. Their immediate objective seems to be rather to obtain recognition of the new regime from at least some of the European powers. Italy has already indicated a willingness to extend recognition. But the Japanese are doubtless playing for higher stakes. There seems to be hope in Tokyo that England, anxious to regain Japanese friendship as a defense against Soviet influence in the Far East, may be persuaded to recognize Wang's "government." But it is fair to assume that Britain will take no such action without the assent of the United States. And we cannot believe that Washington, despite its recent appeasement tendencies, has fallen so low as to give its approval.

*

BREAKING A SILENCE THAT HAD LASTED nearly five days, Martin Dies talked again last week. Promising to uncover the operations of the Soviet secret police in America, he hinted darkly that "people in government circles" were involved in the GPU network; and as the Dies committee's next attraction he advertised the "head of the GPU in this country." Whether Mr. Dies will fulfil his boasts remains to be seen. He has failed to do so on many similar occasions. For months he talked glibly and loud of "Communists in the New Deal"; when asked to produce a single exhibit neither Mr. Dies nor his committee could find one. The important thing is the method: the damage is done in advance; suspicions are aroused that somehow the New Deal is linked with the GPU; and the impression lingers even if the details never appear. When the Dies committee's appropriation was renewed, his supporters assured everyone that Mr. Dies was taking the vows of silence and henceforth would speak only when his committee had something to say. The "new" Martin Dies, as represented in his articles in *Liberty* and in his current blasts, bears a striking resemblance to the Martin Dies who once called himself head of the demagogues' club.

THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH Company has agreed to reduce its rates on calls of more than 420 miles to an amount equivalent to $5,500,000 annually, assuming that there is no increase in business as a result of the reduction. In announcing this development the Federal Communications Commission points out that the reductions were negotiated without the necessity of any long-drawn-out rate proceedings and praises the company for "pursuing a forward-looking policy." We do not begrudge this praise, but we think that both the commission and the public it represents should follow their thank-yous with immediate requests for more. The sum involved in this concession is something under 3 per cent of the net earnings on A. T. and T. stock last year and compares with an increase in 1939 over 1938 earnings of nearly $45,000,000. Moreover, rate concessions nearly always increase traffic and speedily diminish the apparent loss of revenue involved. We should like to suggest, therefore, that the Telephone Company take advantage of its fine financial position to cheapen the service further. Particularly expensive at present are its charges for comparatively short distances. An evening call from New York to Stamford, Connecticut—a distance of some forty miles—costs more than an evening call of four hundred miles from either London or Stockholm. Surely the A. T. and T. should blush to be outdone by British and Swedish state enterprises, both of which incidentally manage to return very satisfactory profits.

*

SAMUEL UNTERMYER KNEW WALL STREET'S tricks so well that he couldn't resist the temptation to take a profitable flier in them himself on occasion. But unlike the pompous Bumbles who are among the Street's legal luminaries, he regarded the complex chicanery of high finance with amused contempt rather than hypocritical reverence. He enjoyed tilting at some of our biggest corporate windmills in behalf of the small man. His address "Is There a Money Trust?" led to the famous Pujo money-trust investigation which he served so ably as counsel. His work in the Waters-Pierce Oil Company case showed what a sham was the Supreme Court order "dissolving" the Standard Oil trust. He had a hand in framing the Clayton Anti-Trust Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act. He was one of the earliest advocates of tax legislation to prevent undue concentration of wealth and of the kind of Stock Exchange and security legislation which the New Deal has enacted. He was for government ownership of utilities and of iron, coal, and copper mines. He was a Wall Street "maverick" whom the magnates hated but never dared despise. And he was a "maverick," too, among wealthy upper-class Jews who preferred to hush-hush Hitler rather than fight him with the boycott as Untermyer did.

Peace Is a Weapon

THE defeat of Finland was a German even more than a Russian victory, and the intangible gains which accrue to Germany are even more important than the territorial spoils which pass to the Soviets. The latter, as Robert Dell points out in his article on page 385, are substantial enough, and they leave Finland with small possibilities of resisting further Russian aggression should Stalin decide to continue his imitation of Hitlerian tactics. But Russia has not won a cheap victory. It has had to pay heavily in casualties, and it has suffered a loss in prestige both because of the preliminary defeats experienced by its army and because of its abandonment of Mr. Kuusinen and its enforced rediscovery of a Finnish government it had pronounced "non-existent."

Germany's victory was gained without the loss of a single man, and the Reich is left with heightened prestige. Its threats to Sweden and Norway prevented those countries from sending military aid to Finland or permitting the Allies to send an expeditionary force. Moreover, it appears to have influenced the Finns against asking formal assistance from the West by hinting that it was prepared to join in the Russian attack. As Premier Ryti told the Finnish Parliament: "By accepting this [Allied] help we would have been drawn into the World War. . . . In all probability the opponents of the Western powers would have resorted to war against these troops, and our country thus would have become a battlefield also in the great war."

Whether, in these circumstances, the Allies should have brushed aside neutral protests and dispatched the largest force available to Finland without awaiting a formal invitation was and is a subject of heated debate both here and in Europe. In Britain especially there was acute division about the wisdom of forcing Russia into the enemy camp, and while the military advantage of opening a "northern flank" was not to be scorned, the risks involved were very considerable. Nor was it easy for countries fighting under the banner of democracy to decide to violate the neutrality of democratic countries. It is hardly becoming for Americans, who have criticized much milder breaches of international law by the Allies, to complain of their hesitation about such a major trespass.

But whether the Allies were right or wrong, the fact remains that Germany has scored heavily. It has cut off the northern countries as a possible avenue of attack, demonstrated once again its power to excite among small neutrals the same kind of fascinated terror which the snake inspires in rabbits, and helped Russia to end a campaign which was curtailing supplies needed to offset the Allied blockade. In addition, an attack on the other alternative front—the Near East—now becomes more difficult and dangerous for the Allies. Balkan countries which had been encouraged by Allied diplomatic and economic action to resist Nazi demands are already showing signs of renewed servility to Berlin. In Rumania King Carol is said to be contemplating further means to increase trade with Germany, and he has taken the significant step of releasing nearly all the pro-Nazi Iron Guards.

Considering, then, that Germany's diplomatic and strategic position has been appreciably strengthened, it may seem strange that this moment should be chosen in Berlin for a peace drive. For that, indeed, is what appears to be going on under a heavy smoke screen of bluster. But it must never be forgotten that peace on any terms which enabled Germany to hold on to its loot—and no other terms seem possible while it is strong and undefeated—would be the equivalent of victory. Such a peace would mean the abdication by the Allies of all authority east of the Rhine and would provide Hitler with the opportunity to organize Central and Southeastern Europe as a confederation of dependent states. That accomplished, he could obtain all he wanted from the West step by step without risk of armed resistance.

The present propaganda and diplomatic efforts of the Nazi government appear to be directed toward impressing on the Allies, and incidentally on Sumner Welles, the hopelessness of their situation. At best, it is insinuated, Britain and France can expect only a stalemate; at worst, a smashing defeat. The hastily arranged meeting on the Brenner between Hitler and Mussolini, obviously timed to buttress the reactions to the Finnish débâcle as well as to influence Mr. Welles, is being played up in Berlin as a sign of a reinforced axis policy. Hints are broadcast of pending agreement between Rome, Berlin, and Moscow; suggestions are thrown out of military assistance from Italy when the time is ripe. Meanwhile, it is declared, no opportunity will be lost to demonstrate to the Allies that Italy is Germany's ally "economically, politically, and ideologically."

It may be, of course, that Mussolini, noting the apparent improvement in Germany's situation, is preparing to join the band-wagon. We suspect, however, that this chat on the Brenner—which, incidentally, Italy has been busily fortifying against its axis partner—is intended mainly for its propaganda value. For whether or not Mussolini is willing to underwrite Germany's war, he is certainly willing to back a German peace from which he hopes to obtain pickings. It cannot be said, however, that there are any signs in London or Paris that these scare tactics are undermining the determination to continue the war. Nevertheless, there are evidently hopes in axis quarters that Mr. Welles will bring back such an unfavorable report of the Allied position that the President will be persuaded to attempt mediation and put the onus of refusal on Britain and France.

Card for Mr. Hoover

SIX years ago Congress passed an act forbidding wire-tapping. Last week the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce favorably reported a resolution for an investigation of alleged wire-tapping by the FBI and other agencies, official and private. Now Attorney General Jackson has issued an order barring wire-tapping by the FBI in the future. The Attorney General's statement, admits that the FBI, despite the law, has been indulging in what Justice Holmes called the "dirty business" of wire-tapping. Yet Mr. Jackson's explanation seems to be couched in such terms as to deflect criticism from the official responsible for the wire-tapping: the press is told that the order was promulgated "on the recommendation of J. Edgar Hoover." It not only admits wire-tapping in the past but pleads for the right to tap wires in the future in kidnapping, extortion, and racketeering cases. The last is a category that vitally affects labor, for the federal racketeering law has been used not merely against racketeering by labor unions but against what the Department of Justice considered "uneconomic practices" by labor unions. The Attorney General's statement raises some disturbing questions. Would the FBI have gone on with its wire-tapping if no Senate investigation had been pending? Is it engaging in other illegal activities? Is this the opening gun of a campaign to legalize the "dirty business"?

We hope that the Attorney General will reconsider what seems to us his far too tender handling of Hoover in the matter of wire-tapping. He has set himself an excellent precedent in the Detroit cases, for he has now ordered a real investigation into charges made by Senator Norris. These charges indicate a revival of all the old FBI abuses. Mr. Jackson, after a preliminary inquiry into the Detroit raids, wrote Senator Norris that he had found "nothing to justify any charge of misconduct against the Federal Bureau of Investigation." But Senator Norris, in another letter, has provided specific details and asked whether the Attorney General did not make the previous statement after hearing "only one side of the controversy," that is, after "a review of the matter with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the District Attorney's office" in Detroit. The Attorney General's answer was to direct Henry Schweinhaut, chief of the civil-liberties unit of the department, to make a thorough investigation. "No prosecutions for opinions of any kind will be instituted while I am Attorney General," he declared. We honor him for his forthright action.

The Detroit arrests, according to Senator Norris's second letter, involved nothing "other than a technical violation of law." Yet if the facts alleged in his letter are correct, those arrested were treated like criminals of the most dangerous kind. "The woman taken into custody," Senator Norris wrote, "was arrested while she was in bed, compelled to dress practically in the presence of four or five Federal Bureau of Investigation men, and questioned almost constantly from the time of her arrest until she was taken into court at three o'clock in the afternoon. She was given only the vaguest idea as to the crime with which she was charged. She had no idea where she was being taken. She was frightened; she was dazed. She feared the men who were taking her away were a gang of kidnappers or hoodlums." In one case the FBI men obtained entrance to a physician's home in the middle of the night by telephoning that a seriously injured patient was being brought to see him. All those arrested were taken into custody under terrifying circumstances, awakened from sleep, handcuffed, and "subjected to third-degree methods from the time they were arrested until three o'clock in the afternoon." In one arrest the FBI agents broke down the door of a bedroom in order to obtain entrance. These are the methods of the terror, as practiced by dictators. Those who use them have no place in American government. We should rid ourselves of un-American men and methods now, before they have grown too strong to be eliminated. It would be well if a Senate committee looked into the FBI's card file. If it really is a list of persons dangerous to our form of government, it ought to include a card for "Hoover, J. Edgar."

Dorothy Thompson's Arithmetic

COLUMNIST DOROTHY THOMPSON has performed many minor miracles in her distinguished journalistic career, but none of them quite measure up to her achievements in the article which appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* on March 11. Within the confines of her usual space Miss Thompson discovers: (1) that the United States has only 2,000,000 unemployed; (2) that the proportion of the population having jobs is within 1 per cent of that in the boom year of 1929; (3) that the working population has a larger part of the national income than it enjoyed in 1929; (4) that this income is actually greater, in terms of purchasing power, than the record $80,000,000,000 income of the boom year; and (5) that the problems of the share-croppers and the Okies are merely a reflection of our growing social awareness. Not content to be thus wholly scooped by his feminine rival, Arthur Krock devoted three of his columns in the succeeding week to demonstrating that the number of unemployed, if not actually as low as two million, could not be more than three or four million.

Miss Thompson arrives at her original and optimistic

Burlingame, Cal.

estimate of the number of unemployed by rather plausible juggling of statistics. By adding the 2,300,000 employees of the WPA, CCC, and other emergency agencies to the 46,300,000 persons privately employed in December, 1939, she finds that there were 1,800,000 more persons employed this past December than in December, 1929. Granting that there has been an increase of 3,800,000 in the number of persons who would normally be seeking work, owing to increased population, she concludes that the number of jobless is only about 2,000,000.

It is difficult in brief space to list all the points at which Miss Thompson (and Arthur Krock) has gone astray. First, it must be remembered that the depression had started in December, 1929, and that the number of unemployed in that month was conservatively estimated at 2,000,000. Second, her estimate of the number of young people who have come on the labor market in the last ten years over and above the number of persons who withdrew by reason of death or retirement is low by at least 2,000,000. The figure is usually estimated at 6,000,000. Third, it is impossible to justify the inclusion of 2,300,000 emergency workers averaging approximately $50 a month as "employed." To do so is to take a cynical view of our present labor standards such as even Miss Thompson can hardly subscribe to. Fourth, in taking December, 1939, Miss Thompson chose the most favorable month for her comparison: the A. F. of L. estimates show a rise in unemployment between December, 1939, and January, 1940, of 1,300,000. Fifth, no estimate is given for the number of additional persons who have been brought on the labor market as a result of the depression and the prolonged unemployment of the principal breadwinner. A booklet just published by the Committee on Social Security of the Social Science Research Council estimates that for every 1,000,000 thrown out of work there is an increase of from 1,100,000 to 1,250,000 in the number of persons seeking jobs. If we assume that 1,000,000 additional job-seekers have been created in this manner during the depression, we find that these five corrections have added a minimum of 8,600,000 to Miss Thompson's 2,000,000 job-seekers. This makes a total slightly greater than the rather conservative A. F. of L. estimate of 10,381,000.

Lack of space prevents a similar analysis of Miss Thompson's remaining great discoveries. But we cannot let pass her impudent dismissal of such catastrophic developments as the uprooting of tens of thousands of Dust Bowl families and the displacement of other tens of thousands by the reorganization of the cotton industry in the South as merely evidence that we are becoming "share-cropper and Okie conscious." The advent of power machinery in the cotton belt has created social and economic problems such as this country has rarely faced. Miss Thompson's best friends should keep her informed.

Notes on Puerto Rico, II

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

San Juan, March 3

THIS letter is not a "report"; it is a commentary on things heard and seen in two weeks in Puerto Rico. Anything more would be an impertinence. Only a visiting Congressional committee could base a report on such casual evidence. I begin with this warning because I noticed in a recent issue an over-optimistic announcement of "reports" to be made at intervals by this editor. Call them notes and I'll feel happier.

It is unnecessary to talk about the two chief scourges of Puerto Rico, but no visitor can avoid it. Poverty and political corruption meet you on your arrival and trail you until you leave. They are flagrant and pervasive. They all but obscure the beauty of a fine countryside and the good work of honest public officials. They dominate education—the university as well as the lower schools; they pervert justice; they make the democratic institutions of the country a sour joke. They collaborate in ruining an island created by nature for pleasure and abundance.

Corruption is as open as the sunshine. On the day we arrived my husband and I met a single small but revealing example of how things are supposed to work. The Assistant Commissioner of Education, Oscar Irizarry, a Puerto Rican who was educated in the United States and worked there before his appointment, met us at the dock and helped us through the elaborate formalities connected with landing a car that belonged to a college on the island and so could come in without paying the customary 10 per cent excise tax. We waited in an office of the Interior Department while the necessary documents were prepared. While we stood there Mr. Irizarry was approached by a Republican member of the Puerto Rico Senate who loudly demanded, in the presence of several employees and ourselves, that the Assistant Commissioner dismiss a number of employees in his department who happened to be members of the Liberal Party. It was well known, he said from the eminence of his own political detachment, that they were playing politics. With good humor and firmness Mr. Irizarry declined. He patted the Senator on the shoulder and said, "You know I can't dismiss these people for no reason except that they are Liberals. Show me proof of improper conduct and I shall act at once, but not on flimsy, general charges." The Senator was angry and insistent. He said that he would find a way to get at the Assistant Commissioner. "We can't oust you because you are appointed by the Commissioner and he is appointed by the President. But we can slash your appropriations and that is what we will do." The Republican-Socialist coalition, of course, controls the island legislature.

The incident is insignificant compared with dozens of others which I heard about rather than witnessed. Political scandals involving millions of dollars that found their way into the pockets of Senators and Representatives and their friends have been uncovered, proved, discussed in the press, and then forgotten. If they have come into the courts they have been thrown out by judges who know where their political and financial fortunes lie. More often they have been suppressed by influence and money before legal action got under way.

Politics dominates appointments to the university, the appropriation of funds for buildings and salaries, the choice of lecturers. A university instructor said to me: "Teaching is freer under Trujillo than under our board of trustees. In Santo Domingo several eminent Spanish Republican scholars have been given posts in the university. We couldn't get those men in here." The rector of the university, with whom I talked at some length, is not a reactionary or a politician. But he yields to pressure and acts or refuses to act out of fear; his fate and that of the university are in the hands of the politicians and he knows it. A more defiant character might stand up to his overlords, but to fight would take courage and might well mean defeat.

The result is a curious one. Many liberals teach in the university, and much imaginative work is done there. Intellectual ferment is in the air. The students are excited about politics, particularly the exasperating question of Puerto Rico's political status. Many of them are radicals. On the other hand, academic standards are low and academic discipline slack. During my stay I visited the Polytechnic Institute at San German, a Presbyterian college headed by an able American director, Dr. Jarvis S. Morris. The contrast was startling. Hard work and discipline were evident; a friendly atmosphere pervaded the place and the students seemed interested and alert, but the stimulation of political turmoil was wholly absent, as remote as in a denominational school in the States. Perhaps this is healthy. At any rate it is a fact that students dropped from the Polytechnic for low marks can go into the university. The Polytechnic is a small school, but it may serve as a yardstick with which to measure the academic level of the university.

Politics affects the university in tangible as well as intellectual ways. The buildings recently put up with federal funds are imposing and beautiful. But a desire for display seems to have outweighed good sense and planning. The new college theater is larger, more elaborately equipped, more elegant in detail than most of those on Broadway. The building is air-conditioned. The dressing-rooms would satisfy the most exacting movie star. The acoustics are perfect. Certainly no university in the United States that I know of can boast such a theater.

But the University of Puerto Rico has no funds for scenery. It cannot afford to turn on the air-conditioning or even to operate the lighting system. It has no drama department or money to spend on one; in fact, there is not even a dramatic club in the university. The theater stands there, empty and unused, as fantastic a demonstration of conspicuous waste as I have ever seen. It cost, by the way, about three-quarters of a million dollars. Meanwhile university salaries are low. The English department is housed in a one-story wooden structure that looks like temporary army barracks. The science department is inadequate.

Perhaps these and other equally apparent defects may be remedied later on. The rector and many of the teachers and students earnestly hope that their institution will become the long-discussed Pan-American University. If that is to happen, the men who directly or indirectly control appointments and the expenditure of funds will have to show a new interest in education and a new disinterest in politics. Nothing I saw or heard inclines me to expect any such revolutionary change.

Next week I shall add a few notes on the social and political situation in the island, especially on the remarkable campaign of Luis Muñoz Marin.

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The Laura Law Murder

BY HERBERT LUNDY

Portland, Oregon, March 11

LAURA LUOMA LAW was born in Finland in 1914, in a world at war. She died in January, 1940, at Aberdeen, Washington, while Soviet bombs dropped on her native Helsinki. Her death and the events surrounding it are rapidly becoming a *cause célèbre* in the Northwest.

Wife of an aggressive union organizer and herself active in C. I. O. affairs, Laura Law was the victim of an unknown assailant who entered her home on the night of January 5 and beat and stabbed her to death. The murder occurred just a month after a mob had wrecked the so-called Red Finn Hall at Aberdeen without interference from police. Authorities of Grays Harbor County and the city of Aberdeen failed to convict any of the raiders of the hall. And so far they have made no arrest in the Laura Law murder case.

The Congressional delegation of the state of Washington has asked for a federal investigation of the situation in Aberdeen. The Grays Harbor Civil Rights Committee, formed by Communists and labor leaders after Laura Law was killed, and Howard Costigan, secretary of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, have demanded federal intervention under the civil-rights statutes. They have presented affidavits and documents purporting to prove that there has been a "breakdown of law and order in Grays Harbor County" and that "inaction by the United States Department of Justice will lead to a fulfilment of the general call to vigilante action against organized labor in the entire West Coast lumber region and thus re-create the general abrogation of civil rights which followed the failure to guarantee civil rights in Centralia in 1919."

The Grays Harbor Civil Rights Committee does not have majority support from Oregon and Washington C. I. O. unions, although several have voted funds to aid its cause. Yet the Law case threatens to endanger labor contract renewals in the lumber industry this spring and is certain to be a factor in the Washington elections. For the labor and political excesses of Aberdeen and its sister city, Hoquiam, which go back many years, have produced a fresh crop of hatred and bitterness. Pretty twenty-six-year-old Laura Law may have been bludgeoned and stabbed to death by a mad tramp, by someone well known to her, or by a crackpot "patriot." No evidence that she was killed by vigilantes has yet been adduced. But whatever the truth of the matter, every day that passes without a solution of the crime makes worse the festering labor relations on the Pacific Coast. The Law murder case is no ordinary "who-done-it?"

Grays Harbor County is a plywood, lumber, and fishing center of southwestern Washington. From the beginning lumber has been king. Timber barons have made and lost fortunes there in virgin Douglas fir. And for years union organizers have used it as a proving ground; strikes and violence have been its heritage.

Thousands of Greeks, Finns, Austrians, and Swedes flocked to the mills and camps around the turn of the century, welcomed by the timber men who ruled the region's economic and social life. In 1912 the Industrial Workers of the World were strong enough to strike the Aberdeen and Hoquiam mills, where most of the workers were Greeks. The police smashed their picket lines, arrested scores, refused them trials by jury, fined them, and released them when the jails were filled. The mills reopened with "American" crews. Rioting spread, and the authorities called for militiamen. In Raymond, a neighboring town, a vigilante body of two hundred armed citizens tossed fifty Finns into an outbound steamer and loaded a hundred Greeks into box cars. Newspapers chuckled over the "bloodless victory."

In the years before the World War, I. W. W. agitators filtered into every logging camp and mill in the Northwest, fomenting job actions, slow-bell, and sabotage. But in 1917 patriotism and the army broke the back of the organization in the fir forests. Soldiers were marched into the woods to fill the government's demand for airplane stock. The army organized the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, the largest company union ever seen in the West, and the I. W. W. could not stand against it. The final blow was struck in Centralia in the bloody fight between legionnaires and wobblies. Through a change of venue the trial of the Centralia slayers was held in Montesano, county seat of Grays Harbor. Militiamen patrolled the streets.

With the coming of the NRA and later the NLRB, the American Federation of Labor moved into the Northwestern forests. Bill Hutcheson's Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners organized the sawmill and timber workers' union, which reached the peak of its power in Grays Harbor in the pre-C. I. O. years of 1934, 1935, and 1936. Strikes were called in lumber operations throughout the Northwest in 1935, and in the tenth week of the shut-down Governor Clarence D. Martin of Washington sent the National Guard into Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Everett, and Tacoma. The mayors of Aberdeen and Hoquiam and the Grays Harbor County sheriff had requested troops, and six mills opened behind the guardsmen's bayonets. Strike-breakers were stoned. Five hundred strikers met cold steel with rocks when soldiers broke through a cordon to rescue ten besieged comrades. A dynamite blast wrecked a store patronized by strike-breakers and soldiers. After bitter months of violence the union won wage and hour concessions from a staggering industry.

"Communist," "fascist," "red," and "red-baiter" became epithets frequently and loosely applied in Aberdeen. Three hundred pickets prevented William Dudley Pelley, Silver Shirt chief, from holding a rally. The Hoquiam residence of State Senator Frank L. Morgan, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, was bombed. Labor leaders and suspected Communists received threatening notes and telephone calls. The Communist movement gained converts in the unions and in the Finnish Workers' Federation. In 1937 Harold Pritchett of Vancouver, British Columbia, who rose to power with the aid of the Communists, carried more than 50,000 woodworkers into the C. I. O., and employers were caught in the nutcracker of a jurisdictional war without quarter. Strikes and boycotts were used for organizing purposes, and the "boss" was left holding the bag.

Pritchett has been fought doggedly in his own union, the International Woodworkers of America, by opponents who charge that he follows too closely the Communist Party line. For more than three years he has beaten all efforts to unseat him. His energetic aides in this fight, and in that against the employers, have been two Grays Harbor men, O. M. Orton, first vice-president of the I. W. A., and Dick Law, member of the executive board and organizer.

Law ran Pritchett's floor show at the Klamath Falls convention last year when the Canadian was accused of communism by delegates from the Columbia River district. He led a band of C. I. O. men into Aberdeen's leading hotel and ran two A. F. of L. organizers out of town. With other C. I. O. men he served warning on Abe Muir of San Francisco, vice-president of the Carpenters and Joiners, who had originally organized Northwestern lumber workers in the A. F. of L., and Muir left Aberdeen with a police escort. At every I. W. A. negotiation with employers in southwestern Washington Dick Law was in the forefront of the workers, and he was on hand to call nearly every strike. He made many enemies.

While Law was organizing lumberjacks, mill hands, and plywood and veneer workers, his Finnish-born wife, Laura, was organizing auxiliaries. She stirred many a convention by her lively speeches. With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nestor Luoma, she participated in the social and political life of the Finnish Workers' Federation, which has about two hundred members in Grays Harbor—many of them Communists, some of them members of C. I. O. unions.

There are two Finn halls in Aberdeen. One is the meeting place of the Kaleva Brotherhood, a fifty-year-old fraternal society of Western Finns with its grand lodge in Astoria, Oregon. It was built about 1900 and painted blue. The other is the hall of the Finnish Workers' Federation, which in recent years has been a political affiliate of the Washington Commonwealth Federation. This hall was built in 1906 and painted red, because red paint was cheap. It has always been called the Red Finn Hall to distinguish it from the Blue Finn Hall, and only recently has the name been identified with communism.

Finnish Communists in Grays Harbor were in a difficult position when the Soviet Union invaded Finland. But oddly enough, it was not the white Finns who vilified them most; it was their old 100-per-cent-American opponents on the other side of the labor fence. The raid on the Red Finn Hall on the night of December 2, three days after the Soviet troops crossed the Finnish border, would perhaps have passed as a spontaneous outburst of hatred for communism had local authorities dealt efficiently with the offenders. But the police did not stop the raid, and the only two suspects arrested were found not guilty by a jury that deliberated twenty minutes.

A regular weekly dance at the Red Finn Hall had been planned for the night of December 2 by the women of the federation, but it was canceled when white Finns and others called a mass-meeting in the Blue Finn Hall for the same evening to raise funds for Finnish relief. The Aberdeen *World* for that day reported: "A. F. of L. union members and World War veterans this afternoon were said to be planning to picket the Grays Harbor Communist 'Victory' dance tonight at the Workers' Hall . . . in protest against 'communism and the ruthless aggression of Soviet Russia on Finland.' . . . Those planning to picket the Workers' Hall will gather in front of the Oregon-Washington district A. F. of L. sawmill-union hall at 7:45, it was said. A leader will be chosen and the march will begin with the American flag at the head."

There was no march of "pickets" because there was no dance, but a crowd of men and high-school boys gathered in front of the hall about eight o'clock. Muttered threats grew louder. A rock smashed through a window. The mob rushed the darkened three-story structure, battered down the doors, and streamed inside. Anton Alho, the janitor, alone in the hall, fled through a rear door. He said afterward that he stumbled into the arms of a police officer who appeared reluctant to let him go without a thorough search. As soon as he was released he ran to the police station and reported the raid.

Aberdeen patrol cars are equipped with two-way radio communication and the hall is only a few blocks from the station, but by the time the police arrived, the raiders had gone and only a crowd of onlookers stood about. The mob had left the interior of the hall a mass of wreckage. Large framed pictures of President Roosevelt, Joseph Stalin, and Earl Browder had been burned or carried away. The usually reliable Associated Press sent the following report from Aberdeen: "A mob of 400 to 500 persons Saturday night rushed a group of some thirty dancing Communists at a 'Workers' Hall' here, wrecked the interior of the structure, ripped floors and walls, and burned pictures of Joseph Stalin and Earl Browder in the street." A few hours after the raid missiles were thrown through windows of the A. F. of L. sawmill-union headquarters and the residence of Harry Tucker, the anti-Pritchett conservative president of the I. W. A. local.

Though flashlight pictures were taken during the attack and many onlookers were still there when the police finally arrived, none of the raiders were identified. Dick Law and his faction in the C. I. O. stridently demanded police action and started gathering evidence. Law declared later that Mrs. Law helped him and received threats against her life.

Mrs. Luoma came home from a theater the night of January 5 and found the body of her daughter, Laura Law, sprawled on a davenport. Her skull had been fractured in five places by powerful blows of a blunt instrument. Two post-mortem examinations showed that the slayer, after smashing her head, had thrust a stiletto-like weapon, probably an ice-pick, seven times into her left breast around the heart. The house had been ransacked. Papers had been strewn about, drawers emptied on to beds, and boxes opened. But the search had not been thorough, and nothing has been proved to be missing.

Dick Law charges that since his wife's murder the police have been interested only in "making [him] the principal suspect." Yet from a detective's point of view some questioning of Law has been justified, especially in view of the fact that he once served a term in Oregon State Prison for robbery. Fellow union members have accounted for his time on the night his wife was slain, but have refused to make further statements. Special Prosecutor Paul O. Manley, who is ambitious to go to Congress, held a coroner's inquest that resembled a trial. Testimony bearing on alleged extra-marital relations of Law's promptly resulted in a slander suit. Long discussions of "class warfare" and vague references to threats against union men brought a solution of the killing of Laura Law no nearer. The inquest was recessed after four days. It has not been reconvened.

Why Finland Lost

BY ROBERT DELL

THE sudden end of the Russian-Finnish war reveals more sharply than ever the extent to which the Soviet Union has been guilty of aggression. The U. S. S. R. stands convicted under the terms of the Convention for the Definition of Aggression which it concluded in London on July 3, 1933, with various other powers immediately adjacent to it, and even more strikingly under its treaty of non-aggression with Finland, signed on January 21, 1932. This treaty provided, among other things, that the contracting parties must submit any disputes between them to a procedure of conciliation before a joint Conciliation Committee, which was set up on April 22, 1932, "and particularly the question whether the mutual undertaking of non-aggression has or has not been violated." On November 28, 1939, the Soviet government denounced this treaty, which it had no right to denounce before December 31, 1945, on the ground that it had been "systematically violated by the Finnish government" and refused to submit the question to conciliation or arbitration. Incidentally the Russian aggression invalidates all the bilateral pacts concluded by the U. S. S. R. with other countries, except that with Germany, for they all contain the famous "escape" clause.

To pick a quarrel with Finland the Soviet government imitated the tactics of the Japanese in the Manchurian affair. It first faked an "incident" and then set up a puppet government. In his telegram of December 5, 1939, to the Secretary General of the League of Nations, in which he refused on behalf of his government to be represented at the sessions of the Council and Assembly of the League convened to deal with the Finnish appeal, Molotov said:

> The U. S. S. R. is not at war with Finland and does not threaten the Finnish nation with war. Consequently, reference to Article 2, paragraph 1 is unjustified. The Soviet Union maintains peaceful relations with the Democratic Republic of Finland, whose government signed with the U. S. S. R. on December 2 a Pact of Assistance and Friendship. This pact settled the questions which the Soviet government had fruitlessly discussed with delegates of the former Finnish government

> now divested of its power. By its declaration of December 1 the government of the Democratic Repubic of Finland requested the Soviet government to lend assistance to that republic by armed forces with a view to the joint liquidation at the earliest possible moment of the very dangerous seat of war created in Finland by its former rulers.

The bad faith of this statement is equaled by its impudence. Stalin has now put on the scrap heap both the "Democratic Republic of Finland" and the pact that the Soviet government signed with it on December 2.

In its memorandum of October 14 the Soviet government alleged that its aims were to secure the safety of Leningrad and become satisfied that "Finland will have firm, friendly relations with the Soviet Union." The peace terms that Stalin has now imposed on the unhappy Finnish nation show that this was as false as all the other declarations of the Soviet government throughout the affair. The terms of peace deprive Finland of its independence and make it a vassal state of Russia. They go far beyond what the Soviet government demanded in October. In the memorandum of October 14 the Soviet government demanded that Finland should cede to the Soviet Union, in exchange for other areas, the following territories: the islands of Suursaari, Lavansaari, Tytarsaari, and Koivisto, part of the Isthmus of Karelia from the village of Lippola to the southern border of the town of Koivisto, and the western parts of the Kalastajasaarento. By the peace treaty Russia annexes the whole of the Karelian Isthmus, with the city of Viipuri, the whole of Viipuri Bay with its islands, the territory west and north of Lake Ladoga, including the cities of Kaekisalmi and Sortavala, the territory east of Maerkaejaervi and Kuolajaervi, and a number of islands in the Gulf of Finland. Finland gets nothing in exchange.

In the memorandum of October 14 the Soviet government made no demand at all concerning the Pestamo area. Article 5 of the peace treaty, as broadcast from Moscow on March 13, imposes severe maritime restrictions at Petsamo. Article 6 of the treaty gives Soviet Russia and its citizens the right of free transit through the Petsamo region into Norway and back and provides that goods from Soviet Russia to Norway or from Norway to Russia are to be sent through Petsamo free from control and transit duties.

The worst articles in the peace treaty are the third and seventh. By Article 3 both countries undertake not to "conclude any alliance or participate in coalitions" directed against the other signatory. Article 7 reads:

> Finland agrees to grant access across the territory between Russia and Sweden, via the shortest route, for a new railway to be built jointly by both countries, possibly in 1940, between Kandalaksha and Kemijaervi.

Some people have suggested that Article 7 indicates an intention on Stalin's part to attack Sweden, but in my opinion this is a mistake. A Soviet attack on Sweden would bring Russia into conflict with Germany, and there can be little doubt that in the agreement made between Germany and Russia last August Scandinavia was recognized as a German sphere of influence. The aim of this article is to give Russia control of Finland.

Article 3 makes Finland defenseless and puts it at the mercy of Russia. Stalin will be able, if he pleases, to declare that any defensive alliance or pact of mutual assistance concluded by Finland with other countries is directed against Russia and make it an excuse for another attack on Finland, just as Hitler made the Franco-Soviet pact an excuse for sending his troops into the demilitarized zone. Provisions similar to that of Article 3 are contained in the Russian agreements with the Baltic states, but, with those exceptions, they are probably unprecedented in any treaty. They are quite incompatible, as indeed is the treaty as a whole, with Molotov's declarations in his speech broadcast on November 29, 1939, that the Soviet government had no intention of taking and annexing Finnish territory, or of infringing the independence of Finland, or of interfering in its domestic and foreign affairs. "We regard Finland," he said, "whatever may be the regime in existence there, as an independent state. . . . We are anxious that the Finnish people should itself decide its internal and external affairs as it thinks best."

The subjection of Finland to Russian domination is a great victory for Hitler and a severe blow to the Allies, and one for which the British government has a heavy responsibility. Not, however, the French government. It is now known that the French government and the French General Staff wished to send military aid to Finland in December, but the British government refused to agree until February 5. The reason of the refusal was undoubtedly a desire to avoid at all costs being involved in a war with Russia. The attitude of the British government toward Russia has become more friendly since Stalin sacrificed communism to power politics, for the excellent reason that there is no longer a "Communist danger" in Europe; Stalin has ruined communism in every European country outside Russia. Winston Churchill apologized in a broadcast speech on October 1, 1939, for Russia's participation in the partition of Poland, and Neville Chamberlain told the House of Commons that Russia had gone into Poland in self-defense. He was mistaken, but it is significant that he made the statement.

In his statement to the House of Commons on March 13 Chamberlain did not utter a word of condemnation of Russia. The British government has undoubtedly been cherishing the hope that it could detach Russia from Germany, which in my opinion is an illusion. Stalin cannot quarrel with Hitler while the present war lasts. The British government did not wish the Finns to fight and hoped they would come to terms with Stalin.

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Anybody reading between the lines of Daladier's speech in the French Chamber on March 12 will conclude that he bitterly resented the opposition of the British government to military intervention in Finland. It was equally clear that he resented the attitude of the Swedish and Norwegian governments, which have the greatest responsibility for the Russian victory over Finland. They may live to regret it. According to information that I have received from a Swedish friend who has recently been in Sweden, the majority of the Swedish people, in particular the parties of the left, wished to give military aid to Finland and to allow Allied troops to cross Swedish territory for that purpose. They believed that Germany would probably attack Sweden in any case before the present war ends. On the other side were the conservative upper classes, who have always been pro-German—big business and finance, the same sort of people as the supporters of the "policy of appeasement" in England and France. The Swedish capitalists wanted to go on selling iron ore and munitions to Germany. The leading munitions maker in Sweden went to Berlin to ask for Hitler's aid in making peace between Russia and Finland.

It is difficult to understand why the Allied governments insisted that the Finns should publicly ask for military aid. The resolution unanimously adopted by the League Assembly at Geneva on December 14 enabled them to demand a passage for their troops through Sweden and Norway under Article 16 of the League Covenant. The Finns dared not ask for it because they were intimidated by the Swedish and German governments. Besides, the offer of military aid came very late. If the Allied governments had offered it, as the French government desired, at an earlier date, Swedish resistance to the move might have been overcome and Finland might have been saved. As it is, Scandinavia passes under German control and Finland under the control of the Soviet Union.

A "Wagner Act" for Employers

BY ARTHUR A. MICHAEL

Washington, March 12

IF THE present assault on the National Labor Relations Act succeeds, as seems more than likely, labor will not be long in coming to the realization that it has lost more than the act gave it. What purports to be a movement for the suppression of imperfections in the law actually cloaks a powerful drive for the suppression of rights which labor had painfully won many years before the act was passed. The Wagner Act may yet be subjected to so effective and ironical a transformation that, as in the case of the Sherman Act, those who were thought to be its beneficiaries will come to regret that it ever saw the light of legislative day.

No longer do the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Industrial Council, and their associates call for the repeal of the act; that campaign has been dropped. Lammot du Pont, Tom Girdler, Ernest T. Weir, and the other powerful magnates who govern modern industry's labor relations through the revitalized N. A. M. have concluded not only that the "repeal" campaign was crude salesmanship but that its objectives were too narrow. Repeal would merely withdraw from labor such benefits as the act bestowed, whereas judicious amendment of the act not only can nullify these benefits but forge in addition powerful restraints with which to bind labor. In Wisconsin and Pennsylvania this strategy was tested last year on "little Wagner acts," and the results were highly gratifying. Accordingly, the password in Washington now is, "By all means keep the act—but *perfect* it."

When Representative Howard W. Smith tossed into the House hopper H. R. 8813, embodying the recommendations of a majority of his committee for amendments to the act, the first step was taken to effectuate this twofold program for clipping the wings and removing the claws of an advancing labor movement. It must be understood that the Smith proposals, sweeping as they are, were designed to achieve merely the objectives of the *first stage* of the amendment program, the sterilization of the Wagner Act.

FIRST STAGE: STERILIZE THE ACT

Since it is contended that the Smith amendments are necessitated by the present board's "shockingly inadequate" procedure, it may be well first to recall that in the Jones and Laughlin decision the Supreme Court, even before it was "reconstituted a New Deal Court," carefully reviewed the act's procedural requirements and found nothing lacking. Chief Justice Hughes stated:

> The act establishes standards to which the board must conform. There must be complaint, notice, and hearing. The board must receive evidence and make findings. The findings as to the facts are to be conclusive, but only if supported by evidence. The order of the board is subject to review by the designated court, and only when sustained by the court may the order be enforced.

> Upon that review all questions of the jurisdiction of the board and the regularity of its proceedings, all questions of constitutional right or statutory authority, are open to examination by the court. We construe the procedural provisions as affording adequate opportunity to secure judicial protection against arbitrary action. . . .

Despite the fact that they are generally referred to as procedural, many of the proposed amendments are not procedural at all, but pierce to the very core of the act. Changing the definition of "employee" so as to bar from the protection of the act any worker who is shown to have engaged in "violence" is a substantive, not a procedural, change, the effect of which would be to reward employers who succeed in provoking union-minded employees into fist fights or scuffles. Similarly, the redefining of "agricultural labor" so as to eliminate from the act's coverage thousands of workers engaged in processing agricultural products could be considered "procedural" only by Mr. Smith and the Associated Farmers.

Other proposals of the Smith committee are even more fundamental. The stipulation that employers need not submit counter-proposals in the process of collective bargaining tears out the very heart of the bargaining provisions and reduces the expression "bargaining in good faith" to a hollow phrase, a fact which even the courts have recognized and affirmed. Permission to employers to express to employees "opinions" respecting union matters, "provided that such expressions of opinion are not accompanied by acts of coercion, intimidation, discrimination, or threats thereof," opens wide the door to the very employer interference with the self-organization of employees which the act was designed to eliminate. The board's decided cases are replete with instances of employer expressions of "opinion" which were unaccompanied by *acts* of coercion or threats thereof but were themselves highly coercive and intimidating in the circumstances under which they were uttered. Constitutional guaranties of free speech do not have to be written into statutes; they are protected by organic law. Under the act as it now stands, should the board attempt to prohibit employer expressions of opinion without substantial evidence in the record that the expressions were coercive, the courts would gladly refuse to enforce the board's order, which would be ineffectual.

Among the other proposals of the Smith bill, some of which are actually procedural, there is not one which would not endanger, to a greater or lesser degree, the effective operation of the act. Splitting the present board into a divided agency composed of an administrator and a "labor court," subject to no unified control, would at the least invite a return of the very confusion and impotence which characterized the administration of Section 7-a of the NIRA. The House Labor Committee in 1935 urged creation of the present board precisely "to dispel the confusion resulting from dispersion of authority and to establish a single paramount administrative or quasi-judicial authority in connection with the development of the federal American law regarding collective bargaining." Making it mandatory for the board to hold an election whenever an employer files a petition alleging that two unions claim to represent his employees would place it in the power of employers to force a vote at a time when a union had just commenced organizing and was sure to suffer a defeat.

The so-called Garrison proposal, which would deprive the board of jurisdiction in cases where conflicting unions were unable to agree on the appropriate unit, would free the board of troublesome A. F. of L. and C. I. O. controversies, but on the whole it would seem calculated to promote industrial strife rather than lessen it. Since it would free employers from bargaining with any union when there is a dispute, A. F. of L. or C. I. O. unions would doubtless seek to intervene and thus thwart collective bargaining whenever their rivals were about to achieve organization of a plant. The provision to limit the appropriate bargaining unit in all cases to the largest requested by the employees might well serve to destroy the industry-wide or association-wide collective agreement which has brought relative industrial peace to such great segments of labor as the men and women's garment industry and the Appalachian coal industry.

Most crippling of all would be the effect of the proposed rules for the admission and weighing of evidence in board proceedings, and for the judicial review of board orders. The former would gravely hamper the board in the ascertainment of the truth by sacrificing substance to legalistic form; the latter, through the provision that courts may set aside board orders that are "clearly erroneous," would constitute a plain invitation to federal courts to substitute their judgments for those of the board; they do this now without invitation, despite the admonitions of the Supreme Court.

There are lesser but nevertheless substantial changes which cannot be considered here for lack of space; but two other aspects of the Smith bill deserve mention because they have been generally overlooked: the proposed new subpoena rules, which would enable employers to intimidate workers and union officials by scattering about sweepingly worded subpoenas; and the strange way in which Section 13 of the present act has quite disappeared from sight. Section 13 reads, "Nothing in this act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike." No two lines in the present law could be omitted with more devastating effect. However, since the Smith report did not even mention this vital omission, perhaps it ought charitably to be attributed to careless draftsmanship, which the committee will eventually rectify.

Representative Smith himself has taken pains to point out that his bill by no means represents the final step in the amending program. H. R. 8813, he announces, is "designed to meet only the most pressing needs disclosed by the inquiry, which is to be continued." The amendments which are still to come are intended to achieve the objectives of the second stage—the transformation of the act into an effective instrument for *shackling* organized labor. The outlines of this assault upon the act are already adumbrated in a host of proposed amendments which are being vigorously pushed to the fore.

SECOND STAGE: BALANCE THE ACT

The most frequently urged and most significant of these second-stage amendments are those which seek to "equalize" or "balance" the act. These proposals are invariably prefaced by a disarming and moving plea for equality and fair play. The act is at present palpably unfair, it is asserted, because it is "one-sided"; it limits the privileges and increases the obligations of employers, while it imposes neither restraints nor obligations upon employees and trade unions. This is a telling argument, for inbred in every American is the conviction that fair play requires identity of rules for both sides in any contest—what's fair for Harvard is fair for Yale. But in drawing an analogy between social legislation and football one may overlook the fact that the objective of social legislation is precisely the correction of existing unfairness, the restoration of social balance where unbalance exists. It is not usually argued that the workmen's-compensation law is "unfair" because it confers benefits on the workers but obligations on the employers, that the Securities and Exchange Act is unfair because it confers benefits on investors but obligations on securities vendors, that the Interstate Commerce Commission Act is unfair because it regulates the railroads without regulating the public. Yet the National Labor Relations Act is charged with gross unfairness because it prohibits an employer from interfering with organization on the part of his employees while it does not impose restrictions or obligations on employees or unions.

What is overlooked is the fact that the Wagner Act is not a code designed to govern the entire field of employer-employee relations. It has only one function—to protect employees in their right to organize and bargain collectively.

Though it prohibits interference with employee organization, the National Labor Relations Act leaves untouched the employers' complete dominion over his employees. In the process of collective bargaining the employer is not obliged by the act to concede or refuse a thing, or to reach any agreement whatever. If a deadlock occurs, the act leaves untouched the ensuing test of economic strength. All that is affirmatively required is that there be bona fide collective bargaining and no attempt by employers to interfere with the employees' right to organize; so that employees, may, if they wish, seek to achieve by bargaining as a group what Holmes once described as "the equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins."

What is most noteworthy about these second-stage proposals, which claim to be schemes newly evolved to offset the "one-sidedness" of the act, is that they cloak anti-labor proposals conceived long ago and unsuccessfully urged for years by groups fully recognized as partisan. Most of them are storehouses of dynamite screened by a gentle and "what-could-be-fairer" façade. Consider the most frequently urged of the "balancing" amendments, the proposal that employees shall have the right to organize without interference or coercion *"from any source."* Vigorous attempts to protect employees against coercion from *"any source,"* as well as from the employer, were made by anti-labor forces, including the National Association of Manufacturers, back in 1932, 1933, and 1934, before the Wagner Act was ever proposed, and again in 1935 when the act was pending before Congress. The suggestion was flatly rejected by both houses, the Senate committee stating:

> This erroneously conceived mutuality agreement is that since employers are to be prohibited from interfering with the organization of workers, employees and labor organizations should also be prohibited from engaging in such activities. To say that employees and labor organizations should be no more active than employers in the organization of employees is untenable; this would defeat the very object of the bill.

The House committee added forcefully:

> What is really sought is a legal strait-jacket upon labor organizations, on the specious theory that such organizations have no more legitimate concern in the organization of employees than have employers themselves.

Despite this definitive Congressional repudiation before the act was passed, the proposal is now being vigorously pushed under the pretense of "balancing" the act, and may receive far different treatment in a House which authorized the Smith investigation by an overwhelming vote. Smith himself, protesting coyly that he must not be thought to have "prejudged" the issues, recently stated that Congress must "so amend the law . . . that the laboring man himself, whom it is the object of the act to protect, can be free to act without fear of coercion . . . *from any source."*

No one has yet defined with precision the scope of the "coercion" from which employees would be protected by such amendments. If actual or threatened violence is contemplated, then hundreds of jail sentences meted out each year testify that existing penal statutes amply punish employees and union representatives for actual or imagined "coercion" of a physical character. Employers, on the other hand, for their "coercion" under the act face merely a "cease and desist" order from the board, which must be obeyed only after approved by a federal court. The term "coercion," moreover, as used in the law, is possessed of elastic qualities which for hundreds of years have made it a highly effective tool for crippling legitimate labor activities. To some judges in labor disputes a single picket, even absolute silence, may constitute "coercion." Hearken to New Jersey's notorious chancery judge, Maja Leon Berry, issuing an injunction against a union:

> A single sentinel constantly parading in front of a place of employment may be just as effective in striking terror to the souls of employees bound there by their duty as was the swinging pendulum in Poe's famous story "The Pit and the Pendulum" to the victim chained in its ultimate path. In fact, silence is sometimes more striking than the loud mouthings of the mob.

Just as the "coercion from any source" type of amendment would "balance" the act by crippling the organizational activities of unions, other proposals advanced to "balance" the act would impose, under one euphemistic slogan or another, serious restraints on the right of labor to strike. One such proposal has recently come into great favor because of the way it is working out in Wisconsin, where it was adopted last year as an amendment to Wisconsin's state "Wagner Act." This amendment makes it an unfair labor practice for employees to participate in a strike unless a majority of the employees in a collective-bargaining unit have voted by secret ballot to call a strike. The seeming reasonableness of the proposal, which will win it the commendation of many fair-minded people, conceals nothing less than the virtual outlawing of the organizational strike. A union which has 490 members out of 1,000 employees in a plant cannot strike despite the refusal of the employer to bargain with it or to adjust legitimate grievances, even if every member of the union favors such a strike. And if the union is successful in inducing a majority of all the employees in a unit to support a strike, its every move and plan will become an open book to the employer as the result of the procedure prescribed.

In addition to the various proposals designed to prohibit or restrict strikes, numerous suggestions have been advanced, always on the same pretext of "balancing" the act, to regulate the time when, and the procedure by which, strikes may be called. Such proposals run a wide gamut, but many of them incorporate "cooling" and mediation features. Amendments of this type obviously have for their purpose to impede successful organizational strikes by the imposition of procedural hardships and delay. The difficulty of maintaining employee morale at an effective pitch over an extended period of time and the inability to utilize strategic timing in the calling of strikes have long been recognized by employers and labor leaders as fatal to success. The abuse of preliminary injunctions by intransigent employers seeking to strangle strikes through delay was one of the principal factors necessitating enactment of anti-injunction laws in labor disputes.

Representative Smith is known to favor a proposal for compulsory mediation and a "cooling" period as conditions precedent to the right to strike, provisions "similar to those of the Railway Labor Act." The menace inherent in this proposal is scarcely veiled by the reference to the Railway Act. In the railway industry, as Senator Wagner has pointed out,, organizational strikes are practically unknown, union organization and authentic collective bargaining have been firmly established for so many years that the situation is not at all comparable to that in industries in which employees must strike to procure recognition of such rights. Moreover, it is noteworthy that these various proposals to apply the "cooling" feature of the Railway Labor Act to labor in general have not been accompanied by offers to invoke the drastic criminal penalties and other severe restrictions which that act imposes upon employers.

Euphemistically labeled as "guaranties of union responsibility," another group of proposals seek to impose regulations on the internal operations of trade unions. These would require publication of union finances, constitutions, and lists of members and officers, regulate eligibility to union office, and forbid political contributions by unions. The weighty objections to all these bright ideas, which have been often and clearly established when they were urged frankly as anti-union measures, lose none of their force when such proposals are advanced as amendments to "balance" the act. Although thousands of "cease and desist" orders demonstrate that some employers are sufficiently irresponsible to violate the law of the land, and though there is conclusive proof that associations of employers have instigated open defiance of it, no one has ventured to suggest an amendment to regulate the machinery utilized by employers' associations or corporations in their labor relations.

The often-repeated argument that unions should in fairness be prohibited from making political contributions because corporations are prohibited from making them is ironic in the light of the La Follette committee report demonstrating how effectively corporate employers have circumvented this restriction through contributions to the war chests of their powerful employers' associations. And more important, the attempted analogy between corporations, which are chartered by the state for commercial purposes, and unions, which are voluntary, non-profit associations formed specifically to promote the welfare of their members, is entirely misleading. Farmers' organizations and other voluntary associations are not forbidden to make political contributions. If any sound reasons exist why labor unions should be thus singled out, they have not yet been advanced.

Limitations of space prevent analysis of other subtle

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and disingenuous suggestions now being urged in the name of "balancing" the act, suggestions which, like those already discussed, would achieve results sought by anti-labor groups for decades. Prominent among these are proposals to prohibit or restrict all-union shop contracts, to impose on the Labor Board the duty of enforcing collective-bargaining contracts, and to establish a varied list of unfair labor practices for employees and labor unions, violation of which the board would be empowered to punish in some instances by a "death sentence" prohibiting a union from collecting any further dues or assessments. Even this last proposal is advanced in the name of "fair play," although a fair balance would conceivably involve a grant of power to the board to order a corporation guilty of an unfair labor practice to surrender its charter or cease business; at present it merely issues to the employer an order, ineffectual without court approval, to "cease and desist" from the prohibited activity.

Underlying the contentions for the necessity of amendments affecting the procedure and powers of the board is the unceasing cry that the board is biased. Employer assertions that the board suffers from an "overweening" partiality for labor are scarcely surprising, but the statement that an employer "knows before he goes before the board that there is no record of a single decision where he has had a ghost of a show" is reduced to absurdity by the figures. Of a total of 21,789 cases closed by the board since it began to function, 10,907 cases were closed by agreement of the parties, 3,262 cases were *dismissed* by the board, and 5,844 were withdrawn to *avoid dismissal.*

Strategy may impel the forces behind the drive for amendment to accept modest gains at the present session of Congress. But once the act has been opened up, there will be no stopping short of a complete transformation of the act and its purposes. For the working people of the country that can spell only disaster.

Canada's Strategic Election

BY T. E. WOOD

Toronto, March 13

ON JANUARY 25 last the Canadian Parliament convened for its first session since the outbreak of the war. The session opened with proper decorum. The Governor General read the speech from the throne. "My advisers," he concluded, "having regard to the existing conditions and the stage of life of the present Parliament, have decided upon an immediate appeal to the country."

But not until Premier Mackenzie King himself informed the House that the session was to be prorogued that very afternoon and that the election would be held some time in March did the incredulous members comprehend what was afoot. In vain the opposition leaders rose to protest. R. J. Manion, leader of the Conservatives, and J. S. Woodsworth, leader of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation fraction—generally polar opposites in their politics—were at one in condemning the government: The government was running away from parliament; its action was a negation of the fundamental principles of democracy; dissolution was "a piece of unscrupulous trickery designed to win a decision for the government on a snap verdict." But it was all in vain. That evening the lights were turned out in the House of Commons, and there was nought for the malcontents to do but return to their constituencies, nursing their wrath to keep it warm. The election was set for March 26.

If Premier King and his ministers suffered any qualms over their actions, they did not show it. They insisted, on the contrary, that their decision to dissolve Parliament had been prompted by the best of democratic intentions. Just one week prior to the short-lived session Premier Hepburn of Ontario had jammed a motion through the provincial legislature censuring the federal administration for ineptness in the conduct of the war. In the face of such a motion, jointly indorsed by the Liberal and Conservative parties of Canada's largest province, an immediate general election was obligatory for any honest government. This, at least, was the Liberal explanation.

The opponents of the Liberals charge that Hepburn's motion of censure is at the best a paltry excuse. There are a number of excellent reasons why the Liberals should have avoided a parliamentary session before appealing to the country, and these reasons must have occurred to the astute politicians of the Cabinet as well as to the leaders of the opposition. First of all there was the ubiquitous bogy of political patronage in the War Department. It was known that the opposition was preparing some highly embarrassing questions on the subject. The contract for the manufacture of Bren machine-guns which the government let three years ago was still on the books for discussion. So flagrantly unethical was the Bren contract that the staunchly liberal Winnipeg *Free Press* felt constrained to demand a review of every contract which had been signed by the incumbent Ministry. Members of the government hotly defended the contract, but they were clearly made uncomfortable. The two principals in charge of the Defense Department were shifted elsewhere as soon as the war broke out—an admission of maladministration. The fact that both were appointed to other positions is merely additional evidence of Premier King's often irrational loyalty to his colleagues.

The Bren gun contract has since been supplemented by other charges of political patronage. The *Financial Post* of Toronto, acting entirely on its own and without access to the most essential government files, has succeeded in unearthing a number of deals which—to put it mildly—smack of impropriety. Perhaps the most glaring example is the case of a Belleville firm which with a capital of $10,300 succeeded in obtaining defense contracts to the amount of $1,200,000. The firm, it might be added, is controlled by a Liberal M. P. So aroused was the government over the *Post's* disclosures that Acting Minister of Defense Rogers decided to deprive it of all access to departmental information.

Then, again, had the Liberal Party continued with the session, it would have been compelled to reduce its budget, the swollen figures of which would have been sufficient to make even the staunchest patriot swallow hard. According to Finance Minister Ralston, at least $500,000,000 will be required to finance the war for the coming fiscal year (beginning March 31), the equivalent of the entire annual peace-time expenditure. (In contrast with this figure the cost of the last war was only $60,800,000 in the first year, and even in 1918 it stood at the relatively modest figure of $343,800,000. If the war continues for two or three years, Canada, in company with every other belligerent, faces the certain prospect of utter financial collapse.) Taxation of the consumer has already reached an inordinately high level. A $1,000,000,000 budget—with all that it involves in increased taxation—could scarcely be considered a politically advantageous accomplishment.

The Liberal ministers, moreover, were unquestionably concerned about French Canada. Quebec is the traditional stronghold of the Liberal Party; the federal Liberals today occupy no fewer than sixty of the sixty-five provincial seats. But Quebec is coincidentally a hotbed of isolationist and anti-imperialist sentiment. The defeat of Duplessis in the provincial election of last October has been widely misconstrued as a demonstration of pro-war sentiment. In reality, the French Canadians voted for the Liberals because they believed that this was the most effective way of protecting themselves against conscription.

Premier King has given his word that his government will not introduce conscription. But as the influential Toronto weekly *Saturday Night* dryly points out, neither King nor Manion would hesitate to introduce compulsory service if the military situation became sufficiently urgent. French Canada will be antagonized by the war budget and increased taxation. Its affection for the Liberal Party will scarcely be enhanced by the outbreak of large-scale hostilities. And conscription would be the final straw. It was this that Premier King had in mind when he said in his initial radio speech: "I believed that it [the election] ought, if possible, to be over before the spring offensive."

Such were the motives which impelled the Liberals to avoid a parliamentary session before they presented themselves for reelection. The unprecedented speed with which they dissolved Parliament has been a trump card in the hands of the opposition. Apart from this trump, however, the opposition holds little that will be of any use. It was probably this desperate lack which induced Manion to try the trick of "National Government."

Political cryptographers are still trying to decipher just what Dr. Manion means by National Government. Premier King has informed the country that neither he nor any of his ministers would be party to such a government; Manion has returned the compliment by informing his opponents that they would not in any case be invited. The field left open to Dr. Manion includes the C. C. F., the Hepburn Liberals, the Social Credit Party, and the New Democracy movement. Sober opinion holds that by National Government Manion means nothing more than government by the Conservative Party. Be that as it may, nothing has done so much to bedevil the following of the Conservative Party as this *ignis fatuus* of Dr. Manion's.

For the average citizen the issues of preparedness and war effort must remain a welter of accusations and counter-accusations. Manion insists that the First Division departed for Europe without complete equipment. Defense Minister Rogers lists the number of cannon and machine-guns that it took along. Manion retorts that the field guns were all of 1918 vintage and the machine-guns were due to be replaced. Manion accuses the Liberals of sabotaging Canada's military preparations during their years in office. The Liberals accuse ex-Premier Bennett of neglecting Canada's defenses during his period of power (1930-35). The Conservatives say that Canada provoked the war by refusing to announce solidarity with Britain during the Munich crisis. Premier King blandly replies that his position has always been that the question of war or peace was for Parliament to decide.

The support of Mitchell Hepburn, Premier of Ontario, is scarcely welcomed by the Conservatives. Hepburn, who can be as tempestuous and irascible as a spoiled child—his worst exhibitions have been characterized by downright boorishness—has a rare faculty for compromising himself and his friends. At the beginning of the campaign Hepburn announced that he intended to remain neutral. Today most Conservatives fervently wish that he had kept his word. His motion of censure in the

Ontario Parliament, his decision to ban the showing of the March of Time film "Canada at War," his ill-considered criticisms of the War Department have militated against the Conservatives despite his current pretense of neutrality.

The Conservative Party might have made a much better case for itself had it taken a consistent stand for democracy. Its vehement protests about the "scuttling" of Parliament were prompted by little more than a partisan desire to get at the government files so that it could prove its charges of patronage. It has been left for Mr. Woodsworth of the C. C. F. to point out that for the first seven months of the war there have been two brief sessions of Parliament which altogether covered less than a week's time; that Parliament did not pass on the Defense of Canada Regulations, did not decide to send an expeditionary force, did not decide to make Canada the arsenal of the empire, did not decide on the empire air-training scheme. The one thing that Parliament did pass on was the declaration of war—and even here the decision was anticipated by the speech from the throne, which spoke of "the state of war which now exists. . . ." And Premier King was the man who said, "Parliament will decide"!

The Conservatives have protested, justly, against the censoring of their radio speeches. But here again their democratic protestations indicate precious little altruism. The radio censorship is but a minor phase of the war dictatorship under which Canada has been living these last months. The Defense of Canada Regulations have already achieved an international notoriety; so stringent are they that in comparison the British War Regulations would pass as a Bill of Rights. The Conservatives might have taken advantage of the widespread discontent with the War Regulations; instead they seem to consider them a part of the inevitable order of things. The task of the opposition has again fallen on the shoulders of the tiny C. C. F. group.

At the time of writing the consensus of expert opinion points to another victory for the Liberals. They have the advantage of incumbency in office, they have a far abler group of political propagandists, they have apparently won the backing of the money barons, and to cap it all they have the leadership of William Lyon Mackenzie King, whose masterly opportunism has made him Prime Minister of Canada for fourteen out of the last twenty years. In the present House the Liberals have a majority of 176 out of 245; the Conservatives have 39 seats, Social Credit 15, and the C. C. F. 7. Whether the Liberals will be able to retain their tremendous majority not even the experts can say.

Whichever of the two major parties wins, it will make little actual difference to the people of Canada. The disagreements between them are confined to monstrously exaggerated bickerings over political patronage, military expenditures in the years 1930-38, the quality of Canada's war effort, and the like. The basic issues of democracy, parliamentary rights, and war aims and the still important question of unemployment play a small part in their propaganda. As for the C. C. F., which has at least concerned itself with these issues, its little group is still a voice crying in the wilderness.

In the Wind

HOLLYWOOD ACTORS and writers, organizing to defend themselves against the coming Dies "exposé," have been coldly rebuffed by William Green. To their plea for support Green replied with a vigorous rebuke. He assured them that Dies was no menace to anyone "except Communists," and that the Dies committee deserved "co-operation" not "hindrance."

WHEN THE French film "The Baker's Wife" opened here, the proceeds of the first performance were turned over to Le Paquet au Front, an organization raising funds for packages for French soldiers. The film is based on a novel by Jean Giono—who is in a French jail for opposing the war.

IN *THE NATION* several weeks ago Henry Kranz, short-wave monitor for CBS, wrote that the German short-wave radio propagandists suffered from a fatal lack of humor. Shortly afterward, as Kranz was at his listening post, he heard the "week-end poet," one of the Nazi broadcasters, angrily attacking Kranz and *The Nation* for his article and asserting that Americans have no sense of humor.

A BITTER ATTACK on "Russian bombardments" of "defenseless objectives" appeared on January 25 in the Madrid newspaper *ABC*. . . . *Facts in Review*, the Nazi propaganda bulletin, apparently forgets that Jewish books have been burned and that Jewish authors are taboo; a recent issue contains a citation from Oppenheim's "International Law." . . . Three days before the Russo-Finnish war came to an end the *Daily Worker* ran a front-page editorial insisting that all "peace talk" was propaganda designed to "bolster" the "White Guard" regime and prevent Kuusinen from taking over.

A REPORTER, London sources relate, asked a friend who worked for the Ministry of Information how he could get a job there. "Just walk in, sit down at a desk, and collect your check on Friday," he was told. A week later they met again. "How are things going?" the reporter was asked. "Fine," he replied, "I have a desk and I was paid today. The only thing that bothers me is that a man has been following me all week." "That's all right," he was assured, "he's on your staff."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE Committee on Militarism in Education has just called attention to a remarkable seventy-one-page report on military training at the University of California recently prepared and published by the peace committee of the Associated Students at that institution. It is by all odds the clearest and most convincing argument against compulsory military drill yet produced. If the university Board of Regents can be influenced by sound reasoning backed by evidence that cannot be gainsaid, we shall in a short time see California joining the University of Wisconsin, the University of Minnesota, and North Dakota Agricultural College in shifting military training from a compulsory to a voluntary basis. That is the first recommendation of the student committee. Its second is the establishment of a peace court for dealing with the problems of war and peace, to be advertised to the students as a course on education for peace. To meet the argument that there is no money for establishing a new course, the committee recommends that an existing course on international relations be made over. Its third recommendation is that the intramural athletic program now partially financed by the Associated Students should be expanded and completely taken over by the university. This, it says, would be by far the best solution of the problem of providing all students with physical education and general health-building activities.

Since the War Department has been empowered by Congress to extend military training to the high schools and colleges of the country, I propose to give the rest of my space to part of the summary of this report made by the Committee on Militarism in Education. It begins by pointing out that, contrary to widespread belief, there is no federal legislation requiring compulsory enrolment and that the university would not suffer financially or otherwise by making drill voluntary. Moreover, the Board of Regents has the power under the California constitution to make the drill voluntary. The following are some of the other important points made:

Compulsory R. O. T. C. has little or no physical-educational benefits:

a. The exercise it provides for the cadets is of the wrong sort.
b. The uniforms are the wrong kind to wear for exercise and physical exertion.
c. The physical training that is presented is not compatible with that required by the type of society in which we live.
d. Military instructors are in no way qualified to teach physical education.

Compulsory R. O. T. C. is of little value for national defense:

a. The War Department does not urge or even suggest that enrolment in the R. O. T. C. be made compulsory.
b. Men taking merely the basic two-year course are not potential reserve officers, would not be commissioned in time of war, and are not part of our system of national defense.
c. The training given in the two-year basic course could be given in one week of intensive training.
d. Voluntary R. O. T. C. is a much less expensive method of turning out reserve officers than is compulsory R. O. T. C.
e. The R. O. T. C. course today is not teaching the students the necessary things that fighting a war connotes: it trains students to outmoded methods of warfare, with outmoded weapons of war, with outmoded tactics: there is no bayonet drill, no gas-mask drill.

Compulsory military training does not provide good citizenship training or create good citizens:

a. The type of citizenship taught is not compatible with the needs of contemporary society.
b. Military "citizenship training" is not compatible with the needs of other departments in the university, or with those of education in general.
c. The military instructors are in no way qualified to teach citizenship.
d. In the R. O. T. C. courses no time is devoted to even that minimum of citizenship training that the military department claims it gives.

Compulsory military drill does not develop character:

a. Compulsory R. O. T. C. makes for parrot-like repetition and unthinking, unquestioning obedience.
b. Character can only be developed where the curriculum is full of opportunities for individual decisions.

The R. O. T. C. develops a mind which accepts war as "inevitable":

a. The students are presented with a parade-ground version of warfare that ends on the parade ground and at the military ball.
b. Necessary truths are being withheld from the students in the R. O. T. C. as to what warfare will really mean in their lives.

If the university continues the compulsory R. O. T. C. course it is denying elementary civil liberties to many students.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Hello to Reform

THE AMERICAN STAKES. By John Chamberlain. Carrick and Evans. $2.75.

THE tides are running toward the right, the chambers of commerce are in cheerful mood, and the intellectuals are revising Karl Marx. John Chamberlain's "Farewell to Reform" (1932) and his new "American Stakes" mark off an era in the thinking of the politically literate. The farewell turns out to have been an *auf wiedersehen.* For this attempt to plot a not so new approach to American problems, domestic and foreign, is as persuasive a plea for gradualism as "Farewell to Reform" was an attack upon it. It is easy to set the Chamberlain of 1932 tilting with the Chamberlain of 1940. A "planned capitalism," he felt then, was "a contradiction in terms." Now he believes that "Western planners—see the files of *Plan Age*—have developed a technique . . . of limited, or partial, planning. This technique does not require dictatorial control . . . for it begins by research and ends in the consulting chamber." The final phrase is not intended to be ironic. Chamberlain 1940 dwells on the "need for a modern substitute for the Homestead Act or the new county and state roads of the early twentieth century." Chamberlain 1932 sneered at the "economic parrot" who looks for "new markets to be uncovered, new wants to be exploited." "The situation," Chamberlain wrote in 1932, ". . . can lead to but one of two personal conclusions: it can make one either a cynic or a revolutionist." He has ended instead in a standard variety of social democracy, though he prefers to call it political pluralism.

The situation that has made Chamberlain, and so many of his generation, new-style social democrats is not the same situation that left him the alternative of cynicism or revolution. By 1932 the achievements of the muckrakers, the trustbusters, and the Wilsonians, which "Farewell to Reform" discusses, were either dead letters on statute books or weapons in the hands of the interests they were intended to curb. Business indexes were at new lows; Mr. Roosevelt's speeches were not too different from Mr. Hoover's; there was no unemployment in the Soviet Union. Technocrats were at a premium on Park Avenue, and Wall Street was hoping to appease the coming revolution with ergs. In this context gradualism looked far too gradual. But the unexpected happened. Neither grass nor barricades appeared in the streets. Mr. Roosevelt provided the "confidence" Mr. Hoover had prescribed. The rather plausible politician from Albany rose to greatness in the White House, and the stock of reformism began to rise. Hitler's seizure of power and his refusal to reach a modus vivendi with the Soviet Union led to the Popular Front, and the Popular Front also turned amateur revolutionists into amateur gradualists. The Moscow trials, less glamorous than Five-Year Plan statistics, added to the trend. It was at this point that Chamberlain—as our pious friends say—fell off the locomotive of history. The trials, he writes in "The American Stakes," were "dramatic evidence of a socialist horn to the age-old dilemma of blending freedom and economic security," evidence that the Russion state was substituting "the courtier vices of deference and loyalty, and the courtier vices of fawning and intrigue" for the vices of capitalism. Here is the ideological divide between the Chamberlain of 1932 and the Chamberlain of 1940.

Chamberlain wants to steer a course between "a capitalism that makes for monopoly and a socialism that makes for monolithic party government." All he now admires in communism is the NEP. "If the Communists had been scientific planners, instead of 'scientific socialists,' " he writes, "they would have learned fast in 1921-28. They would have said to themselves: 'This NEP isn't pure socialism. But it works quite well in the handicraft-vegetable area of the economy, where no bottlenecks can be seized by bold entrepreneurs. Now let's go on to steel mills without disturbing NEP to the peasants.' " What he wants to do is to get away from the " 'either-or' boys" and "to hymn the virtue of a mixed economy, an eternally pluralistic economy, not in terms of presenting an argument for chaos or the status quo, but in terms of indicating the proper components of a permanently workable dynamic balance . . . the glamour of the all-or-nothing approach to our social problems must be exposed for the shoddy tinsel that it is." Chamberlain does not take these propositions apart and examine them as closely as he should. The abandonment of the NEP seems to have been a political rather than an economic move, dictated by fear of the development of a new class living on profit and hostile to socialism. The question of reform versus revolution is not a question determined by abstractions but by historical circumstances. There is revolution where reform fails, but the failure of reform is not "inevitable." Chamberlain does not grapple with the crucial problem of determining just what the "proper components of a permanently workable dynamic balance" for this country would be.

War, Chamberlain believes, will upset the whole equation. But, given peace, if the gradualist approach is to be effective, its advocates must do a better job of revising "Marxism" and of analyzing the products of New Deal reformism. Chamberlain's criticism of "Marxism," like so much of current revisionism, starts with definitions so loose as to beg the question. "Marxists fail generally to understand the *democratic* state," he writes, "because they assume that the force of an owning class knows no limits and is always agreed on its aim. . . . The Marxist, looking at the naked power base of politics, forgets that original characteristics can be diluted and even transmuted by democratic custom." I do not pretend to be an authority on Marxism, but the idea of the "naked power base of politics" derives from Oppenheimer not Marx. Marxists themselves differ on the question of the state as widely as the "pluralistic" Kautsky, who stated Chamberlain's basic thesis long before Chamberlain,* differs from the "either-or" Lenin (who was not always so "either-or"). Marx's favorite joke seems to have been to deny that he was a Marxist, but he is not an unfair test of Chamberlain's statement. If, as Chamberlain implies, the "Marxist" regards democratic processes as illusory, why did Marx hail the English ten-hour law as a great victory for the workers and hold up the American eight-hour movement as an example for the European proletariat? Why did Marx praise Rochdale cooperatives, even as Chamberlain does? The problem is subtler and more difficult than Chamberlain's statement of it.

Intellectually, it is far simpler to be a revolutionary purist than a "pluralistic" reformer, and it is not fair to blame Chamberlain for failing to provide a blueprint of the social order for which he is groping. But gradualism for its success demands the same kind of tough-mindedness that "Farewell to Reform" brought to bear on past attempts at reformism. If the advances of the Roosevelt period are to be maintained and pushed forward, the New Deal's cast of characters and regulatory agencies must be subjected to as keen a scrutiny as the best of the pre-war progressives gave the Interstate Commerce Commission and the state railroad and utility commissions. Otherwise the victories of today may prove as negligible as yesterday's, and the whole attempt at gradualism bog down. "The American Stakes" approaches the SEC, Thurman Arnold, Mayor LaGuardia, Phil La Follette, in too mellow a mood. Chamberlain is somewhat premature when he calls Arnold "the first vigorous trust-buster in our history"; like Teddy Roosevelt, Arnold talks big and carries a little consent decree. To term Knickerbocker Village a triumph of "practical idealism" is to be the victim of a runaway cliché. To include the notorious California Fruit Growers' Exchange and the Dairymen's League among the triumphs of the cooperative movement is again to take appearance for reality. Chamberlain sees that we must go beyond the New Deal, that "the fight, in the future, will be over the question of increasing our total production instead of spreading what production we have," but he is alarmingly tender with Phil La Follette, who sets these same words to demagogic tunes.

I. F. STONE

Improvisations of Reality

THE CRAZY HUNTER. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. $2.50.

IN THE three long stories that make up this volume Kay Boyle in no way deviates from the norms set in her previous work. Again one notes the fragility of her themes and their detachment from substantial experience and convincing locations. In the main she still depends for her effects on an implacably pursued rarity of phrase.

The three stories are unified by a common concern with integrity of feeling and its violation by the compulsive accidents of life and the callous conventions of society. In the title-piece a blind horse becomes the issue disrupting the tranquillity of a genteel English family; the mother has resolved to have the horse shot, while the daughter, in the purity and absolutism of her youthful spirit, tries to avert the deed of violence, which in her mind swells into an all-comprehensive image of cruelty, fear, and death. "The Bridegroom's Body," probing the frustration of women in a world of males, is saved from vagueness and remoteness by its effective symbolism of mating and battling swans. "Big Fiddle," sturdier than the other stories yet least impressive, tells about an American jazz player in Europe who is accused of a murder which he did not commit.

Weighed down by a burden of excessive detail, these narratives move at a snail's pace; for detail often serves Miss Boyle merely as an occasion for a gratuitous display of her literary powers rather than as a means of creating verisimilitude, of naturalizing and deepening the projected scenes and characters. The difficulty, however, is that the seeming richness of texture cannot mitigate her failure to produce fiction more accomplished than the sensitive, and at times moving, improvisations of reality which she now has to her credit. Nor does her gift of arranging words in a unique manner carry her very far beyond the suspect pleasures of verbal virtuosity—and virtuosity should not be confused with excellence of style. Language, as Eliot once remarked, is healthy only when it directly presents the object, when it is so close to it that the two are identified. Otherwise it becomes morbid and unreal.

To my mind, the chief defect in Miss Boyle's equipment as an artist is to be traced to her lack of a subject which is organically her own; and by an organic subject I mean something more tangible than a fixed interest in certain abstract patterns of emotion and behavior. Being in possession of an elaborate technique and having developed disciplined habits of observation, Miss Boyle seems to be able to turn her hand to almost anything. As a result one feels all too often that she is not really involved with her themes, that she has not conceived but merely used them. And what, after all, is the difference between use and conception if not a measure of the gap separating competence from creation.

PHILIP RAHV

Mr. Gitlow Regrets

I CONFESS: THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICAN COMMUNISM. By Benjamin Gitlow. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

CONFESSION may be good for the soul, but six hundred pages of it is plain overindulgence. Mr. Gitlow's fulsome penance inevitably recalls more famous instances of the Bolshevik bent for confessing, but in fact there is a profound difference. The Moscow comrades confessed the sins they had committed—or said they had committed—against the Communist Party; for the most part Mr. Gitlow confesses the sins which the party committed against him. However, there is enough of the flagellant in him to warrant some comparison and more than enough to make much of his book uncomfortable reading. He freely includes himself in the ranks of the damned and describes with relish the depravities of his party days. "We were pretty mean and heartless," he writes, speaking of the "lynching bee" staged by the Central Executive Committee when it drove Ludwig Lore out of the party as a heretic. "But at the time we did not even question the ethics of hounding an innocent scapegoat at the behest of the Comintern leaders." When he points out how Jay Lovestone and he opposed the scheme of shooting an American flag full of holes in order to display it at a party rally as a flag captured by Sandino in Nicaragua, he feels compelled to add: "Note that even our opposition to this bit of knavery was purely on the grounds of expediency. It occurred to none of us to consider the matter in the light of ordinary human decency."

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* "In a Socialist society," Kautsky wrote, "there can exist side by side the most varied forms of economic enterprises—bureaucratic, trade union, cooperative, private."

These little close-ups—they are scattered through the book—are not of a sort to reassure the reader concerning the reliability of Mr. Gitlow's testimony. Neither is the extreme bitterness of his delineations of everybody in the party, from Stalin, "like a panther about to pounce upon his prey," down to the most wretched factional tool ordered by Gitlow and his caucus mates to steal a briefcase from a rival factionalist. Unlike the Hatfields and the McCoys, the comrades of the "third period" days rarely stayed put in any one clan but switched around like old-time Chinese generals, shopping in this faction and that for the best buy in prestige, power, and opportunity for advancement. The result was that in an active career like Gitlow's a man would at one time or another have experienced the hearty enmity of practically everyone else in the party. All that in-fighting left Gitlow a mass of scars, and it is hard to determine in his book where fact ends and Gitlow grudge begins.

But the reader loses little if he quickly abandons any effort to examine judiciously every strand in the web of intrigue, gossip, and conscienceless power politics which Gitlow weaves about the party from its birth. His versions of the thousand and one plots and counter-plots that marked his days as a Communist are not important; what is important, and grimly convincing, is the web itself, the pattern of the party's history, which his book reveals. Anyone with the most fleeting experience in leftist politics knows the corrosive power of factionalism. If Mr. Gitlow's book were a mere compilation of the countless rows, rifts, cabals, and conspiracies within the party it would have significance only for those modern Schoolmen who care how many proletarians can dance on the junction point of a hammer and sickle. But the volume goes beyond that and raises some major questions.

Mr. Gitlow argues, and I believe he makes a good case, that factionalism originates in quasi-dictatorship and ends in full-fledged dictatorship. In its earlier days the Communist Party of the United States, and of any other country for that matter, took its cues, its directives, and much of its money from Moscow. From the first, Gitlow maintains—and there is much documentation to back him up—the Russian party was the only one that had the privilege of instructing its delegates to the Comintern; moreover, it enjoyed the exclusive power to review and alter Comintern policy. The Comintern itself fixed the course for the parties of all countries, issued ultimatums, shifted comrades around not only from position to position but even from country to country, summoned leaders to Moscow for discipline, and voted funds for party activities to supplement those raised at home. The American comrades could argue up to a point

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HARPERS

with the delegates sent over to keep an eye on them, but the court of last resort was in Moscow. The natural result of this kind of rule from above was the formation of illicit cliques and cabals. Each held its own secret meetings and surreptitiously got out its own caucus paper; each schemed feverishly against its rivals, flooded the high court with coded cables, and sent secret emissaries abroad to convince the authorities that it was the only loyal group, the only one worthy of provincial leadership. Paralysis set in.

Then came the lightning. The man who eliminated factionalism in the U. S. R. R. eliminated it in the C. P. U. S. A. The party of Gitlow's day never experienced the unanimity that marks its course today. There are no factions; there are no differences of opinion. With the factionalism went the last vestige of democracy. But as Gitlow acutely points out, the two had nothing in common: the factionalism of the Communist Party, far from being a guaranty of democracy, was the catalyst that hurried the change from autocratic influence to totalitarian control. Genuine political democracy throughout the Communist movement might have made the fatal aspects of factionalism unnecessary, but that, unfortunately, was ruled out from the start. As a result Lenin begot Stalin and Stalin begot the miasma which rises from every page of Mr. Gitlow's unhappy saga. ROBERT BENDINER

Look Beyond the Law

LOOK AT THE LAW. By Percival E. Jackson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.75.

WHEN a doctor gets disillusioned with his profession he tries to write a novel like "The Citadel"; a journalist or a radical writes an autobiography; but a lawyer fires a broadside volume at the whole structure of bench and bar. Here is another testament by a lawyer, in some respects similar to Rodell's turbulent "Woe Unto You, Lawyers" (previously reviewed in *The Nation*), bearing witness that the cynical layman's view of the law is on the whole justified. One begins to wonder whether we may not be at the beginning of a sizable flurry of legal muckraking.

Unlike Rodell, Jackson does not consign to the flames the whole of the law. He wants particular reforms in the legal system. As a result his way of organizing his material is simple, although it tends to looseness. He starts with ten charges that the layman makes against the law, devoting a chapter to each: that there is too much law, that it is uncertain, rigid, technical, hypocritical, slow, expensive, that lawyers are dishonest, judges corrupt, and witnesses liars. While this has the merit of being rooted in the lay consciousness, it tempts the author to empty his notebooks into each chapter. In a way, however, I am happy that he has succumbed to the temptation. For each chapter is studded with richly illustrative stories taken from law reports, newspapers, lawyers' lore. They make the core of the book and are worth its price. In fact, I confess that the examples remain in my mind even when the commentary has slipped away.

Mr. Jackson is, I have said, a legal reformer rather than a legal revolutionist. He wants to change, not abolish, law and lawyers. He feels that both are inevitable parts of the social fabric; in fact, in a rather stuffy chapter toward the end he argues that unless Americans reform their law we shall get either communism or fascism. This is decidedly to mistake symptom for cause in our present social demoralization.

Yet there are insights in the book that go deeper. The author sees at times that law and lawyers are neither better nor worse than other men; that they are what they are because they reflect our economic and political set-up. And he sees that "reform of the law and of the lawyers cannot come from within; that it can and will come, as it has in England, only through popular appeal and understanding." But when he comes to his final chapters of "Remedy" he shifts from realism to the hortatory. "Let lawyers subscribe to their code at whatever cost. . . . We must restore to lawyers a sense of their importance and obligation to government." Fine, but how? Here we approach the fault line in Mr. Jackson's analysis: in one part of the book he sees the law as social product; in another he sees it as autonomous—self-remedying and presumably self-causing. To be sure, he uses as subtitle the phrase "The law is what the layman makes it," yet this is so only in the sense that it is so of all social institutions. And here again Mr. Jackson contents himself with the hortatory, calling on the layman to do something about it.

I suspect there will be no substantial change in either law or lawyers without a substantial shift in the base of economic power. Mr. Jackson's reference to England might have furnished a clue. Bentham and the philosophic radicals got a measure of law reform through Romilly and Brougham because they had behind them a capitalist class that was already on its way to power; it was principally the landed aristocracy that resisted the reforms. But since then (see the comments on England in Laski's essay on Law and Justice in the Soviet Union in his recent "The Danger of Being a Gentleman") English legal conservatism has been as tenacious as the American. What Veblen wrote in 1904 in his "Theory of Business Enterprise" about law and politics in both countries being adjuncts to business enterprise is even truer today. It is ironic that a quarter-century ago Louis Brandeis should have published a volume of essays asking business men to emulate lawyers and become a profession, while today we are increasingly aware that the legal profession itself has become a business. If "the law is what the layman makes it" it is only in the sense that every social system and every ethos fashion their own legal system, and that the path to radical reform in the law lies in reshaping society as a whole and, crucially, its structure of economic power. I no more agree with Mr. Jackson that there can be a basic reform by laymen in the law alone than I do with Mr. Rodell that there can be a revolution by laymen against the law alone. MAX LERNER

Stranger in the Land

THE STRANGER. By Rose Albert Porter. The Dial Press. $2.75.

CAN a Jew, by running away from his home, family, and everything that stands for the religion of his ancestors, really escape the subtle, tentacle-like encumbrances of his race's heritage? Will he find at the end of his flight that he has squandered most of his spiritual forces on the mere fruitless running-away, that his real goal all along was something more easily attainable and at the same time more worth fighting for? These questions are implied, though only partly answered, in "The Stranger," the story of a young Russian immigrant groping passionately for the vital essence of America. Having shaken off the dogma and ritualism of his father's inflexible creed, Philip Magell is dismayed to find in New York and Philadelphia Jews still cramped in noisy, shabby ghettos of their own choosing, hugging their old-country fetishes to their bosoms, while out in the copper hills of Montana most of the people—Jews and Gentiles alike—are blindly absorbed in their sordid game of dog eat dog, oblivious to nature's example of open-handed bounty and freedom.

Although Philip has intelligence and good looks and is unshackled by worship of tradition, he is extremely vulnerable to ridicule and to appeals for pity or sympathy. Envying the gumption of the copper barons and big-time gamblers, he has nevertheless too many ethical scruples to carve out a fortune by their kind of brigandage; realizing that one's own spiritual integrity alone can bring durable satisfaction, he nevertheless lacks courage and self-assurance to make a desperate stand for what he believes is right, until the crucial opportunity has passed. With remarkably little bias Mrs. Porter follows his restless flight, really a flight from himself, which makes him a stranger both among his own people and among the Americans to whom he yearns to be assimilated; and the story of his failure reflects not only the tribulations of a foreigner and a Jew but the tragedy of all men who discover too late that they have mistaken their own maladjustment for a malignant, inexorable fate, that the door which they have for years tried to batter down was never locked.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Decadence and Dylan Thomas

THE WORLD I BREATHE. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. $2.50.

THAT "most exciting development in English poetry during the last few years," the work of the young Welshman Dylan Thomas, is very decadent art. We take our definition from Havelock Ellis, from the essay on Huysmans in his "Affirmations." "The classic manner," we read there, "subordinates the parts to the whole and strives after the virtues which the whole may best express. The later [decadent] manner depreciates the importance of the whole for the benefit of its parts, and strives after the virtues of individualism." In the representative selections from Thomas's three slender volumes of verse and handful of fantastic, sinister stories in poetic prose which constitute "The World I Breathe," the "whole" of poetry, the integrity of emotive and intuitive meanings, no longer or only very partially exists.

Vaguely the verses represent an interior world. It is "the pantheist totality and the obscure world underneath the skin." (The words are William Empson's: he is one of the important critics who feel Thomas to be a poet and a good one.) As much is to be gathered from Thomas's statement that "poetry must drag further into the clean nakedness of light even more of the hidden causes than Freud could

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FRONTIERS OF DEMOCRACY

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"RESOURCES AND EDUCATION"

ARTICLES BY
David Cushman Coyle • Sidney Hook
David Lilienthal • George Soule • Paul
Hanna • Harold Hand • and others

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STALIN and HITLER
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THE NAZI-BOLSHEVIK PACT

a new 10¢ booklet
by Louis Fischer

To thousands of liberal Americans, August 23, 1939, was the darkest moment of the post-war years. On that day Soviet Russia signed its pact with Nazi Germany. What was the story behind the pact? What had happened inside Russia—and outside—to make the alliance possible? What did the event augur for the future of the Western world?

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realize." Poems such as those commencing, "Where once the waters of your face" and "The hand that signed the paper felled a city," most certainly appear to be mystic symbols of the present stages of the cosmic life. The dreamlike world of the prose expresses a Welsh feeling of the diabolic core of creation. Still in many instances the intuitive meanings are hopelessly obscure. The prose recklessly mixes poetic with morbid experience and hallucinations. We perceive that despite his surrealism the poet is fairly indifferent to intuitive meanings, more than prepared to subordinate them to emotive ones: again and again drunkenly he has sacrificed his "criticism of life" to the splendors of form, sonority, sensuous effect.

It is almost exclusively for ear and eye that his fastidiously fashioned verse and prose have satisfactions. These none the less are rich. The verses are verbal scores. Oftentimes wry, the sounds lead an amusing life of their own and generate each other. The movement frequently recaptures an eighteenth-century vigor and stateliness: lines like "Awake, my sleeper, to the sun,/ A worker in the morning town," etc., approach, as closely as verse so sublime in pitch and image as that of Thomas can approach poetry of the elegant century, "From hence, ye beauties, undeceived," etc. Entire stanzas of his chant wonderfully:

> Some let me make you of the vowelled beeches,
> Some of the oaken voices, from the roots
> Of many a thorny shire tell you notes,
> Some let me make you of the water's speeches.

The flow of singular, not infrequently powerful, images is steady. The circumstance that well-nigh every line is a unique image, a minute poem, intensifies the taut rhythmicality. Finales such as "By the sea's side hear the dark-vowelled birds" or "to that Day/ When the worm builds with the gold straws of venom/ My nest of mercies in the rude, red tress" penetrate by virtue of intrinsic weight and magic.

That to an extent this work is a protest on the part of a young English poet against his immediate predecessors, the Audens and Spenders and their MacNephews and MacNeices, is a suggestion flowing from a recent study by Herbert Read. The article gave Thomas's negligence of intuitive meanings the look of a condemnation of the social and political comment which provided too much of the content of the verses of the poetic journalists; his accentuation of beauty of texture, the look of a condemnation of their limp and catarrhal form. The chief importance of this suggestion lies, however, in its reference of ourselves to the possible social significance of this decadent literature, with its accentuation of the life of an individual part at the expense of the totality. One of the questions it raises is whether the object against which this poetry may be thought to protest may not be less Auden and company than the collectivism they espoused. Its characteristics certainly give it the appearance of an individualistic protest. Another question is whether that protest may not have its lever in something far transcending the individual, Dylan Thomas. Let no one consider them irrelevant. Thomas is said to be very much "in" with Welsh nationalists. Just before the war broke out he was expected to edit a paper of Welsh cultural nationalism. And art has long been among the shadows cast before them by coming evolution and events.

PAUL ROSENFELD

IN BRIEF

BETHEL MERRIDAY. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

In this novel Sinclair Lewis takes the theater under his protection. As wide-eyed as a country boy viewing the bohemians on his first visit to Greenwich Village, he surveys the wonderland of the stage with irrepressible enthusiasm and some apt humor. Mr. Lewis has evidently enjoyed his play-acting of recent years, for no one has ever treated stage folk in fiction with more good-will. Lively and no doubt exact in all details as a piece of reporting, the story is otherwise soft and effeminate. The author never takes a look into the insides of his characters, but is content to record their miseries and triumphs and to engage in copious discussions of their profession. He follows slavishly the itinerary of his assembled cast while it entertains provincial America with a version of "Romeo and Juliet" in modern dress. The one member of the troupe not portrayed in a purely external manner is Zed Wintergeist, a fanciful young man exhibiting all the traits of a Group Theater intellectual. The heroine, Bethel, whose career is traced from middle-class childhood in Connecticut to minor success on Broadway and happy marriage, is such a completely virtuous young lady and so dully and whole-heartedly devoted to her art that she turns out to be the least interesting person in the book.

CONVERSATION. By Conrad Aiken. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

This novel is of the type that reviewers like to describe as "civilized." Mr. Aiken, who has better fiction to his credit, here describes a domestic crisis in the family of an artist living on Cape Cod. The husband is, of course, an unpractical fellow and doesn't mind being poor, while his beautiful wife is insufficiently sympathetic. The situation is further complicated by the appearance of Jim Connor, a New York bohemian who steals furs from department stores in order to supply his indigent friends with some ready cash. In the end, however, the wrangling couple recognize—in words at least—the objective meaning of their difficulties and are reconciled. Nothing is really settled between them; presumably such are the finalities of existence. The story is urbanely written and has a few mildly resonant passages. All in all a pretty trivial performance.

POLITE ESSAYS. By Ezra Pound. New Directions. $2.50.

A new collection of not so new essays. Published in various places over roughly the last ten years, they employ Pound's famous "ideogrammic" method to communicate his now equally famous views on critics and literature. The perpetual clever undergraduate who mistakes rudeness for iconoclasm, this ex-enfant terrible is also a very sound critic when he comes to grips with a real subject.

GOING NATIVE. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

Novel? Satire? Travel diary? This entertaining, scandalous, and not very important book by the celebrated original of Buck Mulligan in "Ulysses" lightly recounts the adventures of (we trust) an imaginary Irishman who visits England on the advice of Yeats and tries to "go native." Without going very deep—and sometimes going quite wrong—it manages to convey a good deal of what everybody knows but rarely sees in print about the more emancipated circles of the English upper class. As a famous Irishman, the author works wit, poetry, and Dublin for all they are worth; but he is undeniably amusing.

SHANGHAI: CITY FOR SALE. By Ernest O. Hauser. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. $3.

A picture of the world's fifth-largest city, founded by British and Americans in 1843 as center of a ruthless commercial imperialism. Entertaining as well as informative, it covers a century of history in full detail drawn from research and from first-hand acquaintance, a century which ends with the eclipse of the white man's supremacy under the stress of recent events.

LIFE ON THE CIRCUIT WITH LINCOLN. By Henry Clay Whitney. Edited by Paul M. Angle. Caxton Printers. $5.

A new edition of the now rare volume of recollections of a friend and contemporary, provided with an introduction, notes, and illustrations—some from unusual contemporary photographs—by the secretary of the Illinois Historical Society. It is flowery and verbose but gives a lifelike impression.

CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER. By Thomas L. Stokes. Princeton University Press. $3.

A still young Washington correspondent, winner of a 1939 Pulitzer prize, gives a graphic report of his Atlanta childhood, and of life in the capital and other parts of the country in the period from Harding to Roosevelt. He has a gift for re-creating personalities and bringing facts to life. Like a good reporter, he changes his social philosophy with the times. Like many good reporters, he sometimes overwrites.

THE DUTCH: A PORTRAIT OF THE PEOPLE OF HOLLAND. By Adriaan J. Barnouw. Columbia University Press. $3.

Not a history, a travelogue, or a survey, this book is an interpretation of Dutch life and character by a native of Holland (at one time *The Nation's* correspondent at The Hague) who has been Queen Wilhelmina professor of the history, language, and literature of the Netherlands in Columbia University for twenty years. Distinctly non-academic and written especially for American readers, it is both lively and enlightening, but it is conspicuously silent on economic questions as such.

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By A. Wolf. The Macmillan Company. $8.

This is the second volume of Mr. Wolf's exhaustive history of modern science and technology. (Of the section on philosophy the less said the kinder to him.) It does not cover so dazzling a period of scientific progress as did the first volume, for the great scientists of the eighteenth century do not compare in stature with their predecessors of the seventeenth and sixteenth. In the eighteenth science approximated more what we take to be its normal progress—a progress depending on the steady co-operation of a multitude of more or less anonymous researchers, with an occasional figure of very high distinction, rather than on the revolutionary contributions of towering geniuses seemingly rising by their own unaided power to great heights. Nevertheless, the period covered by this volume is not a whit less interesting than the earlier century. Birth may be a more obviously dramatic event, but growth and maturation have their own fascination. Mr. Wolf does his job, as he conceives it, with distinguished competence, but only in the colloquial meaning of the word can he be called a historian. For what he gives us is not a history but a chronicle. Problems such as historians seek to resolve are only incidentally touched on. We get nothing of the organic growth of science, of the role of the scientific method, of the way in which its use spreads from one field to another, of the forces within and without the laboratory which sustain interest in research and channel its direction. For Mr. Wolf the efficient agent of development is the spirit of the times—a convenient ghostly power which explains everything. But since the progress of science conceived as chronicle is the bare recital of superseded errors, it can be of serious concern only in so far as it can be used to illumine something more than the facts of which it consists. In spite of its limitations, Mr. Wolf's volume should find a place in the library of everyone interested in the development of science and of Western culture, for it is an inexhaustible mine of factual data.

RECORDS

THE reports concerning Dimitri Mitropoulos have been that he has to a remarkable degree the personal force and magnetism that a conductor must have in order to exert power over the minds and wills and bodies of a hundred orchestral players; and one does in fact sense these qualities in the performance of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture that he has recorded for Columbia with his Minneapolis Symphony (11175, $2). They make the performance dynamic and give the work power; but its full power depends on its plastic proportions—such things as the *fortissimo* of the opening chords in proportion to the *forte* with which the following phrase ends; the sudden *piano* of the first four measures of the second subject in proportion to the violence which precedes them and the gradual *crescendo* to *fortissimo* which follows; the *forte* of a phrase in the development in proportion to the *fortissimo* of its repetition a moment later at the climax of the development. And on this record these plastic proportions are not realized: the opening *fortissimo* is barely as loud as the *forte* at the end of the following phrase; the second subject is almost *forte;* the phrase in the development is as loud the first time as the second. To what extent this is Mitropoulos's doing and to what extent the recording engineers' I cannot say. The recording is clear and brilliant; the orchestra seems competent but not distinguished.

One hears a finer personnel, superbly disciplined by a conductor of authority and verve, in the Cleveland Orchestra's performance of "Schéhérazade" under Artur Rodzinski, which is recorded with remarkable clarity and fidelity and a brilliance that is a little hard, and also with a waver at the end (M-398, $10). The Pasquier Trio does some of its beautifully sensitive playing in Beethoven's String Trio Opus 9, No. 3 (M-397, $5), of which I find only the scherzo movement interesting.

I care as little about Schubert's early Quartet No. 9 in G minor, of which a fine performance by the Coolidge Quartet is poorly recorded by Victor (M-641, $4.50). On Victor singles we get Handel's Oboe Concerto No. 1 (12605, $1.50), not one of his best works, but enriched by Leon Goossens's breathtaking tone and style on the oboe and good playing by the London Philharmonic under Eugene Goossens; two bits of Russian liturgical music—Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Behold, Bless Ye the Lord" and the First Psalm of Kiev Monastery, "Blessed Is the Man, Hallelujah" —beautifully sung by the Siberian Singers (4462, $1); the Scherzo-Valse from Chabrier's delightful "Dix pièces pittoresques" for piano, atrociously played by Reginald Stewart (12606, $1.50); and two American folksongs, "John Henry" and "Jack o' Diamonds," sung by John Jacob Niles, and a little harshly recorded (2051, $1.50).

A couple of years ago I pointed out the "ignorance that clothes itself in the terms of erudition" in the Victor leaflets. In the past year or so the show of erudition has become vastly more pretentious: the leaflets signed A. Veinus now contain long, learned-sounding discussions of technical aspects of the music, studded with references to significant details, some of them given in musical notation. There isn't the slightest possibility of the ordinary reader understanding any of this; and he isn't even told exactly where on the records he can as much as hear the details that are referred to. I don't think the intention is that he should understand; I think it is rather that he should be impressed: he is to stand humbly in the doorway and look from a proper distance at the dishes of knowledge on which the élite of the Victor leaflets feast. And it is just as well, for at closer range he would find they are sawdust: the supposedly significant details are the utterly insignificant ones which a man who didn't know what he was talking about would pick in order to show that he knew a great deal. A man who, encountering a simple A-B-A form in which A on its return is ornamented somewhat, calls it an example of theme and variation form is one who, encountering a simple theme and variation movement in a Haydn quartet, will call its normal accompaniment bass a ground bass and will discover in the movement details of the variations on a ground bass form as it existed and developed nowhere but in this man's mind. But what has set me off on this subject is a statement of a different sort: one purpose of the writer of the leaflets is to mention as many other works of the composers that are on Victor records as he can possibly drag in; and in the leaflet of the Schubert Quartet No. 9 the slow movement of the String Quintet Opus 163 (Victor Album M-299) is cited as illustrating—believe it or not—the "rhapsodic exultation which, in the last year of his life, Schubert learned to evoke and control at will." My advice to the reader is what it was—to listen to the music with his own ears and use the leaflets for the various domestic purposes I suggested two years ago.

B. H. HAGGIN

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THE *Nation*
"Failure of a Mission, Berlin, 1937-1939"
By SIR NEVILE HENDERSON
REVIEWED BY HANS KOHN

Letters to the Editors

Mathematics vs. "Morals"

Dear Sirs: The protest against the appointment of Bertrand Russell as professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York is a sad spectacle. There seems to be no question of Dr. Russell's abilities as a philosopher and mathematician, but a decrying of certain of his ethical beliefs. Because we may not agree with those beliefs, are we to deprive our college students of the stimulus and inspiration of a celebrated thinker? Is this not descending to the practice of a fascist system that deprives itself of special knowledge, as in the case of Dr. Ehrlich and his famous "606," because it was contributed by a "non-Aryan"?

If Bishop Manning and the others are to have their way, why stop with Bertrand Russell? Or is Russell in a special category because he has "propagandized" his views? If so, what becomes of the old saying: Actions speak louder than words?

I am quite certain that Dr. Russell has never forced his particular body of beliefs upon anyone. Why should Christian gentlemen force opinion on Dr. Russell by the none too delicate method of limiting his activities as a teacher and his ability to earn a living as such?

MARGARET LA MANNA

Brooklyn, March 12

Corey and His Critics

Dear Sirs: This is not to answer the comments on my "Marxism" articles, but to set the record straight on several matters of fact.

Algernon Lee writes: "Five years ago he [Corey] had seen his Moloch put on a false-face clumsily simulating the features of democracy. . . . Last August he saw the mask cast aside, saw Bolshevism and Nazism clasping hands—and was Mr. Corey stupefied! Or was he really? Anyway, he has now more or less emerged from his stupor. Six months, in such a case, is perhaps no more than a fair equivalent for the ten seconds allowed in pugilistic practice." Mr. Lee has spun all this out of his inner consciousness. The facts are as follows:

1. I never accepted or defended the "popular front" or the hypocritical Stalinist playing with democracy; in fact, I spoke publicly against both.

2. I was not "stupefied" when Stalinism cast aside the mask and the Stalin-Hitler pact was signed, for I had publicly predicted the pact a year earlier.

3. The ideas I expressed in *The Nation* articles are not a product of the past six months. I first advanced the general ideas in a series of lectures *three years ago* at the Independent Labor Institute, of which Bertram D. Wolfe was director; again at the institute in another series of lectures two years ago; again in a lecture before a seminar of the League for Industrial Democracy in March, 1939, where Norman Thomas was present; again in a lecture at Unity House in July, 1939, where the chairman was Elias Tartak of the Social Democrat *New Leader;* again at a symposium in October, 1939, where one of the speakers was Louis Waldman of Mr. Lee's Democratic Federation.

Bertram Wolfe says: "I think he [Corey] underestimates the trade union as the most important single institution for the development of economic democracy." But as a matter of fact I emphasize in my third article the importance of trade unions as a bulwark of democracy under socialism: "Independent unions, with the right of collective bargaining and the right to strike, must exist to protect the workers who still remain workers and to limit the threat of bureaucracy."

Wolfe then asks: "With whom shall Corey's 'new middle class' combine?" The answer is in my articles: with the other useful functional groups, whose largest component is the proletariat.

Finally, Wolfe writes: "The greater danger is not, as Corey seems to think, that of dictatorship by the mass of producers over the technicians and administrators, but—as happened in Russia—the dictatorship of indispensable technician-administrators over the mass of producers." My articles "imply" nothing of the sort. Wolfe misunderstands and reverses my position, which is that totalitarian dictatorship, whether communist or fascist, is a dictatorship over the mass of producers. I nowhere say there is danger of a dictatorship of the producers over the administrators, for there is no such danger. I do say that if a proletarian dictatorship is set up over a new middle class not won to socialism, it will end as a dictatorship of that class over the proletariat and farmers.

LEWIS COREY

New York, March 13

Should We Try Again?

Dear Sirs: I cannot refrain from protest after reading the letter of W. T. Couch in your issue of March 2. Mr. Couch is convinced that we must eventually take sides in the European conflict—that we shall sooner or later support the governments and economies of France and England rather than see them fall. Mr. Couch says that if we supply the Allies with all the armaments, munitions, and supplies they need, they can almost certainly win the war.

Well, we tried that last time, and our men followed the armaments and munitions—followed them, I have read, as soon as the Allies themselves became unable to furnish enough men to use the supplies being sent. And the sending of our boys did not bring about a peace that proved either just or lasting.

Does Mr. Couch believe, does anyone believe, that Germany, fighting two of the strongest nations in the world, could come off victor except at frightful cost to itself? Would such a Germany be one that an America which had kept out of the conflict need fear? It seems to me that if this war takes its course, Europe will make itself a shambles out of which no nation will come as a "victor." What will it profit Europe or ourselves if we sacrifice our youth to enlarge that shambles?

ELLEN A. FREEMAN

Troy, N. Y., March 7

Blackout in Canada

Dear Sirs: I wish to draw the attention of your readers to the fact that a Union Defense Committee has been formed to aid the defense of C. H. Millard, secretary of the Canadian Committee for Industrial Organization, who faces trial shortly under the Defense of Canada Regulations. Millard was arrested last December for statements he is alleged to have made at an organizational meeting of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union at Timmins, Ontario.

The statements the crown charges

Millard with making are not different from those made by many persons prominent in Canadian public life. None of these persons have been prosecuted, and no one who believes in democracy thinks they should be.

Trade unionists and progressives believe that the charges against Millard constitute an attempt by Attorney General Conant of Ontario, the Dominion's chief labor-baiting official, to use the Defense Regulations to blackout trade-union activity. It may be significant that Conant was crown attorney at Oshawa in 1937 when Millard was president of the United Auto Workers' Union, which obtained improved conditions despite Premier Mitchell Hepburn's boast that he would ride with General Motors and drive the C. I. O. out of Ontario province.

It seems to us that since industrial democracy is a solid basis for political democracy this attack on trade unionism should be defeated with all the resources available. The defeat of such an attack should have considerable effect in bringing about amendments to the regulations.

Expenditures in connection with the hearing are expected to be considerable. Contributions from all trade unionists and liberal-minded persons will help. They should be addressed to the Union Defense Committee, 302 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

HARRY ROWE, Treasurer

Toronto, March 12

"Four Negroes"

Dear Sirs: May I add a footnote to your superb editorial of February 24, Four Negroes, on the unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court, read by Justice Black, which reversed convictions of four penniless—and, until the N. A. A. C. P. came to their rescue, defenseless—Negro tenant-farmers in Florida who had been cruelly beaten to extort "confessions" of a murder they did not commit.

The victory in this case reminds Americans of two important things: first, how grueling is the struggle and, second, how the fight for one minority directly benefits other minorities and bulwarks democratic rights for all Americans.

Readers of *The Nation* will be interested in knowing that this is the thirteenth victory won in the United States Supreme Court by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It was made possible by the nickels and dimes of colored people and by the self-sacrifice of the two Negro lawyers in the case—S. D. McGill of Florida and Leon A. Ransom of Washington. Both lawyers not only served without fee but paid out of their own pockets some of the expenses of the four appeals to the Florida Supreme Court and the eventual successful appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The N. A. A. C. P. has no endowments and does its work wholly on memberships and contributions. When we won the famous Elaine, Arkansas, riot cases, in which the United States Supreme Court ruled that trials dominated by race prejudice and mob violence violated the federal Constitution, the late Louis Marshal sent us a "thank offering."

We should like to ask readers of *The Nation* to send us "thank offerings" now in the form of memberships or contributions, which will enable us to fight a great number of other equally important cases. Checks should be made payable to Mary White Ovington, treasurer, and sent to 69 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WALTER WHITE,
Secretary, N. A. A. C. P.

New York, March 6

Happy Ending?

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial Four Negroes, in your issue of February 24, I would like to state that if Dr. Goebbels files this particular story away I see no reason why he should fail to remember where he placed it. Where is the happy ending that all Americans can be proud of?

True, the Supreme Court saved the lives of the four Negroes. But will they receive any compensation for the seven years they spent in the shadow of death? Will any employee of the state of Florida be punished for the way in which these four defenseless Negroes were treated?

Too many justices of the United States Supreme Court have been satisfied with the passive role of proclaiming doctrine, enunciating stirring canons of liberty and justice; but beyond that they have not gone. So it is pertinent to ask: Will the officials in the state of Florida be allowed to interpret and enforce the law in the future as they have interpreted and enforced it in the past?

ARTHUR PENN

San Francisco, March 11

Prose by Hart Crane

Dear Sirs: I am editing a collection of prose passages from the letters, articles, reviews, and notes of Hart Crane, the American poet. This collection is to be published in the fall, 1940, issue of *Twice a Year*, published semi-annually in New York City.

I should greatly appreciate the privilege of examining any prose of Hart Crane's which has not yet been printed in full in his "Collected Poems" or in the biography by Philip Horton. Full credit will be given. Material may be sent to me at 19 West Thirty-fourth Street.

BROM WEBER

New York, February 23

CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT LUNDY, staff writer of the Portland *Oregonian*, spent several months in Aberdeen investigating the Law case.

ROBERT DELL was for many years the correspondent of *The Nation* and the Manchester *Guardian* at Geneva. He is now lecturing in this country.

ARTHUR A. MICHAEL is the pseudonym of a lawyer who has made a close study of labor legislation.

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INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

NOT SINCE THOSE REMOTE PRE-WAR DAYS when the big-business press was sure that the ICC would prove the ruination of the railroads has a regulatory body been subjected to such vicious and misleading attacks as those now being directed against the National Labor Relations Board. An ex-trial examiner from Orange, New Jersey, is given all the space he wants to slander the board for fostering "Communists and kindred radicals" until embarrassing disclosures about his own unjudicial conduct as a trial examiner lose him the limelight. A report by regional directors disclosing nothing worse than that the board is understaffed and unable efficiently to coordinate its work is ballyhooed as a "suppressed" indictment of the board's "methods, policies, and machinery." The same interests that made a great to-do over this report, which indicates that the NLRB needs more funds, are the chief support of the movement in Congress to slash the board's appropriations. An attempt is being made to cut out the appropriation for the board's economics division, headed by David J. Saposs, a labor economist of established reputation who is far from being the "Communist" the blatherskites have been calling him. Finally Representative Norton's pro-labor and pro-New Deal House Labor Committee, in an attempt at appeasement, has voted to approve an amendment of the Wagner Act providing for a five- instead of a three-man board. The committee is still resisting pressure to report the Smith amendments, which would ruin the act altogether, but its new move will have the effect of throwing the act open to amendment from the floor unless a "closed rule" is obtained barring any amendments but the committee's.

*

THE UNFORTUNATE RESULTS OF ATTEMPTS at appeasement are illustrated by the fruits of Mrs. Norton's effort last year to give reaction half a loaf on the wage-hour law. Mrs. Norton bottled up in her committee the Barden amendments, which were sponsored by the notorious Associated Farmers of California and would have exempted 1,000,000 workers in agricultural processing industries from the wage provisions of the wage-hour law and another 1,500,000 from the hour provisions. Workers in canneries, packing houses, and the stockyards would have suffered from these exemptions, which were sold to Congress as relief for farmers but were actually relief for some of our greatest fruit, vegetable, and meat processing companies. When pressure on the House Labor Committee became severe, Mrs. Norton reported out a bill of her own as a compromise measure. She asked a closed rule to prevent the Barden amendments from being offered from the floor but failed to obtain it. In the parliamentary scuffle that ensued the Barden amendments were reported out by the Rules Committee, and though they failed to pass last session they are on the calendar now. They may come to a vote next week. If they pass, the success of the packers' and canners' lobby will encourage other industries to seek similar exemptions. Labor's chief gains from the New Deal are at stake in the amendments that threaten the Wagner Act and the wage-hour law.

*

THERE IS NO DIVINITY THAT DOTH HEDGE a judge, and the attempt of jurists in Chicago and St. Louis to send editors to jail for daring to criticize them calls for a manifestation of good old Boston Tea Party Americanism. Two editors and the famous cartoonist, Fitzpatrick, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* have been cited for snorting editorially at a judge who dismissed extortion indictments against a politician and a labor leader. Granted that the great Fitzpatrick can be very disrespectful—his offending cartoon was entitled "Burlesque House in Rat Alley"—it's still a free country. The case of the *Post-Dispatch* has called forth thunderbolts from *Editor and Publisher,* but the press has shut up like a clam on the Chicago case, for the Hearst strike is involved and publishers hang together. Some time ago Judge John J. Lupe issued an injunction seriously hampering the Newspaper Guild in giving publicity to the strike. The Guild was fined $5,000 plus $4,000 in costs for telling people a strike was on. Now Louis F. Budenz and W. L. Patterson, editor and associate editor, respectively, of the Chicago *Record,* and Robert Wirtz, state secretary of the International Labor Defense, have

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been cited for criminal contempt. They may go to jail for criticizing the injunction. Unfortunately most publishers, including those of the "liberal" Chicago *Times*, which is also silent, would rather help break a Guild strike than defend the freedom of the press.

*

THE HITLER-MUSSOLINI CONFERENCE AT the Brenner was followed by some very animated kite-flying in Berlin, but in neither Moscow nor Rome has there been much open response. "Well-informed sources" in the German capital fed the foreign correspondents reams of matter about the forthcoming agreement among the Reich, the Soviets, and Italy to insure the neutralization of the Balkans and checkmate Allied intrigues in that region. There followed rumors that Molotov was about to pay a visit to Berlin, but this was officially denied in Moscow. Meanwhile, Italian newspapers continued to stress Italy's "non-belligerent" role and to make nasty remarks about the Allies—a cheap and safe method of adhering to the axis. Despite this apparent lack of enthusiasm, Germany is likely to maintain its efforts to promote a triple guaranty for the neutrality of the Balkans. This would leave it free to exploit the region economically and at the same time lock up its one remaining vulnerable flank. Such an agreement, however, would be difficult to negotiate without a long-range understanding about the respective spheres of influence of the three dictator powers in the Balkans. And how are their very divergent interests to be reconciled? Stalin, pursuing his czarist forerunners' dreams of perfect security, must aim at possession of the Straits, without which the Black Sea can never be a Russian lake. But attainment of this objective would mean Russian domination of the eastern Mediterranean, where Mussolini also has ambitions. Nor is it compatible with German plans for a *Lebensraum* stretching to the Aegean.

*

MEANWHILE, THE NAZIS CONTINUE TO PUT pressure on Rumania in the hope of obtaining full control of its economic resources. Once again Dr. Karl Clodius of the German Economics Ministry has descended on Bucharest with an impressive train of experts. Stories were sent abroad that he brought with him an ultimatum to the Rumanian government, which was so annoyed by these reports that it arrested several prominent persons for spreading false news and expelled the British correspondent of Reuters. The truth appears to be that Clodius merely presented some very urgent "suggestions," after which he invited the Rumanian ministers to see a film showing in gory detail the effectiveness of the German campaign in Poland. Despite these hardly subtle tactics Rumania has since sent a trade commission to London. The German demands include a more favorable exchange rate for the mark, increased oil and agricultural production and exports, and increased transport facilities —presumably to aid the shipment of Russian goods via Black Sea ports. Greater farm production requires demobilization, but Rumania is disinclined to turn from swords to plowshares while its future remains so precarious. Hence the German effort to induce Italy and Russia to join in guaranteeing Rumanian integrity. This means ignoring Hungarian claims and probably explains Premier Teleki's hurried visit to Rome.

*

THE PROJECT OF A DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE of the Northern neutrals seemed from the first a rather forlorn effort to lock the door after the Finnish horse had been stolen. It is not likely to mature now that the Soviet government has plainly indicated its desire that the door be left open. That, in itself, suggests that Russia may some day find it convenient to occupy the stable. If it does, the Finns are hardly in a better position to resist than they are to withstand Moscow's "advice" regarding foreign policy. For despite brave declarations of Finland's determination to rebuild its defenses, the fact is that the terms of the peace treaty have so undermined its strategic position that its ability to hold out against renewed aggression is very doubtful. Moreover, its resources, crippled by the war and the peace, are quite inadequate to provide for both military and economic reconstruction. Half a million refugees from the ceded areas must be resettled and the damage to 370 bombed towns and villages repaired. And funds for carrying on this work must be found at a time when Finnish economy is severely handicapped by the effects of the Western war on its export markets. With Finland removed as an effective barrier between them and Russia, the anxiety of Norway and Sweden is understandable. It seems likely that, while they will have to abandon the plan for a defensive pact with Finland, they will attempt to reach a military understanding between themselves. Yet even such a limited agreement will present difficulties, since geography forces Sweden to cultivate the good-will of Germany, while Norway, with its long Atlantic coastline, tends to pay more heed to Britain.

*

AS WAS ANTICIPATED, GANDHI EMERGED from last week's All-India National Congress at Ramgarh with power to make another attempt at peaceful settlement before the civil-obedience campaign is formally initiated. If the attempt fails—and there are few who predict otherwise—Gandhi himself is to direct the campaign to free India from British rule. The decision of the Congress has not been accepted by the left-wing group under Subhas Chandra Bose, which has launched its own campaign for immediate independence. Bose charges that Gandhi, although avowedly standing for independence, is actually preparing the ground for a compromise with British imperialism. Gandhi's supporters insist that he is fully prepared to lead the independence drive, but that time is required not only to attempt to gain this end, if possible, by peaceful rather than coercive methods but to prepare the Indian people for a successful civil-disobedience campaign. While Gandhi has apparently not divulged his plans to anyone, it is believed that the campaign has been postponed for at least three months.

*

SPECIAL AID FOR REFUGEE CHILDREN IN ALL parts of the world will be made possible through the "Children's Crusade for Children Without a Country," to be held during the week of April 22. Under the leadership of Dorothy Canfield Fisher a plan has been worked out by which each American school child, from grade to high school, will be asked to contribute as many pennies as he is years old to a fund for child refugees. The funds are to be distributed among Chinese, Polish, German, Spanish, Austrian, Czech, and Finnish refugees according to need on a basis worked out by a distinguished jury. Aside from its practical purpose of raising money for the tens of millions of children who have been rendered homeless throughout the world by the folly of adults, the campaign should also serve a useful educational purpose in acquainting American children with the predicament of children abroad.

The Reynaud Cabinet

VICTIM of a temporary combination of left and right, the Daladier Cabinet fell between two stools, meeting the usual fate of French Cabinets of the center trying to govern with a shifting majority. There would appear to have been two main issues in the latent conflict between Daladier and Reynaud which led to the crisis, namely, the inclusion of Socialists in the Cabinet and the restoration of parliamentary government. Like the French General Staff, Reynaud believes that the successful conduct of a war requires the support and cooperation of organized labor. And he has not concealed his opinion that only a government including the Socialists could make it possible to restore parliamentary government in France during the war.

A Government of National Union such as was formed at the beginning of the last war, which Reynaud desired and Daladier might have been willing to accept, was impossible because Louis Marin and his Republican Federation, the largest and most compact group of the right in the Chamber, refused to enter a Cabinet including Socialists. Daladier preferred the right to the Socialists, and about three weeks ago he planned to reconstruct his Cabinet by taking in the right and getting rid of Reynaud. The maneuver failed and led to his fall.

In the March 19 vote of the Chamber which forced Daladier to resign, the abstainers, who outnumbered the supporters of the government, included all the Socialists (155) and about a score of other deputies of the left who wanted Reynaud as Prime Minister; Marin and the whole of his group, who wished to get rid of Reynaud; and Pierre-Etienne Flandin, with half the members of his small Democratic Alliance group.

Immediately after the formation of the Reynaud Cabinet there was a Radical attempt at sabotage which must have had Daladier's support, although Daladier himself and six other Radical ministers had accepted portfolios. When the Chamber voted confidence in the new Cabinet on March 22 by a majority of 112—268 to 156—only 33 Radicals voted for the government, 7 voted against it with the right, and 70 were among the 111 abstainers. It was no doubt planned that the Radical ministers should resign and force Reynaud's resignation, but again the maneuver failed. All the members of the government pledged themselves to loyal support of the Prime Minister—it must have been a bitter pill for Daladier to swallow—and the government decided to remain in office.

The Reynaud Cabinet is a great improvement on its predecessor. The elimination of Georges Bonnet, Munichois par excellence, would alone justify satisfaction, but it is far from being the only gain. The new Prime Minister is immensely superior to the sham strong man and intriguing small-town politician whom he succeeds; indeed, he is probably the best Prime Minister that could be found in France at this moment. A man of great intelligence, with a ready wit and an independent mind, he is a realist in the best sense of that term. He is also a man of decision who knows what he wants and usually knows how to get it. Reynaud was formerly a member of the Democratic Alliance but left it a few years ago on account of Flandin's pro-Nazi tendencies, and he is now an Independent. He was opposed to Munich and was one of the four members of the Daladier Cabinet who resigned in September, 1938, after Chamberlain's visit to Berchtesgaden but unfortunately withdrew their resignations under pressure from Daladier. The other three—César Campinchi, Georges Mandel, and Henri Queuille—are all members of the new Cabinet. Reynaud was a strong supporter of close relations with the U. S. S. R. until Stalin turned his coat.

The new government includes five Socialists—three ministers and two under secretaries. Georges Monnet, the the new Minister for the Blockade, is one of the best men in the Socialist Party. Albert Sérol, Bonnet's Socialist successor as Minister of Justice, should give France less repression and fewer prosecutions for political offenses. The appointment of Louis-Oscar Frossard as Minister of

Information should turn out to be a good one. He has had a checkered political career, for he has been successively a Socialist and a Communist and now belongs to the Socialist Republican Party, a halfway house between the Radicals and the Socialists. But he is very intelligent and may be expected to give more freedom to the press and to make the censorship a little less stupid than it has hitherto been.

Reynaud himself takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He will have a strong team of collaborators at the Quai d'Orsay. The new Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Auguste Champetier de Ribes, is one of the deputies of the right who definitely opposed Munich. Coulondre, who was French ambassador to Berlin until the war, and is now, for all practical purposes, though not officially, permanent head of the Quai d'Orsay, is one of the ablest men in the French diplomatic service and may be trusted to recommend a sound policy.

The French ministerial crisis is not a sign of the weakness of French democracy, as the German, Italian, and Russian press pretend, but on the contrary a sign of its strength. During the last war France had about half a dozen different Cabinets, and the frequent changes did no harm. Reynaud's position is not yet secure, and he will have a tough job to keep in office, but there are already signs that French public opinion is on his side. The maneuvers of the Radicals have been severely condemned by newspapers of all shades of opinion. One of the few exceptions is the *Journal des Débats,* which belongs to François de Wendel, president of the Comité des Forges and a member of the international gang of financiers and big business men who were the real progenitors of appeasement. Its opposition is a compliment to the Cabinet.

The Fifth Avenue "Riot"

LAST week's "riot" in front of the French consulate in New York reflected little credit on either the city administration or the pickets who were attempting to protest against alleged French persecution of the Spanish refugees. The police action in suppressing the picketing was reminiscent of Mussolini's great victory over Albania. A cordon of five hundred men, mounted and afoot, was thrown around Rockefeller Center more than five hours before the picketing was scheduled to begin. When the pickets appeared, twenty-three in all, including several women, they were pounced upon with such violence that several bystanders were injured.

The general resentment against the brutality of the police has undoubtedly been tempered, however, by doubts regarding the purpose and desirability of the protest. The pretext for the demonstration was an order supposed to have been issued by General Menard at Daladier's behest calling for the immediate expulsion from France of all Spanish refugees who refuse to enlist in the French army or accept military labor service. The French government declares that the report of the order was deliberately "faked" by Communists for political purposes. It insists that there has been no change in French policy toward the refugees and that there is no intention to close the camps in which some 150,000 are still provided for. The facts of the situation are difficult to obtain. Julio Alvarez del Vayo, whose article on conditions in Franco's Spain appears elsewhere in this issue, has made a public statement defending the French treatment of the refugees, and his position is fully backed by Negrín. Nevertheless, it is known that the French have interfered on numerous occasions with refugee services. Several months ago Bonnet ordered a raid on S. E. R. E., the official Spanish relief organization, and its activities in getting refugees to Latin America have been hampered. Although the refugees have not been "forced" back into Spain, tens of thousands have returned under pressure. The Menard order may have been a "fake," but some doubt regarding the full accuracy of the French denial is justified.

But even if we were to assume the authenticity of the Menard order, we should still question the wisdom and sincerity of such a demonstration as that staged before the consulate. Criticism which does not recognize that the French, for all their mistakes, have done more than any other people for the refugees is politically suspect. The French government's denial concerning the order was in itself a statement of policy, and the demonstration which followed could only have been motivated, therefore, by considerations that had little to do with the plight of the refugees. The change in the French government which brings the pro-Loyalist Paul Reynaud to power and eliminates Bonnet promises a sounder handling of the problem; and if any further pressure is needed to assure fair treatment of the refugees, it will not come with any effectiveness from the Communist-inspired group which staged the demonstration.

Such tactics do the refugees considerable harm. They obviously make it more difficult to raise money for their cause. Anti-Loyalist groups delight in charging that sums given for the refugees have been diverted for political ends. The fact that the accusation is untrue does not stop it from being circulated. Fortunately, there was no connection between the demonstration and the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, which is the primary agency collecting funds to aid the refugees. We are glad to note that this organization, despite partisan statements issued in the name of some of its local committees, has kept its head through the recent charges and countercharges and is devoting its energies to obtaining funds for relief of the refugees and for transporting them to the countries that are willing to receive them.

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Wire-Tapping and FBI

THE NATION is glad that the Senate has given unanimous approval to the resolution calling for an investigation into wire-tapping by governmental and private agencies, including the FBI. We have been urging an inquiry to prevent a revival of the abuses that marked the Palmer era. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, in reporting the resolution favorably, stressed this aspect of the investigation when it said, "Wire-tapping, dictographing, and similar devices are especially dangerous at the present time because of the recent resurgence of a spy system conducted by government police. Persons who have committed no crime but whose economic and political views and activities may be obnoxious to the present incumbents of law-enforcement offices are being investigated and catalogued." The reference is to the card index of "radicals" being compiled in the Dilling manner by J. Edgar Hoover.

As Senator Wheeler declared in announcing the appointment of five members of the Committee on Interstate Commerce as a subcommittee for his investigation, "We have a law upon the statute books which prohibits wire-tapping. The Department of Justice should rigidly enforce it, and prosecutions should be had of all those violating the statute regardless of who they might be." Now, many are suspected, but only one agency is known to have violated the law. That agency is the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Attorney General's statement, issued shortly after the Senate committee voted favorably on the resolution for an inquiry, admitted that the FBI had been tapping telephone wires and ordered the practice ended. That order comes just six years after Congress passed a law forbidding wire-tapping under any circumstances by any agency.

Obviously the place for the new inquiry to begin is within the shadow of the Capitol, in the offices of the Department of Justice. Yet Senator Stewart, chairman of the subcommittee which will handle the investigation, now declares that lack of funds will prevent an inquiry into the FBI. It is true that the subcommittee has only $15,000 to begin its work, but the very fact that its funds are limited would seem to dictate that it begin with the FBI, for that is nearest, easiest, and most important. We realize that there are special situations in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts which require attention. In those states wire-tapping is suspected; at the Department of Justice wire-tapping is admitted.

We think that the first witness summoned before the committee ought to be J. Edgar Hoover. And the first question asked should be: "By what authority did you tap telephone wires after Congress had made wire-tapping a felony?"

Notes on Puerto Rico, III

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IF POLITICAL corruption is a chronic disease in Puerto Rico, poverty provides the constitutional debility in which the germ flourishes. The slums on the outskirts of Puerto Rican towns create an effect of physical collapse and depression so overwhelming that no contrast of mountains and rich canefields can wipe it out. The country slums seem better only because the flimsy shacks are open to sun and air. Comfortable small farmsteads exist, but they are few in comparison with the huts of field and town workers, so few that one exclaims with pleasure over houses that would seem at least shabby even in the depressed areas of the South. A large part of Puerto Rico's workers live in permanent "jungles"—shanty towns that have been accepted as the accustomed housing arrangements of one of the most thickly populated areas in the world.

The United States attempted no important improvements in the wages and living standards of Puerto Rico's workers for thirty-seven years. In 1935 the New Deal, personified on the island by the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration, made a start. First under the direction of Ernest Gruening, who was also the head of the Division of Territories and Island Possessions in the Interior Department, and later under the direct control of Miles H. Fairbank as Assistant Administrator, the PRRA has carried out large-scale projects in a dozen different fields. It has initiated agricultural experiment stations, built several housing developments, improved public-health work, begun to distribute small plots of land to farm laborers. It has acquired and is operating cooperatively a sizable sugar *central* and has launched several other cooperative enterprises. It built and now operates a major hydroelectric plant and is developing a broad rural-electrification program. More recently the wage-hour law has put pressure on Puerto Rican employers to pay a more nearly living wage to their workers. Opinion as to the success of the industrial ventures and the practicability of the wage-hour provisions in a depressed colonial economy varies all the way from extreme hostility and contempt to partisan enthusiasm, depending on the politics and economic status of the observer. Both are probably of more value as education than as yardsticks of achievement.

A drive around the island provides a good chart of its problems. Follow the road that leads from San Juan to the south coast over the central mountain range, and you see it laid before your eyes: canefields that stretch off over hilltops long since denuded of trees; roads jammed with cane trucks and walking human beings and livestock so that every steep curve hides a possible casualty; huts built of unpainted wood open at every seam, roofed with tin or thatch and plastered with advertising signs. Towns, fringed with wide areas of one- or two-room shacks, with small shabby dwellings along the side streets, and at the center a pleasant plaza flanked by church and shops and public buildings. On the higher hills you find coffee—a hopelessly depressed crop—fruits, vanilla. Bananas grow at almost all levels. You move through the island and store up variegated impressions leading, no doubt, to many unsound conclusions. But of one thing you are sure at every twist in the road—there are too many people and they are desperately poor.

We visited the Lafayette Central—controversial focus of the PRRA's attempts to alter the island economy. It is impressive to the eye—a large mill and eighteen thousand acres of cane land, part of which is leased to individual farmers and part operated by the *central*. The whole is a cooperative enterprise of rather intricate structure. As an important feature of the venture—though separately administered—the PRRA has built for the workers a large number of small concrete dwellings, each with an acre of land, clustering about community centers which comprise schools and shops and clinics and rooms for meetings and entertainment. The head of the housing development and the manager of the mill, both Puerto Ricans, led us through this impressive social-economic experiment station. Their interest and devotion to the idea behind the venture were contagious, but they were quick to acknowledge weaknesses. Although the *central* is making a small profit, it has not reached a level of efficiency comparable with competing commercial mills. This they attribute largely to the need of educating the workers to an understanding of the nature of the enterprise. "When they learned that they owned the plant, their first idea was, Why work? Owners don't have to work." These men questioned, somewhat, the wisdom of trying to apply strict cooperative methods to a large-scale industrial-agricultural venture run largely by unskilled, uneducated labor. But they maintained against all criticism the present educational value of Lafayette and its future importance as an economic example.

An independent fruit planter in the hills told us the undertaking was a failure from every point of view. "The *jibaro*," he said, "won't take instruction. He doesn't want land for growing ground crops. He hates and fears concrete houses—thinks they're cold and damp and far inferior to a wood or thatch shack. I've tried all those things. I offered my workers land and the seed to put in it. They didn't want the land and they ate the seed. I've tried to improve their health too—used to treat them for hookworm. But if they won't wear shoes, what's the use of curing their hookworm? They come around once a week now and down a dose of epsom salts and go off satisfied."

But the experience at Lafayette is different. At first, workers looked at the new houses with suspicion and resented instruction in planting and terracing and improving the land. Gradually they learned to take pride in both land and house, and social workers and agricultural inspectors are now welcomed. The results are manifest. Bougainvilleas and other vines grow over the porches, and the gardens are almost all well tended. And a long waiting list of applicants for houses is evidence of the changed feeling. But it must be admitted that education and some degree of paternal supervision are a necessary part of any successful social reform in Puerto Rico. It is too much to ask a family that has had no experience of either sanitation or order, that has lived in a shack on beans and rice, that has owned no land and planted only for another man's profit, to adapt itself suddenly to cooperative methods, a vegetable garden, and a two-room concrete house with a privy.

What can be done about Puerto Rico's desperate poverty? PRRA methods should be continued, however marginal their effect. And the people should be educated to levels that will make them capable of absorbing and using new social ideas. But, in addition, the country must be freed from the political diseases that are racking it.

Theoretically Puerto Rico is a democracy in spite of its ambiguous status as a possession of the United States. The citizens vote for their legislators—they cannot, of course, vote for federal officials—and some other insular office-holders. The *jibaro*, by age-old and accepted custom, sells his vote. He may get fifty cents for it, but he may get as much as two dollars, more than half a week's wages. He probably doesn't stop to ask where the party leaders get the money with which they buy his cross-mark; but even if he figures that they get it from the sugar companies and other business interests, it doesn't make much difference to him. Whoever wins the election, he goes on getting his forty or sixty cents a day for as many days as he has work. If he is a cane worker, his degree of hunger depends largely on a quota set in Washington; and he never even heard of Mr. Wallace. So he sells his vote, and the politicians play their ancient game with favors and jobs and contracts and money, and pay little or no attention—in office or out—to the hunger of the *jibaro*.

Control of the island legislature is now held by a coalition of the Union and Socialist parties. The Socialists are well to the right of the A. F. of L. and have no trouble coalescing with the most reactionary political group on the island. The Liberals are the opposition. Recently the Liberal Party split, and Luis Muñoz Marín, a prominent leader who had played a large part in building up the PRRA, has formed a new group, the Partido Popular Democrático. He took with him a good part of the following and the local machinery of the Liberals, and he has gone to the country on a platform of economic and social reform, paralleling in some degree the ideas that underlie the program of the PRRA. But his actual appeal is simpler than that. He is asking the *jibaro* not to sell his vote, and explaining why he should not do so. For a little more than a year he has been carrying into every corner of the country a gospel of honest elections to give the control of the country back to the people. He does not confine his campaign to speechmaking. When a worker tells him that the boss in the *central* refused to pay him the legal rate under the wage-hour law and that the last man who kicked had lost his job, Muñoz provides legal services to try to collect the worker's back pay. When he succeeds, when the man actually collects $100 or $200 owed him, the story runs like lightning through the countryside. And in his next speech Muñoz tells about it himself and draws a simplified moral: The mill-owner may have provided the $2 that Juan was paid for his vote last fall, but why did he do it? So that no one would interfere when he robbed Juan of the $200 he should have paid him. The further moral is even more easily learned: next November Juan will vote the ticket of the Partido Popular Democrático.

Luis Muñoz Marín believes his party, although only a couple of years old, is already the biggest single party in Puerto Rico. The registration of new voters a few months ago provided a partial test, giving Muñoz 40 per cent of the total. He admits that the elections may tell a different story, especially now that the old parties are warned and may coalesce against him. But that his strength is growing everyone admits; and many Liberal leaders are trying to climb aboard the new machine.

Critics of Muñoz—and there are many—charge him with demagoguery. They say he is a rabble-rouser like Huey Long, making the same sort of appeal to an ignorant electorate. They charge him with personal instability. Even some of his good friends admit that he is easily discouraged—a magnificent campaigner and leader as long as things go well but likely to give up in the face of serious setbacks. It is agreed by friends and foes alike that his party is a one-man show and entirely dependent on his leadership. I am not in a position to judge how far these opinions are justified, but I can testify to the magnetism of the man and the effect of his appeal.

One night we drove across the island to a small village on the southern coast. There under torches and a moon, with the Caribbean as background and a dark mass of Puerto Rican workers as audience, the Partido Popular Democrático held a performance. First one of Muñoz's henchmen spoke briefly and with conventional passion about the party and its intention to draw workers and farmers from every other party and form one great organization standing for the rights of the common people. He told the crowd how to vote, and made no bones about it. Muñoz played an entirely different role. He demanded no votes. He only explained to his absorbed listeners the need of choosing men for office who would take care of their interests instead of selling their votes to men who would naturally take care of the interests of the fellows who put up the money. He explained who they were, what they got out of it. He used homely examples, small words. It was the simplest sort of lesson in elementary democracy. The audience responded with quick laughter, tremendous applause. There could be no doubt that they understood and believed him.

Whether Muñoz Marín is successful or not, such instruction cannot be entirely wasted. Basic social reforms in Puerto Rico cannot be made until the people learn the rudiments of self-government. To elect officials who are not owned by the old parties and the interests that finance them is only a beginning. After that comes the task of formulating and driving through a workable program. But an electorate that does not sell its vote is the prerequisite for all that must follow.

Next week I shall comment on the independence problem and on the attitude of Puerto Ricans toward the new Governor, Admiral Leahy.

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What I Believe

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

[*In the fight against his appointment to teach advanced logic and the philosophy of mathematics at the College of the City of New York, Bertrand Russell's opponents have accused him of promulgating a moral code ranging from bolshevism to the advocacy of "eternal triangles." To refresh the public mind on Mr. Russell's real beliefs we are glad to reprint his own views as written for* The Nation *of April 29, 1931.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Bertrand Russell

THE answer to such a question as What do you believe? is generally expected to consist of two parts: the first explaining one's views as to the nature of the world, the second one's opinions as to how human life should be conducted. The man who invents some fallacious and fantastic argument to show that since the world is such and such, conduct ought to be so and so is considered to show greater profundity than the man who perceives that the two questions have nothing to do with each other. Academic philosophers, ever since the time of Parmenides, have believed that the world is a unity. This view has been taken over from them by clergymen and journalists, and its acceptance has been considered the touchstone of wisdom. The most fundamental of my beliefs is that this is rubbish. I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love.

Indeed, there is little but prejudice and habit to be said for the view that there is a world at all. Physicists have recently advanced opinions which should have led them to agree with the foregoing remarks; but they have been so pained by the conclusions to which logic would have led them that they have been abandoning logic for theology in shoals. Every day some new physicist publishes a new pious volume to conceal from himself and others the fact that in his scientific capacity he has plunged the world into unreason and unreality. To take an illustration: What are we to think of the sun? He used to be the glorious lamp of heaven, a golden-haired god, a being to be worshiped by Zoroastrians and Aztecs and Incas. There is some reason to think that the doctrines of Zoroaster inspired Kepler's heliocentric cosmogony. But now the sun is nothing but waves of probability. If you ask what it is that is probable, or in what ocean the waves travel, the physicist, like the Mad Hatter, replies, "I have had enough of this; suppose we change the subject." If, however, you press him, he will say that the waves are in his formulae, and his formulae are in his head, from which, however, you must not infer that the waves are in his head.

To speak seriously: such orderliness as we appear to find in the external world seems to be due to our own passion for pigeonholes, and it is quite doubtful whether there are such things as laws of nature. It is a curious sign of the times that religious apologists welcome this view. In the eighteenth century they welcomed the reign of law, since they thought that laws implied a Lawgiver, but religious apologists in the present day seem to be of opinion that a world created by a Deity must be irrational, on the ground, apparently, that they themselves have been made in God's image. The reconciliation of religion and science which professors proclaim and bishops acclaim rests, in fact, on grounds of quite another sort, and might be set forth in the following practical syllogism: Science depends upon endowments, and endowments are threatened by bolshevism, therefore science is threatened by bolshevism; but religion also is threatened by bolshevism; therefore religion and science are allies. It follows, of course, that science, if pursued with sufficient profundity, reveals the existence of a God. Nothing so logical as this penetrates, however, to the consciousness of the pious professors.

The odd thing is that, at the very moment when physics, which is the fundamental science, is undermining the whole structure of applied reason and presenting us with a world of unreal and fantastic dreams in place of the Newtonian order and solidity, applied science is becoming peculiarly useful and more able than ever to give results of value to human life. There is here a paradox of which possibly the intellectual solution may be found hereafter, or, equally possibly, no solution may exist. The fact is that science plays two quite distinct roles: on the one hand as a metaphysic, and on the other hand as educated common sense. As a metaphysic it has been undermined by its own success. Mathematical technique is now so powerful that it can find a formula for even the most erratic world. Plato and Sir James Jeans think that because geometry applies to the world, God must have made the world on a geometrical pattern, but the mathematical logician suspects that God could not have made a world containing many things without exposing it to the skill of the geometer. In fact, the applicability of geometry to the physical world has ceased to be a fact about that world, and has become only a tribute to the geometer's cleverness. The only thing that the geometer needs is multiplicity, whereas the only thing the theologian needs is unity. Of unity, however vague, however tenuous, I see no evidence in modern science considered as a metaphysic. But modern science considered as common sense remains triumphant, indeed more triumphant than ever before.

In view of this state of affairs, it is necessary to make a sharp distinction between metaphysical beliefs and practical beliefs in regard to the conduct of life. In metaphysics my creed is short and simple. I think that the external world may be an illusion, but if it exists, it consists of events short, small, and haphazard. Order, unity, and continuity are human inventions just as truly as are catalogues and encyclopedias. But human inventions can, within limits, be made to prevail in our human world, and in the conduct of our daily life we may with advantage forget the realm of chaos and old night by which we are perhaps surrounded.

In human beings three things seem to me to be particularly desirable. They are scientific method, friendly feelings, and interest in life or the world. Let us begin with scientific method.

The ultimate metaphysical doubts which we have been considering have no bearing whatever upon the practical uses of science. If a Mendelian develops a variety of wheat which is immune from diseases that are destructive to the older varieties, if a physiologist makes a discovery about vitamins, if a chemist makes a discovery about the scientific production of nitrates, the importance and usefulness of their work is quite independent of the question whether an atom consists of a miniature solar system, or a wave of probability, or an infinite rectangle of integers. When I speak of the importance of scientific method in regard to the conduct of human life, I am thinking of scientific method in its mundane forms. Not that I would undervalue science as a metaphysic, but the value of science as metaphysic belongs in another sphere. It belongs with religion and art and love, with the pursuit of the beatific vision, with the Promethean madness that leads the greatest men to strive to become gods. Perhaps the only ultimate value of human life is to be found in this Promethean madness. But it is a value that is religious, not political or even moral, and at the present moment it is of morals and politics that I wish to speak.

Scientific method as an ingredient in everyday life consists of the habit of basing opinions upon evidence rather than upon emotion or tradition. The agriculturist who employs the methods that he learned from his father and his grandfather is likely to be indignant with the urban whippersnapper who sets to work to instruct him. Frequently the latter is ignorant of something essential and is apparently overwhelmed by the shrewd man of practical experience. Nevertheless, he is likely to possess some new piece of knowledge which, if it can be incorporated with experience, will lead to an important improvement on traditional methods. Uneducated mothers imagine that nature has taught them how to bring up their infants, and are indignant when male experts offer them advice. No doubt the male experts would be a failure if they tried to bring up infants themselves. Nevertheless, on many points, such as fixed hours of feeding, their advice has now been accepted by all intelligent women. The main principle of the scientific method is that emotion, like what the soldier said, is not evidence. If this could be more widely recognized, it would not only improve the technique of the arts and of education, but would go far to solve international problems, which are rendered intractable by the substitution of patriotic emotion for a sober survey of facts. Emotion has its sphere, since it decides the ends to which our activities are to be devoted, but it should not be allowed to obscure our vision as to the means for realizing those ends.

Scientific method is closely connected with the social virtue of impartiality. Piaget, in his book on "Judgment and Reasoning in the Child," contends that the reasoning faculty is a product of the social sense. Every child, he says, begins with a dream of omnipotence, in which all facts are bent to his wishes. Gradually, through contact with others, he is forced to the realization that their wishes may be opposed to his, and that his wishes are not invariably arbiters of truth. Reasoning, according to Piaget, develops as a method of arriving at a social truth upon which all can agree. This condition is, I think, largely valid, and emphasizes one great merit of the scientific method—namely, that it tends to avoid those intractable disputes which arise when private emotion is regarded as the test of truth. Piaget ignores another aspect of scientific method—namely, that it gives power over the environment and also power of adaptation to the environment. It may be, for example, an advantage to be able to predict the weather, and if one man is right on this point while all his companions are wrong, the advantage nevertheless remains with him, though a purely social definition of truth would compel us to regard him as in the wrong. It is success in this practical test of power over the environment, or adaptation to it, which has given science its prestige. The Chinese emperors repeatedly refrained from persecuting the Jesuits because the latter were in the right as to the dates of eclipses when the Chinese astronomers were in the wrong. All modern life is built upon this practical success of science, at any rate where the inanimate world is concerned. It has had hitherto less success in direct applications to man, and it therefore still meets with opposition from traditional beliefs where man is concerned, but it cannot well be doubted that if our civilization survives, man also will soon come to be viewed scientifically. This will have a great effect upon education and the criminal law, perhaps also on family life. Such developments, however, belong to the future.

The power over the environment which science gives is not necessarily a good thing; the stock instance to the contrary is war. If science gives a nation the power to wipe out an enemy capital within a few hours of the outbreak of war, the gain to mankind is problematical. Whether scientific power is to be a boon or a curse depends upon the dominant emotions of those who wield it. Hitherto hatred and cruelty have always played a very large part in human life. Education and the criminal law have at most times been so ferocious as to defeat their supposed ends; that is to say, boys have been stupider, and criminals more criminal, than they would have been if they had been more kindly treated. Similarly, when nations go to war nominally for economic ends, both sides are impoverished, and it is clear that hatred has blinded them to their true interests. The more scientific power men acquire, the more important it becomes that they should wield this power for good rather than for evil. How they will wield power depends upon their dominant emotions: if these emotions are friendly, they will wield it well; if hostile, badly.

The problem is therefore presented to the men of science to devise a method of generating friendly feeling in the mass of mankind and more especially in the holders of power. The method of direct exhortation, which has been favored by the founders of religions, has not proved very effective, and it is clear that quite other methods are required. A considerable period of experimentation will be necessary before anything can be said positively on this subject, but it is clear that among the factors concerned are diet, instinctive satisfaction, and skill in constructive work. Probably a radical transformation of the economic system is also necessary. I have no doubt whatever that methods could be devised for creating a world in which most men had friendly feelings toward other men, but I think rivers of blood will have to flow before the holders of power will allow such a world to be created, and I am doubtful whether rivers of blood are the right kind of rivers to water the tender plant of human kindness.

When I speak of the necessity of friendly feelings, I emphatically do not mean unselfishness. Unselfishness is, of course, a vague word which is incapable of any precise meaning, but at any rate it always involves control of the feelings by the will. Traditional ethics emphasize the will far too much; emotions and sentiments are far more important than will. The type of person that should be produced is a type that spontaneously, without self-control, wishes to do what in fact is in the general interest, not the type that is filled with destructive wishes kept in check by an iron self-control. Destructive wishes, where they exist strongly, will find an outlet somehow, usually by generating beliefs which justify cruel actions. Useful emotions are produced not by preaching, but by physiological means and by wise conditioning.

This technique applies not only to friendly feelings but also to interest in life. There are many moderns in whom zest is lacking: they live more or less virtuously, but with a minimum of enjoyment. This is usually due to the fact that they force themselves by an effort of will to live in a way which is contrary to powerful emotions, of which they may or may not be conscious. An indispensable psychological condition for interest in life is a certain emotional harmony which makes it unnecessary to suppress certain emotions in order to gratify certain others. The most frequent conflict is between sexual emotions and desire for the respect of neighbors. Wherever such conflicts are strong, they are likely to produce either listlessness or rage: a man will either lose all interest in life or will find his chief pleasure in punishing those who have enjoyed the pleasures which he has denied himself. To keep alive the spontaneous play of interest and the flow of friendly feeling, it is necessary that as far as possible such fundamental emotional conflicts should be avoided. This requires partly an adaptation of the individual to the community, but partly also an adaptation of the community to the individual. To avoid emotional conflicts in the individual, it is sometimes best to adopt such methods of education as will prevent certain desires from growing up, but at other times it is best to alter public morality in such a way that desires previously incompatible shall cease to be so. The latter is the best method wherever public morality condemns acts which would be harmless if they were not condemned.

I believe that the substitution of a scientific for a religious technique in the production of virtue may prove to be of enormous importance. Moralists hitherto have been extraordinarily unsuccessful in producing the type of character that they said they desired. The growth of psychology and biochemistry is likely to give us in the not too distant future a far greater power of molding character than mankind has ever hitherto possessed. Like the power over inanimate nature, this new power over human nature may be used either for good or for evil. I do not profess to know in which way it will be used, but if it is used for evil, our scientific civilization will not long survive.

Men Who Would Be President

III. PRETTY BOY McNUTT

BY MILTON S. MAYER

WE LIBERALS danced in the streets back in January, 1933, when Governor Paul V. McNutt mounted his legislature and rode it over the corpse of constitutional procedure in the sovereign commonwealth of Indiana. "This," Governor McNutt told his fellow-citizens in his inaugural address, "is a testing time for representative government"; the following day he assembled his Reichstag and instructed the members in the representative art of voting *Ja.* And we liberals cheered.

For McNutt was a New Dealer, and what did it matter if he drew up decrees at five in the morning and pronounced them law at noon? "Bills of Rights" for labor, for the poor, for the schools, for the aged were rammed through the legislature with rules suspended, debate curtailed, and amendments forbidden. Indiana, under benevolent tyranny, caught up with and passed nearly every state in the country in social legislation. By March 3, the day of Franklin Roosevelt's inauguration, the New Deal was a fact in Indiana and the legislators had been dismissed. By midsummer we liberals were talking, and writing, of McNutt as Roosevelt's successor in 1940.

McNutt had the same idea. At the age of eight, according to the legend around Martinsville, Indiana, he decided he would rather be President than right. Maybe he will never be either, but we liberals who thought he was right in 1933 have to concede him the privilege of thinking he will be President in 1940.

The word for McNutt is "effective," and there is, more often than not, a connection between effectiveness and tyranny, despotic or benevolent. He was effective as governor. He anticipated the New Deal by anywhere from two months to two years. "Relief is our first problem. We must make every resource available. We cannot wait and we dare not fail." That was January 10, 1933, and relief in Indiana was at once made adequate and, to a surprising extent, non-political. The schools, all of them down to eight-month terms and most of them facing three-month terms or closing altogether, were put on their feet with state support. "Roads and buildings may wait, but not the children."

And so on down the line. Everything that labor had fought for and had won in only the most progressive states it got in Indiana under McNutt—everything from ratification of the child-labor amendment to a little Norris-LaGuardia Act. Workmen's compensation was liberalized and old-age pensions were established, not under Roosevelt in 1935 but under McNutt in 1933. The loan-shark racket was scotched. Utilities rates were reduced, and McNutt's rural-electrification program increased the percentage of electrified farms from 11.7 in 1934 to 36.7 in 1939. "Unalterably opposed to the principle of a sales tax," McNutt gaveled through a 1 per cent gross-income tax with a $1,000 exemption. The property tax was cut as a sop to conservative owners of homes and farms. Liquor revenue and the acceleration of economic activity pulled Indiana out of the hole.

There is proof that he balanced the budget and proof that he didn't, and proof that it's a good thing to do and proof that it isn't. In the past few months he has soft-pedaled the budget balancing in his campaign publicity, and for obvious reasons. In an early blurb last year he described his inauguration as follows: "Indiana was facing bankruptcy, its budget unbalanced." Now that's no way for a New Deal candidate to talk, and last month McNutt told the Boston Chamber of Commerce: "To incur further debts and carry an unbalanced national budget year after year, in the face of economic folkways and *mores* acquired over the centuries, demands both courage and vision."

McNutt's reorganization of the state government, which was drawn up in an all-night session of spoilsmen at the Indianapolis Club and enacted into law before a single legislator could have read it, should have warned us liberals that our platinum-headed boy was a dangerous man. All elective offices were abolished except those of eight departmental administrators elective under the constitution, and these eight were deprived of their power through the reduction of a hundred-and-some departments to eight administrative agencies under boards appointed by the governor. The act gave McNutt blanket authority to transfer any function or fund from one department to another, abolished the State Board of Finance, and transferred its duties to the Treasury, which McNutt controlled through an appointive board.

What McNutt wanted was power, and he didn't stop at the reorganization of the state to get it. There is no point in exposing Paul McNutt here; he has been exposed and reexposed, and everybody in the country knows all about it. But there is something new to be said on each of the three counts on which he has been found guilty—the use of troops to break strikes, the degradation of the state personnel by the use and abuse of the spoils system, and the extortion of campaign funds from employees, contractors, and beneficiaries of special legislation.

Paul McNutt

McNutt's use of troops in the 1933 general strike in Terre Haute aroused liberals throughout the country. If McNutt is never elected President, he will owe his failure to such relatively small voices as those of Norman Thomas and *The Nation*. Thomas hung the nickname of "Hoosier Hitler" on a man whose own name was bad enough, and the whole country, even mild conservatives, picked up the euphony. McNutt's New Dealism was quickly forgotten as the "Hoosier Hitler" tag caught on, and millions of Americans suppose to day that the man has an unbroken record of black reaction. "I don't know much about him," one of the most influential New Dealers said to me a week ago, 'but I have the impression that the man's a fascist." The same official's assistant said: "He sure went down the line for us in '33."

Terre Haute put McNutt on the spot. Labor leaders who are not hysterical agree with sympathizing experts in government that somebody has got to get tough when a city can't get food and milk. The law compelled McNutt to send troops on the written appeal of the local authorities. R. Clyde White, the federal conciliator in the situation, says that McNutt wished to withdraw the proclamation almost from the day order was restored, but that the civil authorities refused to take responsibility.

McNutt's hands are so clean in the Terre Haute affair that when John Lewis attacks him as a strikebreaker McNutt blandly pretends that Lewis is referring, unjustly, to the Terre Haute strike. But Lewis is referring to Sullivan County, which McNutt never mentions. McNutt's predecessor had sent a company of troops into the high-cost mining area around Jasonville in July, 1932. McNutt refused to remove them. The companies were selling miners, as they say in Indiana, instead of coal. On October 8, 1933, there was the usual "riot"—a union picket killed—and on the following day McNutt proclaimed the entire area a military district. For twenty-eight months no assembly was permitted, no unauthorized ingress or egress, no picketing, no exercise of civil authority.

McNutt fired 2,500 state employees during his first week in office, and it is not hard to believe the charge that he hired 3,500 during his second. There was nothing new or uniquely corrupt about this in American government, but McNutt went to new extremes. McNutt was effective. Even the state library, previously immune, was swept out, and only the ferocious protest of medical men saved the nationally respected superintendent of a state mental institution. Thirty legislators were given state jobs in open violation of the constitution. The beer law, for the like of which one must go back to the tax-farming of the Bourbon kings, set up exclusive "importers" in each of the state's twelve districts and licensed liquor salesmen; every job went to a McNutt man, and the deal wasn't unilateral.

Money matters McNutt assigned to the management of Frank McHale (lawyer for liquor interests, receiverships, banks) and Bowman Elder (furniture, real estate, receiverships). McHale was Democratic state committeeman; Elder, treasurer of the American Legion. They have been McNutt's back-room men for fifteen years, and neither of them suffers from hyper-idealism. In Indiana everybody is sure—though nobody except McNutt, McHale, Elder, and, possibly, the United States Treasury is in a position to know—that there have been deals in everything, from cement to soap bubbles. The McNutt war chest, which is not to be confused with the funds of the Two Per Cent Club, brings in $200,000 or so a year.

The Two Per Cent Club nets another $200,000 or $225,000 a year, but this shouldn't shock anyone over ten. Every state, every county, every city hall in the country has a Two Per Cent Club. If the Democrats have more of them than the Republicans, it merely means that the Democrats have fewer fat cats and are really more democratic. "It costs money to run a political organization," McNutt's friends explain. "You get it from the steel companies in Gary or the coal people downstate or the railroads in Indianapolis—or you get it the way McNutt gets it, openly and honestly, and with no favors to repay to the big interests."

True, but there are a couple of blemishes on the portrait of St. Paul McNutt. In the first place, he "gets it," as he does everything, more effectively than anybody else. Jobholders in some places, including departments in Washington, may refuse to kick in; others may be so poor that the machine is ashamed to put the bite on them. In Indiana everybody kicks in, and a janitor supporting five kids on $800 a year comes through with his 2 per cent or, after forty years of peonage, out he goes. In the second place, McNutt also gets it from the "interests." And it is not the Two Per Cent Club that the Bureau of Internal Revenue is investigating; it is the war chest. It is doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt will let the Attorney General blow the lid off Indiana before the election—the Kelly-Nash fireworks in Chicago, ignited some months ago by Mr. Murphy, seem to be a bit damp—but James A. Farley, who hates McNutt, has had his own investigators in Indiana and will enter the Democratic convention with some very interesting reading matter in his pocket.

McNutt is consumed by ambition. He would trade his grandmother for the South Dakota delegation. And, as I have said, he is effective. They may have laughed when he went out to win the presidency of the Epworth League at the age of twelve—but he won it. They may have laughed when he proposed himself for president of his high-school class and hero of the class play, when he nominated himself for editor of the student paper and president of the student council at Indiana University, when he suggested that he be made dean of the Indiana Law School, commander of his Legion post, of the American Legion—but he won every time. They're laughing now, and he's nominating himself for President.

You have to understand Indiana to understand McNutt. Indiana can show more piety and fraud than Kansas. Its politics stink worse than those of Ohio or Pennsylvania, and its worst men almost always rise to the top. Of the four Republican governors preceding McNutt, one went to the penitentiary and another was saved by the statute of limitations.

In addition to being an Indiana politician, ambitious and effective, McNutt is intelligent. After making Phi Beta Kappa at Indiana and Coif at Harvard, he maneuvered his way up from instructor—with time out for a World War training camp—to dean of the Indiana Law School at the age of thirty-four. Indiana is a political university, but McNutt raised admission standards, strengthened the faculty, and did some legal research of his own. He did all this with his left hand, because his right was busy grabbing the mitt or coat-tail of every legionnaire in the land. During his year as state commander he traveled 40,000 miles and attended Legion conventions in nineteen states. During his year as national commander he delivered 1,300 speeches—all of them hooey and all of them loaded with militarism and "Americanism." Though he is bitterly hated by the Legion minority, which is sure that he used the organization for political purposes, the Legion constitutes an auxiliary machine in his campaign.

When he left the governorship, he left McHale and Elder in charge of the state, set up a figurehead named Townsend to take his place in Indianapolis, and sent Sherman Minton, a dependable subordinate, to the United States Senate. McNutt ran the whole show from Manila, effectively.

He was effective as High Commissioner in the Philippines. It was a tough assignment, and Roosevelt knew that McNutt was tough. Never the fresh-water type, he took with him considerable understanding of international affairs. He won over Quezon, or at least Quezon acts as if he did; he was firm in the enunciation of the fact that the Islands were still American property; and he worked out an intelligent program for the ultimate colonization of 10,000 refugees from Japan's friend Hitler. His tenure in the Philippines convinced him, he says, that "if the United States abandons the Islands they will become a bloody battleground." A tour of the Orient before his return to the States convinced him that "he was right in opposing independence for the Philippines." He thinks the American people haven't given the matter enough thought, but that after we've thought it over we ought, if our decision stands, to get out of the Far East "lock, stock, and barrel." In estimating McNutt's campaign fund, you may add a kitty of no less than a million dollars from Philippine sugar interests that want to keep the Islands inside the American tariff wall.

McNutt seems to be exactly as militaristic as Franklin Roosevelt and no more imperialistic than Cordell Hull. He tried, without success against the anti-New Deal clique in command, to swing the last convention of the Legion behind revision of the Neutrality Act, and he has defended the reciprocal trade treaties eloquently and impressively. He hasn't, in recent years, beaten the tom-tom as hard as Roosevelt has, but like a good legionnaire he wants "a military establishment second to none."

He has been effective as Federal Security Administrator, though he hasn't had a chance yet to make much of a record; the agencies he is coordinating were all well established—Social Security, NYA, CCC, Office of Education, Public Health Service, and Employment Service. The National Health Program, abandoned by the Administration, would have given McNutt a sounding-board. It would have provided, at the same time, a test of his social morals. As Governor of Indiana he handed over the responsibility and state funds for preventive medicine to the county medical societies and curtailed or abolished state services in a program urged if not written by the Indiana State Medical Association.

McNutt hasn't hit the front page since he has been in his present office. It is just possible that Roosevelt, when he gave McNutt the Security job, knew that the health program was out and that foreign affairs would occupy the limelight for some time to come. There are several explanations of why Roosevelt placed the lame, the halt, and the blind in the tender care of a Presidential candidate with a political record like McNutt's, but the likeliest is this. Roosevelt offered the job to President Dykstra of Wisconsin. Roosevelt was informed, incorrectly, that Dykstra wouldn't take it. The job had to be filled quickly, and by a good administrator. McNutt walked in, all tanned and administrative, and reminded Roosevelt that he'd been promised a good job when he returned from the Islands. "Here it is," said Roosevelt. One of F. D. R.'s closest friends says: "The President likes some strange people, and McNutt is one of them. But he doesn't trust the man and he doesn't want him to be President."

McNutt's campaign, which is being carried on from the Federal Security offices just as plainly as Roosevelt's is from the White House or Garner's from the Hill, got off to a bad start last spring with a lavish brawl at the Mayflower. The New Dealers didn't like it, partly because McNutt was beating the gun, partly because they hate him for his combination of New Deal brains and Old Deal morals. Even if McNutt is only half as bad as the New Dealers say he is, he's bad enough. To look at him is to mistrust him. Every writer who has interviewed him has reacted negatively. He is too smooth; and unlike Roosevelt he isn't smooth enough to look as if he weren't smooth. Roosevelt's smile seems hearty, even if it isn't; McNutt's seems phony, even if it isn't.

Is McNutt as bad as he is usually painted? Let us assume, over Thurman Arnold's dead body, that men are capable of seeing the ends of society and deciding which means or intermediate ends are good or bad in the light of the ultimate goal. In the governorship McNutt's activities as a spoilsman, a corruptionist, and a strike-breaker stand in interesting contrast with his social legislation. He seems to have kept his distance from the Klan, which owned Indiana in the early twenties, and though they have carefully avoided direct attacks on vested interests, his speeches, outside the Legion, have been consistently liberal, some of them ringing with almost Rooseveltian force. The epithets "fascist" and "Hoosier Hitler" are patently ridiculous, not only because of the man's mixed record but also because he consistently attacks Nazism and fascism rather than totalitarian Stalinism—and he, mind you, a former national commander of the American Legion. Everything in his small-town Indiana political background, however, would tend to make him conservative or reactionary, and there is only his intellectualism, which, while it is limited, does exist, to make him liberal. He is a risk, and a bad risk. But he is not a known quantity. He would probably make a terrible President; he would possibly make a wonderful one. But this, as Governor McNutt said as he ground his heel into the representative government of Indiana, is a testing time for representative government, and 1940 is not the year for risks.

Nobody takes McNutt's campaign very seriously, though his second-choice convention votes might give him second place on the ticket or even the Presidential nomination if Roosevelt should be out and the convention deadlocked. It isn't likely though—not with the lid about to come off in Indiana. McNutt's future is obscure, but his present is plain: the New Dealers don't trust him, Farley hates him, the conservatives and reactionaries have no respect for him, and nobody knows him for sure.

One Year of Franco

BY JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Mexico City, March 15

ON MARCH 28, 1939, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Radio Madrid announced in the name of the Casado Junta the imminent entry of the Franco forces into that ultimate bastion of Republican resistance.

I have no desire to review here that last lamentable episode of the epic of the Spanish people. Anyone who has read Colonel Casado's book, "The Last Days of Madrid" (London: Peter Davies), will have formed his own idea of the role which irresponsibility, resentment, personal ambition, and muddled political thinking played in that rebellion against the Negrín government which entailed so many consequences, the most fatal being the abandonment of tens of thousands of self-sacrificing and heroic Republicans, soldiers and civilians alike, to the ferocity of the Franco repression. The most ardent admirer of Dr. Negrín could hardly have produced a document that would justify his policy of resistance better than does Colonel Casado's book. Events in Europe since the fall of Madrid have proved that we in the Negrín Cabinet were no mere dreamers or sectarians. Those of us who were convinced that only through resistance could we force Franco to agree to humane peace terms were also hoping to maintain on Spanish soil one last Republican trench where we could hold on until the international situation should change in our favor, that is, until appeasement, of which we had been the victims since 1936, should cease.

If in September, 1939, the Spanish Republican Army had been in possession of a corner of southeastern Spain behind a line however shortened—and except for the Casado rising this would have been possible even with Madrid lost—the situation today would be different, and this anniversary commentary would be superfluous.

We knew quite well what would happen to our country once Franco had won. Had Franco been a statesman or even a man of vision he would have been able to profit by the fatigue, the bitterness, and the disillusionment that inevitably followed the sorry end of the brief

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Casado episode, and through a policy of clemency he could have softened the antipathy which his brutality and his reliance on foreign bayonets had won for him among the majority of Spaniards. Instead it was *vae victis*. This could have been foreseen by anyone who had followed his record and his utterances especially in the days when mediation was being attempted by Paris and London and his almost daily refrain was "unconditional surrender." There was also his particularly revelatory refusal to accept, as the Republic had done with alacrity, the proposal of Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, head of the British Commission for Exchange of Prisoners, that death sentences imposed on each side be canceled reciprocally. This was an omen of the monstrous repression to come.

In Paris last November we estimated the number of political prisoners in Franco's jails at around 300,000. On January 26, 1940, the New York *Times* published a dispatch from Vatican City in which papal circles gave the figure as half a million. But when I talked in London in late December with the correspondent of the *News-Chronicle*, A. V. Phillips, who had just come from four months in a Madrid jail, I learned that the number exceeded the million mark. Other trustworthy reports brought by people escaping from Spain confirm Mr. Phillips's story. A million persons still held as political prisoners a year after the end of a war is pure insanity. On the basis of the size of the average Spanish family this means that there are in Spain from five to six million people who have relatives in prison. And that this has had grave repercussions on the economic life of the nation is evidenced in the recent speeches of the *Caudillo* and his chief Minister, Serrano Suñer, in which one detects a justifiable anxiety.

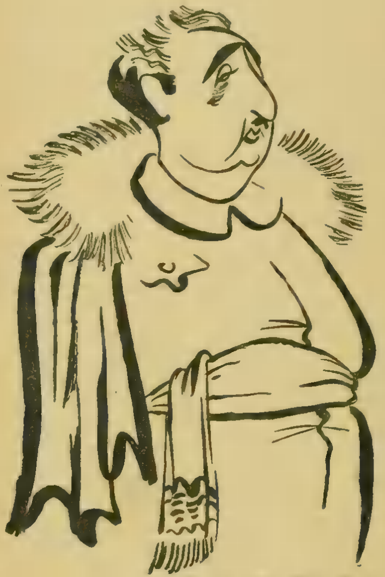
The rhythm of arrests continues unabated with the passing months. House-to-house searches for Republicans go on. The press publishes almost daily admonishments to citizens to denounce one another. If a crime of sufficient seriousness can be established, on the basis of inconsistent and superficial accusations, the man is shot. Lesser criminals are liable to sentences averaging thirty years. Having been an active Republican is in itself a crime. Schools, convents, and public buildings have been converted into jails, but there are still too few buildings to accommodate the "penal" population, and so a vast system of concentration camps on the Nazi model has been established to complete the repressive apparatus of a regime dedicated to the elimination of all opposition.

In the prisons a process of regeneration takes place conforming to the methods which fifty years and more ago dishonored the Spanish penal system. Through the use of enforced fasting and the club, Franco's jailers, who are old in the Spanish tradition, undertake to exorcise from the Republican prisoner the baleful effects of "red" sorcery. In the place of the old prison guards, themselves never distinguished for their tenderness, are now the Civil Guards, experts at the art of transforming a robust peasant into a heap of flesh with only enough vitality left to sustain pain, humiliation, and madness until the next beating. The history of Andalusia and Estremadura, save for the short period of authentic Republican government, is replete with the excesses and arbitrary brutalities of the Civil Guard. Those cruelties pale beside the present methods of the Franco government. But such methods are unavailing before the indomitable spirit of the Spaniard. It was with profound emotion that I heard Mr. Phillips tell how the thousands of prisoners who leave their cells each month to be shot go to their death crying *"Viva la República!"*

In the concentration camps reserved for lesser "criminals" or for those against whom the officials have not yet been able to present a damaging dossier, the government is relatively benevolent. Here the principle of economic exploitation takes precedence over the primary desire for vengeance. The Franco slogan "Redemption Through Work" has opened to private enterprise an unlimited supply of cheap labor. The men and women in the concentration camps—when the state does not use their labor in some of the fantastic schemes for national reconstruction with which it tries to cover up the disastrous economic and financial conditions in the Franco paradise—are farmed out to a private entrepreneur who is happy at not having to pay more than a peseta a day to a worker who cannot think of striking and whose complete submission is guaranteed by armed guards.

The fact that those Spaniards who, preferring the risk of violent death to slow extinction, attempt to escape from the vast prison that is Spain today obtain aid and comfort from people of all classes is an arresting index of feeling in the country. Before the war finally broke upon Europe an average of fifty Spaniards a day escaped over the Pyrenees to France. Last December, despite the severity of an unusually hard Pyreneean winter, a Spanish mother with three children, the eldest aged nine, appeared at the first French frontier post and asked to be taken to a French refugee camp. There she declared that thousands of Spaniards in Spain, even granting the truth of the complaints of their compatriots in the French concentration camps, would gladly exchange places with them. Among the fugitives in France today are people who once left the French camps, returned to Franco Spain, and then escaped back to France. Others of those who returned to Spain believing in Franco's promises of clemency were taken and shot immediately and were never able to escape a second time. Last spring the grave-digger at the Irún cemetery, horrified at the mass executions of the returning Spaniards, himself fled to France.

The stories of some of these escapes from Franco are more exciting than any adventure fiction. There recently arrived in New York City, en route to Latin America, one of the oldest and bravest militants in the Spanish Socialist Party, Santamaría, mayor of El Ferrol when the revolt broke out. He spent three years hidden in rebel territory. Six months after the end of the war he and fourteen others fled to France in a motor boat from a beach near El Ferrol. Despite the great hazards involved in preparing for this wholesale escape, Santamaría and his friends managed to disguise themselves as Civil Guards with three-cornered hats and belting of cardboard and wooden rifles. On a night when the darkness favored them Santamaría, who is a man over fifty, and his fourteen comrades approached a motor boat, pointed their wooden rifles at the occupants, and challenged them as smugglers. The men in the boat fled, and soon the fifteen Republicans were in the open sea headed for France. In a short while their gasoline was exhausted. The improvised apparel was then burned, piece by piece, until finally a French ship saw the flames, drew near, and picked them up.


Drawing by Schreiber

General Franco

Almost four years after the beginning of the war there are still armed bands in the hills of Galicia and Asturias. The police search everyone going into the hills to keep food from being carried to these men, who have decided never to give themselves up alive to the "justice" of Franco. There have been veritable battles in the hills. Many have been killed.

Among the recently escaped fugitives now in Mexico are two who found refuge in the house of the village priest. A large part of the lower clergy is against Franco. Their attitude is due in part to the fact that they consider the brutal and seemingly endless repression irreconcilable with their Christian principles. The humble priests in the towns are also aware that the silence of the hierarchy in the face of the continued slaughter and the presence of the hierarchy at all functions of the Phalanx are strong factors turning the people against the church.

Hunger is the dominant feature of the present situation in Spain. From time to time, as for example after the new commercial treaty with France, the empty bins are filled with wheat imported from foreign countries. But the poor distribution system coupled with the excessively low wages prevents most of the people from satisfying their appetite. While prices of the most essential foods have doubled, wages have been cut. From five to eight pesetas is a maximum daily wage. On the other hand, potatoes, which before the war, even when they were most expensive, cost only five pesetas the *arroba* (twenty-five pounds), are sold today for fifteen pesetas. Olive oil, an essential ingredient of Spanish cooking, has become a luxury; half a liter of olive oil, on the rare occasions when it can be bought, costs from five to six pesetas, that is, the daily wage of a laborer.

Business is in a state of permanent crisis. Taxes and fines have practically wiped out the small dealer. Nor does the well-to-do middle class escape the severity of an economic system based on capricious expropriation and corrupted by the politics of prestige. Industry as well as agriculture suffers from the system of repression which keeps approximately one million experienced laborers and peasants in prisons and concentration camps. For every experienced worker in Spain today there are eight novices.

The recent decree giving back to the grandees the lands distributed by the Republic both before and during the war according to the constitutional terms of the agrarian-reform law was a hard blow to the popularity of the Franco regime and gained for it finally and forever the passive resistance and hatred of the small landholders. If we can trust the estimates of serious observers who reported that at the end of 1939 the percentage of people really with Franco did not exceed 15 per cent, how small must be the percentage with him now!

Criteria of caste inspire the decisions of the government. In the course of the first year of Franco's regime three measures were taken which need no comment from me: first, the return to the Jesuits of all their property; second, the return to the former King, Alfonso, of all his personal property; third, the transfer to Franco of the total patrimony of the crown of Spain, with an annual income of millions of pesetas.

The differences between Falangists and Requetés have been aggravated on the eve of the first anniversary of Franco's victory. And the old struggle between the Phalanx and the army, which was the source of constant worry to the *Caudillo,* has also broken out again. This is proved by the dismissal, without public explanation, of General Muñoz Grande from the post of secretary general of the Falangist Party, a post which carried with it the position of minister in the Cabinet, where he was supposed to represent the "definitive" reconciliation between the Phalanx and the generals.

A foreign visitor in Spain today, judging the situation by its external signs, will come out affirming that the name of the *Caudillo* is acclaimed everywhere, that everyone praises the wisdom and intelligence of the liberator of Spain. But here is what happens when the people of a small Spanish village gather in the early evening around the small, glowing fire in the local tavern—a person recently escaped described the scene for me. When somebody enters who is not known by all, the tone of the conversation changes. From the bitterest criticism of the regime they pass immediately to the most conventional and exaggerated praise. Then, suddenly, someone present says, "This fellow's all right," and everyone begins again with his denunciation of Franco. "This fellow's all right" is the common denominator which relegates to minor importance the specific party affiliation. Contrary to what is unfortunately happening in certain groups of Spanish emigrants, the millions of anti-fascists who suffer in Spain do not make any distinction between Socialists, Republicans, Basque Catholics, or Communists. They are all one thing—Franco's enemies.

The incapacity of Franco's government even to build a totalitarian state of the Fascist or Nazi type has caused people here and there to talk about the monarchy as the only possible way out. It is a solution that naturally finds many sympathizers in British circles, but a few weeks ago in London I could see that people were beginning to realize its great difficulties. The foremost Spanish opposition to this development is the Phalanx, which knows that the reestablishment of the monarchy would mean its own destruction and is ready to oppose restoration with arms. The refugees whom I have questioned give always the same answer: Between Franco and a king, a king, but in a free election neither Franco nor a king. For a republic there would be more votes today than there were in 1931, when the municipal elections forced Alfonso to leave. The spirit of rebellion grows every day. One common thought checks the impatience: "If only Italy weren't here!" People are afraid that in case of a successful uprising against Franco Italian soldiers would again scatter death on Spanish soil.

The fate of the Franco regime is linked to Italy's position in the European war. I think that those in London and Paris who tried to find consolation for their past mistakes in the thought that they could yet remedy their fatal non-intervention policy by playing up to Franco have already given up that senseless dream. Franco will follow Mussolini to the limit in the present war. However, the war has a long way to go yet. Difficulties with Italy may arise. Although such complications would not necessarily mean that Franco would participate in the conflict against the Allies—direct participation of Spain in the war seems quite impossible—there are forms of neutrality more dangerous than direct participation.

The war has for the time being strengthened Franco's position. But it would be a mistake to conclude that the length of his rule will be strictly determined by the duration of the war. The history of the Spanish people shows their audacity and courage and is full of surprises.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Arm's-Length Bargaining

ONE of the favorite Wall Street accusations against the Administration is that it constantly adopts a belligerent and non-cooperative attitude toward business. Considering that ferocious libels on the President are conversational small change in Wall Street, and that the financial press maintains a constant drumfire of abuse against government agencies, it seems to me that this complaint is comparable in impudence to Moscow's denunciations of Finnish "aggression." It is always difficult to cooperate with someone who, when you offer your hand, replies by kicking you in the belly. This has been the painful experience of the SEC, which has leaned over backward recently in its efforts to work amicably with the financial bigwigs.

On February 29 the SEC, aware that its rules governing the relationship between utility companies and investment bankers were causing dissatisfaction, made a request to interested parties to suggest revisions which might "be less burdensome from the standpoint of the issuer and more effective from the standpoint of the commission" in preserving "competition and arm's-length bargaining in the distribution of utility security offerings." It is difficult to view this letter as anything other than a friendly gesture and one to which its recipients, had they been truly anxious to cooperate, might have made a friendly response.

But what has been the upshot? From the Investment Bankers' Association has come a lengthy and abusive report charging the SEC with exceeding its statutory powers, with indulging in "Star Chamber proceedings," and with intimidation, and suggesting that it should go before Congress in a white sheet and ask to have its sins investigated. The report goes on to make recommendations for the regulation of utility security issues which amount to a demand that the Public Utility Act be nullified and the investment bankers be allowed to run their business in their own sweet way. Not unfairly the SEC, in a statement commenting on this I. B. A. memorandum, declares it makes clear that its author's primary interest is "in regaining, by any subterfuge, its outlawed privilege of operating the financial markets without responsibility to anybody but its own little group."

In its efforts to maintain competitive conditions in connection with the issuance of utility securities, the SEC at present depends on Rule U-12f-2. This provides that no firm may be paid a fee for underwriting more than 5 per cent of a utility security offering if the underwriter (1) is an affiliate of the utility or (2) is found by the SEC to stand in such a relation to the utility that "there is liable to be or have been an absence of arm's-length bargaining with respect to the transaction." According to the I. B. A. the Public Utility Act of 1935 does not contain any provision "charging the commission generally, apart from intrasystem transactions, with 'maintenance of competitive conditions' in the distribution of securities." Further, it is claimed, Sections 6 and 7 of the act, the sections regulating the sale of securities, make no reference to such matters but only require that prices, fees, and expenses be reasonable. Section 7(d, 6), however, requires the commission to withhold approval of a security issue if it finds that "the terms and conditions of the issue or sale of the security are detrimental to the public interest or the interest of investors or consumers." And in Section 1 of the act it is specifically stated that such interests are injured "when subsidiary public-utility companies . . . enter into transactions in which evils result from an absence of arm's-length bargaining or from restraint of free and independent competition."

That the SEC has a difficult task to perform in carrying out the purpose of the act can best be illustrated by reference to the Consumers' Power case which came before it last December. This company had made an underwriting contract with Morgan, Stanley and Company in respect to a refunding issue. Admittedly it had neither asked bids from investment bankers at large nor "shopped around" to see which house would offer the best possible terms. Hence the question arose whether there was an "affiliation" between Consumers' Power and Morgan, Stanley; and as this could not be determined immediately, the SEC ordered that the latter's fee should be impounded pending hearings. A similar course has since been taken in regard to other underwriting transactions. This process, however, involves the unraveling of very complicated relationships and is a tedious and expensive business for both the commission and the business men concerned. Most of the utility holding-company systems were banker-organized, and in most of them banker-control remains. It may, however, be very remote control, the existence of which can be denied when diplomacy requires—a control comparable in fact to that which Japan maintains over the Manchoukuoan government.

All the common stock and a clear majority of the voting power of the Consumers' Power Company is owned by Commonwealth and Southern, in which one of the largest stockholders is, or was until recently, the United Corporation. The last-named was formed by J. P. Morgan and Company and has always been known as a Morgan company although the nominal interest of these bankers in it is probably far short of voting control. Nevertheless, there are more ways of controlling a company in Wall Street than by owning a majority of its stock. The really vital question involved is: Who controls the management? Could Mr. Wendell Willkie and the other directors of Consumers' Power Company defy the wishes of the House of Morgan on some vital issue and retain their places? If the answer is no, then obviously negotiations between investment bankers, filially related to Morgan and Company, and the directors of Consumers' Power can hardly be of an "arm's-length" character.

These facts illustrate the kind of financial thickets in which the SEC must grope in its efforts to apply Rule U-12f-2. The I. B. A. alternative is to forget about "affiliation" and allow the "reasonableness of the price, terms, and spread of a proposed issue to be established by comparing them with those prevailing for comparable issues selling, or recently issued, on the open market." As the SEC points out, this would leave the bankers in control of the yardstick. A more satisfactory solution would be insistence on competitive bidding for all utility issues or at least a rule requiring "shopping around," and the possibility of SEC action on these lines is the real cause of the bitterness of the I. B. A. report. For were genuine competition enforced in the underwriting business, monopoly of the cream by a handful of investment bankers would no longer be possible.

In the Wind

MANY MONTHS AGO Sinclair Lewis and the late Sidney Howard were approached by a German theatrical producer who wanted to stage "Dodsworth" in Berlin. His letter asked them to sign formal statements certifying that they were "Aryans." They facetiously replied that they weren't, that in fact Lewis's real name was Levy, Howard's was Horowitz. In the 1938 Dramatic Index published by the F. W. Faxon Company of Boston this entry appeared: "Lewis (Levy), Sinclair, author, playwright, actor."

FRANK GANNETT spoke recently at a luncheon of the Lions Club of Bangor, Maine. His speech was broadcast over Station WABI. When he had finished, the station began to broadcast musical recordings. The first song was "I can get along without you very well."

ADVERTISEMENT IN a British newspaper: "Patriotic Down to the Pantees. These slick little pantees embroidered with the slogan 'England Expects' . . . are certain of a rapturous welcome as a gift for any lingerie drawer."

MEMO TO the Smith committee: A case is now pending before the NLRB involving a printing house in Binghamton, New York. The transcript of the testimony reveals that one of the NLRB's major witnesses is named Karl Marx.

THE PRINCIPAL speaker before the Miami Chamber of Commerce recently was Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. Dr. Jacobs warned: "The republic which was established by the founding fathers has slowly degenerated into a democracy. I call for a return to the republic, which is a government by the best, the upper half. First we must eliminate from the franchise all those who are the beneficiaries of city, state, and federal appropriations. . . ."

"THE CREDIBILITY of Eugene L. Belisle as a witness before the state milk-control board was challenged yesterday by David Greer, counsel for milk producers, on the ground that he could not be genuinely interested in increasing sales of milk while retaining a position as executive director of a birth-control league."—News item in the Boston *Herald*.

THERE WAS ONE neat irony in NBC'S exciting dramatization of Dalton Trumbo's "Johnny Got His Gun." The story is powerful anti-war propaganda; James Cagney played the leading role in the broadcast. As the program ended, the announcer informed the listening audience that "Mr. Cagney may be seen in Warner Brothers' film 'The Fighting Sixty-Ninth.' "

[Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BEING still beset by thoughtless people who believe that I favor an immediate peace with Hitler on Hitler's terms and—incredible as it may seem in any person capable of raising fifteen cents to buy *The Nation*—think it necessary to tell me that a murderous anarchist's word is not to be trusted, I rejoice to have received an admirable Englishman's admirable statement on this whole question of immediate peace negotiations. Charles Roden Buxton comes of a long line of Englishmen distinguished for their public service, their humanitarian point of view, and their intense interest in foreign affairs. Few Englishmen have known as much about Southeastern Europe as he and his brother, Lord Noel Buxton, both of whom during the Versailles days were conspicuous for their desire for a reasonable and decent peace and for just treatment of the Germans. In "The Case for an Early Peace" Charles Buxton has put together all the arguments for and against exploratory negotiations for peace in so calm and reasoned a manner that his seven-page pamphlet has compelling value for all who wish to think this vital question through.

Mr. Buxton begins by expressing his respect for those who think that if the Allies should make peace now "it would give us no security against future aggression by Germany." To those who feel that the war must be prosecuted to the bitter end and until the elimination of Hitler, he says that we who think otherwise have the right to call upon them to prove two things: first, that a secure peace is *not* possible at an early date; and, second, that "a secure peace, or at least a better peace than is now attainable, *could* be attained at the end of three years, say, of war." He himself believes that "the probability of attaining a reasonably secure peace at an early date is so great that an attempt should be made to attain it; that the settlement after three years of war, whichever side were the victor, would be a worse settlement than could be obtained now." With this second point I especially agree. If the war goes on for three years and the Allied peoples are reduced almost to beggary and are infuriated by the destruction of their cities, the chances of a humane, intelligent, and far-sighted peace that will really bring about the establishment of that completely new order in Europe which Chamberlain says he wishes will be slim indeed.

But beliefs are one thing, and the arguments on which they are based another. What are Mr. Buxton's arguments for his position? He contends that Hitler's speech of October 6 last outlining certain terms was not his last word but obviously merely the beginning of negotiations. Very soon, if approaches were made, Mr. Buxton thinks, the Allies would reach the stage of negotiation not with Hitler alone but also with powerful neutral states, whose signatures would guarantee the settlement finally reached; they would necessarily be interested in *maintaining* that settlement because it would in part be their own creation. He assumes of course a genuine conference in which there would be give and take, and in which the interests of Italy and Russia, and also of the smaller neutrals, would be taken into consideration.

Why does Mr. Buxton think that Hitler would be willing to consider peace at a time when the Germans are confident, as they seem to be now, that they are winning the war? He believes that if complete war with the Allies comes soon, it will make Hitler much more subservient to Russia than he is now and far more so than he wishes to be. "Russia would be able to do almost what she pleased." Mr. Buxton feels sure that if Hitler were faced with the possibility of a just and universal settlement, such as the Dutch Premier called for on January 3, he would not dare to compel his people to go on fighting if the only points at issue were the establishment, for example, of a Polish and a Czech state. As to that opinions will differ—naturally; I came out of Germany thinking that it was by no means impossible. It depends for one thing upon the morale of the German people and the strength of their opposition to the war. Finally, Mr. Buxton makes the unanswerable point that a new European order is the only possible guaranty against aggression and the brigand morals of which Stalin and Hitler are the distinguished exemplars.

Those people who think that all would be well if only Hitler could be eliminated, if Göring could make the peace, are utterly deluded. Who could take the place of Hitler save a military despot? And what guaranty would there be that such a man's word was any better than Hitler's? No, the only guaranties worth anything *on either side*—for I have not forgotten all the broken promises, American and Allied, since the Armistice—will inhere in the peace itself. And after even a year of bloody total war a reasonable peace will be out of the question, whether the Allies win or lose. Such a war will end in the destruction of the German Empire or of the British Empire, and neither will mean lasting peace or a new order. No, let us make one more effort for a negotiated peace before going on to a vindictive dictated peace and complete economic disaster.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ART IN OUR TOWN

BY CONSTANCE ROURKE

IN 1854 a young artist from Delft came to a small village in Michigan that had been established as a trading post less than twenty years before. His pictures were small and exquisitely precise: he had been trained in the school of the "little" masters. Setting up a studio in an upstairs room on the main street, Marinus Harting applied his gifts to the copying of daguerreotypes, to the painting of pictures reminiscent of Delft or The Hague, and to teaching a class of young ladies who, studying art as a polite accomplishment, produced little sketches entitled Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring that sometimes had a local flavor. Harting himself painted scenes in the new village, one of which is still fresh in spite of a film of darkened varnish, a portrait of a house in a severe, simplified phase of the classic revival peculiar to Michigan. Red damask curtains float from the long porch windows; at one side is a small rose arbor. The passers-by and the few others are sharply, delicately portrayed. In front of the white paling fence runs a plank walk, along the edge of which are thin young elms inclosed in splints to keep the horses from nibbling the bark.

According to a well-established formula, art had little or no place on our frontiers, and the Dutch Calvinists among us have usually been supposed to consider the arts as irrelevant. Yet Harting came to Michigan through the urgency of a Calvinist minister who led a large Dutch colony to the shores of Lake Michigan, establishing a settlement that still spreads inland from the lake shore in a large half circle with strong ancestral traces. The larger proportion of other early settlers in our town came of stock which, according to the formula, either ignored or suppressed the arts—that of Puritan New England. The village had been founded by a French trader and others of the same race whose ancestors had lived for long in the Michigan wilderness.

Marinus Harting suffered disappointments, he made only a slender living; yet his accomplishment disturbs the theory, and he was by no means an isolated figure in our village. Itinerant painters managed to make their way through a fairly dense wilderness and painted here a considerable number of highly individualized portraits, some of them interestingly abstract and even modern. Settlers brought pictures with them. No great distance away and filtering into the village were Pennsylvania Germans whose genius for design often overflowed into formal, brilliant water colors and occasionally into portraiture. Since the formula is often extended to include all the arts, it may be noted that music was to be heard everywhere in an abundance of old songs, to the accompaniment of the German zither and the southern dulcimer, with a scattering of spinets and harpsichords and an early importation of pianos. From the first the cluster of villages roundabout had a strong literary flavor. Byron Center was named at the height of the fever over the Greek Revolution; Adah for Byron's daughter. Emerson came here to lecture in 1860, and some of our citizens became subscribers to *The Nation* when it was founded.

We had our Grab Corners—the name endured for years—with other evidences of a rude struggle in the midst of primitive forces, yet the village did not conform to the accepted type. It is in fact a question whether the type, which undoubtedly existed, was not pretty well matched by the variables. I can think of at least two dozen villages in Michigan and elsewhere in the early Middle West that did not conform to it, and the arts had some sort of place in all of them.

Well, what of it? Luster may be brushed over our history by the accumulated evidence, but what survived when industrialism began to pound through the country in subsequent decades? By way of reply we have the formula, which is pretty inclusive: not only in the frontier period but in succeeding decades life in our smaller towns and cities has been too meager to give the artist nourishment. Aesthetic roots sent down there were bound to shrivel.

Yet certain marked preoccupations with the arts continued to appear in our town, sometimes riotously. The Gothicism that so strangely invaded American taste came into gloomy flower in furniture from our factories in the eighteen seventies and eighties, particularly in bedroom "suites" of massive medieval grandeur, of the blackest of black walnut. But in architecture the same forms took a different direction: "steamboat Gothic" often had an effect of gaiety, with the houses painted light colors and perched on wooded knolls. Many houses were built in a severe phase of the classic tradition, without ornament, with fine surfaces, cornices, moldings. Square, well-proportioned dwellings of limestone from the river bed were common. Shoddy houses appeared, it is true, and were rebuilt or torn down or fell down, and the town was always strongly industrial, but it never experienced a boom, and thus lacked the sprawling scars left by sudden growth. Some towns—Baton Rouge is one of them—may suddenly drop the outer semblance of their early history, but here the spacious pattern of the early village was retained.

Clashes and inconsistencies of taste continued rather vigorously. During the period when our famous golden oak was rolling out from our factories the town began to spread over neighboring farms, inclosing fruit trees and country gardens that gave it a pastoral touch. Then, as earlier, the paintings which business men brought home with them from trips to Chicago were delicate pictures of farmhouses, sheep in ethereal green meadows, suggesting in another fashion that nostalgia for the farm which crops up so frequently in American urban life. But to bring a painting from Chicago was superfluous evidence of an interest in art; there was never a time when it was impossible to purchase here original work, some of it interesting. We were backward in accepting the great brown wash of photographic copies of masterpieces that helped to create an aesthetic lost generation. We have always had a good many Sunday painters.

By the end of the nineties an artist was intrenched in our town, painting landscapes, portraits, and a large number of rather angry self-portraits, not a great artist but a thoroughly honest one, who sold enough of his work to make possible its continuance. Though towns like ours are supposed to have been well aloof from current aesthetic movements, we had an early exhibition of the revolutionary "Eight" at a time when they were still finding it difficult to show their work. These are not complacencies; the stream was not a rich one and its direction was uncertain, but it existed.

Now, after the lean decade just past, a positive concern with art is again on the rise, any phase of which might be placed first, not least that evolving in the public schools, where a whole generation is growing up with the use of art as a free and familiar medium. The small studio belonging to our art gallery is regularly taxed to overflowing by enthusiastic young Saturday painters. Pressure is also being exerted upon its slight resources by older people, by men as well as women, who want the resources of a workshop and crowd in during their odd hours. And all at once we have a colony of young professional artists who seem to be arranging their lives without regard for the formula.

They have found some of the good places to live in the country near by on islands in the river or on wooded slopes above it, far enough from town to gain the isolation they want for work yet not so far as to cut themselves off from its life. Most of them have steered away from the metropolitan schools and have worked with older artists here and there. If they have entered a school at all it has been a small one in some distant part of the country to which they have jogged in their cars for a winter or a summer, taking flight back home again to attack their problems afresh in their own way. Some of them have, among other things, an astonishing technical power, something the larger schools are supposed to cultivate, even to monopolize, and their work has an individual character not always retained in the massed grind of big classes or in the midst of the many comparisons that go on when numbers of artists are closely congregated.

When the plight of artists seemed particularly desperate early in the last decade a new argument took shape: how excellent it would be if most of them—and writers too—living in New York or elsewhere along the eastern seaboard, would make the homeward journey. What a solution this would be because of the cheaper living, and how they would enrich the cultural life of the community! The counterpart of the proposal seems to have been little discussed—that if workers in the arts scattered homeward and stayed there, enrichment might take place the other way around. Surely something may be gained by the artist—by the worker in any of the arts—from knowing a society at close range, from perceiving cycles of its effort, touches of its history, its distinctive flavor, its darker and more checkered aspects.

Twenty-five years ago "the revolt from the village" was pronounced. Now by an impalpable change the village is apparently being considered with a more genial eye. We must hope that our town will not become "an art center"—heaven forbid!—and we trust that the efforts of our young artists to improve the cultural life of the community will not be specific. We should like to think that they will only do their work with reasonable contentment.

In any event, whatever the reasons, an increasing number of artists now seem to be working without too much dissatisfaction not only in our town but in many other places at a distance from the Atlantic seaboard. In a recent national exhibition here a noticeably large number of works was entered from small towns, and many of those signed by unknown names were fresh and interesting. This is not to say that paradise is provided for the artist who stays at home. Plenty of problems await him besides those he confronts when he looks across himself at his own work. He may not find in his own medium a tradition upon which to draw. In our town, for example, he may not wish to turn to Marinus Harting as a master. Yet he may find a more substantial American past in the arts than he has been led to expect, and he may discover more than he has counted on in the way of those social continuities which surely are basic for the artist. He may learn that our towns and villages are not always stereotypes but often are variables, now as in the period of the frontier—and creative forces are set in motion by the sharp and stinging sense of variations.

What Germans Never Learned

WHAT GERMANY FORGOT. By James T. Shotwell. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THREE days after the battle of Jena, Count Schulenburg-Kehnert, a minister in the Prussian Cabinet, had posters stuck on the walls of Berlin: "The King has lost a battle; now the first duty of the burghers is to keep calm." Kings invested with power by divine authority could afford to avow their defeat. When the people itself is supposed to incarnate sovereignty, a scapegoat has to be found, for no nation as a whole can be expected to confess to folly or blunder. Such a scapegoat was the Treaty of Versailles, which was held responsible for all the misery the German people had to suffer as an aftermath of the World War. There were, of course, secondary scapegoats, such as Jews, Socialists, pacifists, who could be accused of the "stab in the back."

It is not easy to overrate the great value of Professor Shotwell's book. He proves with the dispassionate argumentation of the historian and the scholarly comprehension of a sociologist that the war itself, Germany's war-time economy, its continuation in the Hindenburg program of heavy expenditure, the devastating inflation, the "false recovery" based on the "miracle" of the Rentenmark, the tariffs of the post-war period, and other economic fallacies, rather than the treaty, produced that morass of despair from which eventually rose the miasma of Nazism. This is not only "what Germany forgot," but what insistent propaganda in this country kept Americans from perceiving. Professor Shotwell produces convincing evidence that the Weimar Republic freed Germany from all the "servitudes" of the treaty, and he shows in addition that "the Hitler method of territorial revision by the threat or use of force robs the economy of Europe of any permanent prosperity, and without the prosperity of Europe, Germany itself cannot prosper."

An equally great merit of Professor Shotwell's lucid, well-documented work is its unmasking of other conventional lies concerning the treaty, especially of the deliberate misinterpretation of Article 231, which has been supposed to declare the sole guilt of Germany for the war. In point of fact this so-called war-guilt clause contains merely a statement "holding Germany responsible for all the loss and damage" it had caused. Only mistranslation of the word "causing" has put Germany in the wrong *"als Urheber,"* or prime cause.

All who possess unbiased information about the World War are by now aware of the share of all belligerents in the responsibility. However, I am afraid that Professor Shotwell, in exonerating Germany from this self-imposed war guilt, goes a step too far. At one point he admits that those who believed "the Prussian militarists of Berlin had joined with the Hapsburg reactionaries of Vienna to force the war" "were nearer to the truth," yet later on we learn that Berchtold "dragged Germany further than it had any liking to go." By giving Austria-Hungary *carte blanche,* although Berchtold's warlike design was probably no secret in Berlin, Germany, no doubt, became responsible for the crime as an accessory before the fact. German diplomats may have been dull, but they were certainly no babes in the wood.

Not only has Germany forgotten to what extent the war accounted for its distress, but the majority of the population has never learned that military efficiency and nationalistic megalomania are not enough on which to base a claim to world domination. Professor Shotwell's view that lack of experience accounts for their undeveloped political capacity and that "Bismarck taught the German people to lose confidence in themselves" is unassailable. Three centuries under the heel of the Prussian royal jackboots were not exactly a training course in political common sense. The majority of the German people have never realized the disproportion between their inflated nationalism and the ability of their political leaders to put it into imperialistic practice. Nor have they ever learned that their supposed lovableness and skill in handling foreign races were only self-delusion.

By revealing the antecedent economic fallacies of the Nazi revolution Professor Shotwell has rendered an extremely valuable service to historical truth. Reading of this book should be made compulsory for all who still believe that the harsh and unjust treaty justified the Germans morally in creating a "dying space" for the Czechs, the Poles, and the other small fry on whom Nazi imperialism feeds.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

The Career of Albert De Silver

A LIBERAL IN WAR TIME: THE EDUCATION OF ALBERT DE SILVER. By Walter Nelles. Edited by Lewis Gannett. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

THIS is the adequate tribute of a friend, also prematurely deceased, to Albert De Silver, a relatively young man of most unusual promise who came to an accidental death in November, 1924. Few men of his generation, which flowered immediately after the World War, rendered as great service to the cause of sanity and to the preservation of civil liberty in the United States in the years of hysteria from 1917 to 1923 as did Albert De Silver. He was neither a radical nor a born reformer, but he became a pillar of the American Civil Liberties Union because his conscience, his reason, and his insatiable intellectual curiosity and love of truth drove him to the position that he took. Then, after serving the union devotedly from its foundation until 1924, he resigned because he, the able lawyer, had become at thirty-six absolutely immersed in the study of chemistry at Columbia.

A rich man's son who early inherited his father's fortune and had the luck to marry a wife extraordinarily fitted to be his partner, Albert De Silver's evolution was a constant amazement and joy to his sympathetic friends. He was a regular conservative in college, as was to be expected of one of his birth, surroundings, and prospects in life. But his mind was clear, fertile, logical, searching. It did not allow him to remain static for a moment, yet one felt, and his record shows it, that whichever way he went, it was a controlled drift. He was never in danger of a lee shore, was never a reckless navigator, and never did he embark on an insufficiently appraised or ill-studied course. But when he had decided he had neither fear of consequences nor of hostile public opinion. He took his stand, and that was all there was to it.

He was a wise, thoughtful, able legal adviser and a devoted friend. He always stood by others. One knew where to find him, and one had unbounded confidence that nothing improper could sway him. Yet he thought himself "temperamentally not very well suited to that type of activity [the reformer's], and it is not the sort of work in which I can be thoroughly absorbed." Yet his loss was a real one to chemistry and to reform. Finally he came to say: "I can't make much out of this curious world in which we live. What we all do seems to me so stupid and yet so natural. And that combination of stupidity and naturalness seems to me to rob the problem of a complex civilization both of certainty in the sense of predictability and of standards."

Mr. Nelles avoided the usual emotional pitfalls which lie before one who writes a tribute to a friend and produced a narrative which must impress those who did not know Albert De Silver as thoroughly justifying the writing of one more "Life." It is a book especially to be set before young men in college; indeed, it should be made required reading in certain civics courses.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Ill Fares the Land

THE HAPPY LAND, By Eric Knight, Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

EXCEPT that it is not deserted, the Yorkshire village of Apley Moorside is Mr. Knight's "sweet Auburn," chosen to illustrate the thesis that abundant ills prey on a land where wealth accumulates and men decay, that a bold peasantry when once destroyed can never be supplied. Here, it is true, the peasantry consists of colliers; when the mines shut down we watch their initiative and self-respect dribble away under the cumulative pressure of idleness, reduced living standard, unemployment insurance, and finally government assistance. The younger ones at least make a stand: they look for other jobs, and, failing to find them, scrabble for bits of coal on the slag heaps until driven away by the police; then they form "clubs" to dissemble their own inactivity from themselves, while the spineless sit more and more at home and figure out ways to perpetuate and if possible increase their dole, such as not getting married because a wedded couple draws only twenty-four shillings weekly while the two separately can total thirty-one.

All the degrees from rebellion to resignation meet in the Clough family. Thora, young, strong, alternately comforting and commanding, is spiritually undefeated to the very end. Of her two brothers: Fred, the younger, ambitious and hopeful, tramps over most of England looking for a job and ends up in the British equivalent of a CCC camp; big Matt, bearlike in brawn, has no fear of work but deteriorates through lack of brains and adaptability. Their father, old Tom Clough, and his whining crony, Napper, have stepped right out of "Juno and the Paycock" to convert their few spare pennies into beer and complain that the world is in "a tarrible state of chassis." There is not much that could be called plot, but of forceful character-drawing there is plenty, and a thorough grasp of what happens to common, ordinary, everyday people when the economic dyspepsia of the present time forces them to accept pauper status in the place of relative independence. The author, a Briton now living in the United States, is already known for his pleasant novella, "The Flying Yorkshireman."

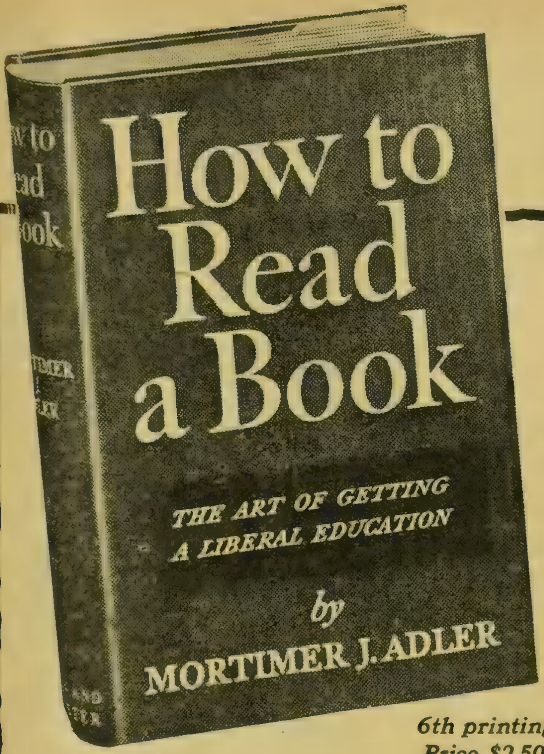
LOUIS B. SALOMON

The "Long Animal"

SELECTED LETTERS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ROBINSON appears to have passed on to his literary executors some of his own singular humility. Hermann Hagedorn's recent "Life" was a most unassuming book, and Ridgely Torrence has compiled this brief choice of letters in the same modest spirit.

The earliest letters date from 1890. Still a youth in Gardiner, Maine, Robinson is tending his crippled father, translating Vergil, and confessing to vague emotions of loneliness and unworthiness. The last letter was written in New York Hospital in 1935; and the poet, unaware that this is his final illness, is telling an old friend, "You must be very careful of your eyes," and warning her against Auden and Spender because "they are for the youngsters." The letters between these two dates chronicle a life which was certainly not without excitements and satisfactions. The young Robinson experienced some trouble getting published; yet he had faithful and determined friends from the start. In addition he was to have the unique experience of being read and taken up by a President of the United States. And finally, his "Tristram" was to be an immense best-seller. Nevertheless, the outward successes of his life appear to have left pretty much intact his feelings of solitude and inferiority. He is always charging himself with not "amounting to anything," with being "lazy" and "incomplete," with lacking "brains," ideas, tact. The loyalty of his friends is a continual amazement to him, and in thanking them he is never sure that he has done justice to his feelings: ". . . my chief mission in life appears to be that of a very long animal who barks and snarls when



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—*Time Magazine*

"It is not one of those how-to books which beckon a royal road that doesn't exist: it is a serious and valuable invitation to an enrichment of personal life." —*The New York Times Book Review*

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he means to make all sorts of good-natured and affectionate noises."

There can be little doubt that shyness and loneliness were the great specters of Robinson's personal life. And, as we know from Mr. Hagedorn's biography, these emotions were probably connected with his early belief that he was a belated and somewhat unwelcome addition to his father's household. Feeling excluded from the family as a child, he was to feel isolated from society later on; and he was to endeavor to make himself as small and unobtrusive as possible. Yet the letters show a curious interest in communal living: references to Brook Farm are surprisingly numerous; and with his discovery in middle life of the MacDowell colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire, the tone of his correspondence was to become increasingly serene.

"The whole Western world is going to be blown to pieces, asphyxiated, and starved," Robinson wrote to Mrs. Ledoux in 1921; and he seems to have found the post-war havoc particularly congenial to his own melancholia. But he will never admit he is a pessimist, and he expresses himself at all times with a grim cheerfulness and humorous self-disparagement. Indeed, his accent in these letters is the very accent of rural New England, and it is largely responsible for his charm as a correspondent. But Robinson's provincial stoicism, if we may call it that, appears to have had the disadvantage of making for a certain prudence and uniformity in his response to experience; and certainly it excluded him more and more from adventures in literature, ideas, and opinions. The letters record few such adventures at any rate; and to offset his chronic diffidence toward most things, he seems to have had only his lifelong enthusiasm for Dickens and Wagner, and, inversely, his rather ill-defined hostility toward "mechanism" and "materialism."

F. W. DUPEE

WPA—Present and Future

WORKERS ON RELIEF. By Grace Adams. Yale University Press. $3.

AUTOPSIES on the WPA seem to be in order even though parts of the body are still very much alive. Undoubtedly the next few years will bring many revelations and scandals, with a considerable acrimonious exchange of contrary opinions. But it is to be hoped that there will also be some just appraisals. The WPA is too important to be made the football of political partisanship. It is the greatest collective effort ever made in the United States.

Grace Adams, taking no sides, surveys the WPA with sound psychological insight. The author of "Psychology: Science or Superstition," she uses the case method, letting a number of sufficiently diversified workers tell their experiences and weaving the necessary facts and figures into a running narrative form. In this way she avoids a dreary recital of confusing statistics which would interest only professional social workers. It does not always sound like plausible conversation, but it serves the purpose of holding the layman's attention. Miss Adams apparently has the future of the WPA at heart and realizes that its fate depends upon intelligent popular support of it.

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Her case histories illustrate both how the WPA works and how it has failed to work. They show the utter bewilderment of workers, as well as of local administrators and supervisors, at the mass of red tape, arbitrary and frequently changed rulings, fantastic classifications, and meaningless qualification requirements. We see workers assigned to work they have never done before and becoming what they have never thought of being.

The ludicrous or pathetic situations described may read like caricatures to the outsider, but anyone who has been on the inside could easily duplicate them. Undoubtedly lack of coordination between Washington and the field has had much to do with it, and initiative at the lower end of the administrating body has not been encouraged. Many of the supervisors have been defeated men who had lost their initiative, while others have been political hacks and trimmers. "Do as you are told and don't stick your neck out" became their protective slogan. They nursed their jobs just as some of the younger workers made a career out of the WPA for the simple reason that they had never had a career of their own. Without any pick-up in outside employment workers faced nothing but a return to home relief if they stepped out of the ranks.

That is the debit side of the picture. On the credit side some seven million people have been given employment, and the amount of work they have accomplished sounds prodigious; Miss Adams quotes two solid pages of statistics from the WPA publicity department. Any analysis of these figures would have exceeded the limits of her book, but they will have to be broken down and analyzed to determine their value. Against what standard of efficiency was the work checked if, as is claimed, it was only 50 to 60 per cent efficient? Were the handicaps under which the work was done always the fault of the WPA or did lack of technical supervision and the proviso against competition with private industry also play a part?

Sooner or later, Miss Adams insists, the WPA will have to decide whether its aim is to give relief or work. If relief, it should be coordinated with the other relief organizations all over the country to give just that until recovery comes. If the primary object is to give work, then the highest standards of efficiency should prevail. Her analysis of the lag which has been the bane of the WPA ever since its inception is provocative. It was conceived in the atmosphere of New Deal optimism which followed the Hoover illusion that recovery was just around the corner. The word "temporary" was its watchword and its hope. It planned for only three million unemployed when the National Reemployment Service Bureau had already registered over eight million. It never faced the permanency of unemployment as Congress will have to do if the WPA is to function properly as either a relief or a work agency.

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IN BRIEF

PEACE IN OUR TIME. By James P. Warburg. Harper and Brothers. 75 cents.

Purporting to ask thought-stimulating questions without answering them, the gist of this banker-author's approach is in the title of the Introduction: "It *Is* Our Problem." His formulation of desirable peace aims coincides with that which he quotes from the British Foreign Minister. We must take part in the peace; so the conclusion is inescapable that we must help as far as necessary to secure an acceptable outcome of the war. "For lack of competence," he does not touch upon the Far East. Nor does he ask the most fundamental question of all: "Is this war anything more than a symptom of what ails the world?"

ACCULTURATION IN SEVEN AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES. Edited by Ralph Linton. D. Appleton-Century Company. $4.

This book comprises accounts of the aboriginal modes of life and present-day condition of seven Indian tribes of North America, studied with an eye to the contrast between their past and present modes of behavior. The tribes are the Puyallup of Washington, the White Knife Shoshoni of Nevada, the Southern Ute of Colorado, the Northern Arapaho of Wyoming, the Fox of Iowa, the Alkatcho Carrier of British Columbia, and the San Ildefonso of New Mexico; the studies were made in the field by students in the Department of Anthropology of Columbia University. The editor contributes an introduction outlining the plan for the studies and three essays on the processes and distinctive aspects of what is technically called acculturation—that is, the borrowing of tradition by the members of social groups through continuous first-hand contact. Though this book is primarily for the professional anthropologist, it has value for all who are interested in Indians, for it gives one of the most objective pictures yet drawn of the present condition of the tribes discussed. Most of those who write of the Indian of today stress the breakdown of aboriginal custom and the resulting demoralization; in this book it can be seen to what an extent the Indian has adapted himself to the situation thrust upon him by white aggression.

In The Modern Library:

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most significant writings, including the two essays, *A Free Man's Worship* and *Mysticism and Logic* printed in full, important chapters from Education and the *Good Life, Proposed Roads to Freedom, Why Men Fight, The A B C of Relativity,* and much other material.

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SELECTED PAPERS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

95¢ **Send to THE MODERN LIBRARY, 20 E. 57th Street, N. Y. City, for free list of 270 titles, including the works of other grand contemporary Thinkers.**

THE PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE OF SOCRATES. By René Kraus. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

A biography fictionalized to the point where it is really a novel in treatment, though with Xenophon and Plato to draw upon the author has not needed to invent details or even conversations. Intent on interpreting the past to the present, he interposes the atmosphere of the present between the reader and the subject. Doubtless his "facts" are correct, but a "straight" biography would seem preferable.

CLARA SCHUMANN: A ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY. By John N. Burk. Random House. $3.

Historical knowledge, musical scholarship, human sympathy, and a quiet, simple style of writing go to make this a first-rate biography of the wife of Robert Schumann and the inspirer of Brahms, who was also—indeed, first of all—one of the greatest pianists of her day. A natural, charming book about a natural, charming woman.

THESE RULE FRANCE. The Story of Edouard Daladier and the Men Around Daladier. By Stanton B. Leeds. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

Starting from the premise that those who defend personal and national liberty always come to power in the end in France, and apparently assuming his readers' complete ignorance of French political and social conditions in both the past and the present, the author instructs us sketchily and superficially about key figures in finance, journalism, and the arts, as well as in politics and the army.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN THE OLD SOUTH. By Clement Eaton. Duke University Press. $3.

"The suppression of the Southern anti-slavery men furnishes one of the most impressive monuments in history of the ultimate folly of intolerance," concludes the author of this well-documented but readable study. But the growth of intolerance shows up more strongly against earlier Southern than contemporary Northern liberalism. This book, which won the Duke centennial prize, is an especially worthy example of recent impartial studies of bypaths of Southern history by Southerners.

CONTRIBUTORS

BERTRAND RUSSELL, one of the world's most distinguished philosophers and mathematicians, has recently been appointed to the faculty of the College of the City of New York.

MILTON S. MAYER has been connected with the Associated Press, the Chicago *Evening Post,* and the Chicago *American.*

JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO, before he became Spain's war-time Foreign Minister, was one of Europe's outstanding newspapermen, having been president of the Foreign Press Club in Berlin and Spanish correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* and the Buenos Aires *Nación.*

CONSTANCE ROURKE is the author of "Charles Sheeler: Artist in the American Tradition" and of many other books dealing with American social and cultural history.

RUSTEM VAMBERY, noted criminologist and sociologist, was at one time a member of several Hungarian government ministries and committees. He is now on the teaching staff of the New School for Social Research in New York.

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MUSIC

IN THE succession of dull works and undistinguished performances which the New Friends of Music presented in its chamber-music series this year the outstanding occasions were the performances of Mozart's String Quintets by the Budapest and Primrose Quartets. It was with these that the New Friends fulfilled its purpose and promise of offering the masterpieces which inertia in program-making leaves unperformed and unheard. When a string quartet decides to play a Mozart quintet it almost invariably chooses the G minor, never the E-flat or D major, which are superb works, and almost never the C major, which rivals the G minor in power. It was with the Budapest Quartet's performance of this work that the New Friends brought its rather inglorious series to a brilliant conclusion. And then it opened its orchestral series with a concert which must have been for others what it was for me—an experience to be cherished as long as memory could retain it.

Mozart's piano concertos occupy a special place in his works. He wrote them for the occasions when he presented himself to the public as composer-pianist; in each his object was to show all that he was capable of as a musician, and to show this in constantly new ways. In a single work, then, one gets his powers operating at incandescence, producing a breath-taking flow of miracles of loveliness, expressiveness, and wit; and in one work after another the unending variety of these miracles becomes overwhelming: consider, for example, the constantly and triumphantly new ways in which the all-important first entrance of the piano is contrived. Of the two dozen or so concertos which Mozart wrote in his entire lifetime at least ten are among his greatest works, with individual movements—the slow movement of K. 467, for example—that are among the supreme musical utterances of all time. To say this is to say that they should be constantly in the orchestral repertory; but since conductors regard concertos not as part of the orchestral repertory but as vehicles for soloists—since, in other words, a conductor does not decide to give Mozart's Concerto K. 453 or 503 and engage a pianist to play it, but engages a pianist and chooses from whatever concertos the pianist offers—the result is that K. 453 and 503 have not been played in New York in the twenty-five years that I have been attending concerts. It was only because Webster Aitken happened to offer K. 450 that the Boston Symphony played it for the first time in its sixty years' history; and there are others which may remain unplayed by the Boston Symphony for the sixty years it will take another pianist to offer them.

A year ago Leon Barzin hinted at a survey series of concerts by the National Orchestral Association devoted to these works; and the original announcement of the New Friends last year promised something more extensive than the four concertos of the present series. Originally, moreover, there was a possibility of Schnabel playing the ones that have been neglected; but in the end he chose K. 466, which is the best known, K. 467, which has had two performances in New York, and K. 482 and 488, which have been played more frequently. The series, then, is not making the public acquainted with unfamiliar masterpieces; but it is revealing familiar ones in the light cast upon them by performances the like of which will not soon be heard again. For rumor has Schnabel retiring at the end of this season; and how enormous and irreparable the loss will be he demonstrated with his playing in K. 466 and 467 at the first concert. I cannot think of a pianist capable of phrasing the long cantilena of that slow movement of K. 467 as Schnabel did—a pianist, that is, who could give it the form, the significance with which Schnabel's fingers caused it to emerge from the piano; a pianist, in still other words, who brings to music the resources of matured emotion and understanding and pianistic skill that Schnabel brings. And I would say that an artist with these resources is not free to stop; they impose on him the obligation to go on as long as there is still power in his mind and hand.

One is bound to give first consideration to Schnabel's playing because of the primary importance of the solo instrument in these works and his masterly handling of it. But the Mozart concerto, as Tovey has pointed out, employs the concerto principle of opposition of unequal instrumental forces that is basic in the earlier concerto of Vivaldi, Handel, and Bach; with the difference that in Mozart the use becomes more complex: the solo instrument not only is set off against the orchestra but is constantly involved in subtle interplay with strings and woodwinds which Mozart makes the unceasing wonder and delight here that they are in his operas. And in the New Friends performances this subtle interplay, this integration of orchestra with piano, was beautifully achieved with fine precision in execution and homogeneity of style. In this music, as in the Haydn symphonies a year ago, Fritz Stiedry revealed himself as a musician of feeling and taste; and this year the playing of the orchestra gave more impressive evidence of his competence and authority as a conductor.

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Letters to the Editors

Defense of the Copyright Bill

Dear Sirs: Thorvald Solberg, in *The Nation* of February 24, criticizes certain features of the new copyright bill (Senate No. 3043). While I agree that the so-called manufacturing clause has been a "major blot" on our copyright legislation since 1891, it has successfully resisted all efforts, including those of Mr. Solberg, to eliminate it. The new bill, drafted by the Committee for the Study of Copyright, has endeavored to liberalize the provisions of the manufacturing clause to such an extent as to enable the United States to adhere to the Berne Convention, and I am encouraged by legal opinion to believe that we have succeeded.

Although the draft provides that all copies of any copyrighted work which shall be distributed in the United States shall be manufactured wholly within the United States or its dependencies, important exceptions to this provision are allowed, as follows: foreign newspapers, periodicals, or magazines; works in foreign languages by authors not resident or domiciled within the United States; authorized translations in a foreign language of works previously published in the United States; motion pictures, works in raised characters for the blind, etc. Furthermore, the importation, not for sale or hire, of foreign printed works in English is allowed as follows: one copy of any work in personal baggage; one copy of any work on any one invoice for personal use of consignee; copies for libraries; two copies for author's own use; copies of works in private collections purchased *en bloc* in a foreign country. To these permitted importations, which may in the aggregate be considerable but which Mr. Solberg does not mention, is to be added commercial importation of five hundred copies for distribution through trade channels. The committee believes that the allowed importations are sufficient to meet the demands of libraries and scholars and to test the likelihood of a profitable American edition.

With regard to the provision requiring deposit of copies of works, it should be noted that this is applicable *only* to publishers and to works manufactured within the United States. The works of foreign authors become subject to this requirement only if they cause an American reprint of such works to be issued.

It should also be noted that the works affected by the manufacturing clause of the bill receive copyright automatically in the United States, without formalities. It is only when commercial importation of works exceeds five hundred copies—*in addition* to permitted individual and library importations—that such copyright is affected. If the commercial importation of more than five hundred copies takes place *with the consent of the author,* it implies a voluntary dedication to the public. If it takes place *without such consent,* copies so imported are seized and forfeited or, in the absence of gross negligence or fraud, returned to the country of export, but the copyright is not impaired.

Furthermore, loss of copyright protection resulting from authorized importation of more than five hundred copies applies only to printing, distribution, and sale. Rights in radio, cinema, drama, translation, etc., are not impaired.

WALDO G. LELAND, Chairman,
Committee for the Study of Copyright
Washington, March 20

Mr. Browder's Logic

Dear Sirs: Earl Browder's reply to Lewis Corey's articles on Marxism (*The Nation* for March 9) clearly establishes the essential intellectual dishonesty of the American Communist Führer. Mr. Corey discusses questions of social, economic, and political thought, action, and strategy in the light of present-day world conditions. All this Mr. Browder passes up and argues, first, that Corey is not qualified to discuss these problems from the Marxist standpoint; second (by implication), that Corey is a literary bandit, like Eastman, who can derive profit from his present anti-Marxist position because it will bring his articles "to the attention of the right people"; and, finally, that Corey has joined the Rooseveltian army in a "holy crusade to save Europe from socialism, from proletarian revolution." No doubt if Mr. Corey had supported Hitler in his struggle to destroy British capitalism, thus liberating the British workers, and Stalin in his crusade to free the exploited Finns, he, Corey, would be the most penetrating exponent of Marxism now writing.

IRVING B. ALTMAN
New York, March 16

Packing the Labor Board

Dear Sirs: Two years ago there was an awful hullabaloo all over the country about "packing the Supreme Court." It still remains the President's outstanding boner. Now among all the various suggestions to prune, whittle, and spirit away the National Labor Relations Act there seems to be one on which almost all agree, including Senator Wagner—*enlarge the board.* The admitted purpose of this is to give Dr. William M. Leiserson, a minority member, a majority in agreement with him in order to effect changes in administration, procedure, and personnel.

What's the difference in principle between "packing the Labor Board" and the Supreme Court affair? But where are the righteous howls?

WILLIAM GASTON
New York, March 20

Fighting Hearst and Hunger

Dear Sirs: The 231 men and women who have been on strike for some fifteen months against W. R. Hearst's Chicago newspapers are facing a crisis. These people, who with their dependents number more than 700, have made incredible sacrifices to achieve a better life for newspaper workers. Despite every form of repressive terror employed by their gigantic adversary, William Randolph Hearst, their will to win still burns as strongly as ever.

After denying these people their right to use the press and radio, Hearst is now pushing injunction and contempt proceedings to still their voices. These proceedings would deny them their right of free speech by forbidding the issuance of their own pamphlets, the operation of their own sound trucks, and the presentation of their own movie. If these rights are to be upheld, money for appeals to the higher courts is necessary.

At this moment the strike itself has hit a financial dead center. Hunger is one foe we cannot defeat. If there is anything you can do at this time to aid, it will be a boon. The aggregate of many small sums will enable us to go on.

HARRY D. WOHL,
International Vice-President,
American Newspaper Guild
Chicago, March 19

THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN MAYOR LAGUARDIA and the Transport Workers' Union seemed to be headed toward serious conflict and a possible strike as we went to press. After a conference last week with John L. Lewis the Mayor promised "to recommend" that the Board of Transportation, subject to judicial construction, take over union contracts along with the two private lines soon to come under city operation. But the promise proved worthless. Two of the board's members are strongly anti-union, and the third is an A. F. of L. official—all were appointed by LaGuardia. As was expected, it declined to bargain collectively with the C. I. O. Transport Workers' Union as exclusive bargaining agent, and Lewis was back in town for last-minute conferences as the union prepared to strike. A letter from the Mayor to the union virtually threatens loss of jobs and contract privileges if a strike is called, but the Mayor seems to have left the union no alternative but strike or extinction. On the line already operated by the city the Board of Transportation has always refused to recognize the union as representative of the majority, though it won a majority in State Labor Board elections. The board's chairman, John H. Delaney, would like nothing better than the job of breaking the union on the other two lines when he takes them over. All the Mayor's clever maneuvers and legalistic exegesis have failed to justify his inconsistency in refusing subway workers the basic rights he has advocated for labor elsewhere, or to explain why workers which bargained collectively when the lines were under private ownership should not do so when they are under public control.

*

PREMIER MOLOTOV'S SPEECH BEFORE THE Supreme Soviet cannot have given much comfort to his Berlin friends for all its heated criticism of the Allies. For he clearly indicated that Russia proposed to remain neutral in the war, and while he denounced various British and French actions as provocative he indicated that the Soviet government would not be easily provoked. Nor did anything he said suggest that Moscow was preparing to enter into closer relations with Germany and Italy in order to regulate the future of the Balkans. He mentioned that the U. S. S. R. had never recognized Rumanian sovereignty over Bessarabia but stated that the question of recovering that province by military means had never been raised. He indicated, however, that Allied military activity in the New East was being watched and that any hostile move would be promptly met. In actual fact it would appear that the Allies have as yet come to no decision about drawing Russia into the war. The French government seems readier to take this step than the British, which wants to be convinced that the forced alignment of Russia with Germany will help and not hinder the campaign against the latter. Thus in his recent radio speech Winston Churchill declared that there was no need for Russia to be drawn into the struggle unless it insisted on throwing its weight to Germany. Unfortunately, there are many possibilities of conflict between the Soviets and the West, especially if the Allies seek to tighten their blockade by persuading Turkey to allow them entry to the Black Sea. There are also likely to be further attempts to prevent Russia from acting as an intermediary for German imports. The enormous increase in Soviet purchases of strategic raw materials in recent months certainly suggests that Russia is making a hole in the Allied blockade.

*

THE HOUSE HAS INCREASED BY $67,000,000 the amount asked by the Administration for the Labor-Security appropriation bill. But a joker makes it unlikely that the $50,000,000 of this increase which goes to the CCC will ever be spent. And while the House showed exemplary generosity in adding $17,000,000 for the National Youth Administration, it was significantly parsimonious in dealing with both the wage-hour administration and the NLRB. It refused an additional $1,000,000 badly needed to enforce the wage-hour law, and it lopped off the $248,000 required for the maintenance of the NLRB's Division of Economic Research. We hope the Senate will restore the $248,000 and grant the extra funds asked for wage-hour enforcement. The

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press, which gives William M. Leiserson its biggest headlines when he criticizes his colleagues of the Labor Board, buried deep his letter to Congressman Murdock declaring that elimination of the research division would seriously handicap the board's work. The Wagner Act, Leiserson pointed out, "is a remedial and not a penal statute; it empowers the board only to find facts and to order appropriate remedies." How find facts without a fact-finding division? The decisions of the courts provide ample testimony to the usefulness of the Division of Economic Research and its able head, David J. Saposs. The question of his work came squarely before the courts two years ago in the Third Circuit, where particular objection was made to Saposs's testimony as an economic expert. The court upheld the propriety and relevance of his testimony, and the Supreme Court denied a review. The fight to abolish the research division is only the beginning of a broader fight to make "economy" an excuse to reduce the board itself to impotence.

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NO CONGRESSIONAL INQUIRY IS NEEDED TO discover why Communist leaders are reluctant to divulge their membership lists. In industry, in many schools, and in many offices membership in the Communist Party constitutes ground for dismissal. Mr. Dies knows this, and so does every member of Congress encouraging or condoning his inquisition. The question of whether Communists can legally refuse to disclose the rolls of their party without reprisal is a complex and unsettled one. It is less important than the question of why Mr. Dies has precipitated the issue. The Communist Party is legal, and membership in it is not a criminal offense. Even Martin Dies has verbally conceded its right to existence. But there are more ways to destroy a particular party and civil liberty in general than by official decree. One is to make membership in a minority group equivalent to economic suicide. The other is to eliminate its leaders by a legal *Blitzkrieg*. Mr. Dies seems confident that he has discovered an infallible formula. If the party's leaders bring forth the membership lists, an "index" for reactionary industrialists will be on file, and future recruiting for the party will be shadowed by that fear. If, on the other hand, the Communists defy the demand, as they have thus far done, Mr. Dies vows to "jail every Communist leader in the United States." We don't know who Mr. Dies will select as his next victims if this purge is accomplished. But he has given every warning that the Communists are merely his first prey. We hope that every effort will be made to challenge the legality of the committee's procedure; if it is upheld, radical and liberal groups in America will be confronted with a serious threat to their existence. Will the courts and Congress let Martin Dies continue his one-man crusade against democracy?

THE SACRED RIGHT TO LYNCH NEGROES IS again in danger, and some of the Southern statesmen in the Senate are threatening a filibuster to block a vote on the anti-lynching bill, already passed by the House. The Senate Judiciary Committee voted twelve to four in favor of reporting the bill. Senators Connally, Pittman, Miller, and Chandler made up the minority which stood firm against it. Senator Wagner, who has led the fight in favor of the bill, declared that seventy-three lynchings have occurred during the six years it has been before Congress. The bill would penalize police officers for failing to protect prisoners. Senator Connally, who led the successful filibuster against it in 1937 and again in 1938, calls it "a deliberate affront to the people of the Southern states." The real affront is that a lawless, ignorant, and brutal minority should be identified by Connally and his like with "the people of the Southern states."

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THERE IS ANOTHER SOUTH THAN THAT represented by the Connallys and the Bilbos, and it is reflected in the popular support and subscriptions that have made it possible for George Fort Milton to begin publication of the new *Evening Tribune* in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The *Tribune* made its appearance on March 25, just 100 days after the Chattanooga *News* ceased publication. Under Mr. Milton's editorship the *News* had been one of the outstanding papers of the South. It fought for public power. It campaigned against lynching. It exposed political corruptionists. It befriended labor. But a technical default on its bonds gave its anti-New Deal and power-trust enemies the chance they had long sought to put it out of business. The advertising columns of the new paper indicate the existence in Chattanooga of enlightened business interests prepared to support an independent and liberal paper. Best of luck to the new enterprise!

*

THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION GAVE a new lease of power to the Liberal Party and its leader, Mr. Mackenzie King, whose political astuteness and sense of timing none can deny. His triumph was greatly assisted by the incompetence of the Conservatives. They proved unable to develop any definite program beyond a vague proposal for a "national government," and while they sought hard to "expose" the wrongdoings of the Liberal administration, they neglected genuine grievances such as wholesale abrogation of civil liberties, for which the war has served as excuse. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the voters should have preferred not to swap horses while at war. Mr. King's victory places him in a position of almost uncontrolled power. This is unlikely, however, to lead to any permanent undermining of Canadian democracy, for by temperament he is a political manipulator rather than a dictator. Moreover, the Liberal Party is not an entirely cohesive body and might split under pressure. For the moment, however, Mr. Hepburn, the leading potential rebel, has retired to the sidelines with his own prestige rather damaged by the wholly negative reactions of the country to his onslaughts on Mr. King.

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LITTLE BY LITTLE CATHOLIC PRESSURE IS undermining secular education in New York State. The first step was passage of a bill providing state funds for buses to parochial schools. The second is the McLaughlin bill just passed by the legislature to permit children to be excused from regular classes for religious observance and instruction. The objection, as stated by Norman Thomas in a public protest, is not to religious instruction but to the use of school time for non-school purposes, the accentuation of religious differences, and the encroachment on basic American principles. There can be no secure freedom of religion without separation of church and state. Separation of church and state requires secular education. Those who do not like secular education are free to establish schools of their own. But the Catholic church in New York is not content with its parochial schools. It wants to invade the public schools too.

Bullitt, Kennedy, and Goebbels

THE first question prompted by the publication of the German "White Book" is whether the documents which it contains are genuine; the second and more important one is what ends its sponsors hope it will serve. Clearly the action of the German Foreign Office was not motivated by a disinterested desire to contribute to diplomatic history. True or false, the purpose of the publication was propaganda, and it was intended to produce definite effects in this country and perhaps in others as well.

Before discussing this aspect of the case, however, it may be useful to examine the evidence for and against the authenticity of the documents which are said to have been found in the abandoned archives of the Polish Foreign Office. Those which concern us chiefly are reports supposed to have been written by the Polish ambassadors in Washington, Rome, and Paris containing accounts of interviews with William C. Bullitt and Joseph P. Kennedy. There is also a very curious review of American opinion stated to have been sent by Ambassador Potocki in Washington to the Polish Foreign Minister on January 12, 1939. This reads like a stock report of a Nazi agent and, if genuine, reveals its author not only as a crude anti-Semite but as a purveyor to his own government of such misinformation as the statement that "almost 100 per cent of radio, films, press, and periodicals" in this country is owned by Jews. This particular document looks as if it had at least been very freely edited. On the other hand, the alleged conversations with Bill Bullitt certainly reflect the known sentiments of our ebullient Ambassador to France, and since he notoriously is the soul of indiscretion, it is not unthinkable that he would have used some of the expressions quoted. It is a little hard to believe, however, that he would give Mr. Kennedy orders to put the heat on Premier Chamberlain about giving assistance to Poland or that the latter would have meekly complied with such commands. Further, these documents picture Mr. Kennedy, who hitherto has been considered a proponent of appeasement, in early 1939 aiding and abetting Mr. Bullitt in pushing Britain into taking a strong line against Germany.

Against anomalies such as these, which raise doubts about the "White Book," must be set the fact that wholesale forgery of documents is a delicate and dangerous business which even a propagandist as ingenious and resourceful as Goebbels might hesitate to undertake. And, it must be admitted, the denials of their truth which have come from all concerned are conventional rather than convincing. Until further information is available the only safe verdict appears to be that the authenticity or otherwise of the documents is "not proven."

In releasing this material at just this moment the Nazi government is probably attempting to fortify its propaganda front in several different directions. The disparaging remarks about Russia and Italy attributed to Bullitt, together with the suggestion that he was encouraging conflict between Russia and Germany, are perhaps intended to strengthen bonds with Rome and Moscow. Again, the revelations that Bullitt and Kennedy had been urging the Chamberlain government to make no further concessions to Germany are perhaps intended to increase reported British irritation at the lukewarmness of American "moral support," and hence to feed "anti-war" sentiment.

The major propaganda objective, however, is undoubtedly the bolstering of American isolationist feeling. Possibly publication was held back in the hope that Mr. Roosevelt could be persuaded to act as godparent to a German "peace" plan. But the conclusion of Mr. Welles's mission has dispelled any such hopes. Meanwhile the primary campaigns are warming up, and assorted movements to "keep America out of war" are increasingly vociferous. To the experts in the German Ministry of Propaganda the time must have seemed ripe for delivering fresh ammunition to those elements, right and left, in this country, engaged in ceaseless efforts to smear the President as a "war-monger." But while Hamilton Fish has eagerly seized on the Nazi hand-out and suggested that it may form a basis for impeachment of the President, more responsible isolationists in Congress have adopted an attitude of reserve. They know that support from Berlin is likely to embarrass rather than forward their endeavors to keep America out of war, for there is nothing the American people are more likely to resent than Nazi attempts to interfere with domestic politics.

Behind the Russell Case

> The habit of considering a man's religious, moral, and political opinions before appointing him to a post or giving him a job is the modern form of persecution, and it is likely to become quite as efficient as the Inquisition ever was.—Bertrand Russell: "Free Thought and Official Propaganda" (1922).

WHAT Bertrand Russell said in 1922 has proved prophetic in his own case. The decision of Justice McGeehan of the New York Supreme Court forbidding him to teach at City College is a reflection of the same bigotry and in part of the same religious forces that created the Inquisition. Russell's views on marriage are held to make him unfit to give instruction in the logic of mathematics. Justice McGeehan's decision, on the Tammany Hall level of profundity and culture, expresses "disgust" with carefully culled selections from Russell's writings; history affords many examples of the paradox that it is often the most moral of men who are accused of immorality. Leading the pack against Russell are such institutions as the Hearst press, which is so delicate in exploiting the sex irregularities and nudity Russell is supposed to advocate.

The Russell case would be fit material for the gusto of a Rabelais or the contempt of a Swift, and one might greet it with laughter if it were not an attempt to poison free education in New York State. Behind the rallying of the prurient, the self-righteous, the ecclesiastical demagogues, and the high moralists of Tammany Hall are more dangerous and more farsighted forces. Only recently Hague's protege and Coughlin's North Jersey mouthpiece, John A. Matthews, warned the annual communion breakfast of the Wall Street branch of the Anchor Club of America against "the camouflage cloak of academic freedom" in the Russell case. And last August the New York State Chamber of Commerce in a notorious report called for more religion and less education in the schools. "A review of history," the Chamber of Commerce declared, in its best Nürnberg accents, "indicates that as culture rises, morals and physical well-being go down and that often the destruction or disintegration of the state has followed." The Chamber of Commerce questioned the wisdom of free general instruction beyond the literacy point. The church wants religion taught in the schools. The Russell case is a blessing to both. It links their campaign with sanctity and sex, and the New York State Legislature as a result of the uproar has already authorized an investigation into the doctrines taught in New York's schools. There is good reason for calling Friday night's Carnegie Hall mass-meeting on the Russell case a "Citizens' Rally in Answer to the Attack on Public Education."

The nation's largest city is now the scene of a struggle which differs only in its proportions from the Tennessee monkey trial. An undistinguished jurist has catapulted himself into the limelight with a decision that illustrates the power of the legal mind to distort and misrepresent. A specious argument is presented for the right of the courts to interfere with the Board of Higher Education. It is admitted that Russell was to teach mathematics, not ethics or sex. Nevertheless, McGeehan finds that the English "alien's" very presence, his very ability and charm, would make him a dangerous moral influence. The judge disavows any intention to interfere with the board "in so far as a pure question of 'valid' academic freedom is concerned"—whatever that means—but will not tolerate use of academic freedom "to promote the popularization in the minds of adolescents of acts forbidden by the penal law." City College, in effect, would be establishing "a chair of indecency" if it invited one of the world's outstanding mathematicians to teach within its walls. So says Justice McGeehan and so says Mrs. Grundy. It is up to the higher courts to reverse Justice McGeehan and to enlightened elements to rebuke Mrs. Grundy. The Russell case is the first battle in a well-planned attack on public education.

British Morale

THE long-prophesied spring offensive on the western front shows no sign of materializing; Göring's threat of massed bombers over Britain has yet to be translated into action. In London and Paris there is much talk of a more active war policy, but Allied efforts are likely to be confined to the spheres of economics and diplomacy, for a feasible battleground is not in sight. Thus it is very possible that fine weather will bring fewer changes in the pattern of warfare than had been expected, and that blockade and propaganda will continue to play a more important part than military tactics.

The Nazis lately have been telling the world that they are prepared for an indefinite siege, that the blockade is ineffective, and that the longer the war goes on the better they will be able to organize their supply bases in Russia and the Balkans. These claims seem to have impressed a good many of the "experts" in this country, but to our mind they suggest more than a taste of sour grapes. For they involve acquiescence in, and adjustment to, a strategy

Burlingame, Cal.

imposed by the Allies instead of the development of one conditioned by German military superiority. The Allies' margin of power at sea is as undeniable as their greater command over economic resources, however generously Russian aid to Germany is estimated.

It may be argued, however, that in siege warfare the question of morale is paramount, and the recent manifestations of hostility to the war in Britain can be cited as evidence both of growing defeatism in the Allied camp and of the effective use by the Nazis of their most potent weapon—propaganda. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that any corresponding feelings which may exist in Germany have no open means of expression. Opposition to the war or the regime cannot be voiced in meetings or the press. But it can be made manifest by apathy, and that, according to qualified observers, is widespread. Anne O'Hare McCormick recently reported in the New York *Times* a lack of enthusiasm among the workers of the Ruhr resulting in absenteeism on a scale which nullified all efforts to prevent it by the provision of severe penalties.

In Britain, by contrast, the war has brought practically no restrictions on the liberty of speech or press. The safety valves for popular discontent are wide open, and the noise of the escaping steam may receive more attention than it strictly deserves. In our own press recently a good deal of prominence has been given to anti-war resolutions passed by the Independent Labor Party and other working-class bodies. The I. L. P. played an important part in organizing opposition to the last war, but since that time it has splintered so often that it is but a shadow of its former self, with a membership of only about 7,000. Moreover, the resolution of which its annual conference approved, while demanding the end of the war, also called for cooperation among neutrals in peace negotiations with Germany whenever the latter was prepared to restore the independence of Poland, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. These apparently contradictory desires hardly suggest a keen sense of international realities.

At first sight, the support given at a Cooperative Party conference to an anti-war resolution by delegates representing 1,323,000 members appears more impressive, even though it was defeated by two to one. But this party is one of those mass organizations in which only a tiny fraction of the nominal membership takes an active part, and it is often possible for its locals to be captured by a handful of energetic politicians. By way of contrast, the fate of a similar resolution at a delegate conference of the South Wales Miners' Federation may be mentioned. For this union has a militant and very active membership, and in addition its able and greatly respected president is a Communist. Nevertheless, it rejected the "party line" on the war issue by three to one. Further evidence of the fact that the noise made by anti-war propaganda in Britain is out of proportion to its actual popular strength is provided by the insignificant polls of pacifists at most recent by-elections.

This does not mean that the British workers are content with the Chamberlain government. On the contrary, they have many and legitimate grievances which are constantly aired in Parliament by the Labor opposition. But it would be as unsafe for Berlin to assume that this grumbling portends a collapse in British morale as it would be for Moscow to suppose that the British revolution is just around the corner.

Japan's Puppet

WANG CHING-WEI was formally installed as head of Japan's new puppet government at Nanking on March 30, after months of delay. The ceremony was an elaborate one, for the Japanese yield to no one in the art of puppetry. But it is difficult to see just what purpose the Japanese had in mind in staging the elaborate event. Some months ago they doubtless hoped that the establishment of a central government under as prominent a Chinese as Wang would attract a degree of Chinese support, at least in the occupied areas. This hope was dissipated with the defection of Wang's closest supporters and the premature revelation of the terms of his agreement with Japan. As it was, the inauguration of the new regime was greeted by a slow-down strike at Shanghai and general derision throughout the whole of China.

Since the Japanese can hardly have expected any other Chinese reaction, it is necessary to look elsewhere for an explanation of the establishment of what would seem to be a superfluous piece of governmental apparatus. One explanation frequently heard is that the Japanese are playing for foreign support. There is no indication, however, that any country save Italy, and possibly Germany, will extend recognition to the Wang "government." Certainly no one in Tokyo could have thought for a moment that the United States would be bamboozled by the hocus-pocus at Nanking. And there seems little chance that Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union, or any other important country will in any way alter its policies in the Far East because a streamlined 1940 puppet has been set up to replace the somewhat shopworn regional puppets.

The new regime would seem to be Japan's answer to the abrogation of the American trade treaty. Nothing that Japan could have done would have more clearly reflected its contemptuous disregard of the United States. This country abrogated the trade treaty because Japan repeatedly infringed the treaty rights of Americans in China. Although we have perhaps been less explicit about it than we should have been, the basis of America's policy has been the maintenance of China's territorial and administrative integrity as guaranteed by the Nine-Power Pact. The Japanese invasion was in direct opposition to our policy, but it was always possible for the Japanese to maintain that any interference with American rights resulting from the invasion was a temporary mishap due to the exigencies of warfare. Japan never formally repudiated the Nine-Power Pact, taking the position that its occupation was merely a transitory stage in the establishment of the New Order in Asia. The setting up of the Wang Ching-wei regime represents a direct rebuff to America's policy and an effort to give legal sanction to the Japanese military occupation of China's coastal regions. Japan will not, of course, repudiate the Nine-Power Pact or close the Open Door. The dirty work will be done at Nanking, and Tokyo will merely give its assent to independent "Chinese" action.

During the ten weeks that have passed since the expiration of the trade treaty Congress has cautiously waited to see what Japan would do next. Japan has now given its answer. It is going ahead with its program of reducing China to a colonial status, freezing out Western interests regardless of our protests. This puts the issue squarely up to Congress.

Notes on Puerto Rico, IV

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

I HAVEN'T any idea whether or not Puerto Rico wants independence. No representative body has ever voted on the issue; no referendum has been held. About a year ago an economic congress in San Juan, made up largely of conservative business men and delegates from professional organizations, unanimously adopted a resolution favoring self-determination. I think the meeting was rather steam-rollered into unanimity by its more progressive leaders, but the vote probably reflected majority opinion at least. And it showed that while representative Puerto Ricans may not know what they want, they at least know that they don't want what they have. Puerto Rico is neither colony nor incorporated territory, neither state nor free government; it is a part of the United States but a dependent, inferior part. This it resents.

I am convinced that the present difficult, touchy relationship between Puerto Rico and the United States will never be ended until the island is given an opportunity to formulate and express its opinion on its own future status.

One thing is sure. Only the Nationalists—a handful of followers of Pedro Albizu Campos, now in Atlanta Penitentiary serving a ten-year sentence for sedition—want unconditional independence. Most of the supporters of Puerto Rican freedom with whom I talked believe that the island's present free-trade relations with the United States should be continued by treaty. They know it could not survive an abrupt ending of its present trade advantages, and they argue that the relationship must be profitable to the United States or it would not exist. At the same time freedom would make possible trade treaties with other nations. Advocates of statehood want Puerto Rico to come into the Union on terms which will continue its present exclusive control over its own revenues, but will not limit its rights as a state. This, they admit, would involve amendment of the Constitution. Conservatives generally believe that the present status, however ambiguous, best meets the needs of a dependent economic entity, and they emphasize the privileges and financial benefits that would be wiped out by either statehood or separation. A few people suggest the possibility of working out some sort of dominion status to give the island the economic protection it needs along with more complete self-government. But the whole question bristles with complexities that can only be resolved by the most earnest, disinterested efforts of intelligent Puerto Ricans and Americans. The animosities aroused by the terrorist tactics of the Nationalists and the repressive measures of the authorities, ending in the tragic blunder at Ponce, prevented any helpful collaboration during Governor Winship's regime. Now, under happier auspices, a solution might be possible.

Puerto Ricans like Governor Leahy. I talked to all sorts—to Luis Muñoz Marín, leader of the new Partido Popular Democrático; to Don Manuel Dominech, a respected and honest conservative and the Governor's financial adviser; to radical students in the university; to Americans in government jobs. Without a single exception, they spoke well of the new governor. The only criticism I heard was from one or two persons who feared that, in an honest desire to respect the island's democratic processes, Governor Leahy might allow the politicians to get away with practices that ought to be stopped. Radicals said, "He actually seems to believe in the Bill of Rights." When Admiral Leahy's appointment was announced, *The Nation* objected to the selection of a naval man for the post. A professor at the University of Puerto Rico told me that liberals on the island had taken the same attitude. "We'd had enough military rule on the island," he said. But Governor Leahy has conducted a strictly civilian administration. "He seems to look upon his office as a job and not as a title," said this observer. "He works at it. He has set about mastering the island's situation—economic, political, even cultural. Everyone is surprised and pleased. If he keeps on as he has begun he may do great things for Puerto Rico."

I talked to the Governor and Mrs. Leahy on the porch of their small temporary quarters beside the magnificent Fortaleza, now under repair. He struck me as a straightforward, pleasant, but business-like and hard-headed person. He talked realistically about the economic ills of Puerto Rico and sympathetically about the efforts being made to cure them. I think he is conservative, but he is open-minded as well. I don't believe the local politicians will fool him; I doubt if reactionary business interests will control him. Above all, he is not afraid. I shall be astonished and disappointed if he ever acts out of panic, no matter what the provocation. He would be firm, perhaps hard, in case of disorder or terrorist acts. But he would not go in for hysterics. This in itself promises a welcome change. Governor Winship was a frightened man from the tragic day when Colonel E. Francis Riggs, Insular Chief of Police, was assassinated by two Nationalist fanatics. I asked the Governor how he proposed to handle Nationalist agitation. "We let them meet and talk, and we keep an eye on them," he said. He himself is carefully protected. When he went out of his garden and drove up to the gate of the Fortaleza to show us the reconstruction now under way he said that it was the first time he had escaped without his bodyguard. "He'll find out where I am and trail me. You'll see," he remarked. We climbed all over the ancient palace, and when we came out the Governor saw us to our car. As he closed the door he pointed to a man in plain clothes standing across the street. "There he is," he said.

No one, least of all himself, expects the Governor to redeem and revolutionize an island suffering from the assorted ills that afflict Puerto Rico. But he can do more than would appear on the surface. In the first place he can see to it that Puerto Rico continues to get a fair share of federal funds for relief and reconstruction. He can use his appointive power to put and keep in office department heads who are honest and above factional struggles and back them when they come into collision with intrenched political interests. He can use the whole weight of his office to protect the civil rights of the people. In this connection it is to be hoped that he will soon get rid of the present Chief of Police, who was appointed after the death of Colonel Riggs and has become a symbol of corruption and brutality throughout the island.

The Governor can also use his great influence to bring about some progress toward a solution of Puerto Rico's basic political problem—its relationship to the United States. It may as well be admitted that complete independence for Puerto Rico is not a practical possibility at a time when the island is being rapidly developed as a major military outpost. Time and again I said this to Puerto Rican supporters of independence and was met by the logical but wholly unrealistic answer that Cuba was a separate nation despite the naval base at Guantanamo.

Independence would not be granted now even if it were demanded; and in my opinion it is not generally desired. But neither can relations be safely left as they are. Even the interests of national defense will be served if the poison is drawn out of the relations between Puerto Rico and the power that rules it. Governor Leahy would perform a lasting service if he would call a conference to consider and report on a new status for Puerto Rico. It should be composed of both Americans and Puerto Ricans chosen with no regard for their political connections but entirely on the basis of disinterested knowledge and understanding. There should be experts in constitutional government, economics, and international law, as well as representatives of business and labor and persons interested primarily in Latin American cultural relations. I would gladly supply a list of American delegates! Charles Beard, Edward Mead Earle, Archibald MacLeish, and Arthur Garfield Hays are samples of the sort I would appoint. The findings of such a body would have only the weight of honesty and expert knowledge to back them, but I am certain they would be welcomed in Puerto Rico as a basis for discussion and in Congress as a basis for future legislative action. No disingenuous Tydings bill would emerge from such a conference.

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Congress Edits the Budget

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, April 1

NO ONE in Washington was surprised—least of all, it can be assumed, the President himself—when the Congressional farm bloc fed his 1940-41 budget to the hogs. And no one except the economy fanatics of the House Appropriations Committee seemed to care very much. Indeed, an almost audible sigh of relief escaped the rank-and-file membership of both branches when the Senate added $300,000,000 to the Department of Agriculture's appropriation bill, thus wiping out at one stroke all the economies so laboriously effected in the seven supply bills previously passed. The President's ingenious budget message was at last a dead letter. Republicans and Democrats were equally responsible for its long overdue demise, and everyone was relieved. The lid was off and Congressmen could be themselves, behaving again as they have always behaved in election years.

The House immediately took advantage of its new freedom to add $17,450,000 to the National Youth Administration's appropriation and $50,000,000 to that of the Civilian Conservation Corps. These popular agencies no longer had to be starved once the farm lobby had shown how unimportant economy could be when an effective pressure group got to work. Yet economy was still important enough to serve as an excuse for cutting down the appropriations of the National Labor Relations Board and the Wage-Hour Division of the Department of Labor. A total of about $1,250,000 was taken away from these two agencies—not a large saving but enough to weaken at vital points the enforcement structure protecting labor's minimum standards and its collective-bargaining privilege. This would please industrial campaign contributors almost as much as the farm hand-out would please rural voters. Since labor divided was not considered dangerous, it could be safely ignored by Congress in the process of budget revision.

The President's January budget, it will be remembered, called for expenditures of $8,464,000,000 in fiscal 1941, a substantially smaller total than the current year's. Mr. Roosevelt proposed to hold the next deficit down to $1,716,000,000 by discontinuing farm parity payments and thus saving some $200,000,000, by firing 600,000 WPA employees to save another $500,000,000, by snatching back $700,000,000 of unexpended balances from New Deal agencies, and by stiffening the revenue laws to increase income $460,000,000 a year. If all these things were done, the government could finance the President's big armament program without breaking through the $45,000,000,000 statutory debt limit.

From the point of view of the New Deal itself, this budget was a monstrosity. The President admitted in his message that his estimates for unemployment and farm relief might prove inadequate. New Deal economists were sure they would. The whole thing seemed to be a political stratagem not to be taken seriously as an economic document. What the President was trying to do, apparently, was force Congress to accept responsibility for raising the debt limit and for another inevitably large deficit at a time when polls of public opinion were showing overwhelming public sentiment for frugality in government. Knowing Congress as he does the President could have had no illusions about the possibility of getting a tax bill passed on the eve of a national election. And knowing in a general way about what the Allies would buy in this country in the first few months of the war, he could scarcely have expected a business boom of proportions sufficient to justify a one-third cut in relief appropriations. Events have shown both that Congress will not swallow new taxes and that war exports, large as they are, cannot sustain a rapid recovery movement without the supplementary stimulus of government spending.

For almost three months the House played with the President at his own game. Appropriations for the regular departments were systematically cut even below his close estimates. Anti-New Dealers in both parties, under the foxy leadership of Representative Clifton Woodrum of Virginia, held a majority by assuring members that "he can't do that to us." It was the Senate that finally capitulated. It voted sixty-three to nineteen to add $212,000,000 for farm parity payments and seventy-nine to nothing to throw in $85,000,000 for surplus-crop removal. Even the Glasses and Tafts went along on the latter item. Put to the farm test, the toughest of the economizers caved in. The President's tactics had been successful.

The all-important question now is what the breaking of the ice will mean to the unemployed. WPA officials estimate that a minimum of $1,500,000,000 is needed. There is a possibility of compromise in the suggestion that the figure be held at $1,000,000,000, with the so-called Woodrum amendment, the section of the present law forbidding deficiency relief appropriations, removed. Such an arrangement would permit the WPA to spend the entire fund, if necessary, in the first seven months

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of the new fiscal year and then ask the incoming Congress for a supplemental appropriation. But as yet there is no assurance that Congress will do for the unemployed what it has done for the farmers. Reports of a log-rolling deal between urban and rural representatives should not be taken too seriously. City members have thought they were trading farm-relief votes for WPA support before, only to find that the country brothers, once they had theirs, forgot all about the bargain. Most city liberals vote for farm relief on principle, whereas many rural representatives find it politically profitable to be pump-primers on the farm and economizers in town.

Moreover, the Woodrum crowd still has a terrible weapon in the threat of legislation raising the debt limit or imposing new taxes at this session. Actually there will be no need for such legislation unless Congress goes hog wild on spending. Income-tax collections for March were more than $600,000,000 better than last year, exceeding estimates. The stabilization fund and various other nest eggs are still available if worst comes to worst, although Secretary Morgenthau insists that there will be no tricks. Since European orders for airplanes and ordnance are keeping American producers in practice, the President's army appropriations can be cut substantially without jeopardizing defense. There will be no excuse for an inadequate relief appropriation unless Congress accepts Dorothy Thompson's unemployment figures instead of the experts'.

Whatever budget Congress finally evolves, it cannot be worse than the President's and in most respects it will probably be better. Nobody will ever know for sure whether the President got more by forcing Congress to take the initiative than he might have by submitting higher estimates in the first place and then defending them openly.

Tale of Two Wars

BY ROBERT DELL

DOROTHY THOMPSON recently remarked in an admirable article on the propaganda obsession with which America is at present afflicted that it made people incapable of distinguishing between what is true and what is false, and that its victims would probably end in being taken in, as over-suspicious people usually do. A great deal of what is being written to prove that the present war is merely a continuation of the first World War seems to me to support Miss Thompson.

I agree that the present war is no more "ideological" than the last one, but I would remind those who are addicted to hunting for parallels that it was Woodrow Wilson who started the slogan about a war "to make the world safe for democracy." Naturally the English and French adopted a slogan so likely to appeal to American sentiment, but I cannot remember that anybody in Europe talked about a war for democracy before Mr. Wilson did. The English said in 1914 that they went to war to save "gallant little Belgium"—which, so far as the mass of the English people was concerned, was true—and the French said that they went to war because Germany declared war on them, which was true. I cannot, however, agree that "this new war began as the last one did—in a clash between German and Anglo-French imperialism." No two wars could be more different in their origins and antecedents.

So far as its immediate origin was concerned, the first World War was primarily a war between Austria and Russia and secondarily a war between England and Germany, into which France was dragged by the Franco-Russian alliance and the Entente Cordiale. The Austrian government had long been seeking an occasion to pick a quarrel with Russia. In 1912 I was in close touch with the Polish Nationalists in Paris, and they told me all about their arrangements with the Austrian government with respect to the future war. The Austrian government promised the Poles that, in the event of an Austrian victory over Russia, it would restore Polish independence and set up a Polish national state composed of Austrian and Russian Poland. In return Pilsudski undertook to raise a Polish legion which would fight with the Austrian army, as in fact it did when war broke out in 1914.

Until 1904 England and France were on very bad terms. More than once they had been on the verge of war, notably over the Fashoda affair, which would have led to war had not the French government climbed down. In 1889 Bismarck offered an alliance to Salisbury, who was then British Prime Minister, and the offer was refused. A few years later, after Bismarck's dismissal by the Emperor William II, Salisbury and Joseph Chamberlain, father of the present British Prime Minister, whose pro-German sympathies are inherited, offered an alliance to Germany. The German Emperor refused the offer on the advice of Holstein, then permanent head of the German Foreign Office, who said that England would never be able to come to terms with France or Russia and therefore an alliance was unnecessary. A subsidiary reason for the refusal was that the Emperor was anti-English and pro-French and would have much preferred an alliance with France. He actually offered one to the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet soon after the beginning of the Transvaal war. The offer was favorably received, especially by Théophile Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, who afterward became an ardent partisan of the Entente Cordiale, but who was at that time smarting under the humiliation that he had been obliged to accept in the Fashoda affair. The negotiations fell through because the German government insisted that France should renounce Alsace-Lorraine forever, and that was something no French government could do.

In 1901 Lord Lansdowne made overtures to Eckardstein for a "defensive arrangement," because he understood that Holstein disliked the word "alliance." Holstein made a counter-proposal that England should join the Triple Alliance together with Japan, in return for which Germany would guarantee the British Empire. Naturally, this was a proposal that no British government could accept. It would have involved England in almost every possible war and put the whole European continent under German domination.

Finally, Lansdowne and the British Cabinet in which he was Foreign Secretary decided to come to terms with France. The result was the Entente Cordiale, sealed in April, 1904, by the Anglo-French treaty concerning Egypt, Morocco, and other questions in dispute between the two countries. The treaty professed to guarantee the independence of Egypt and Morocco but contained secret clauses by which England was given a free hand in Egypt and France in Morocco whenever they agreed to avail themselves of it. The Entente Cordiale was welcomed by the parties of the left in France, in particular by Jaurès and the Socialists, who of course knew nothing about the secret clauses of the treaty, because they hoped that it would detach France from Russia. In fact it was converted by Edward Grey, who became British Foreign Secretary in 1905, into the Triple Entente, which bound France to Russia more closely than ever.

The secret clauses in the Treaty of April, 1904, became known to the German government. They had been communicated to Russia as the ally of France, and the German Emperor was probably informed about them by the Czar. Hence the Franco-German incidents over Morocco which thrice brought France and Germany to the verge of war.

From 1904 to 1914 French foreign policy was dominated by England almost as much as it has been during the last seven years. The exceptions to this rule were short periods during which first Rouvier, later Joseph Caillaux, was Prime Minister of France. In 1905, when the first Franco-German crisis over Morocco occurred, Lansdowne offered an alliance to Delcassé, who was still French Foreign Minister. Rouvier, supported by the whole Cabinet with the exception of Delcassé, refused the offer on the ground that it would drag France into war with Germany, and Delcassé was forced to resign. In 1911 Caillaux settled the still more serious Agadir crisis by a treaty with Germany which gave France complete control of Morocco in return for a small piece of the French Congo. He was driven from office by Poincaré and Clemenceau and incurred the hatred of the British Foreign Office because the result of the Franco-German treaty was that the secret clauses of the Anglo-French treaty of April, 1904, fell to the ground. The text of the clauses was published by Caillaux, before he left office, with the consent of the British government.

Through all these years the overwhelming majority of the French people were intensely pacific and strongly opposed to a war with Germany even for the sake of recovering Alsace-Lorraine. The party of revenge, led by Poincaré and Clemenceau, was a small minority, but it was an influential one and was consistently backed by British diplomacy. After Poincaré became French Prime Minister in 1912—a year before he was elected President of the Republic—he was less subservient to England than most of his predecessors had been. At the time of the late Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin, the German government asked the British government to undertake to remain neutral in any war in which Germany might be engaged. Such an undertaking was naturally impossible. The German government modified it and asked merely that England should remain neutral if Germany were attacked by another country. Poincaré informed Grey that if such an undertaking were given he would break the Entente Cordiale, and the German proposal was rejected.

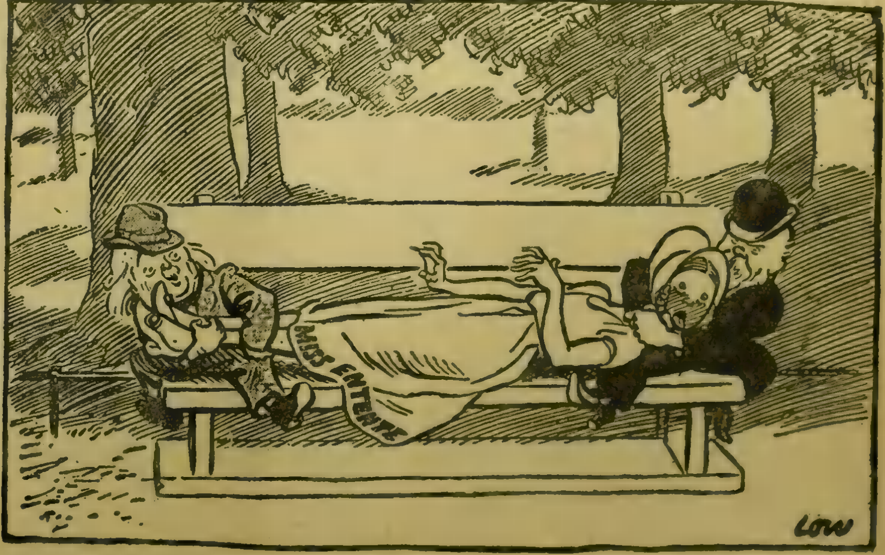
It is necessary to distinguish between the attitude of the government and of the mass of the English people. Grey and his advisers in the Foreign Office wanted a preventive war with Germany, and there can be no doubt that German policy, especially naval policy, was a menace to the British Empire. It also forced England to spend enormous sums on the navy. It was a foolish policy on the part of the German government, for Germany, a much poorer country than England, could not possibly maintain a navy equal to the British navy in addition to the largest army in the world.

Public opinion in England in 1914 was as much opposed to war as in France. On July 30, 1914, a member of the British Cabinet said to a friend of mine that if the government went to war with Germany, it would be turned out by the House of Commons. Lloyd George was the leader of the opposition to war. At a Cabinet council held on August 2, 1914, his view prevailed, and the Cabinet decided to remain neutral, whereupon Grey tendered his resignation as Foreign Secretary. After the German invasion of Belgium the decision was reversed, and Lloyd George supported the war. John Burns and two or three other members of the government resigned.

Nothing but the violation of Belgian neutrality would ever have rallied the English people to the war. Grey knew it, and it was for that reason that when he was asked by the German ambassador to London whether England would remain neutral if Germany did not go through Belgium, he refused to reply, that is, in effect, replied in the negative. Grey wished the Germans to go through Belgium in the event of war. The war aims of the British government were to destroy the German fleet and to prevent French and Belgian ports from falling into the hands of Germany. The war aim of the English people, as has been said, was to go to the aid of Belgium.

In July, 1914, French opinion was overwhelmingly opposed to war for the sake of Russia. On Sunday, July 19, 1914, there was a huge demonstration against war on the Grands Boulevards in Paris, and the members of the Action Française who organized a counter-demonstration were driven off the boulevards. Poincaré had undoubtedly a great responsibility for the war. During his visit to Russia in July, 1914, he encouraged the Russian government in a bellicose attitude, and it was with the consent of the French government that the Russian government ordered a general mobilization before any other country and thus provoked the German government to declare war on Russia. Poincaré then wished to declare war on Germany, but he was overruled by the Prime Minister, René Viviani, and the Cabinet.

The French general mobilization was ordered on August 1, 1914, but on August 3 Viviani gave an undertaking to the Socialist Party that France would not declare war on Germany in any circumstances. Naturally he knew it to be probable that Germany would declare war on France, but in my opinion he would have kept his word if the German government had not made that blunder. It was as great a blunder from the political point of view as the violation of Belgian neutrality. One reason why I think that Viviani would have kept his word is that, if France had declared war on Germany, there would have been such strong opposition to the war that the government might have been defeated in the Chamber of Deputies. In any case France would have entered the war as a divided country. The German declaration of war on France naturally rallied the overwhelming majority of the French people to the war.



(Published October 28, 1922)

With the militant Poincaré at one end and the demobilized Lloyd George at the other, the Entente became at times somewhat strained

The German Emperor did not want war with France. He first offered to withdraw his troops from the French frontier and abstain from attacking France if the French government would remain neutral, but only on condition that Germany should be allowed to occupy a piece of French territory for the duration of the war. Naturally the French government could not agree to such a condition, but when it was refused, the German Emperor telegraphed to the King of England (George V) undertaking to withdraw his troops from the French frontier and refrain from attacking France if France would remain neutral and England would guarantee its neutrality. Grey told the House of Commons, after England had declared war on Germany, that he had not transmitted this offer to the French government because he thought that the Franco-Russian alliance made it impossible for France to remain neutral!

Can anybody seriously maintain that there is any resemblance between this story and that of the events that led up to the present war? In 1914 Europe had for several years been divided into two hostile camps—on one side the Triple Alliance and on the other side the Triple Entente. In the seven years preceding the present war the British government refused to join in any collective-security agreement on the ground that Europe must not be divided into hostile camps, with the result that, as Winston Churchill said on a famous occasion, there was a bloc on one side—that of the totalitarian states—and a rabble on the other.

There was certainly no conflict between German and Anglo-French imperialism from the end of the last war to March, 1939. There was, in fact, no Anglo-French imperialism. The French are nationalist but, with the exception of a small minority, not imperialist. The few imperialists in France are always complaining that the French people take no interest in their empire and that their interest stops at the frontiers of France. Barrès and Déroulède were nationalists, not imperialists, and their one and only aim was the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. Their ideas bore no resemblance to those of Treitschke, Bernhardi, or Kipling. Besides, England and France were at loggerheads for years after the last war.

Soon after its end British diplomacy awoke to the fact that the peace treaties had destroyed the balance of power and given France a sort of hegemony on the continent of Europe. They set themselves to redress the balance by resuscitating Germany and appealed to the sentiment of the English people by exciting their sympathy for the poor dear Germans, who had had a raw deal. The English people ended by pretending that the French were solely responsible for the peace terms, and popular feeling in England became bitterly anti-French. In Germany popular feeling became extremely pro-English. When I went to live in Germany in November, 1922, Lloyd George was a national hero, and some Germans were seriously proposing that Germany should become a British dominion.

British diplomacy was no doubt aided by the stupid and vindictive policy of Poincaré in the occupied German territory, a policy which excited great hostility to France in England. That policy, however, was the result, not of imperialism or even nationalism, but of fear. And the fear was the result of the failure of England and the United States to implement the guaranties given to France by the treaties signed on June 28, 1919, by Lloyd George and Arthur Balfour in the one case and by Woodrow Wilson and Robert Lansing in the other, Clemenceau and Pichon signing for France. For a long time after the end of the last war the French had the mentality of a defeated nation.

Since 1930 France has been the vassal of England, except when Barthou was Foreign Minister in 1934. Under British pressure the French agreed to the complete evacuation of the Rhineland and the suppression of reparations, events which in my opinion were the chief causes of Hitler's accession to power. I gave the reasons for my opinion in *The Nation* of December 23, 1939. Since Hitler became dictator of Germany the British government and the French government under its influence have made concession after concession to him to avoid war, culminating in the shameful capitulation of Munich. The British and French "imperialists" and a great part of the ruling classes and big business in both countries were for peace with Germany at any price.

Hitler said in "Mein Kampf" that the only possible allies for Germany in any near future were England and Italy. The events showed that he was right. Chamberlain's policy was an alliance with Germany which would give Hitler a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe in the hope that he could be induced to come to terms and keep off the British Empire. Meanwhile, British diplomacy separated France from all its allies to avoid being drawn into a conflict with Germany by the French alliances.

The British "imperialists" and the international gang of financiers and big business men who pulled the strings to which they danced allowed British ships to be sunk with impunity and guns to be trained on Gibraltar, capitulated to Japan and to Mussolini as well as to Hitler, connived at the German and Italian invasion of Spain, which was opposed to British interests and the success of which was one of the chief causes of the present war, and reduced the prestige of England all over the world to the lowest level that it had reached since the time of Charles II. The injury that they have done to the British Empire is, in my opinion, irreparable.

The British and French governments knew in advance that Hitler was going into Prague and made no attempt to stop him. After he had done it, Chamberlain declared in the House of Commons that he would not change his policy. He was obliged to change it by the pressure of public opinion and the threat of a revolt in his own party. Even after Germany had invaded Poland, Chamberlain and Daladier did not at once declare war because they wished to agree to the negotiations proposed by Mussolini on September 1. The fact that the French government had given a "positive" reply to the Italian proposal was announced in a communication of the Havas Agency, published in the French press on September 2, 1939 (the text of the communication is Document No. 347 in the recently published French Yellow Book). On September 2 Winston Churchill, Eden, and Duff-Cooper saw Chamberlain and told him that if he accepted negotiations they would raise an open revolt against him in the Conservative Party. Chamberlain then climbed down and the British government declared war on Germany. The French government followed its example some hours later.

In the face of these facts how can it be said that this war is nothing but a clash between rival imperialisms? It is not a war for democracy or for any "ideology," but a war forced by the English and French democracies on their respective governments, which yielded most unwillingly. So far as England and France are concerned it is a people's war, as the war of 1914 emphatically was not; it has the sole aim of putting an end to German aggression and rescuing its victims. So far as Germany and Russia are concerned it is an imperialist war with the vulgar aim of territorial aggrandizement. Those who say that there is nothing to choose between the two sides can do so only by falsifying the facts. Consciously or unconsciously they are playing the game of Hitler and Stalin.

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The Klan Rides Again

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

AT LEAST three persons have been killed by nightriders in Fulton County, Georgia, in the last month. On March 2 two Atlanta young people, Sarah Rawls and Benton Ford, were found beaten to death in a local lovers' lane where they had been sitting in Ford's parked car. On the night of March 7 Ike Gaston, proprietor of a barber shop in an Atlanta suburb, was visited by hooded vigilantes; the next morning his body was found in a field nearby, cut to shreds by blows with a long, cleated belt. The killing of these three people is striking evidence of the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan and of its new concentration on moral problems. Gaston offended the Kleagles by drinking too much; Ford and his girl were supposed to be violating the Klan's code of sexual decency.

The crudeness of this form of moral admonition has aroused Atlanta and the whole South to a shocked awareness of the Klan's growing strength and activity. Fulton County has been taken aback not only by the killings themselves but by a seemingly endless succession of disclosures which have cut deep into the political and industrial life of the state. O. John Rogge, the federal prosecutor credited with smashing the Long regime in Louisiana, is now working on the Atlanta situation, and he thinks his investigation may result in as thoroughgoing a clean-up as the job he did in New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Rogge is investigating not only the Atlanta murders and other floggings but the alleged mulcting of the state by the Klan described last summer before the House Economy Committee by former Imperial Wizard Hiram Wesley Evans. Evans told the committee at that time that he and other Klansmen had represented several asphalt and truck-body companies in their dealings with the State Highway Department and had influenced and fixed bidding. Also suspect in such matters is Representative B. Frank Whelchel, who was indicted on March 22 for selling postal-service appointments.

The Fulton County grand jury has already heard tales of more than fifty floggings. At the March 22 session fourteen nightriders were identified. It has been proved that the belt with which Gaston, the murdered barber, was lashed was made by a Klansman implicated in two other floggings. Three Atlanta policemen have been indicted for extorting confessions from suspected criminals by flogging, and charges of fatal beatings by the police have been pouring into Southern newspaper offices. Three Fulton County deputy sheriffs have admitted membership in the Klan, a head deputy, W. W. Scarborough, being the local Exalted Cyclops. When questioned in Atlanta, Scarborough coolly admitted that he and his fellows took action outside the law "whenever someone wasn't doin' like he ought to." Asked at another point why he had not arrested a particular lawbreaker instead of threatening him with violence, Scarborough said, "How could I? I was enrobed." The three deputies turned in their badges shortly after these revelations; the next day it was discovered that the books of their Klan headquarters had been destroyed. Sheriff Mott Aldredge has said that he knew about numerous other flogging cases but did not consider investigation of them part of his duty.

Atlanta papers, which have been staging a genuine anti-Klan crusade, suggest the likelihood that hundreds of persons have been flogged during the past year. Since the publicity given to the Gaston and Rawls-Ford cases dozens of local people, Negro and white, have been coming to law and newspaper offices, as well as before the grand jury, to exhibit bodily injuries as material evidence of the terror. Among the cases spotlighted by the current investigation are the following:

W. L. Allen, a tenant farmer near Atlanta, was abducted and severely beaten by nightriders some months ago after ignoring Klan warnings to "get rid of an old Negro we had living on our place."

Emma Heard, a Negro woman of seventy-six, was abducted and flogged two months ago. She is now a patient in the Grady Hospital, suffering from blood poisoning resulting from her wounds.

S. W. Jones and T. E. Young, suburban Atlantans, were seized last July 25, taken to a garbage dump, and beaten for "immorality."

T. C. Ellis, of East Point, was assaulted by men who said they were law officers. While a revolver was held to his head, Ellis was flogged and told to stop "talking about his neighbors."

The Reverend Gray Kent, a local parson, was beaten because his congregation at Ben Hill was "making too much noise." Kent has identified county-owned cars as those in which his abductors called for him.

J. L. Matthews, white proprietor of a theater for Negroes, was flogged in Decatur last October. The Klan did not like Mr. Matthews's business and paraded before his movie house several times. The attack on him came after he refused to discharge a Negro employee.

Atlanta, of course, is the Klan's national headquarters and its traditional stronghold. Recently the organization was so bold as to send out sixty-two Kluxers in full regalia to distribute to A. F. of L. delegates convening in the city leaflets ordering them to destroy the C. I. O. and purge the country of "all other Communists."

Although most of the recent nightriding has been in the Atlanta area, reports of outrages have come in from several other parts of the South. Last November two boys were badly beaten in a National Youth Administration camp for Negroes near Anderson, South Carolina. Lanier Pruitt, a white garage mechanic of Anderson, was beaten for failing to give Christmas presents to his wife and children. Fiery crosses have been burned outside two Negro churches in Orlando, Florida, and their pastors ordered to leave town. From another city comes a story of the Klan's persecution of drugstore cowboys who were thought to be spending too much time "skirt-chasing." One lad, his comrades testified, was beaten for this but was promised immunity if he joined the Klan.

All this is part of a revival of Klan spirit that has been going on for five or six years. After having been practically liquidated in 1926 owing at least in part to the New York *World's* exposé, the Klan started its comeback in 1934, when Imperial Wizard Hiram W. Evans called for a new crusade in behalf of "constitutional rights." Evans appointed M. O. Dunning, a former federal tax collector, his chief of staff and initiated a campaign against the New Deal and trade unions. This appealing program drew thousands into the organization, and its membership reached a fifteen-year peak in 1937, at the height of the C. I. O. drive among Southern textile workers. The only reported case of a Klan killing in those years was that of Joseph Shoemaker, Tampa Socialist and labor leader, who died after having been tarred with two others on November 30, 1935.

On January 17, 1939, Evans surprised the country and his followers by accepting the invitation of Catholic Bishop Gerald O'Hara to take part in ceremonies attending the dedication of an Atlanta church. His acceptance was taken as a sign of a new liberalism on the part of the Klan. But if Wizard Evans had altered his views on Catholics, which is dubious, most Kluxers had not. Evans was gently removed from office—perhaps as much because of his connection with the Georgia asphalt scandals as because of the Catholic incident—and replaced, on June 11, 1939, by James Arnold Colescott, a flushed and porky ex-veterinarian from Terre Haute, Indiana. Colescott announced on taking office that he was dedicating himself to promoting the interests of the "native-born, white, Protestant, Gentile population."

Although Klan figures are unreliable, it is not difficult to believe Colescott's boast that membership has jumped 50 per cent during his Wizardry and that his recent national tour netted thousands of new members. Present Klan membership is estimated at about 300,000, 70 per cent of which is in the South. Recently Klan activity has been reported in Philadelphia, Providence, Schenectady, Jersey City, New York City, and the Pacific Northwest. Jersey City, with a large Catholic population, is a Klan center; rag-wrapped crosses have been burned near Catholic churches there on five separate occasions. In nearby Roselle, the Klan, under its New Jersey leader, the Reverend A. M. Young, a retired Baptist preacher, burned a thirty-foot cross outside the town synagogue.

The Klan's concern with moral and domestic problems has not entirely superseded its political interests. The *Voice,* organ of liberal Catholics, reports that it has been advised by a high Kleagle that the Klan hopes the Democrats will nominate a Catholic like Farley or Murphy, for then "we'll wash our nightshirts and go to town." Klan leaflets boast of a membership campaign among unionists and report that it is recruiting many workers, "particularly foremen." It claims to have captured a C. I. O. automobile local in Detroit, though this is unsubstantiated and most unlikely. However, trade unionists, even sincere ones, have been known to join the Klan. Its propaganda in the unions, particularly in Detroit, features the FBI drive against "alien saboteurs" in factories filling war orders; in this it is said by C. I. O. men to be cooperating with the remnants of the employers' National Workers' League and the Black Legion. Joseph E. McWilliams, head of the Christian Mobilizers, a splinter of Coughlin's Christian Front, is reported to have been named to the national council of the Klan. McWilliams denies this vehemently but says, "We might copy the Klan, take some of the nightshirts and go out looking for Jews."

While the Klan appears to have made considerable progress of late, the nightriders are not in an enviable position. The Southern press, with few important exceptions, is playing up the Atlanta revelations and calling for the disbanding of hooded orders. Dozens of hoodlums and amateur Nazis are filling Fulton Tower, the jail that once housed Angelo Herndon and other victims of Klan rule. Organizations ranging from the left-wing Workers' Defense League, which has started a national anti-Klan publicity campaign, to the American Legion, which has spoken out with commendable clarity and courage, are urging ceaseless prosecution.

As always, however, there is the danger that local investigations will drop the threads that lead directly to the Klan. If the Atlanta cases end only in the imprisonment of a few scapegoats, the Klan may be chastened for a time locally but nationally will remain every bit as menacing. A good deal now depends on the findings of Mr. Rogge, which will determine the extent of federal jurisdiction in these cases. But in the end quite as much will depend on the extent to which public opinion uses the Atlanta findings to force the Invisible Empire into the open.

How About Television?

BY EDGAR M. JONES

THE Federal Communications Commission has declared its faith in television to the extent of permitting "limited commercialization," probably after September 1. This extraordinary status is defined as authority to charge advertising sponsors for the costs of producing programs but not for the costs of transmission over the air, which will have to be borne by the broadcasting company. Theoretically the radio companies are to continue television as an experiment. However, the FCC holds its breath and hopes that the public will not go too far in buying television receivers. If a comparison might be drawn, the situation is something like legislation for pari-mutuel betting which contains amendments in the form of prayer against gambling.

The Communications commissioners evidently fear that a few companies are about to recoup their television-research costs from an unsuspecting public by exploitation of the half-ready art of visual broadcasting. Some of the radio manufacturers and broadcasters wanted full commercialization, and the "limited" status was devised by a commission committee to bridge the gap between them and the members of the commission who did not believe television was perfected enough for high-pressure selling. In this the committee was successful, and the FCC unanimously voted for the compromise. When the Radio Corporation of America immediately launched an advertising campaign with great fanfare, however, the commission became alarmed and ordered further hearings on April 8 to determine whether or not it should withdraw its recently voted concession.

A change is coming in radio. Two developments are now well on the way. One is television, which we shall hear about all this summer, and the other, known as frequency modulation (F-M), almost eliminates static. Both need plenty of space in the ether to achieve their ultimate public use, and the FCC is not certain where to find room. Although F-M at present applies to aural broadcasting only, and television adds sight to sound, there is definite competition between the two. F-M wants a radio channel now given to television, and both realize that the public and the broadcaster can, under normal conditions, support only one new development at a time.

Television today produces a picture similar to some of the early movies. There is flicker; there is lack of detail; there is haziness, a general lack of brilliance. At close range the line-by-line composition of the image upon the screen is discernible, but it must be admitted that the eye practically disregards the imperfections to concentrate on the motion. It should be conceded, moreover, that television has surmounted unbelievable difficulties since experimenters went to work approximately ten years ago. But during this period few receivers have been in operation—it was a simple matter to change abruptly to some new method requiring a new type of receiver. Allowances should be made for television; wider use of the instrument will help to iron out its kinks. Nevertheless, television engineers realize they are on uncertain ground. General use of television may provide additional funds for research, but it will limit the field of research to methods fixed by public investment.

So far, research in television has been an out-of-pocket expense borne by the various manufacturers. Not the first but certainly the most active is the Radio Corporation of America, reputed to have poured $10,000,000 into television, largely at the insistence of its president, David Sarnoff. Other companies have spent lesser sums trying to perfect the art. Different conclusions on whether television is or is not here are the result. There is no clear understanding between rival television manufacturers, and there is disagreement over seemingly minor details which nevertheless mean much to the public. RCA, having the greater investment, has more reason to hope that television is ready. The only way the manufacturers can recover their reasearch costs is to sell their product. But if they are to sell their devices, there must be public use; and that is where the FCC fits in. If the FCC would only open up the field for the broadcasters, stations would buy transmitters from the manufacturers, and the operation of these would encourage the purchase of receivers.

The economic base for television is yet to be found. Some believe that its niche will be in the theater, where admission can be charged for entertainment akin to movies. Diehard radio men refuse to believe that the American people will sit in darkened living-rooms to accommodate sponsors of television programs. They have observed that the radio listener enjoys a freedom incompatible with any other form of entertainment. The housewife can hear the daily heart-throb drama while she works in the kitchen. The family reads, plays cards, or talks while the loud-speaker blares. Even the motorist drives and looks at the scenery while his set is tuned in. In effect, America listens with one ear; absorbs its advertising while doing something else.

Television, aural-radio men believe, will require a concentration which will be grudgingly given. Even staunch advocates of television admit this tacitly by their opinions on practical program schedules, pointing out that the listener may turn off the image but keep the sound. However, a program technique suited to this dual purpose is still to be found.

The trend is toward the home set. Manufacturers see a bigger market in selling receivers directly to the public than in selling to the limited number of commercial exhibitors which might develop if television went the other way. Programs for television, except public events, are certain to be very expensive. Unless production is slap-happy, the costs promise to compare with those of Broadway shows—all for a one-night shot. Costumes, scenery, lighting, and exhaustive rehearsals, not now in radio production figures, will present a phenomenal budget to prospective advertisers. Today three technicians are considered necessary for the production details of one good radio show. A similar passion for detail in television will call for twenty-two technicians. Broadcasters estimate that if and when they enter television they will have to bill their clients three times their present charges, and it is common belief that broadcasters who cannot cover themselves with a manufacturing operation—similar to the arrangement between RCA and NBC—will lose considerable sums of money during the first few years of television.

There must be perfect synchronization between the transmitter and the home receiver. A station using one group of operating specifications cannot be received on a set equipped for another. The public will want sets capable of receiving all stations within reception limits, and no telecaster will want to operate on a system incapable of reaching the full potential audience. This will impose upon the FCC the task of ordering standards of operation, thus achieving uniformity for the country as a whole. But this the FCC has refused to do. That body has just said that television is not sufficiently advanced for crystallized standards despite the efforts of manufacturers to settle on one system.

Television loomed up as a regulatory problem about a year ago when an FCC committee prepared a report warning the public of the risk in buying receivers. Despite this, RCA attempted to increase the sale of receivers and build up public interest generally by capitalizing on the New York World's Fair. The failure to make substantial gains in this direction was attributed to the attitude of the FCC. The corporation felt that a more optimistic view should prevail at the commission, that some step should be taken by the government to encourage the public to accept television as it is. Accordingly, several visits were made to Washington in order to bring pressure on the commission to revise its stand. A second report issued by the television committee originated the "limited commercialization" idea and suggested standards of transmitting operations. Despite its qualifying declarations the report was a rescue act for manufacturers.

The other members of the commission were not convinced, however, and ordered hearings, which were held in Washington during January of this year. It was here that the FCC heard about the discord among the manufacturers. There were charges that RCA dominated the Radio Manufacturers' Association, coercing the group into advancing one set of standards for the FCC to study. Various technical differences were explained at length, but one point was clear. The expert witnesses were afraid that wide public use of television would prevent real progress or else the public would lose its entire investment in television receivers. Any significant change in synchronization, frames, or lines at the transmitter would put a black-out on existing receivers. For this reason one company was flatly against any kind of commercialization, arguing that there is no distinction between the "limited" and the "full" variety. RCA men made every effort to offset these views with declarations that the others were stalling for time until they should be in a position to compete with the corporation.

Most interesting perhaps was the view of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This organization is the business rival of NBC, and its investment is in today's radio. It believes that television will compete with rather than replace aural broadcasting. Obviously its competitive position indicates opposition to television, for it would have to buy its equipment from RCA, but it analyzed television very shrewdly. Columbia protested that television must not attempt a public trial at public expense and warned that public trial should not induce large-scale investment. Scheduled program service, it stated, must not be allowed to delude the public into buying sets that suddenly may become useless or betray the broadcaster into wasting his resources. Three courses were open to the FCC, Columbia said: (1) fix standards for ten years and inform the public it could count on receivers for that period; (2) fix no standards but loudly warn the public that it could not count on any receiver; (3) fix flexible standards involving no great broadcaster or public investment. The commission apparently has attempted the second. When "limited commercialization" goes into effect, the television broadcaster must announce that the programs are "experimental." Such an announcement, though, will have little meaning to the general public.

As if television were not enough, the FCC has to meet the collateral problem of F-M. Developed by Major Edwin H. Armstrong, who is responsible for many of the refinements in present broadcasting, the new system is eyeing one television channel. Armstrong put in an appearance during the television hearings and begged the commission to defer decision until it had heard about his new system. Though this was not done, the question

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of channel allocations was left open, and the FCC has since held hearings on F-M.

This new system represents a major advance in radio. Its proponents promise near-deliverance from static, and reception so true that listeners to symphonic programs will hear twenty additional instruments not picked up by the microphone today. Broadcasters flirt with F-M because it seems to offer better radio signals from cheaper equipment, and in addition opens the way for nationwide network hook-ups without the cost of land lines. F-M people tell the commission that their system offers more economical use of the air waves, for despite the wider channel per individual station required, more stations can be licensed on the same channel without interference.

Whatever suspicions the FCC may have felt during the television hearings, it opened the way for commercialization. Although no standards have been set and thus presumably any kind of system may be developed, the position of RCA indicates that its methods will eventually emerge successful. Members of the commission privately admit that any other decision would have laid them open to the charge of obstruction—of stubbornly keeping television from the American public. Officially they say that the commission is not unsympathetic with the desire of radio companies to recoup their investment, but that "nothing should be done which will encourage a large public investment in receivers which, by reason of technical advances, when ultimately introduced, may become obsolete in a relatively short time."

The Communications Commission could delay television until manufacturers produced a set capable of adjustment to change. However, the commission relinquished this opportunity with "hopes that attention may be directed toward designing, building, and distributing receivers capable, in so far as is consistent with reasonable cost, of receiving or of being adjusted to receive any reasonable change in methods of synchronization or changes in number of frames or lines which may be found to be practical and licensed in the future. . . . Such a practice will keep to a minimum the economic loss to those acquiring receivers at this stage of the art and for that reason alone would seem to be required by the public interest."

Weighty words, but what do they mean? The general public only hears that television is ready to blossom; that stations will soon be on the air. Well does the FCC know the public capacity for buying radios. Current estimates indicate that 40,000,000 receivers are in the homes of America, representing a public investment of something like $3,000,000,000. When television sets are in display rooms, the purchasing public will have forgotten all about the warnings of the FCC, if, indeed, it ever heard them.

In the Wind

PHILADELPHIA COUGHLINITES, most of whom are Irish Americans, faced a stern ideological struggle a fortnight ago. The Kerrymen's Patriotic Society was holding its annual ball. The "Four Provinces," an Irish musical group, had been hired to entertain. But the "Four Provinces" broadcasts over Station WDAS, which banned Coughlin's talks a year ago. After long debate, the Coughlinites decided to picket the Kerrymen's ball in reprisal against the "Four Provinces." They picketed.

IN BRITISH Home Defense tests Boy Scouts usually act the role of "casualties." During a recent blackout numerous Boy Scouts were scattered in prostrate position in the darkened streets awaiting the arrival of nurses and ambulances. When one party of rescuers reached the spot where the last "casualty" was supposed to be lying, it found only a piece of paper reading, "Have bled to death and gone home."

THE LATEST illustration of Martin Dies's close collaboration with reactionary groups, and with Merwin K. Hart in particular, is the announcement of his committee's intention to expose "textbook propaganda." The efforts of Hart and the Advertising Federation of America to suppress Harold Rugg's textbooks were described in this column several weeks ago. George Sokolsky is closely linked with the campaign. These interests have been urging Dies to "probe" textbooks for months. Now he has made it official.

CANDOR DEPARTMENT: "I am for the farmer year in and year out. I do not have to be for him especially this year because I am not a candidate."—Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, quoted in the *Congressional Record*. . . . Cheerio: "Difficulties abound in business even in peace time —that's what gives business its zest. In war time these are multiplied. We of B. K. and T. are meeting our share of them, chiefly in connection with the price and shortage of diamonds."—Advertisement in the *British Jeweller.*

DURING THE recent hearings of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee in San Francisco, Senator Elbert Thomas read aloud a long, detailed plan of the Associated Farmers for mobilizing 600 farmers to repel a "Communist" invasion in Stanislaus County. The Associated Farmers, he said, was equipping the "army" with olive-drab uniforms, shirts, hard hats, and side-arms. As he recited the list a spectator whispered audibly: "What, no skis?"

LONDON'S *New Statesman and Nation* recently reported this epigram of a prominent man of letters. He was asked why he was not at the front "trying to save civilization." "I am part of the civilization they are trying to save," he replied.

[The $5 prize for the best item submitted in March goes to E. D. of Washington, D. C., for the item about "Karl Marx" published last week.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TO MY mind the most sensational aspect of the German publication of the Polish documents relating to the utterances of American diplomats is the calculated attack upon the United States. When I was in Berlin last fall, Foreign Office officials assured me again and again that they had not the slightest intention of drawing the United States into the war. "There will be no Lusitania case in this war and no Belgium," they said; and they insisted that they had not sunk the Athenia. I attributed their courtesies to me, when they knew of my hostility to the Nazi regime, as another evidence of their desire to cultivate American public opinion. Now they have plainly had a change of heart and are ready to attack the United States, to link us with the Allies, and to antagonize our public and our press.

The explanation can only be that they believe we are now hopelessly tied up with the Allies and that they feel so strong and certain of victory that they are ready to take us on also. They are obviously riding high. They believe that they have the mastery of the air and are winning on the sea; they are making better headway against the British blockade than they had hoped and are inflicting extremely heavy losses on Allied and neutral shipping. Hence their aggressiveness and confidence, which are unlike anything seen in Berlin during the last war. These Nazis believe in forcing the fighting all along the line, and one must record the fact that as yet they are showing none of that fatal misunderstanding of the psychology of other peoples that is usually characteristic of Germans. The English press admits that the German broadcasts to England are making headway even among the British troops.

From an entirely reliable source I have recently heard of a conversation which took place on New Year's Day between an American business man, the head of a great company, and Hermann Göring. They have known each other since Göring's residence in Sweden after the last war. "You Americans are coming into this war," said Göring to his visitor. "No," was the reply, "our people are 80 per cent against our going in." "You are wrong," said Göring; "the latest polls show as high as 95 per cent against going in, but you will be in next fall just the same." This bears out the theory that the Nazis feel there is no longer any use in trying to keep us out and are therefore willing, as the Polish revelations show, to abuse us. On the other hand, their American advisers may have told them to go ahead on the theory that the disclosure of the way our diplomats have been siding with the Allies may discredit Roosevelt with the peace-loving American public and increase the determination of the masses to keep this country out of the struggle. It is too early yet—I am writing this in Los Angeles before the publication of the second promised batch of documents—to tell what effect these publications will have in Washington, but coming as they do on top of the calculated indiscretion of the American minister to Canada, they furnish dynamite for Congress, or would if there were an effective opposition. How Senator Borah would have welcomed this opportunity to cut loose!

That the Germans chose the moment they did for the publication of the Polish documents—almost the very day that Sumner Welles was reporting to the President on what he had learned abroad—shows clearly that they were determined to offset the effect of his recommendations or to blanket his return by overshadowing it. Undoubtedly they have had these papers in their possession ever since the surrender of Warsaw and could have published them months ago; this again would seem to argue that they have recently changed their policy in regard to the United States. That they are substantially correct reports I do not doubt, for Mr. Bullitt has made no concealment of his passionate advocacy of the French and English cause. His speeches in France have at times, it seems to me, gone beyond the bounds of diplomacy. I have no doubt that he has been doing his best to influence Allied policy behind the scenes. There is nothing inherently improbable in the extracts from the Polish documents which have appeared here except the orders to Joseph Kennedy in London which are attributed to Mr. Bullitt.

The outstanding facts are that Germany is now on the war path against us and that Washington, according to the headlines, is seething with indignation. Let those who wish to keep this country out of war take notice. Mr. Kennedy, as everyone knows, is opposed to our getting into the war, but with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bullitt it will be a very different story if things go badly with the Allies. One thing I can record about my trip across this continent by motor. Nowhere did I see the slightest indication in press or public of any desire that we should enter the war. The tremendous applause given to Taft and Dewey whenever they attack Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the war shows clearly what the American people want.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

"STALIN'S KAMPF" (Howell, Soskin and Company, $2.50) reminds me of the Book of Mormon; for both in style and subject matter Stalin's "book" is to the Marxian scriptures as the Book of Mormon is to the Bible—a dull caricature. The sharp polemic and brilliant phrase of those sophisticated Europeans, Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky, appear here as bludgeoning attacks and crude sentences. There are sections in which the only readable paragraphs are those in which Stalin quotes from Marx or Lenin, and in general the book is so thoroughly devoid of any integrating logic, let alone style, that one searches in vain for the "blueprint of Communist ambitions" and "statement of world aims" which the jacket promises. This is partly of course because the book is really a frame-up: it is a collection of speeches and articles some of which go back to 1905, and Stalin had nothing to do with putting it together—though M. R. Werner, the editor, has done a conscientious and careful job. And it is partly because the Communist Party line has changed so often.

Yet a random collection, say, of speeches and articles by Lenin, though he too shifted his line, would show a basic consistency which is lacking here. The reason lies in Stalin's attitude toward writing, which sticks out on every page. He obviously has none of the intellectual's sickly regard for the art as an end in itself; he is a non-writer who despises writers, not because he wants to be one—as Hitler probably does—but because he holds the healthy peasant view that scribbling is a futile business except in so far as it serves a practical purpose. Stalin will never be caught telling a British ambassador as Hitler did that his real desire is to be an artist. He does not share Trotsky's passion to go down as a great writer. His attitude toward the written word is perfectly illustrated in the section headed Can Russia Build Socialism? wherein he proves that socialism can be built in one country by quoting Lenin's vigorous and various assertions that it can't. I could fill a page with sentences which are in direct opposition to their author's actions, but I refrain. For the contradictions of Stalin's socialism, like the contradictions of capitalism, are no longer news.

Seriously, however, Stalin's writings do illustrate one point. It is often and rightly said that the main factor in the degeneration of the October revolution lies in the backwardness of Russia. It is not so well realized that this includes an intellectual backwardness which, once the Europeanized leaders of 1917 had been washed into the discard, had its way as well with Marxism and its interpretation. Equipped with a religious zeal in itself as primitive as icons, the crude interpretations and the cruder language of Moscow, at which Marx would have been horrified, forced their way to acceptance not only in Russia but in the centers of Western civilization, in Paris, London, New York. In literature they took the form of the childish fallacy of "proletarian art." Trotsky, to be sure, demolished it in "Literature and Revolution," but in vain. In the political sphere the results may be seen any day in the columns of the assorted *Daily Workers*. One of the ironies of this generation is that the most primitive writing of the day, merely as writing, is to be found in the house organs of the Communist Party, which for various reasons has been able to enforce its claim to be the inheritor of Karl Marx, who was so far ahead of his time.

SPEAKING OF STALIN, Eugene Lyons has turned out a biography, subtitled "Czar of All the Russias" (Lippincott, $2.50), which collates and telescopes in 292 pages most of the facts and hearsay about Stalin contained in his own earlier book "Assignment in Utopia," "Stalin" by Boris Souvarine, and other sources. He has drawn most heavily on Souvarine. He is frank in his acknowledgment of the fact, and certainly his book, being shorter, is more suited to one's available reading time. It is well written and interesting, but I can't help feeling that in the apportioning of royalties as well as credit the Lyons share should go to Souvarine.

IN THE REBUTTALS to Lewis Corey, both Earl Browder for the Communists and Max Schachtman for the Trotskyites attacked Mr. Corey as a "revisionist" and a "gradualist." For years now in social-revolutionary circles these terms have been sufficient to damn any left critic of Marxism as a counter-revolutionist if not a bandit, the assumption being that revisionism and gradualism are *ipso facto* bad. But as Franz Hoellering was saying the other day, it would probably be very difficult to find a single scientific theory current in Marx's day which has not been completely revised at least half a dozen times since then. Only Marx is sacred. As for gradualism, it is having its inning today in the Soviet Union. For the Russian experience shows, if it shows anything, that the telescoping of the bourgeois and socialist revolutions is not possible. One of the social processes now going on in Russia is the development of a bureaucracy which is bourgeois in everything but name. On the industrial front workers are gradually becoming skilled; and gradually the problems of productivity and management may be mastered even against the political odds of purges and paper-work. Eventually these processes may be completed and the structure become ripe for a genuine socialist development, though the "dictatorship of the proletariat" may be expected to put it off for the simple reason that it prevents the "bourgeois" democratic conditioning of the population which, it becomes clearer every day, must precede any stable democratic socialism—which is to say socialism.

HAVING SOJOURNED briefly at the University of Montana, I was glad to hear that the five members of the faculty who had been dismissed or asked to resign for "failure to cooperate" have been reinstated by the State Board of Education. The men in question had served from six to twenty-five years in an institution which is known for its beautiful surroundings and the regularity with which its more lively and useful professors have been kicked out or investigated on suspicion of being subversive. MARGARET MARSHALL

Inside Germany

HEIL HUNGER! HEALTH UNDER HITLER. By Martin Gumpert. Alliance Book Corporation. $1.75.

TWO THOUSAND AND TEN DAYS OF HITLER. By Patsy Ziemer. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

WHAT Fritz Sternberg did in the field of war economics with his revealing "Why Hitler Can't Win: From Nazi Sources," Martin Gumpert, former head of a large clinic in Berlin, does in the field of health, or rather sickness, in the Third Reich with his slender but compact volume. For his material he combed the scientific journals which still exist in Germany. They are put out today by Nazi editors under Nazi censorship, but "here, imbedded among the misrepresentations and monstrosities of 'Aryan' science, were the facts I sought, the truth I needed: statistical statements which, by the law of persistence, continued to be published, research results whose dangerous character had obviously slipped past the attention of the Ministry of Propaganda, and even attempts at an open anxious and warning criticism." The material Dr. Gumpert collected from such sources, given in detail in 198 very valuable references, covers a vast amount of ground.

Starting with the population policy of the Nazis, which is based on the assumption that the numerically strongest people in Europe will in the end rule the whole Continent by sheer weight if it is not held down by a coalition of the minority nations, the author proceeds to show what Hitler's total mobilization has done to the German people. He destroys effectively the myth that Hitler, whatever his politics, has at least made the Germans a strong and healthy people again. The opposite is the truth. The Nazis themselves have to admit that drunkenness, suicide, lunacy, and venereal disease are rapidly increasing in the Third Reich. Women and aged people long retired are made to slave for the state, and even people who are seriously ill, such as the 1,500,000 tuberculars in Germany. Welfare work, in which the Weimar Republic excelled, is generally neglected. The funds collected by the Winterhilfe are used for armament. In consequence, general health conditions in Germany are worse today than they were ten and twenty years ago.

Dr. Gumpert concludes "that freedom is the first condition for the biological advancement of the individual and of the social group." This seems to me too absolute a statement to be really useful. Altogether too many powers have been attributed of late to the ambiguous term "freedom." War, whether fought by "free" democracies or totalitarian powers, is unhealthy for the individual and the social group. And Hitler has been waging war in Europe ever since he came to power. He accepts his losses and would rather work the tubercular to death than lose the war. When Europe has been conquered, the Nazis argue, then the Golden Age can begin. But Dr. Gumpert demolishes the Goebbels contention that the people grow healthier every day while being forced to slave for the realization of the Führer's nightmares.

Patsy Ziemer, the author of "Two Thousand and Ten Days of Hitler," is the twelve-year-old daughter of the former headmaster of the American school in Berlin. She kept a diary while in Nazi Germany, to which, as published, her father has added many of his own observations. The result is a tremendously interesting book. The child's naivete and the father's insight combine to give a most significant and lively picture of conditions under Hitler. Anybody who seeks first-hand information will be satisfied by hundreds of funny and tragic incidents which tell a complete story. I would like to quote a score of them but have space for only one:

> One morning, just as school started, a man came in a blue-serge suit. He said he was the Schulrat to inspect the school. "You have Jewish students. You have no permission to have Jewish students," he said.
>
> "But I have permission from the Ministry of Culture to have German students. Are Jews not German students?" asked daddy.
>
> "Certainly not. They are not German," he said.
>
> "But if they are foreigners I have a license that says the American School can have foreign students," said daddy.
>
> "But these are German Jews," he said.
>
> Daddy simply threw up his hands.

Patsy's father's fight for his school and the German children whom he had taken under his protection is a story in itself. It becomes a frightening document in that part which deals with the repercussions in the classroom of the great pogrom that followed the shooting of von Rath. Mr. Ziemer was also doing some newspaper work at the time and as a journalist saw more than many others.

Both these books on Germany are to be highly recommended, for in both the Nazis themselves are the principal contributors.

FRANZ HOELLERING

The Unconstraining Voice

ANOTHER TIME. Poems by W. H. Auden. Random House. $2.

THE aim of W. H. Auden in his poetry is toward a complete speech, in which whatever is pertinent to his purpose at the moment may be said. He will not, like the capital in one of his poems in "Another Time," hide away the appalling in unlighted streets. A poet would do well to consider himself "a dark, disordered city"—the image occurs in a poem on Matthew Arnold—to be explored until all its ways are known and he has become

> Familiar with each square and boulevard and slum
> And found in the disorder a whole world to praise.

Auden's powers have been expended on increasing the possibilities of the language; his interest in the form his poems take is slight. He stands as far as he can from such a poet as Paul Valéry, for whom a poem is something to be constructed, word by word, until at last it is there, a complete composition. From that point, it is outside the poet and must make its own way in the world. What it has to say is then no concern of his, though he has weighed the consequence of every word. What Auden has to say is very much his concern. He can be, and often is, remarkably complacent with mere communication. Valéry, the descendant of Baudelaire and the disciple of Mallarmé, tells us there was a time when he had no other aim than to recover from music what belonged to poetry. Auden's intent is to give poetry the range of prose, so that it may again become, though not in the constraining sense that Arnold meant, a criticism of life.

Since Baudelaire it has been assumed that poets, if they are to advance their art, must move now in one, now in another, direction. Whenever they have concluded that they must add to their material resources from the contemporary world, they have had no choice but to encroach on the province of prose. When, on the other hand, they have been most concerned with the feelings and emotions called into being by that world, they have, not always consciously, come closer to the condition of music. It is not an accident that Auden, in this volume, follows a sonnet, The Novelist, after a page with another, The Composer.

Poets, he says, "amaze us like a thunderstorm." But the novelist, "encased in talent like a uniform,"

> Must struggle out of his boyish gift and learn
> How to be plain and awkward, how to be
> One after whom none think it worth to turn.
>
> For, to achieve his lightest wish, he must
> Become the whole of boredom, subject to
> Vulgar complaints like love, among the Just
>
> Be just, among the Filthy filthy too.
> And in his own weak person, if he can.
> Must suffer dully all the wrongs of man.

It is probably not too much to say that Auden is here presenting the novelist with his own problem. His own boyish gifts were prodigious. But poets who have only their natural grace and power to depend on as poets have a way of dying young. Or else they are forced into solitude. Like Arnold, they become their own jailers. They become like A. E. Housman, who deliberately chose the dry-as-dust and, growing old, "Kept tears like dirty postcards in a drawer." What Auden hopes to learn from the novelist is obviously nothing technical, but a greater humility toward living creatures and a humbler attitude toward his own craft.

To the composer alone belongs a pure art. But it is beyond his power to say that an existence is wrong.

> Rummaging into his being, the poet fetches
> The images out that hurt and connect.

It is clear that Auden has made his choice. It is not at all clear that a choice is necessary between sense and structure.

The pure poet, as Auden has recently had occasion to write in an extraordinarily interesting review, is not one like Valéry but one like Shakespeare. He is one who rejects nothing that life offers him, for there is nothing living that he cannot translate into poetry. Shakespeare could face any problem, for there is none to which he cannot propose a poetic solution. And that is the only solution we have a right to expect from a poet. But there has been none since Shakespeare who has had his unlimited choice. It is not the appalling in the contemporary world that limits the poet; that he can face. What causes him to falter is that our consciousness of it has become increasingly abstract.

Within the limits of possible choice, no living poet of England has acted more brilliantly or more poignantly than Auden. In the midst of much that is trivial, much that is careless, much that is interesting, but whose interest might as well have been conveyed in prose, we are aware again and again, in this book as in every other that he has written, of that miracle which Coleridge thought might be wrought in poetry "simply by one man's feeling a thing more poignantly or more clearly than anyone had felt it before." What Auden

VIENNA, 1808 . . *by a brook in a shady wood, a young man sits writing music . . . Of his Pastorale Symphony, Beethoven said —*

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feels is something that could scarcely have been felt so clearly before: a disorder of the spirit inseparable from the dissolution of the social order to which he belongs.

What Auden brought to poetry was a new sensibility; his poems are a record of what has hurt and sustained that sensibility. Possibly because the modern man's sense of estrangement from nature is in him particularly strong, he has been able to set his personality against civilization in much the same way as the romantic poets of the last century were able to dramatize themselves against a natural world. The consciousness of the contemporary civilized world is constant in whatever Auden writes. It is in him like a sensation of cold—"winter for earth, and us"—the coldness his in the winter that is England.

> But in that child the rhetorician's lie
> Burst like a pipe: the cold had made him a poet.

The poems in "Another Time" derive in part from Europe, and these have a density that none of those composed since he came to America have. An American influence is obvious in a number of the lighter poems, with their rhythms taken from blues and popular ballads. It is probable that the decision to come to America indicates a change in Auden more significant for his poetry than anything that has happened to him since he got here. It is a heartening rather than a hope, not so much an overthrowing of negation and despair as a certainty of the means, not so small, of affirmation he has against them.

> All I have is a voice
> To undo the folded lie,
> The romantic lie in the brain
> Of the sensual man-in-the-street
> And the lie of Authority
> Whose buildings grope the sky:
> There is no such thing as the State
> And no one exists alone;
> Hunger allows no choice
> To the citizen or the police;
> We must love one another or die.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

The Wearing of the Green in the Green Room

THE IRISH THEATRE. Edited by Lennox Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THIS book is made up of nine lectures which were delivered during the Abbey Theater Festival in 1938. Five were given by directors of the theater, one by a playwright, another by the founder of the Dublin Gate Theater, and two by the dramatic critic of the *Irish Times,* the late Andrew E. Malone.

Malone recounts, soundly but flatly, the early days of the Abbey and the rise of the realistic movement. The novelist Frank O'Connor provides what is more a polemic against Professor Corkery's book than an appreciation of Synge. F. R. Higgins, who deals with Yeats and the poetic drama in Ireland, is apparently a better poet than essayist. T. C. Murray gives a sympathetic sketch of his younger colleagues in the realistic movement: George Shiels and Brinsley MacNamara. The essay on Sean O'Casey by Walter Starkie is competent, though the present reviewer is inclined to disagree with him when he puts the last two plays, written in London under the influence of German expressionism, on the same level as the two great Dublin plays. Reading the bits quoted from the "Silver Tassie" controversy one has the feeling that Yeats was right after all.

Ernest Blythe, former Minister for Finance—it was he who granted the state subsidy to the Abbey—analyzes the Gaelic drama or rather the reasons why there is none as yet. The first Gaelic play to be performed on any stage was Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Casadh an tSugáin." It is amusing to note that in plot it resembles "The Man Who Came to Dinner." In the original production in 1901 the author—now President of Eire—played the Irish Woollcott. Lennox Robinson, the editor, does not explain why Denis Johnston's lecture on Modern Tendencies, which appears in the schedule, is omitted in this publication. The best thing in the book is Robinson's own loving and amiable portrait of Lady Gregory. Last and least is Michael MacLiammoir's talk on Problem Plays, which is chatty and inadequate.

Altogether the nine essays furnish a somewhat sedate account of the thirty years' war which was waged to make an Irish National Theater in the teeth of the Irish Nationalists.

ROBERT VAMBERY

Science in Society

MODERN SCIENCE. By Hyman Levy. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THIS huge book is not altogether what its title suggests. True, there is science in it; but Levy, being primarily a mathematician, discusses mathematics and physics but no biology. Nor does the title suggest that around the principle of indeterminacy, as outlined by physicists, Levy has built a philosophy which supplies an answer to such mystics as Eddington and Jeans. What proves to be the chief merit of the book, the impact of science on society—and the reverse—is not indicated either.

Let me say at once that the strictly scientific portions of the book add little to the knowledge of a mathematician or a physicist and are beyond the grasp of many "intelligent" laymen. In that respect Levy has succeeded no better than Hogben. What makes Levy's book the important contribution that it is, is its presentation of science as a chapter in human society.

It has taken the younger scientists of England—Bernal, Haldane, Hogben, Levy—accelerated by Russian catalysts, to proclaim to the public that the roots of scientific activity lie in the social scene in which scientists live; that there is a give and take, an action and reaction, in which the scientist contributes a chapter to social development and is in turn molded by the society of which he is a part. Much follows from such a point of view: the desirability of a planned economy in and out of science; the emphasis on the scientist as a citizen and not as a bundle of feelingless cells apart from the rest of mankind; the right of this citizen-scientist to cast his vote in behalf of a society which will use his science for constructive and not destructive purposes; a revised system of education for scientist and non-scientist, stressing the function of science in society; and so forth.

Levy's book, taken in conjunction with an earlier volume by Bernal ("The Social Function of Science"), is bound to have far-reaching effects. Not following in the footsteps of the traditional "popularizers" of science, who aimed to "explain" science but merely succeeded in confusing and mystifying the public, the author, whose success in simplifying science is probably no greater—he makes no attempt to write down to his audience—has given science its social setting.

It is but fair to Professor Levy, whose book has afforded me much pleasure, to be somewhat more specific with regard to the content of "Modern Science." The emphasis in the opening chapters stresses the relationship between the social and economic background and scientific activity. At each stage in the evolutionary development of society technical needs are tackled by the scientists of the day. Beginning with the seventeenth century, an added factor came into play. Men of wealth, belonging more specifically to the "leisure" class, began to concern themselves not merely with the pressing needs of society but with the theoretical basis of science. To this group belonged men like Boyle, Newton, and Lavoisier.

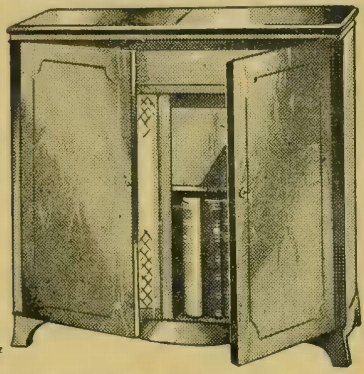
This "theoretical" or "philosophical" discussion leads to a study of nature and natural change and an attempt to detect certain regularities. From such regularities spring physical laws, which "are statements of what can be regularly expected in certain specified conditions." Levy attempts to apply such knowledge to a study of the behavior of human beings in the mass. "Regularities" in physical science represent the average behavior of many individual particles. "We seek statistical uniformity since we recognize atomic diversity." Is it not possible to detect such "regularities" in human behavior? Beyond a statement of question, little has so far been accomplished, by Levy or by anybody else.

Many chapters of the book are devoted to various divisions of physics and mathematics: types of energy; numbers, including calculus; Newtonian laws; the physics of the airplane (Levy is an authority in this field); astronomy; geology; gravitation and the structure of space; nuclear physics; the principle of indeterminacy (a good description, for it disposes of a great deal of nonsense); light; the photoelectric cell. These scientific topics are very well handled, but a literary acquaintance of mine still finds the discussion "above his head."

In the epilogue, entitled Science in Travail, the history of the scientific method is summarized. The first phase results in the substitution of natural law for mystical dogma. The second phase emphasizes the mechanical approach to nature, in which the universe is viewed as a vast machine. The third and present phase results from the discovery that the laws of nature are essentially statistical; regularities on the large scale exist side by side "with an indiscriminate medley of movement on the small scale" (the "small scale" applying to subatomic phenomena). This has led to much confusion even within the ranks of scientists. Levy proposes a way out: the application of the dialectical method. Maybe.

I consider Levy's book a kind of pituitary hormone which stimulates the organs of the body. It is the work of a scholar touched by imagination. BENJAMIN HARROW

A DREAM? *Yes and No*



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Other reviews by *Rustem Vambery, Douglas Haskell, W. E. Woodward.*

In the Same Issue

Where Voting Costs Money: What the Poll Tax Means to the South by *Maury Maverick*
The Navy America Needs by *George T. Davis*

Next Week in *The Nation*

China Old and New

NEWS IS MY JOB. By Edna Lee Booker. The Macmillan Company. $3.

NINETEEN years ago Edna Lee Booker arrived in Shanghai, an eager journalist scarcely out of her teens. A year ago last summer she made a hazardous journey to Hankow just before its occupation by the Japanese in order to see Generalissimo and Madam Chiang Kai-shek. In the interval between she covered most of the chief events in China as a correspondent for the International News Service and managed to interview all the more important Chinese leaders. The story of her experiences, entertainingly written, provides what is undoubtedly the most readable account of the last two decades of Chinese history to be found anywhere. Woven into the story is a graphic description of Chinese ways of life in the interior, as well as of that special world—the Shanghai foreign community—of which she was a part.

Miss Booker's first year in China was marked by incredible good fortune. The first Chinese woman of her acquaintance was Mei-ling Soong, who later became Madam Chiang Kai-shek. Miss Soong was of inestimable aid in guiding her through the maze of Chinese politics. A few months after her arrival it became evident that China was headed for one of the more serious of the civil wars that periodically disturbed the country throughout the twenties. Her home office instructed her to proceed to the interior and seek interviews with each of the outstanding leaders of the day, including President Hsu Shih-chang, Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen. None of these men, except possibly Sun Yat-sen, had ever been interviewed by a woman journalist. All had secluded themselves to prepare for the coming conflict and seemed wholly inaccessible. Just as the prospect looked hopeless, Miss Booker succeeded in persuading Chang Hsueh-liang to arrange an interview for her with Chang Tso-lin. Once the Manchurian war lord had capitulated, every door opened to her as if by magic. She was invited to stay in Wu Pei-fu's home during the first days of the war, and within a fortnight had interviews with President-to-be Tsao Kun, ex-President Li Yuang-hung, Feng Yu-hsiang, and Yen Hsi-shan. On one occasion an attack on her train by bandits gave her an unwelcome scoop. A few weeks later she went south to Canton, arriving on the evening of the coup which drove Sun Yat-sen into temporary retirement. Since she was the only foreign journalist in Canton at the time her story of that event scooped the other press services by twenty-four hours. Despite the war she managed to see Sun Yat-sen and also Eugene Chen and a young, relatively unknown officer by the name of Chiang Kai-shek.

No assignment in subsequent years quite matched this initial roundup of Chinese leaders. Miss Booker became Mrs. John S. Potter and withdrew from some of the more strenuous forms of journalism. But she continued to be active and has written a striking summary of the chief events of China's growth into a modern nation. Her trip to Hankow in the summer of 1938 provides a fitting climax to the main narrative, and introduces the new China which has risen out of the anguish of the war.

This section is all too brief. Readers who are interested primarily in the war should be advised to look elsewhere. But those who want a broad perspective, or a reliable account of the little-known events of the early twenties, will find a mine of information and keen enjoyment in the memoirs of this brilliant woman journalist.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Death Chamber

AGENT OF DEATH: THE MEMOIRS OF AN EXECUTIONER. By Robert G. Elliott with Albert R. Beatty. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

IT TAKES approximately two thousand volts of electricity applied for about two minutes to snuff out a human life. Unconsciousness is produced in 1/240 of a second. It is a painless death, quicker and more merciful than the lethal chamber. If you are tubercular or have a large heart, you are more difficult to electrocute. Most victims are less than thirty years old and walk into the death chamber numb with fear, although one man dozed off in his cell and had to be awakened so that he could be electrocuted. No alcohol or drugs are ever given to a condemned person. Practically all occupants of the electric chair protest their innocence. A few perform acts of bravado. Women, when faced with the chair, react no differently from men. All those about to die order elaborate last meals, but few eat them.

These are some of the pertinent observations made by the man who "threw the switch which hurled into eternity 387 occupants of the electric chair, the largest number of human beings that any executioner had put to death by electrical current." In his unusual book he tells about himself, his profession, and the people he put to death. When the first legal electrocution took place in this country at Clinton Prison, Dannemora, New York, in 1890, Robert Elliott was sixteen years old. He was very much interested in the event. His parents, farmers and pious Methodists, wanted him to be a minister. He wanted to be an electrical engineer. Although he never reached this goal, he did become an electrician. His work as such in various state prisons led to his association with Davis, New York's first electrocutioner, whom he eventually succeeded.

Robert Elliott was a simple man, happy with his children and grandchildren and well thought of by his neighbors. A religious man, he never uttered a curse and never failed to pray for those he was about to kill. He was happy if a reprieve was granted. He was opposed to capital punishment because he was convinced that it failed to justify its alleged purpose—prevention of crime. He points out that in some instances convicts subsequently committed crimes that sent them to the very chair they had assisted in preparing for others.

In his work as executioner for the states of New York, New Jersey, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, Elliott saw Sacco, Vanzetti, Hauptmann, Ruth Snyder, Judd Grey, and scores of others die, and he has set down in a surprisingly succinct and vivid manner how they acted, how they looked, and what they said as they faced death. It makes a dramatic recital.

GEORGE JOEL

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DRAMA

After Twenty Years

MOST plays of the present century do not stand any too well the ordeal by revival. Many of even the best have a way of seeming surprisingly old-fashioned when they are put back on the stage, and sometimes they embarrass acutely their most ardent champions. Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom" is not, I think, one of the best plays of the century, but at least one thing may be said of it—it is still astonishingly viable. Thirty years after its first night in Budapest and nineteen after the first showing in New York, it seems in the production now current at the Forty-fourth Street Theater hardly like a revival at all. If it creaks a bit here and there, it creaked a bit back in 1921 when Eva Le Gallienne played Julie to Joseph Schildkraut's Liliom; and those critics—newspaper opinion is divided—who complain that a fine play has been somehow cheapened are only, I think, comparing a present reality with a fond memory which comes down from the days when they were rather more easily impressed. "Liliom" remains what it always was—a bit hollow in its profundities and a bit sticky in its sentiment but enormously clever, resourceful, and theatrically effective.

Probably that smooth boulevardier its author took the play rather more seriously than any he had previously written or than any he has written since, but I doubt that even he ever removed his tongue very far from the inside of his cheek while detailing this story of a kind-hearted tough who lovingly beats his wife because his own tenderness always embarrasses him. Take the final scene in which the hero, released from purgatory to do one kind deed, steals a star from heaven to give to his daughter and then slaps her when he bungles the presentation. Try—it has been done—to interpret in all solemnity the symbolism of that incident, and the whole thing becomes absurd. But take it, like all the rest of the play, merely as a bit of theatrical ingenuity, and it becomes instead the unexpected twist plainly required for a final "curtain."

As a matter of fact, the whole play is only a series of such "twists," and it alternates satire with sentiment, melodrama with pathos, farcical caricature with attempts at sober realism. Perhaps the best scene of all is that on the railroad tracks, where the contrast between the imaginative Liliom and his matter-of-fact companion is nearly first-rate; perhaps the second best scene is that of elaborately worked-up pathos in which Julie weeps by the body of her husband. But in one respect the author is completely without conscience. He is careful only to extract at each moment the full theatrical effectiveness of every incident without caring in the least if that means broad burlesque at one moment and something like realism the next. Neither, for that matter, does he even care whether or not he always knows himself to what extent he is sincere. And yet the fact remains that he succeeds fully within the limits which the attempt itself sets. One laughs at the burlesque, one feels oneself tighten during the melodrama, and unless one is very careful indeed one is likely to be affected by the sentimental scenes.

Perhaps I was not the only spectator to be reminded that in theme and in sentimental attitude "Liliom" is really a pre-war version of John Steinbeck's novel and play "Of Mice and Men." The chief difference is that while Mr. Steinbeck took his theme with complete seriousness, Mr. Molnar was plainly quite aware that his business was to pull an audience's collective leg. Ingrid Bergman, the Swedish actress who has appeared here in the movies but is making a first appearance on the English-speaking stage, is pretty and pleasing if perhaps a bit pale in the role of Julie. John Emery does a fine bit as the romantic Wolf, and Burgess Meredith plays Liliom with more boyishness and less swagger than Schildkraut used to assume.

"Ladies in Retirement" (Henry Miller's Theater) is an English horror play with the virtues and defects of a genre recently made familiar by such pieces as "Night Must Fall" and, to cite the best of the lot, the eerie "Kind Lady" in which Grace George made something of a sensation a few seasons back. Admirably acted by a splendid cast including Flora Robson as star and Estelle Winwood, who, incidentally, gives her best performance in years, the present piece manages not only to achieve considerable tension but to remain believable as well. In such plays the English, of course, rely less than we upon mere blood and thunder, while going in a good deal more seriously for characterization and psychology. Here we have an aging spinster in a lonely house who murders her benefactor in order to provide a home for her own eccentric sisters; and if the conclusion were managed as well as most of the action the result would be something almost as memorable as "Kind Lady." Even as it stands, "Ladies in Retirement" is quite the best thing of its kind seen here in some time, and it is only a pity that the end, which is logical enough, comes suddenly and without the final climax which we are plainly led to expect. The intention is certainly to end on a note of grotesque horror. The more or less normal people are to be eliminated one by one until the most clearly and most sinisterly insane of the lot—the two dotty sisters—are left in possession. This is, indeed, what actually happens, but it happens so suddenly and so easily that what should have been a climax is almost an anti-climax instead. A real struggle of some sort just before the end would transform the effect of the whole piece.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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MUSIC

WITHIN a few days New Yorkers had opportunities to experience those tonal wonders of the age—the playing of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky and that of the Philadelphia under Stokowski. The two conductors are extraordinary virtuosos in their medium; but there the similarity ends. The surprising continence of Koussevitzky's performance of Beethoven's First was a measure of his growth as a musician, the greater refinement of his taste in the presentation of older music; whereas Stokowski's increasingly lurid performances are a measure of his deterioration. And it was Koussevitzky's passionate love of music, his passionate desire to make the points in Strauss's "Don Quixote" as effective as possible, that caused him to kill them with overemphasis; but the hash Stokowski made of the Good Friday music of "Parsifal," among other things, represented his insensitiveness and indifference to anything in music but the opportunities it offers to produce gorgeous sounds and stunning effects with lush movements of his hands.

Stokowski at least offers the excitement of virtuosity, such as one gets from Horowitz on the piano or Heifetz on the violin; but Barbirolli does not offer even that to compensate for the musical defects of his performances and the wretchedness of his programs. If a director of an art gallery were to exhibit its collection defaced by his retouching the public clamor would cause him to be thrown out within a week. But Barbirolli, for four seasons, has been defacing Beethoven, Brahms, and in fact all the music in which he does not feel the restrictions imposed by the style of Haydn and Mozart; the press has been sour; even placid Friday afternoon dowagers have been moved to cancel subscriptions; yet he has been reengaged for two years, and the great New York Philharmonic Orchestra will celebrate its hundredth anniversary by exhibiting to an unadmiring world the mediocrity it has descended to under his direction.

Nor is the reengagement more surprising, more conscienceless than the first engagement. Barbirolli was brought here to share the season of 1936-37 with several other conductors, but was engaged as sole permanent conductor after only a few weeks, before Enesco and Rodzinski had been heard and had demonstrated their overwhelming superiority; and this happened not because of any irresistible brilliance that Barbirolli exhibited in those few weeks, but because it did not take the manager of the orchestra, the directors, and the orchestra itself longer to discover that he was a man who in various ways made life pleasant for them—pleasanter for the orchestra, for example, than Rodzinski, who when he took charge later in the season had occasion not only to speak sharply about the deterioration in its playing but, worse still, to act vigorously about it and to make the orchestra act vigorously. Barbirolli may do terrible things to music; but one can well understand how to Mr. Judson, to Mr. Field and Mrs. Pratt, and to the orchestra it would be more important that life be made pleasant for them than that music be well treated.

In his new 'Cello Concerto—recently given its first American performances by Piatigorsky and the Boston Symphony—Prokofiev uses all the resources of his technique as ways of going through elaborate motions of saying a great deal when he is saying absolutely nothing. And it is not surprising that this grand-mannered pretense should impress the Soviet Russian critic Kuznetzov who is quoted in the program notes as having disapproved of the "salon spirit" of the charming "Peter and the Wolf," as having demanded of a composer of Prokofiev's stature nothing less than "earnestness and fidelity to himself," and as having observed that the concerto "re-creates successively the main stages of Prokofiev's inner evolution. This is not a panorama, but a synthesized, integrated picture. . . . The present Prokofiev is not yet as clearly discernible as the 'early Prokofiev' or the 'middle-of-the-road' Prokofiev. The Violoncello Concerto bears testimony of this. Its strongest points are in retrospection, totalizing the stages passed by the composer, rather than in its forward perspective. Prokofiev's creative crisis has not been solved, and it cannot be solved without protracted and concentrated effort."

Terms like "main stages of . . . evolution," "retrospection, totalizing the stages," "forward perspective," "crisis" refer to nothing in Prokofiev's music and to nothing that can be said in description or judgment of it; they are merely terms which are considered proper for criticism in Russia, because of the proper ideas about the close relation of art to economics (they recall a *Daily Worker* article some years ago on "A. F. of L.-ism in Music"). As such they are ways of going through required motions; and in this respect they are like the "formalism," "scholasticism," "didacticism" that were applied to Eisenstein, and also like the revolting epithets applied by workers in factories and scientists in laboratories to the Finns, or the revolting hymns of praise to "the peace policy of the Soviet Union, which always respects the rights of small nations." I refer to these political manifestations to make clear what is of concern to me as a critic: the fact that the same enslavement and degradation of the mind (in a country in which no man may own a factory or a bank, so that other men's minds may not be enslaved and degraded) produce writing about the arts for which—if one is sensitive to intellectual rigor and integrity, and to their opposites—one needs the same strong stomach.

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Letters to the Editors

Law and the Covenant

Dear Sirs: In your excellent editorial Peace Is a Weapon in *The Nation* of March 23 you say that if the Allies had forced their way through Sweden and Norway to go to the aid of Finland, they would have committed a breach of international law. I think you are mistaken.

In its resolution of December 14, 1939, the League Assembly declared that the U. S. S. R. had been guilty of an aggression against Finland and had violated not only its special political agreements with that country but also Article 12 of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Pact of Paris. The resolution also appealed to every member of the League "to provide Finland with such material and humanitarian assistance as may be in its power and to refrain from any action which might weaken Finland's power of resistance."

It follows that, by the provisions of Article 16, paragraph 1, of the League Covenant, the U. S. S. R. "committed an act of war against all other members of the League," who were bound individually to resort to economic, financial, and diplomatic sanctions against the U. S. S. R. and had the right to resort to military sanctions. The application of sanctions does not require any decision of the Council or the Assembly, and there was no such decision in the Abyssinian affair in 1935.

It also follows that Sweden and Norway were bound by paragraph 3 of Article 16 to "take the necessary steps to afford passage through their territory to the forces of any of the members of the League which are cooperating to protect the covenants of the League." It is true that in voting for the resolution of December 14 the delegations of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway declared "that they made every reservation in so far as the resolution involved any measure coming within the scope of the system of sanctions," but this reservation did not relieve them of their obligations under Article 16 of the League Covenant. Even if they had given notice of withdrawal from the League, they would have continued to be bound by those obligations for two years. It is too often forgotten that the Covenant of the League of Nations is a treaty which is just as binding on its signatories as any other treaty.

The British and French governments would, therefore, have been legally justified in forcing a passage through Sweden and Norway for their troops going to the aid of Finland, whether the Swedish and Norwegian governments liked it or not. Whether it would have been wise and expedient to take this course is another matter.

In my opinion, the British and French governments ought to have decided to give military aid to Finland as soon as that country was invaded, to have immediately begun preparations for such aid, and to have informed the Council of the League of Nations when it met at Geneva—at least privately—that they proposed to apply military sanctions against Russia and expected Sweden and Norway to fulfil their obligations under Article 16, paragraph 3, of the Covenant. It would then have been more difficult for Sweden and Norway to refuse than it was later on.

It is also my opinion that although the expulsion of the U. S. S. R. from the League was perfectly justified, it was a mistake—and an illogical mistake—to expel it without applying sanctions. ROBERT DELL

New York, March 21

The Irish "Thrubble"

Dear Sirs: Florence M. Baker's article called De Valera's Dilemma in your issue of March 9 is a clear and concise exposition of some of the main problems that confront Ireland. It is too bad the editors of *The Nation* didn't render the author better assistance by omitting the harsh cartoon that accompanied it. Borrowing the old British eighteenth- and nineteenth-century cartooning of the ape-Irishman does not so much enlighten as antagonize.

Miss Baker's article amply confirms my own opinions regarding the conditions she touched upon. The outcome may be similar to what took place in France or perhaps more like the Spanish and Mexican internal explosions. No doubt she knows that Ireland is at a terrific disadvantage as compared to the countries mentioned because for generations two sets of Christian loyalties have competed there—subserviency to the Pope and his minions, and to the British crown and its minions, with complete understanding between the Pope and the crown, and complete misunderstanding between the competing faithfuls, which may or may not have been planned that way.

In my opinion the I. R. A. represents a fermentation in the minds of a powerful Irish minority who know something is the matter and are determined to find out what by clearing the decks of the Irish ship of state, both North and South, of all British interference. Then when the alleged bogy of English oppression is laid, it should be easy to identify the real oppressor. I for one should like to have a box seat to watch Holy Ireland in action.

RICHARD BARRETT

Gary, Indiana, March 20

Working for the Wealthy

Dear Sirs: There is one problem which is never mentioned in the daily press or even the liberal magazines. That is the plight of the large number of workers on the private estates of the wealthy.

A few employers, of course, really did lose a large part of their fortunes in the crash of 1929. Of these we do not expect anything. Also a few, like the du Ponts of Delaware, whatever their other sins, do treat their help quite lavishly. These places have been truly described in Ferdinand Lundberg's "America's Sixty Families." But the majority seem to have no civic pride, public spirit, or social conscience whatever. The wealthy and patriotic citizens make no attempt to solve the unemployment problem even in their own communities, which depend greatly on employment and trade from the estates. Instead they have added to the problem by reducing their staffs drastically and cutting wages to a subhuman level. At the approach of winter they take mean advantage of unemployment insurance by unnecessary lay-offs of day laborers. When these men return in the spring they must catch up with the work as best they can. Yet on Long Island work can be carried on outdoors during most of the winter. A great many tasks have been neglected or skimped in recent years. Thousands of acres of woodland have not yet been cleared of the debris of the hurricane of 1938.

Conditions in servants' wings and

men's quarters are often deplorable. Poor and scanty food, small stuffy rooms, dirt, antiquated plumbing and heating systems (or no heat) are not uncommon. Everything for the "help" is skimped. Some of our local merchants and small business men still blame Roosevelt and the New Deal for their trade troubles; but we who are close to the wealthy know, if we are honest, that the real cause of economic distress, in this section at least, is a monstrous sit-down strike of capital. Thousands of dollars are wasted on automobiles, parties, trips abroad or to the South and West, gifts to the Republican Party, etc., but a few hundred cannot be spent to give steady work through the winter, on jobs crying to be done, to faithful workmen. R. M.

New York, March 20

Southern Strikers Need Help

Dear Sirs: Twelve hundred luggage workers, who with their families total more than five thousand persons, are now in the eighth week of a bitter strike against the American Hardware Company of Petersburg, Virginia. We have been forced to wage this strike in defense of our elementary right of collective bargaining, for the preservation of our union, and for a little more decent working conditions.

The American Hardware Company is the largest trunk and luggage firm in the country and sells its products to the most important department stores, chain stores, and mail-order houses in the country. It charges the same prices for its merchandise as other luggage manufacturers, yet our wages are less than half as much as the wages of other luggage workers. Most of our workers, including mechanics with twenty-five or more years' experience as skilled trunk makers, are getting between 30 and 40 cents an hour and making on the average, while working, about $14 a week.

When the strike was called on January 30, in spite of the unusually bitter cold that then prevailed our people walked out nearly 100 per cent. Since then the company has obtained injunctions against us limiting our pickets to three at the entrance and restraining us from all kinds of legitimate strike activities. Many strikers have been arrested and fined $50 each on some trumped-up charge, and a number have jail sentences hanging over them.

The union's main problem from the beginning has been to feed the strikers and their families and to give them fuel. So in the first week of the strike we opened a special strike kitchen and a commissary. We are also distributing wood, coal, or oil.

Lately a concerted drive has been started by the landlords to press the strikers for rent, threatening them with evictions; also the electric-light company is threatening to shut off their lights and in some cases has already done it, and the city authorities are pressing them for water bills. The strikers are also beset by loan sharks, who have been charging them about 50 per cent interest and are now threatening to take away their furniture. A great deal of sickness is prevalent, and we must take care of their medical requirements. Many of the strikers need to have their shoes repaired and a new pair of overalls provided in order that they may go on the picket line.

The American Hardware Company is hoping to break the morale of the strikers and force them into submission, but the workers are full of courage and determination to continue the strike until they can obtain a fair and just settlement. However, if they are to hold out, they must have financial assistance. We have received substantial aid from organized luggage workers throughout the country and have also had donations from the American Federation of Labor, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, and other local unions, but our needs are so great that we must appeal to all friends of labor, particularly to those who are interested in a strong labor movement in the South, to help us win this strike.

Please make checks payable to Luggage Workers' Union, Local 52, 18 Leigh Building, Petersburg, Virginia.

E. A. BARKER, President
C. A. HALL, Secretary-Treasurer

Petersburg, Va., March 28

Independent Artists' Show

Dear Sirs: Since 1917 the Society of Independent Artists annually has brought a long line of hitherto unappreciated painters and sculptors to the attention of museum directors, collectors, and gallery owners. But there is another important function which the forthcoming exhibition will again perform, not only for the artist, but for the general public as well.

The Works Progress Administration did not see fit to sell at modest prices the paintings and sculpture produced under its auspices, but there is still one way by which the average American can possess original works of art at a price within his income. The exhibition which the Society of Independent Artists will open in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society on April 19 offers this opportunity to the public. By cultivating his taste so that he can recognize a good painting or a fine piece of sculpture, even without a famous label, the intelligent man or woman can acquire at a moderate price what may very well be the artistic discovery of tomorrow.

Meanwhile, the society offers for the twenty-fourth time an invitation to men and women, professional and non-professional, to submit paintings or sculpture, with the assurance that every work will be accepted and hung in strict alphabetical order. The no-jury, no-prize basis on which the society was founded has permitted numerous artists to exhibit who had been refused by galleries that were later proud to hang their works. JOHN SLOAN, President

New York, March 27

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

THE "DRAFT ROOSEVELT" FORCES LOOK TO Illinois, which holds its Presidential primary next week, for a landslide vote that will dispel any third-term doubts in the White House, but so far the Democratic Presidential primaries have revealed nothing we did not know before. The vote in Wisconsin, as earlier in New Hampshire, showed that the President could have the Democratic nomination if he wanted it, and it also showed that Mr. Garner commands a sizable minority in the party. Mr. Roosevelt is unopposed in Nebraska, where the primaries are being held as we go to press, and interest is concentrated on another fierce contest between Dewey and Vandenberg. If Dewey makes as good a showing as he did in Wisconsin, his chances for the G.O.P. nomination will be increased. If he polls a vote far ahead of his rivals in Illinois, it will be hard to take the nomination away from him. Roosevelt carried Illinois by 700,000 in 1936, and next week's primaries there will be regarded largely as a kind of trial heat between the two chief contenders before the big race. Another primary fight of some importance was staged in New York, where a split between the right and left wings of the Labor Party ended with the latter's victory in the city at least. Both sides were still claiming victory in the state.

*

EVEN TWO SUCH STOUT COLUMNS AS THOSE of General Hugh Johnson and Miss Dorothy Thompson cannot offer Wendell Willkie adequate support for a Presidential candidacy. Indeed, he himself seems to be without illusions about the possibility, as McAlister Coleman points out in his article on page 469, although he is willing enough to accept the nomination if, by some miracle, it is offered him. Meanwhile, he is glad to hammer the New Deal wherever a platform is provided. Last week he made two speeches advocating a return to old-fashioned economic liberalism—a doctrine with uncomfortable implications for tariff-minded Republicans. Speaking to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, he accused the Administration of creating a "dark legend" about the morals of business, with the result that public confidence in the business man had been undermined and recovery inhibited. Mr. Willkie conceded that cases of dishonesty and abuses had occurred but protested that the government was killing the patient to cure the disease. His argument suggested a belief that a certain amount of buccaneering is inevitable if private enterprise is to function vigorously, and hence the task of government is to cover up, rather than expose, the lapses of business. Most defenders of private enterprise are so sanctimonious that this frankness makes a refreshing contrast. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Coleman that it is a pity Mr. Willkie hasn't a better chance for the Republican nomination. He has more ability and personality than any other anti-New Dealer in sight and would make an opponent worth fighting.

*

MAYOR LAGUARDIA HAS SMEARED HIS OWN reputation for courage by his attempt to sidetrack the issues involved in the Bertrand Russell case. His action in cutting the vacant post at City College out of the budget for next year, which has yet to be approved, probably does not prevent the Board of Higher Education from appealing Judge McGeehan's scandalous decision. But it has had the effect of confusing the public and may also be regarded as an underhanded method of putting pressure on the board to abandon the whole matter. We would have more respect for the Mayor if he had placed himself squarely behind the religious bigots who are hounding Russell. As it is he stands self-convicted of moral cowardice. We note sadly that the New York *Times* has apparently placed itself in the same dock, for "the world's greatest newspaper" has yet to express itself editorially about this burning public controversy. In shining contrast is the nation-wide rally to Dr. Russell's defense of educators who realize, as Dr. Harry Carmen of Columbia has pointed out, that Judge McGeehan's decision opens the door "for pressure groups, with the aid of a court, to object to appointments on other grounds—economic, political, and intellectual." On another page we publish a letter from Ely Culbertson, who fears that the quality of education open to his children will suffer if the Russell case is allowed to become a prece-

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dent. Mr. Culbertson backs his protest with a check to aid the funds for defense, and it occurs to us that other parents might like to express their indignation in a similar way. All money received by *The Nation* will be forwarded to the Civil Liberties Union, which is handling Bertrand Russell's defense and has established a special fund for that purpose.

*

THE LONG-PROMISED SPRING CLEANING OF the British government hardly seems worth the dust it has raised. A number of ministers have changed places, but the general aspect of the administration is little altered, and public anxiety about its efficiency is hardly allayed. It remains to be seen, however, whether Winston Churchill, who while remaining head of the navy also takes on the chairmanship of a committee of defense ministers, has really been given an opportunity to direct and coordinate general strategy or whether his new appointment is merely a piece of window-dressing. Apart from this the most hopeful change is the ousting of William S. Morrison, whose handling of the Ministry of Food had been severely criticized. The appointment as his successor of Lord Woolton is the single example of an infusion of new blood into the government. Woolton, formerly Frederick Marquis, is a Manchester business man known as an able and socially enlightened organizer.

*

NEW COMPLICATIONS IN THE FAR EAST HAVE arisen in recent weeks as a result of the overshadowing effect of the European war. In extending the blockade to the Pacific, the Allies have risked possible entanglement with either the Soviet Union or Japan. Thus far the Soviets have shown no disposition to carry their protest against the Allied action beyond the note-writing stage, but Japan has threatened to use its navy, if necessary, to prevent undue interference with its shipping. Its stand appears to have checked, at least temporarily, the strong pro-Japanese drift in British foreign policy which many feared would lead to British recognition of the new Wang Ching-wei puppet regime. Following Hull's lead, Lord Halifax has announced that the British government will continue to recognize the Chinese government at Chungking. This statement has served to allay the doubts which were aroused a few days earlier by the speech of Ambassador Craigie stating that Britain and Japan "are ultimately striving for the same objective." Britain's attitude toward Chiang Kai-shek's regime will undoubtedly be influenced in the near future by the outcome of China's efforts to obtain increased Soviet assistance. But it will also be affected by any action, or lack of action, on the part of the United States in response to Japan's latest threat to American interests in the Far East.

SECRETARY HULL'S NOTE TO MEXICO ASKING for arbitration of the long-standing dispute over the Mexican confiscation of American-owned oil properties appears, on the surface, an innocuous document. It is mild and conciliatory in tone, and it carries no threat of retaliation in case the request is not honored. Actually, however, it is loaded with dynamite. Mexico is in the midst of a bitter political campaign. Although the oil question has not been one of the primary issues, General Almazán, the opposition candidate, who is believed to be financed by American interests, has attempted to make political capital out of Cárdenas's difficulties with the United States. In accentuating these difficulties at this moment, Secretary Hull has given birth to the suspicion that his note was deliberately timed to influence the election. As further grounds for this suspicion we have the known fact that Cárdenas has repeatedly maintained that the oil controversy was a domestic issue, not subject to arbitration. Secretary Hull must have known that his suggestion would be rejected. The question, then, is why he should have offered it at this particular moment. To make the situation worse, some of the news stories reporting the note pointed out that an unfavorable reply from Mexico might lead the Senate to pass the bill now before it repeals the Silver Purchase Act—a step which would have catastrophic effects on the Mexican economy.

*

IT WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION THAT the Socialist Party, at its convention in Washington, would again nominate Norman Thomas as its candidate for President. It was also expected that the party would take a stand not only against American entry into the war but against steps "short of war" to aid the Allies. There was, however, a minority which urged that the extension of economic aid to England and France might hasten the defeat of Germany and make American military participation less likely. From a longer perspective, perhaps the most significant note was struck by Maynard Krueger when he said that "we Socialists want to see the conduct of the public's business enterprises at least one step removed from direct government control. Public ownership and operation of a business does not mean that it has to be completely centralized . . . it is even desirable that a substantial amount of competition be maintained among the various decentralized units of any industry organized by public enterprise." The Russian lesson was obviously very much in the air at the convention, as it is wherever Socialists gather these days.

*

THANKS TO THE INTERVENTION OF LEWIS a transit strike in New York City was avoided and a last-minute compromise reached between the Mayor and the Transport Workers' Union. The compromise represented a victory for the union since in effect it pledged the city's Board of Transportation to take over collective-bargaining contracts along with the private subway and elevated lines. The contracts themselves are still subject to judicial interpretation, but whether they are ever tested in court will depend on the good faith of the board and the good sense of the union. A test would certainly come if it became necessary to enforce the union-shop clause in the contracts. The union, which is powerfully organized, might find it wiser to leave an occasional stubborn dissident alone rather than risk an unfavorable court decision. If the LaGuardia administration wishes to bargain collectively with labor on the subway lines, there are no insuperable legal obstacles. If it does not wish to do so, it can find plenty of legal excuses for an anti-union policy. The Board of Transportation, in other cases, has argued before the courts that the operation of subway lines is "a proprietary, not a governmental function." We agree. And we believe that the Board of Transportation, like any other proprietor, ought to obey the law on collective bargaining.

*

THE SUPREME COURT HAS NOW SUSTAINED, by refusing to review it, the excellent decision of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals which on November 8 of last year ordered Tom Girdler's Republic Steel Corporation to rehire the men involved in the strike of 1937 and pay them "lost" wages then estimated at $7,500,000; what the actual amount will be depends on the extent to which men have already been reinstated. In addition the company is ordered to withdraw recognition from the plan of employee representation and its successors at its Ohio plants, and to cease discouraging membership in the C. I. O. No doubt Republic Steel will continue to resist; its countersuit against the C. I. O. and its affiliates for $7,500,000 "damages" is still pending. The workers who died in the attempt to force Tom Girdler to observe the law cannot be "reinstated," but they have won at least a measure of retribution in this resounding victory for the union and the National Labor Board.

*

IT IS HARD TO BE RESPECTFUL OF THE JUDGE who has just fined the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* $2,000 and sent two of its leading executives to jail for contempt of court. The jurist in question is Circuit Court Judge Thomas J. Rowe, and we suggest that he seems to be a fit subject for an investigation by the Missouri legislature. The *Post-Dispatch* case arises out of an indictment for extortion returned against a state Representative named Thomas M. ("Putty Nose") Brady and a deposed boss of the Moving Picture Operators' Union named John P. Nick. Brady was charged with having collected $10,000 from theater owners with whom Nick was trying to negotiate a wage increase. After Brady allegedly collected the $10,000, Nick decided wages were high enough. Judge Rowe dismissed the case against Nick without letting it proceed to trial of the facts and later suggested that the district attorney drop the charges against Brady. It may be that Nick and Brady are pure as driven snow, but other courts in Missouri do not seem to think so. Another circuit judge found that Nick received the $10,000 paid to Brady by the theater owners, and ordered Nick to hand over the money to the union. The St. Louis Court of Appeals has affirmed and the Missouri Supreme Court has refused to review still another court order ousting Nick from control of the union. Under the circumstances it is easy to understand why Ralph Coghlan wrote an editorial and Daniel R. Fitzpatrick drew a cartoon criticizing Judge Rowe.

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The War Spreads

THE flames of war have suddenly blazed up in Scandinavia and threaten to sweep over the rest of neutral Europe. Using the British action in mining Norwegian territorial waters as a pretext, Germany has invaded Denmark by land and water and attacked Norway. Denmark, with little more than paper defenses, has surrendered quietly and agreed to accept German "protection," but Norway, more favorably placed strategically and in a position to receive aid from the Allies, has declared that it is at war with Germany and is apparently resisting. As we go to press, news from the north is confused and incomplete, but Nazi landings are reported on the Norwegian coast as far north as Trondheim. If true, these mean that Germany was secretly transporting troops through Norwegian waters before the British navy moved in with its mines.

So far Sweden has not been attacked, but a full mobilization has been ordered and troops are being rushed tc the southern provinces. It seems unlikely that it can escape the fate of its neighbors, particularly as it offers the most practical route for the invasion of Norway. Moreover, there appear to be well-founded fears of aggressive German action against other neutrals. Reports have just come in of an ultimatum from Berlin to four Balkan powers demanding the right to police the Danube. An alleged British plot to block the river serves as an excuse. Belgium and Holland also seem to have been given cause for fresh alarm and are reinforcing their frontier defenses.

At this juncture it is rather futile to discuss who is responsible for spreading the war. Germany has violated international law from the outset and has persistently and with considerable success attempted to force the Scandinavian states to accept its own very unneutral interpretation of neutrality. But the Allies, too, have flouted legality on numerous occasions, even if they have not, as their enemy has, taken toll of neutral lives. The conduct of war according to a strict set of rules has never been much more than an ideal, and when one belligerent adopts the methods of totalitarian warfare, the other is not likely to handicap itself by sticking to higher standards. For their part in the newest development both sides will find justification in reasons of military expediency.

For months the Allies have been toying with the idea of establishing a northern flank. While the question of Allied aid to the Finns was still in the balance, Germany stepped in and warned the Scandinavian states against allowing the passage of any Allied troops to Finland. At that time, presumably, Berlin considered that the extension of the war in this region would be contrary to its interests. But the assumption behind that policy was that there would be no serious interference with its freedom to import iron ore and other supplies from Scandinavia. Thus the Allied decision to tighten the blockade in the north at all costs produced a new situation to which Hitler, as is his custom, swiftly adapted his strategy. If he is successful in overrunning the whole peninsula, possession of the Norwegian Atlantic coast will provide him with innumerable submarine and air bases permitting an intensification of the counter-blockade which would be extremely serious for the Allies. It is doubtful, however, whether this advantage would prove decisive, and against it must be set the disadvantages of damaging Scandinavia as a supply base. For instance, the occupation of Denmark means that that country will soon have no surplus of food to export to Germany, since its animal husbandry is almost entirely dependent on imported feed.

In any case it is unbelievable that the Allies will permit Germany to seize Norway without putting up a strenuous fight to gain control of the country themselves. It is difficult to see how a firm German hold can be established quickly unless the British fleet is driven off the coast. It will be necessary, however, for large numbers of Allied troops to be moved swiftly to Norway if the advantage gained by German initiative is to be offset. Once again Berlin seems to have scored over its slower opponents.

One factor of decisive importance will be the attitude of Russia, and the spread of war to the north provides something of a test of the declared Soviet policy of neutrality as between Germany and the Allies. If Stalin chose to turn the forces which he still has in the Petsamo region against northern Norway, he would furnish Germany important aid, since this would extend the necessary area of Allied operations, threaten the Swedish northern frontier, and put that country in a vise.

The Dies Offensive

MARTIN DIES'S spring offensive against democracy continues. Because his current victim is ostensibly the Communist Party, many people who ought to see the larger range of his attack remain apathetic. In Congress there is only silence. Three years ago people were saying that it was foolish to attack Martin Dies; he would "destroy himself." Now liberal Congressmen explain that it is dangerous to attack Martin Dies; he will destroy anyone who obstructs him.

Mr. Dies's newest subterfuge is shrewdly devised. He does not propose to ban the Communist Party. He asks only for its membership lists. The request seems innocent and plausible; when the Communists refuse to comply, the atmosphere of suspicion is heightened. In actuality the demand for the Communist Party's rolls is virtually a death warrant for the party. Mr. Dies knows this; he knows that publication of party membership would ex-

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pose thousands of Communists to economic reprisals, and would prevent almost any new recruitment. As the Civil Liberties Union has pointed out, any party has the right to protect its members from "exposure to contempt, prejudice, or antagonism." We hope that the courts will sustain this view. But to Martin Dies traditional democratic safeguards have never mattered. The methods his committee has employed in the last fortnight vividly reflect his contempt for minority rights. In Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore Communist headquarters have been raided, records seized. In Pittsburgh a party leader's home was searched. Sometimes Mr. Dies's agents use the formality of search warrants. Sometimes they ignore the formality. The point is incidental to their real objective.

And when Communists resist they are cited for contempt. Five have already been cited for refusing to tell all to the Dies committee; others face similar action. Mr. Dies does not propose to ban the Communist Party. He will decapitate it. Few voices have been heard in protest [illegible] the modern version of the Palmer raids proceeds. Isolated and courageous was the action of Federal Judge George A. Welsh, who ordered the arrest of two Dies committee raiders and a detective after their Philadelphia invasion. Expressing the hope that the Supreme Court would ultimately review the committee's actions, Judge Welsh pleaded that "we in this country do not sacrifice liberty on the altar of patriotism." He asked that Mr. Dies refrain from using the seized documents until the legality of the seizure had been established. Mr. Dies promptly inserted them into the record of the committee.

The issues raised by these developments go beyond the immediate legality of the raids or of the demand for the membership lists. Obviously the lists have no relevance to responsible investigation. Even Mr. Dies may have grown belatedly alarmed at his own excesses; his proposal for legislation to compel the publication of membership lists of "foreign-affiliated organizations" sounds like an afterthought designed to thwart criticism of what has already been done. Presumably the legislation would embrace the Socialist Party—affiliated to the Second International—and many peace societies with international ties, as well as the Communist Party. The definition of "foreign-affiliated" is nebulous. Mr. Dies's definitions always are. But the consequences of such a measure are clear. It would provide a "Who's Who" of American radicalism as future reference for employers and G-men. Less objectionable is the measure proposed by Congressman Voorhis, calling only for the registration of foreign-allied groups, without disclosure of their membership files. But liberals in Congress might profitably spend more time fighting Martin Dies on the crucial issue and less time cautiously striving to improve on his suggestions. That issue is the right of minority parties to function without interference and persecution unless they are guilty of criminal acts. Mr. Dies has exposed no such acts.

Once again the Administration is on a spot marked out by Dies. But its plight is partly of its own making. Mr. Dies now says that the President must declare himself categorically on the legislation proposed. If the answer is no, Mr. Dies will announce that the White House is shielding the Kremlin. If the answer is yes, he will have won a momentous victory in his crusade against civil rights. Again Mr. Dies can't lose. But the alternatives are partly the result of the Administration's failure to combat Dies resolutely when the anti-red fever was lower. Now defense of civil rights, where Communists are involved, has become politically precarious.

Nevertheless the vicious circle must be broken somewhere. The Administration has tried the silent treatment, and it has failed. There still remains a wide, if inarticulate, body of sentiment that could be rallied now by forthright action. In Boston and Philadelphia leading citizens have protested against the Dies invasion. There are many people in the country who dread the approach of a new Palmer era, and see Dies as its forerunner. They recognize that the Dies committee is a deadlier peril to the republic than all of the menaces and pseudo-menaces it has exposed. Mr. Roosevelt could crystallize this feeling by bluntly saying no to Martin Dies and announcing that democracy can still afford to let freedom ring.

Pickpockets, Inc.

IT IS hard to keep a straight face, even in Wall Street, on hearing some of the horrified protests now rising against the new Wagner-Lea investment-trust bill. It may be that this is another underhanded attempt by subversive influences to discourage that freedom of investment thought necessary for recovery. But there are simpler explanations. After 1927 there was a mushroom growth of investment trusts of various kinds. From 1927 until 1935 a total of $7,000,000,000 was invested in them. Some 4,500,000 Americans handed over part or all of their savings to these trusts on the assurance that they would thus enjoy expert guidance and larger incomes. During that period the presumed master-minds of finance managing these companies succeeded in losing or looting more than a third of the capital intrusted to them. The average return paid the investor was less than 3 per cent, and in the case of the so-called management investment trusts, less than 2 per cent. To put it in another way, a business so risky that more than a third of the capital invested in it was lost paid smaller returns than could have been obtained in government bonds.

Investors lost almost $3,000,000,000 in these investment trusts, but in many cases wily promoters enriched themselves. The story of the United Founders group of investment trusts is illustrative. This group started in 1922 with a cash investment of only $500. It had $500,000,000 intrusted to it by November, 1929. By November, 1935, this sum had shrunk to $50,000,000. Virtually 90 per cent of the money invested had been lost. But the promoters fattened on catastrophe. According to the facts uncovered by the SEC investigation of investment trusts, C. Foster Coombs, one of the four original promoters of United Founders, had made $30,000,000 in 1929 in cash and securities from his enterprise. United Founders was a group of interlocking investment companies, and within this complex financial organism many strange things could occur. For the three-year period 1928 to 1930, the United Founders group reported total net investment profits of approximately $43,300,000. Not one penny of it was real. On the contrary, according to the SEC report, this "profit" actually hid a loss of $3,300,000. The loss had been covered and the "profit" created by intercompany transactions.

Section 30 of the Utility Holding Company Act of 1935 instructed the SEC to investigate investment trusts, and we can do no more at this time than indicate the nature of the findings in the voluminous reports it has been making on the subject. While a considerable number of investment trusts are conservatively and honestly managed and have good financial records, a great many have differed only in complexity from ordinary swindling. It has proved hard even to punish those responsible, much less provide restitution. Alfred A. Cook, counsel for the trustee of Continental Securities Company, told the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency during the hearings on the Wagner-Lea bill of the experience of that bankrupt investment company. In 1937 and 1938 "a group of plunderers" stripped Continental's investment portfolio of everything except $50,000 worth of securities. The loss to investors was $3,250,000, and although several of the company's officers were tried for larcency, all were acquitted.

The Nation is not prepared to indorse every provision of the Wagner-Lea bill, either as regards investment trusts or investment counselors. The bill seems, if anything, a mild measure dependent for its effectiveness on a militant SEC. But the main principles embodied in it seem to us essential if investors are to have some degree of safety in the future. It seeks to eliminate the corporate devices by which the investor has so often been plundered by the promoter. It would end the conflict of interests that made investment companies a source of profit to their directors. It provides for strict supervision of the accounting methods which have made it possible in the past to hide the true condition of investment companies and the true nature of transactions in which they were engaged. The practice of starting an investment company on a shoestring and a glib tongue would be ended. One provision would require an investment of $100,000 to organize an investment company. Another would limit its size to $150,000,000 in assets. We cannot believe that these provisions would interfere with any legitimate business practices. And unlike some people in Wall Street, we do not have so low an opinion of the capitalist system as to believe that it will be fatally undermined if investment bankers are not permitted to pick pockets.

Caribbean Refuge

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

I TRAVELED in one of the cars that took the first three settlers to Sosua, the new refugee colony in the Dominican Republic. We left Santiago de los Caballeros, chief town of northern Santo Domingo, soon after breakfast. In the party were Mr. Perlstein, manager of Sosua; a married couple, young doctors from Vienna, named Klinger; a still younger secretary, Miss Dannenberg; an official of the Dominican Department of Agriculture assigned to be our supervisor and guide; my husband and myself. The doctors and Miss Dannenberg had lived as refugees in Trujillo City for more than a year and had been selected as members of the resident staff at Sosua. In the cars were also the luggage of the three settlers, a few staples with which to begin housekeeping, lunch for everybody, and a cat. The cat was an important member of the party and a prospective colonist, though a Dominican rather than a refugee.

The road from Santiago was good part way, very rough toward the end of the trip. But as the road grew worse, the country became more and more beautiful. Green mountains and fertile valleys showed that rainfall was plentiful. The small plantations along the way were fairly comfortable; children and animals looked healthy. The people of this region are prevailingly light brown, lighter than in the southern part of the country. Several Dominicans had mentioned this to us with special emphasis as if its slightly smaller proportion of Negro blood was evidence of superior qualities in the population of the north.

We drove about three hours. Then, suddenly, as we rounded a shoulder of a high ridge, the land fell off toward the sea, and Sosua lay below us. We first saw the beach, white and sleek, bending around the green-blue water of the bay. Then we saw hills and pastures reaching down to the shore, and a collection of red roofs. The two Austrian doctors, our fellow-passengers, looked for the first time at the land that was to be their home, perhaps for the rest of their lives.

Sosua is a tract of land of more than 26,000 acres lying on the coast of Santo Domingo about eleven road miles from Puerta Plata, the principal port on the north side of the island. About 5,000 acres are rolling, cultivated pasture, and the rest is hilly country grown over with brush or tall timber. The land is well watered; the soil will grow a number of crops—fruits and vegetables for the settlers (mangos, avocados, bananas, plantains, oranges are now growing wild), and yucca and tobacco, cacao and coffee for sale. There is good pasture for cows. Mahogany and other valuable timber grow in the forests. Near the shore, placed among trees, stand some thirty houses, white with red roofs, well built and well kept. The largest will be the office and community center of the settlement. The others will shelter the first batch of settlers—150 to 200 people. Water is piped to the houses; they have electricity supplied by a small plant on the place.

Land and houses belonged originally to the United Fruit Company. The property was abandoned as a banana plantation about fifteen years ago, and only two years ago was bought by President Trujillo, who has kept it up as a private estate.

When the Intergovernmental Committee for Political Refugees was set up after the Evian conference, only one country answered its appeal with a generous, unqualified offer of asylum. That country was the Dominican Republic, better known in the past for the exiles it has turned out than for hospitality to victims of persecution. The representatives of Trujillo in London offered on behalf of his government to take up to 100,000 European refugees as colonists. No conditions were made except that the settlers should be carefully selected; the country needs farmers and skilled workers and a few professional people and technicians.

Trujillo's offer was examined and checked by several refugee groups, including representatives of the President's Advisory Committee. Every one approved the project, and the Dominican Republic Settlement Association was founded to make a final survey of the possibilities and then to undertake the actual establishment and financing of the colony. James N. Rosenberg is the president of the association and Joseph A. Rosen its vice-president. Dr. Rosen, an agronomist, was for years the operating head of "Agrojoint," which settled 300,000 Jews on 3,000,000 acres of land in the Crimea between 1922 and 1936. Mr. Rosenberg was chairman of the board of that great enterprise. Both know the problems of large-scale colonizing.

For two months this past winter Dr. Rosen studied the possibilities in the Dominican Republic. The Settlement Association was given the choice of several good tracts of agricultural land for the first colony, and all were explored by Dr. Rosen and his assistants. He finally selected Sosua as the most suitable. From a strictly agricultural point of view, one or two other areas were better. But in the qualities that go to make a successful colony—fertility, existing facilities such as houses and electricity and a good water supply, variety of soil and altitude, healthful climate, a deep-water anchorage, and, not least, natural beauty and a delightful bathing beach—Sosua led all the rest.

The next steps were political. Mr. Rosenberg set out for the Dominican Republic with an impressive delegation which included representatives of the Department of State and of the Intergovernmental Committee. They too examined and approved the selected site; within two weeks a contract was signed between the Dominican government and the Settlement Association providing for the immediate admission of 500 refugee families. More generous terms could hardly be imagined. The settlers will come in without paying the customary $500 entry fee; they are guaranteed freedom from discrimination or persecution; they may bring in personal possessions and equipment duty free; the property of the association is not subject to taxation. When the contract was ratified, Generalissimo Trujillo made over his Sosua estate as a gift to the Settlement Association. Exactly thirty days after the contract was ratified we drove to Sosua with the first members of the settlement's staff.

When we stopped at the door of the large, fine community house the cat jumped out first. He went to work inspecting his new quarters, avoiding the hearty welcome of a large police dog. The rest of us walked up the steps and through the rooms. They are furnished handsomely, if a little solemnly, with Dominican mahogany—large pieces, manufactured in the country. The further side of the house opens on a wide porch. Two low columns flank the steps. On each, when we stepped out, stood a peacock spreading its tail in the sun. Beyond were fruit trees, a rough pasture, then low cliffs and the blue sea, with blue mountains across the bay.

Caretakers were in the house, and, together with the new arrivals, they produced lunch on the porch—a good lunch, with wine to celebrate the occasion. We drank to Sosua, and everybody felt pleased and excited. No one spoke of the days of terror that stretched out behind; the sunny peace of the present was enough for that hour.

Some 500 families will be settled at Sosua. The association plans to bring them in gradually, as accommodations are made ready and suitable colonists are selected and money for their transportation and settlement is raised. Some of the refugees will be taken directly out of Germany; some will come from camps in Norway and Sweden and Holland. Trained young men and women will be sought as the first settlers. Ultimately it is planned to give each family an individual homestead of eight or ten acres, though the major crops will be raised and marketed collectively.

If the colony at Sosua is a success, more land will be secured and other settlements started. The beginning at Sosua looks small compared with the total problem—a few hundred families out of millions. But what Trujillo has done other governments can do. The example of the Dominican Republic has already had an effect, and negotiations are under way in a dozen different countries for the settlement of both German and Spanish refugees.

Why has Trujillo opened his country to the persecuted victims of dictatorship in Europe? Why has he given a huge and valuable tract of his own land as a haven for the exiles? Why does he show no concern over the introduction into his tight little dictatorship of some 2,000 Spanish republicans, every one a political exile?

I asked these questions myself before I went to Santo Domingo, and after I came away everyone I met asked me. The answers are not difficult to give as soon as one recognizes the wide differences between dictatorships in Latin America and in Europe.

Trujillo is not a fascist. During the Spanish war he even supported the Loyalists. Like every other dictator in the countries to the south of us, he describes his state as a republic. In so far as they do not inconvenience him, the forms of democracy are observed. (The Dominican Senate and Chamber of Deputies ratified the contract with the Settlement Association.) Trujillo is purely a personal dictator, unhampered by ideology. He does what he pleases. In ten years of absolute rule he has made himself enormously rich. Political opponents have been imprisoned or exiled or killed. He has taken their lands and other properties for such uses as he saw fit. He has given wealth and jobs to his relatives and chief supporters. Two and a half years ago, as *Nation* readers will remember, Trujillo's troops massacred many thousands of Haitians living in the northern part of the country. These people were poor, landless black men and women who had come into Santo Domingo to work on the sugar plantations and had settled down inside the frontier.

On the face of it, this record would seem to offer rather meager security to refugees from other tyrannies in Europe. But it is not wise to go merely by the record. Trujillo can be magnanimous when he happens to feel like it; and he can be a statesman. He has used his power to build up his country as well as himself. The country needs settlers; it is rich and undeveloped. Above everything else Trujillo desires to make it a "white" republic. The obsession with color in Santo Domingo dominates every upper-class mind. White or near-white workers are held to be vastly superior to the obviously colored ones. And Haitians, in their own country or in Santo Domingo, are looked upon with fear and abhorrence. The massacre was only mentioned by Dominicans twice in my hearing; both times it was spoken of as "the incident" and dismissed as of little consequence.

The Dominican Republic and Trujillo, its dictator, want white settlers. Ironically, the bitter race prejudice in the little Caribbean republic creates a haven for victims of a different race prejudice in the Reich. Jews are white, they are Europeans; they will bring in energy and higher standards of life and better ways of doing things. They will mingle, eventually, with the population, increasing the precious proportion of white blood. The same reasoning applies to Spaniards, about 2,000 of whom have come to the Dominican Republic. I asked a Spanish refugee in Trujillo City why the Dictator allowed Spanish radicals to come to Santo Domingo. He smiled without any rancor and said, "We are white and we can breed. That is enough." Not even political radicalism outweighs these considerations.

Several other minor considerations raise the stock of the refugees in the eyes of Dominicans. One is financial. The colonists imported by the association will bring money into the country. It is estimated that the cost of transporting and settling a family will be about $1,000. A substantial part of this will of course be spent in Santo Domingo. A second consideration is the prestige such a colony will bring to Trujillo and to the country. His standing will be raised in the eyes of other nations; President Roosevelt and the United States State Department, who at least disapproved of the slaughter of the Haitians, can be expected to look with more favor on Trujillo in his role as savior of the refugees. A third consideration is linked to the second: Trujillo naturally resents American control of Dominican customs, and so of its finances. He also resents the special preferences granted to Cuban sugar. A group of influential Americans, like those sponsoring the Settlement Association, will have an interest in promoting Dominican rights and Dominican prosperity in Washington.

These motives are neither better nor worse than the motives of most governments. Their very selfishness is a fair guaranty that Trujillo's promises will be kept. The refugees, especially those who come in under the wing of the Dominican Republic Settlement Association, stand a good chance of peace and happiness—at least as long as Trujillo holds power. And interested persons in all countries will watch with close attention to see how the Dominican government carries out the terms of its own agreement.

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Men Who Would Be President

IV. WENDELL WILLKIE'S HAT IS ON HIS HEAD

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

OLD IRON PANTS was in fine fettle on the afternoon of November 20, 1939. The best-known American cavalryman since George Armstrong Custer was killed by the Indians was riding high at the luncheon of the Bond Club of New York at the Bankers' Club at the top of the Equitable Life Building around the corner from J. P. Morgan. General Hugh Johnson had galloped through his prepared speech and was now answering questions about possible Presidential candidates on the Republican ticket. He shied a bit when the name of one of the most prominent members of the Bankers' Club came up, saying something about Tom Dewey's lack of experience. And then a bond-peddler shouted, "What about Wendell Willkie?" and the General charged. Iron Pants then and there nominated Wendell Lewis Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, for President of these United States. The following week Arthur Krock of the New York *Times,* who had been restrainedly boosting Mr. Willkie for the past two years, seconded the General's nomination in his column, and the Wendell Willkie boom got under way.

Let's make it plain at the start that Mr. Willkie does not take this business too seriously. To newspapermen who reached him at Atlanta, Georgia, on the night of General Johnson's nominating speech, he said jocosely, "In view of the speed with which the federal government is taking over my business, I'll probably have to be looking for a new job shortly. General Johnson's is the best offer I've had thus far." To the writer he said the other day, "I know I am not going to be nominated for President. I have no ambition to be nominated for President. I have, however, been very anxious to put over certain ideas and have written and spoken of these ideas. Because of that, some people have suggested that I should be a candidate for President. I do not take this talk seriously. Several people have asked me whether, if I were nominated, I would accept. In order to preserve my intellectual integrity I have said yes, if it were on a platform in which I believed. I have, however, consistently refused many offers of financial help, all offers to seek delegates, and any kind of political assistance."

Mr. Willkie has been around. He knows that the president of an electric-utility holding company, indorsed by ex-cavalry generals, *Times* columnists, and hate-happy bond salesmen, bankers, and insurance men would somehow lack a popular appeal. So bowing to Mr. Willkie's good sense, we'll drop the Presidential-possibility talk and stick to the president of the Commonwealth and Southern and his views, who and which, in all conscience, are interesting enough.

Since 1933, when geography and his natural ability set him down in the Tennessee Valley as the top man of the privately owned electric utilities of those parts, he has been conducting a raucous, bitter-end warfare against the New Deal and all its works—especially its works in concrete and mortar—that has won him the grudging admiration of even the most starry-eyed New Dealers. And as for the haters of That Man, they are near to tears as they read under their exorbitantly priced electric lights the latest Willkie summons to rebel against the brutality of governmental attempts to supply cheap and abundant power to the underlying population. To be sure, some of the language of liberalism which Mr. Willkie employs in the *Saturday Evening Post,* the Hearst syndicated articles, the *Atlantic Monthly,* and the *New Republic* seems a bit far-fetched to his most devoted followers. What have civil liberties, the democratic process, and free enterprise got to do with pouring it into That Man? But on second thought Mr. Willkie is quickly forgiven for these liberal lapses, in view of the magnificent manner in which he stands up there and swaps blow for blow with the White House.

This is not to imply that all New Deal haters approve the Willkie tactics of howling to high heaven via radio and rostrum, newspaper and magazine. There are those in his own industry who wish that Wendell would be less articulate. However, none of this internal muttering ruffles one dark-brown hair in Mr. Willkie's abundant crop. He knows well enough that the tactics of the holding-company executives of the twenties made them and their pyramided monstrosities a stench in the noses of all decent Americans. Mr. Willkie wasn't around when Sam Insull was setting up the "Super-Power Poison Squad," as the People's Legislative Service called the National Electric Light Association. He wasn't there when Merlin Aylesworth made his famous remark at a convention of the N. E. L. A.: "Don't mind the expenses. The public pays." As a matter of fact, when the private-utility skulduggery was at its height, Mr. Willkie was practicing law in Akron, Ohio, defending, among others, rubber workers whose civil liberties had been violated.

It is said of Mr. Willkie that he is a "depression success." And it is said, invidiously, that it was just the Willkie good luck that he didn't appear on the utility scene until after the Big Blow of 1929. This is unfair. He never would have ridden with the old "kilowatt klan." His inheritance of a long tradition of genuine liberalism, his early democratic training in the little town of Elwood, Indiana, where he heard his father and mother, both lawyers and both liberals, talk progressive politics with Henry Georgites, La Follette men, and Socialists—this conditioning would have kept him clear of the holding-company hi-jackers of the twenties. It's against the Willkie grain to whisper in the dark. He is happiest when he is up on a platform tearing his expensive shirt over the way the government is manhandling free enterprise.

No master of irony could have devised a better plot sequence than the one which just the other day landed this small-town, big-framed Hoosier in a director's chair in Mr. Morgan's pet bank, the First National, still talking an indigenous American liberalism.

Elwood, where Mr. Willkie was born in 1892, was then a town of some 10,000 population. It is in the natural-gas belt. It had its normal quota of rebel spirits who gathered at the home of Circuit Court Judge Willkie, Wendell's father, and enjoyed hearing the Judge, and later on the Judge's son back from the Culver Military Academy, tear into the trusts. When Wendell went to Indiana University, he soon became known as one of the leaders of the campus radicals. Paul McNutt, who went to the university a few months ahead of Willkie, was already careering. The future self-anointed candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket was up to his handsome eyebrows in college politics on the conservative side of the fence. Though Willkie and his rebel roughnecks were mildly derisive of the way McNutt pushed himself to the head of every organization from the presidency of his class to leading man in the university dramatic society, they were shrewd enough to figure that the McNutt formula of self-promotion couldn't very well fail in a world where most men prefer sitting around swapping stories, drinking beer, or playing games to collecting prospective constituents. When Willkie and McNutt were graduated in 1913, it was the latter whom most people picked as the more likely to succeed. Willkie was an able youngster, but a bit wild in his views, such as those on the abolition of inherited fortunes.

Willkie spent a year at Oberlin and was admitted to the bar in 1916. Big, good-natured, laughter-loving, and a horse for work, he made friends and obtained clients easily, and pretty soon the Akron law firm of Mather, Nesbitt, and Willkie was handling important electric-utility and railroad litigation in the rubber town. After representing a future Midwest subsidiary of the far-flung Commonwealth and Southern, Willkie became associated with Judge John C. Weadock, and in 1929 Weadock and Willkie became chief counsel for C. and S.

The year 1929 is an important one in utility history, for on January 7 of that year there was filed with the Secretary of State of Delaware the certificate of incorporation of the United Corporation. The formation of that holding company marked the entrance of the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Company into the power field, telling the world that the electric-power industry had reached full financial maturity. It was the announced intention of the House of Morgan and its ally, Bonbright and Company, to foster "closer relations among the great public-utility systems in the East"—or, in less fancy language, to buy controlling interest in operating companies in the center of the heaviest electrical traffic in the country, where rates to small consumers were frozen at monopolistic levels. Through the mystic technique of share-for-share swappings United acquired the important stock of the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia and the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, the latter monopolizing the gas, electric, and transportation facilities of the Garden State. It was in the course of these involved transactions that Mr. Morgan and his partners, as was revealed at the Pecora hearings, thought up the chummy idea of issuing United shares to a preferred list of friends, financial writers, and deserving politicians at prices less than were charged to the public later on.

On May 23, 1929, Commonwealth and Southern was formed to combine the properties of three holding companies—Commonwealth Power Corporation, Penn-Ohio Edison Company, and Southeastern Power Company. United subscribed for 22.2 per cent of the shares and warrants of the C. and S., and U. G. I. subscribed for an additional 11.1 per cent. The Niagara-Hudson Power Corporation next entered United's domain and then the Columbia Gas and Electric. But by this time the deepening depression halted further extensions of United. Just how all this handing around of paper contributed either to the needed integration of electric facilities or to the national economy as a whole Mr. Willkie, who doesn't like any references to the Morganatic origins of his company, may be left to explain. That it did, however, contribute to the joint coffers of Morgan and Bonbright is evidenced by the fact that in June, 1933, the total profit realized by Morgan as promoter of the United was $19,200,000 (not including the take of the individual partners) and that Bonbright cleaned up $24,850,000.

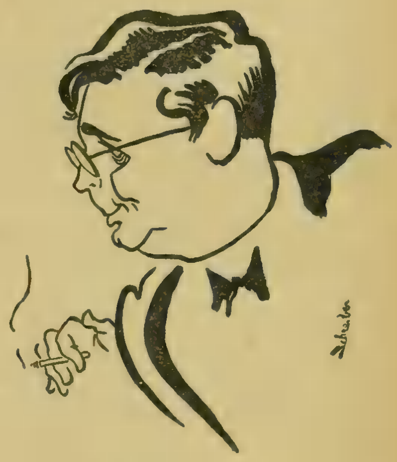
In 1933, the same year that the United stopped swapping, Mr. Willkie was elected president of the C. and S. to succeed B. C. Cobb. He headed a $1,128,501,778 system of electric companies sprawled over the map from Michigan to Mississippi.

A short four months after the big-muscled lawyer had settled down at the president's desk, he let out a howl whose reverberations have rung round the country with increasing volume ever since. For in May, 1933, the Seventy-third Congress of the United States created the Tennessee Valley Authority "for the purpose of maintaining and operating the properties now owned by the United States in the vicinity of Muscle Shoals, Alabama, in the interest of the national defense and for agricultural and industrial development and to improve navigation in the Tennessee River and to control the destructive flood waters in the Tennessee River and Mississippi River basins." To this end the Authority was commissioned to construct dams and reservoirs, to manufacture and sell fertilizer at Muscle Shoals, and to produce, distribute, and sell electric power. It was, of course, this last which brought the full-lunged rebel yell to Mr. Willkie's lips.

The troublesome dichotomy which runs through all Mr. Willkie's speeches and writings now appeared in full public view. As a liberal, the former follower of the elder La Follette could hardly object to any steps which would alleviate the wretched lot of the poor people of the valley. Cheap fertilizer, checking of soil erosion, flood control—all to the good. But cheap power? At Birmingham, after a year of TVA, Mr. Willkie approved the industrial-expansion program of the Authority but decidedly did not approve the Lilienthal allocation of 52 per cent of total costs to power production. At White Sulphur Springs, at a convention of investment brokers, he first sounded the ruination note. He predicted that if someone didn't do something quick, TVA would ruin the private utilities. A year later he was taking in more territory by saying that "the utilities are the first industry to stand against the socialization of all industry."

At the outset the difficulty with Mr. Willkie's case was that it wouldn't stand up in the court of public opinion. When TVA and Mr. Willkie arrived almost simultaneously in the valley, the four big operating companies now gathered under the aegis of the C. and S. were doing the usual private-utility job of taking off the cream in the cities and letting the farms go dark. Wendell Willkie, the liberal, knew well enough that here was a normal functioning of any private monopoly of public resources. No one needed to tell him how rarely farmers outside Elwood, Indiana, for example, would get their mail if the Post Office were in private hands. But Wendell Willkie, president of the C. and S., looking with atrabilious eyes at the drop in utility stocks which followed the announcement of the TVA's minimum rate to farmers of 75 cents a month, got hot. When TVA rates to the cities and small towns, beginning at the much-fought-over Tupelo, came down to those charged by the publicly owned Ontario Hydro and the municipal power companies of the Pacific Coast, Mr. Willkie got hotter.

It is significant that the first groups to recover from the effects of Mr. Willkie's oratory were his own customers in the valley. When Chattanooga, for instance, got a chance to vote for TVA power in 1935, it did so, three to one. C. and S. sent $20,000 to the Chattanooga Citizens' and Taxpayers' Association, which had sprung to arms in defense of the Tennessee Electric Power Company, a Commonwealth subsidiary. The association bought itself a newspaper to offset George Fort Milton's courageous editorials in behalf of TVA in the Chattanooga *News,* and in addition saw to it that advertisers boycotted the *News.* It also informed the voters that teachers' salaries would be cut if TVA won the election, wept for widowed and orphaned stockholders, and dished out all the hoary anti-public-ownership scare stories. All to no avail. Though the methods employed by Mr. Willkie in this and other elections throughout the valley indicate that at times his play is rougher than it is fair, no one can accuse him of lack of frankness. When a Congressional committee found out about that $20,000, the only comment made by the president of the C. and S. was that he was sorry that it wasn't more.



Wendell Willkie

Pretty soon Mr. Willkie had persuaded himself that he was being persecuted by a governmental tyranny animated by the personal venom of the President of the United States. At a speech at the Town Hall Club in New York in 1935 he spoke of Roosevelt as "a member of the rentier class with money made in the speculative days of the railroads." The most famous peace conference which Mr. Willkie held with the President was in the fall of 1937, and as a result of that two-hour session both conferees issued sharp press releases which only served to widen the breach between them. In the President's version, Mr. Roosevelt had wondered what prevented Mr. Willkie from financing his Midwest companies, which were far removed from the TVA. Mr. Willkie, according to the President, had replied, "the general feeling," meaning the general feeling of uneasiness on the part of potential investors in utility stocks. The President had been amused at this. In Mr. Willkie's release on the peace pow-wow, he said that he had offered to accept the Administration's theory of "prudent investment" as a basis of valuation for rate-making purposes and to eliminate some of the "writing up" of which the holding companies were accused if the government would allow the holding companies to preserve their status quo.

Though every financial statement of the Commonwealth and Southern showed a neat profit—in 1937 it was more than $15,000,000—Mr. Willkie finally threw up his hands and announced that he would sell the properties of his company in Tennessee to the TVA. David Lilienthal had taken literally Jonathan Daniels's remark that "the South was sick of the dark" and was selling electric light at a price that bore some relation to the cost of generation and transmission. Unlike Mr. Willkie he didn't have to worry about widows and orphans, the ups and downs of the stock market, the fantastic salaries of executives, or advertising appropriations for friendly newspapers. When, last August, Mr. Lilienthal handed Mr. Willkie a check for $44,728,300, with more to come, the latter said, "This sure is a lot of money for a couple of Indiana farmers to be kicking around."

Homespun talk of this sort disarms Mr. Willkie's bitterest critics. No matter what you think of his views, you can't help liking the man, and always there is the thought that if he hadn't been counsel for the defense of so vulnerable an institution as the holding company, old-fashioned American liberalism would have had in him a doughty champion. Of course it just doesn't make sense for Mr. Willkie to shed tears over what he calls "the free-enterprise system" when he is head of a system which symbolizes monopoly in its crudest form.

Although Mr. Willike and his admirers profess to see no chance of his being nominated for the Presidency, he has of late been engaged in hammering out what might seem to an innocent bystander a fairly comprehensive platform, just in case. Arthur Krock, in a recent column commenting on an article of Mr. Willkie's in *Fortune*, wrote, "He made the best analysis of the case against the New Deal which has come to the notice of this correspondent, and therefore would be the clearest campaign leader against it." And though Mr. Krock hastened to add that his man "probably cannot be nominated by the Republicans," it is interesting to note that Mr. Willkie in that same *Fortune* article tackled the subject of this country's foreign policy.

The headings of his many articles indicate the general Willkie thesis. Idle Money—Idle Men, published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of June 17, 1939, explains that "government regulation, government competition, and government discouragement of investment are the three elements that compose the fear which dominates the business man and the investor today." When the people are stirred sufficiently to "force the government to abandon those hostile policies" we shall put both idle men and idle money to work once more. Brace Up America! in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1939, says in summation, "We do not need to rescind any of the laws regulating industry; but we need to amend them so as to encourage new enterprises which can absorb our idle money and our idle men." This, says Mr. Willkie, is "a program for the assertion of one more of our neglected liberties—that of free enterprise—with the same vigor as we assert our liberties of speech, of press, and of religious worship." In Fair Trial, in the *New Republic,* he returns to the subject of civil liberties for free enterprise and says, "It is well to remember that any man who denies justice to someone he hates prepares the way for a denial of justice to someone he loves." This was a rehash of the love-and-hate theme he developed in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the heading With Malice Toward None. In that emotional piece Mr. Willkie said that after being pestered by regulatory boards in Washington he liked to drive around the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, and the home of Robert E. Lee, thinking the while how those three men would have treated the utilities with love in their hearts instead of hate.

In a recent speech at Toledo Mr. Willkie said that things have got so bad that the government now occupies the position which some people thought industry held in the twenties. "Not even a totalitarian state," he cried, "has more financial powers than those exercised by the present Administration." The *Fortune* foreign-policy essay was easier on the Administration in that it indorsed the reciprocal trade agreements. Mr. Willkie, however, does not think the Administration was consistent in lending money to Finland with restrictions against its use for war materials. He would furnish military supplies to all nations attacked by an "aggressor."

Mr. Willkie enjoys the distinction of being a literate person fallen among utility men. He prefers reading to golf and cocktail parties, especially reading English history. He recently wrote a scholarly review of a biography of the young Melbourne and is at work reviewing a life of the elder Pitt. In a way, like Miniver Cheevy, he was "born too late." He would have been an adornment to the British Liberal Party when that organization was more than Lloyd George and wind. Then he could have agitated for the widening of the democratic processes and the reform of the poor laws, haunted neither by specters of holding companies nor by the smiling countenance of Jerome Frank of the SEC.

Still, it's too bad that he doesn't take seriously this running for you know what. There is more fire and go in the man than in the whole colorless smear of Deweys, Tafts, and Vandenbergs. But we promised not to talk about that.

Writers in the Wilderness

III. KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

IT IS related that when Daniel Boone discovered smoke rising from a cabin only a hundred miles from his own he pulled up stakes and moved on because he didn't like being crowded. His great-great-great-great-granddaughter Katherine Anne Porter also admits to what seems to be a congenital need for "elbow room," both as human being and as artist. Writing of herself in "Authors Today and Yesterday," she says:

> All my intense growing years were lived completely outside of literary centers; I knew no other writers, and I had no one to consult with on the single vital issue of my life. This self-imposed isolation, which seems to have been almost unconscious on my part, a natural way of living, prolonged and made more difficult my discipline as an artist. But it saved me from discipleship, personal influences, and membership in groups.

Like her forbear Miss Porter has blazed her own trails and lighted her own fires, and if I may press the analogy so far, has made a clearing in the wilderness from which rises a solitary smoke.

Miss Porter was born in 1894 in central Texas, which happened to be trail's end for one branch of a family which has been wholly American since 1775 and in some of its ramifications since 1680. Before it was American it was Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, Dutch, with a dash of French and Spanish. I am told that a documented history of half a dozen of its branches would trace quite accurately the history of the country, its land-seeking migrations, its political, economic, social, and even religious permutations—for whereas Daniel Boone had a Pennsylvania Quaker childhood, Miss Porter's background is Southern Catholic. Her name family has been in the South since 1775. In that year a remote grandfather Porter settled in Bowling Green, Kentucky, having come from Pennsylvania. Others settled in Tennessee "and set up little academies in the wilderness." They settled, too, in Louisiana and in South Carolina. It was Miss Porter's grandparents who went to Texas, where they joined a community of Kentuckians.

The "little academies in the wilderness" indicate that these were pioneers who carried a cultural pack along with their desire for more and better land. And this fact has its bearing. The household into which Miss Porter was born was one of a long connected line of households imbedded in America, one shoot of a vine far-spreading but firmly rooted in the American past; it also had what must have been a rather extensive library, ranging from the classics in old translations, through Shakespeare, the eighteenth-century novelists, Pope, Swift, Dr. Johnson, including the "Lives," Rabelais, Voltaire, the Brontës, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray.

We may assume therefore a sense of permanence and continuity despite wanderings, and an atmosphere in which writing and reading did not seem alien, in which culture was not a highfalutin word but a known and accepted part of life. I do not mean to imply that these two factors had anything primary to do with making a writer; but certainly they affected the air and soil in which a particular talent developed. The world of literature was at hand to be discovered by that first fine passion for reading that is often thwarted for lack of books or wasted on the haphazard and meager bookshelf of the average household in a country where getting and spending is both work and pastime and where books are largely extraneous to the prevailing way of life. Miss Porter had absorbed at fifteen what many another only begins to know exists at a later age, even though her intense growing years were lived outside of literary centers. Shakespeare's sonnets were reality for her at fourteen. At fifteen or so she read the Russian novelists; at about the same time she was imitating Laurence Sterne in the course of what she says was for years almost a secret apprenticeship to a craft. Some time later she came upon Yeats, Joyce, Pound, Eliot. Writing in the *Partisan Review* last summer, she said that she could write an autobiography based on her reading until she was twenty-five, a statement which reflects the intensity of an early life spent in isolation, to be sure, but an isolation peculiarly rich in nourishment and stimulation. This secret interior life seems to have been more real than the real world. And as so often happens in the case of the imaginative, in-turning individual, her actual experience, though it included marriage, divorce and remarriage, jobs, an almost fatal illness, and much moving about, remained external and peripheral. Looking back, she observes that her knowledge of the world she lived in developed very slowly. And we may be sure that the process was one of instinctive absorption rather than of conscious frontal attack; every one of her stories testifies to that.

Miss Porter spent her childhood in Texas and Louisiana. She received what little formal education she had at small Southern schools for girls. It was scant and fragmentary, however, because she was a traveler from an early age. She has lived in New Orleans, Chicago, Bermuda, Mexico City, New York, Berlin. She spent considerable time in Paris after she received a Guggenheim fellowship in 1931. Only the writing, the interior life, was constant. In the article quoted above she said:

> As soon as I learned to form letters on paper, at about three years, I began to write stories, and this has been the basic and absorbing occupation, the intact line, of my life. . . . I made no attempt to publish anything until about ten years ago, but I have written and destroyed manuscripts quite literally by the trunkful. I say trunkful because I have spent fifteen years wandering about, weighted horribly with masses of paper and little else.

The first fruits in book form of Miss Porter's long apprenticeship appeared in 1930 when "Flowering Judas," a volume of six stories, appeared in a limited edition. In 1935 the collection was reissued together with four additional stories. Since then one more book has appeared containing three "short novels" under the title "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" (1939). At forty-five, therefore, she has published two books and a few stories scattered through the magazines. Yet her first book was enough to establish her reputation as one of the most accomplished of American writers of fiction. Unlike many writers Miss Porter did not learn her craft in public. The "promising" stage of her development was never exhibited. What we have had is the finished product. This has undoubtedly been one element in the sparseness of her production, though not the important one.

An examination of the title story of that first book easily explains the unanimous and joyous praise of critics accustomed to deal with bulk and "promise." This story is still to my mind one of her very best. The prose has extraordinary purity and concentration; it is delicate yet strong, and very clear; all the dross has been distilled out. What is more important, it never gives the effect of irrelevant or insipid prettiness, never therefore becomes a "style" because it never once, for its own sake, becomes separated from the story she has to tell, either its characters or situation; and what is most important, the story itself flows from reality as directly as a spring from a mountain side. The language, for all the skill one knows must have been employed, never appears as more than the medium, an invisible substance, through which reality makes itself manifest. It is only afterward, when one reflects that the way in which this particular reality has been made manifest is both significant and inevitable, that one becomes conscious of the deep-working sense of form. A second reading yields as much pleasure as the first, though of a different sort, for the subtle and sure coordination of form, substance, and style creates its own suspense. In this sense Miss Porter is a writer's writer, yet her stories have such seeming effortlessness and simplicity, they communicate reality so directly and vividly, that they have often aroused responses from the most unexpected and non-literary quarters. Needless to say, not all her stories reach the high point of Flowering Judas. Hacienda, for instance, is relatively poor. Yet most of them have the quality of uniqueness. Her capacity for absorbing varieties of experience is not limited by their disparity; consider, for instance, A Day's Work, which appeared recently in *The Nation,* and Flowering Judas or Noon Wine. The result is that taken together her stories give an impression of range out of proportion to their number.

Because of her very excellences, the critical excitement roused by Miss Porter's work has been part expectation. I shall not be the first to wonder publicly what the future will show and whether Miss Porter's talent is adapted to the longer, sustained form of the full-length novel which is demanded willy-nilly of every good writer of fiction. I raise the question not only because it has been an issue with the critics but because it provides as good a frame as any for an analysis of her special qualities as a writer. It would seem, moreover, to be an issue in her own mind. Her work shows a progressive reach toward longer forms; and her use of the term "short novels" to describe the three 20,000-word stories in her last book seems to suggest both defense and aspiration.

As I have already indicated, Miss Porter's creative process in relation to her material is that of intuitive absorption rather than the frontal attack based on conscious intellectual formulation.

> My whole attempt [she has written] has been to discover and understand human motives, human feelings, to make a distillation of what human relations and experiences my mind has been able to absorb. I have never known an uninteresting human being, and I have never known two alike; there are broad classifications and deep similarities, but I am interested in the thumb-print.

The panorama, with its furniture and stage props, social or political, cannot engage her. She will never write a "novel of American life," for the large generalization is alien to her. She will never attempt to conquer confusion or chaos by describing it, as American writers do over and over again—with results interesting or dull but never final. Her writing proceeds out of clarity achieved.

Both in conception and execution her work seems to me to bear the relation to prose that the lyric bears to poetry. Her intelligence is extraordinary, but it is akin to that of a poet rather than, say, of a novelist like Henry James, who was also interested in the thumb-print but had both the strong desire and the capacity for broad formulation which the long flight requires.

So far as I can see, Miss Porter is driven by no com-

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pulsion to impose order on the confused and chaotic American wilderness. She hates many of its manifestations and suffers from them, but the sense of detachment from public life, including her own, the "self-imposed isolation which seems to have been almost unconscious," remains. Considering the long-winded and inept attempts to make order which pour from the presses every year in the form of half-realized and half-concealed autobiography, I have no reproaches. The thumb-print in the wilderness may have a limited significance, but the large formulation in this particular time and place is pretty likely to be false.

Given these considerations and Miss Porter's bent, I think her best work will continue to be done in the shorter forms. Of the stories in her last book, Noon Wine seems to me superior to Old Mortality, good as it is, and much superior to Pale Horse, Pale Rider. Old Mortality resembles the novel rather than the short story; naturally, being slower paced, it lacks the tension and suspense which Noon Wine shares with Flowering Judas. But it lacks also the compensating depth and range of the novel. As for Pale Horse, Pale Rider, it verges on the sentimental and gives an impression of diffusion and fabrication which are almost non-existent in Miss Porter's work as a whole.

My own demand is for more short stories of the quality of Flowering Judas. Yet I believe that Miss Porter's productivity, in public, will continue to be limited. Her pride in craftsmanship is one element. I also suspect many an unfinished manuscript. She works in spurts of energy followed by periods of inertia. This suggests what her best stories show, a pattern of creative impulses which are intense but relatively short in span. It makes for freshness in each new story; it does not indicate quantity production. But in setting up a "little academy" of form in the wilderness Miss Porter has made a valuable contribution to American writing.

Miss Porter lives at present in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where she has plenty of elbow room. She is a social being—with extraordinary personal and social charm—who likes talk, visiting, and "plain playing." The practical arts of cooking and gardening engage her, and on one occasion, I am told, she practically denuded the surrounding neighborhood of fruits and vegetables for an orgy of canning.

In the list of her more serious avocations music comes next to books. In 1933 her "French Song Book" was published privately in Paris. It is a collection with music of old songs in the original and in translation. She likes best music up to Mozart; she is fond of the old stringed instruments; and her preoccupation with musical forms seems to me apparent in the structure of such a story as Maria Concepcion.

[*This is the last of a series of articles on American writers.*]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Sterling: Fears and Facts

THE pound sterling, once the rock-like symbol of international capitalism, has ceased since the war to be a free, universally acceptable currency. It has not suffered the nightmare transformations of the mark, which for years has been broken up into a series of practically unconnected currencies, but it has taken on a split personality, and the cleavage has rapidly widened in the past few weeks.

At the outbreak of hostilities last September the British exchange-control authorities, who for a long time had been holding the dollar-sterling rate at around 4.70, stepped aside and let the market take its own course, though at the same time stringent restrictions on the transfer of funds abroad by British residents were instituted. When selling pressure lessened and the rate was around 4.00, the control took charge again. An official rate of 4.03 was then established, at which perforce the majority of London exchange transactions have since taken place.

The British merchant purchasing American steel sheets must now obtain the dollars he needs to meet the bill from the Bank of England, and pay for them at the official rate. Similarly the exporter of goods to the United States or the capitalist who has sold American stocks on Wall Street must turn over the dollar proceeds to the authorities, accepting sterling in exchange. But not everyone who wants to turn sterling into dollars is permitted to use the official channels, and consequently a "free" market has developed in New York and other financial centers. An American resident who possesses a bank balance in Britain, or who receives dividends from an investment there, may receive permission to remove his money. But the authorities will not provide him with dollars, and hence he must seek exchange in the free market, where rates fluctuate in accordance with supply and demand. Until recently the demand has been fairly well maintained by importers and others with bills to pay in Britain, who have naturally sought to obtain sterling where it was cheapest. As a result, the free rate, after an initial plunge in September, recovered, and remained for some months only a few cents below the official quotation.

Recently, however, free sterling has slumped sharply. Last week it dropped at one moment below 3.50, and at the time of writing it is 3.57. This movement is the result of new regulations introduced in Britain in an effort to increase the supply of dollars in the hands of the authorities. Thus exporters of certain goods of which Britain or the empire has a near-monopoly—tin, rubber, jute, and Scotch whiskey are leading examples—must now make out their invoices in certain specified foreign currencies, which must of course be exchanged at the official rate. This means that the American importer of whiskey can no longer economize by buying free sterling. And since genuine Scotch cannot be obtained from any other source, this popular British product will bring in more dollars to the Bank of England.

At the same time the cessation of demand for sterling in the free market by importers of goods of this kind naturally tends to depress its dollar value. This, in turn, means that importers of competitive British goods, such as textiles, are able to pay for them more cheaply. In some quarters this aspect of the situation has caused protests, and the action of the British government has been described as an example of exchange manipulation for the purpose of obtaining trade advantages. It must be acknowledged, however, that the effects of the war on Britain's balance of payments have been such that sterling, whether free or controlled, can hardly be considered artificially depressed. On the contrary, it is standing at an unnaturally high level and is being maintained there by a constant drain on Britain's gold and foreign investments.

For generations Britain's imports have vastly exceeded exports, but payments for shipping and other services, and the return on foreign investments, enabled it to balance its international accounts and keep sterling on an even keel. On the outbreak of war, however, imports jumped tremendously. True, purchases of certain foreign luxuries were either restricted or prohibited, but this did little to offset the insatiable demands of the war machine. Moreover, economic dislocation caused a simultaneous slump in exports, and although there has been recovery in this department it has not kept pace with the increase in imports. As a result the adverse balance of trade has risen in the first six months of the war to over $1,844,000,000, representing a rise of 51 per cent over a year ago. Continuance of this trend implies that Britain, in order to balance its accounts with the rest of the world, will be compelled to draw on capital reserves to the tune of at least $2,000,000,000 a year. In these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that every possible step should be taken to economize in the use of foreign exchange and to tap new sources where possible.

Some measures which the British government has taken are decidedly inconvenient to American interests. Tobacco growers feel aggrieved when British cigarette manufacturers turn to Turkey; California fruit farmers protest when Britain reduces its consumption of fruit and buys only from the empire, where payment can be made in sterling; cotton planters curse when Lancashire switches more of its orders to Brazil, with which business can be done on a barter basis; industrialists are alarmed when they hear of an intensive British export drive in Latin America.

Against the harm suffered or feared by such interests must be set the fact that actually American trade has received a very considerable stimulus from the war. In the first two months of this year exports have expanded by $283,769,000. Imports have risen, too, but only by $105,356,000, and the increase has largely been in raw materials with no sign of "dumping" by means of depreciated sterling. Nor has Britain cut into our Latin American markets. On the contrary, we seem to have gained a large part of Germany's extensive business in that direction. All in all, there is little evidence of harm done to American business as a whole by British war-time financial and commercial policies. In fact, the European conflict has brought us a significant expansion in business, which, while not justifying the term boom, is helping to sustain our economy by offsetting to some extent the decline in government spending.

In the Wind

THE SALEM (Oregon) Chamber of Commerce invited journalist Richard L. Neuberger to address its members and told him to select his own topic. He informed the Chamber that his subject would be "Why I Am a Liberal." Shortly afterward the invitation was abruptly withdrawn. The Chamber also announced that a secret program committee would henceforth choose speakers—and subjects—for meetings.

ALTHOUGH THERE has been no official explanation of the change, Father Coughlin's broadcasts since his one-week disappearance from the radio have been significantly nonpolitical. He talks almost exclusively on religion and avoids controversial issues. Two possible explanations are: (1) he wants the furor over the Christian Front exposure to subside; (2) he has finally been curbed by church authorities.

LONDON REPORTS (on unreliable authority) the appearance of the following ad in a Nazi newspaper: "Parrot, Lost. . . . Will finder kindly return to the address below. Note—the opinions of the parrot are not those of the owner."

A NAZI propaganda film, "The West Wall," was recently scheduled for exhibition at the German House in St. Louis. The directors of the House canceled the showing because many St. Louis Germans affiliated with the House don't like Hitler. . . . All ex-members of the Ku Klux Klan are being circularized in the current effort to bring the Klan back to national prominence.

WHILE THE BREACH between John L. Lewis and the White House undoubtedly has many causes, intimates of Lewis insist that personal rebuffs play a crucial part, especially F. D. R.'s rejection of Lewis's advice on appointments. It is said that Lewis vigorously proposed the appointment of Josephine Roche as head of the Federal Security Administration; Paul McNutt was named by the President. The same thing happened with NLRB appointments.

SOCIETY NEWS: "Five attractive, amusing, and intelligent socially eligible Bostonians (two couples, one bachelor), short of funds, would like invitation to spend week-end with well-to-do Aryans with good cellar. References furnished and required. Box 719-D."—From the Personals column of the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

RUSSIAN NEWS: "Twenty-two years of Bolshevism have made the Russians a runty race. Their stature has been reduced eight inches."—Editorial in the Chicago *Tribune.* . . . "All [the Soviet prisoners] were tall, broad-chested, silent fellows."—Dispatch to the New York *Times.*

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FROM a reader of *The Nation* comes a letter not unfamiliar in tenor written from Belleville, Illinois, the town in which some of my ancestors settled in search of tolerance after their flight from German autocracy in the eighteen forties. This correspondent is much perturbed because I ventured to object to Franklin Roosevelt's becoming a candidate for a third term. "Why," she writes, "do you never miss an opportunity to denounce the President? He has accomplished far more than any other President of recent years, but never have I heard one word of praise from you. It is always denunciation. You say he should do more for home conditions. He has done a good deal more than most Presidents." And then this delightful person says out of her broadmindedness that she is telling on me to the editor of *The Nation* and assuring Miss Kirchwey that if I continue in "this Hoover-like vein" she will be "forced to take the *New Republic* instead of *The Nation*."

At first I thought I would consign this letter to the waste-paper basket, where I have thrown so many hundreds and thousands like it during the four decades of my newspaper activities, but then I fell to thinking. I wondered just how many such had come into my hands and how large a percentage of them wound up in the same way: "If you don't write as I want you to write, I'll read somebody else." I reflected, too, on how many of the writers had been guilty of just such false statements as the lady made about my comments on the President. Again and again and again when I have received letters protesting against my or Freda Kirchwey's or somebody else's articles in *The Nation*, or the *Evening Post*, or the *Nautical Gazette*, or some other publication I owned or edited at the time, I have been simply appalled at the evidence they offered of how little the average reader read or remembered of the articles in the publication to which he subscribed. One leader that offends them is singled out and all the rest forgotten. The years of service that the paper may have rendered to them, the enormous amount of useful information they may have obtained from the editors and contributors, go for naught. This lady, for example, says *The Nation* is a "wonderfully fairminded periodical," which "always gives credit where credit is due [outside of my page] and goes after hypocrisy and injustice in a truly admirable manner." Yet she is ready to deprive herself of this admirable paper because one old contributor fails to please her!

Well, I could show her many, many pages of mine in which I have praised Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal. I have said, for instance, that the President has done more for labor than all our other Presidents put together, that his social-welfare legislation has at last put the United States abreast of other great nations. I might even recall that I praised his Chicago "aggressor" speech when other liberal editors damned him for it. I might point out to her that the President himself, although I do oppose him from time to time, is broadminded enough to let our friendship continue and flourish. But what would be the use? The fairmindedness she praises in *The Nation* is not hers if she will not allow an honest journalist the right to differ from her hero in the White House.

There is, however, a serious side to this letter. An unreasoning enthusiasm for a political leader is a dangerous thing in any country. The passionate devotion to Franklin Roosevelt felt by so many people, their belief that he can do no wrong, and that there is no one else who can serve and save the Republic at this time, is nothing new in our political life. Theodore Roosevelt had his following which felt that he could never err. One of them said to me, when I proved to him that T. R. had been guilty of an ethically improper act, that it didn't make any difference to him what the President did: if he killed his own mother, this man would still be for him. Now we have the F. D. R. fanatics, who believe either that he can do no wrong or that the good he does entitles him to do some wrong—at least he should not be criticized for it.

This is a most dangerous attitude for any considerable part of the electorate to take. It emboldens the executive in question to go beyond his powers and to do things he would never think of attempting if there were a keen, intelligent, objective, and critical public opinion confronting him. If Franklin Roosevelt should be given a third term, it would, in my judgment, encourage him to pursue policies and to exercise powers that would be gravely detrimental to the future of this country—here I am again offending the objector I have quoted! Yet in this crisis of the Republic it is essential that public men should be judged by the highest standards; no amount of personal admiration or affection such as I feel for the President should free me or any other independent journalist from holding the scales even so far as is within our power. Certainly this is not yet a one-man country, nor has the time yet come to hold any man beyond criticism, however numerous his good deeds.

Prologue to February

BY FRANZ HOELLERING

[*The following episode, from a forthcoming novel, takes place in Vienna two weeks before the February days of 1934, when the Socialists, besieged in the Workers' houses and hopelessly outnumbered, made their last heroic stand against the troops of the Dollfuss regime.*]

THE council meeting was held in the Workers' Home. The committee had proposed using one of the secret meeting-places where the workers were accustomed to take refuge from the hostile state. But Hippmann had opposed this move. His argument had been that they were more safe from spies in the Workers' Home; behind it was hidden the unexpressed desire to deprive the mounting tendency to conspiracy of a background that encouraged it.

At the long green council table and along the walls sat fifty men and several women. Most of them were in their working clothes; they had come directly from the factories. When Hippmann entered, the tired backs straightened in unison. The union representative, Müller, interrupted his whispered conversation with the district secretary.

At the table sat the older committeemen. They were all known to Hippmann; they were his friends, upon whom he had been able to depend at elections. The party, acting through these calm and steady men, had resisted all revolutionary temptations when its power was absolute at the collapse of the empire, and had determined upon the slow and difficult course of evolutionary democracy. "As they did not become presumptuous in those days, so they will not despair now," thought Hippmann, as his greeting, "Friendship," was answered with a heavy chorus of "Friendships" and with deferential nods and cordial handclasps. The greeting sounded less spontaneous from the corners opposite the head of the table, where a seat had been reserved for him next to the chairman. Up there were grouped men of a different type, younger men with determined faces. Against his will Hippmann's heart was drawn toward them. In their midst he saw Scheller, tall, thin, a soldier rather than a party functionary.

The chairman put out his hand toward the little bell in front of him; the silence was complete before the gesture ended. The bright little trill leaped over the long green table between the many serious faces as over a meadow. The formalities of opening the session were quickly disposed of. The representative of the governing council of the party was given the floor.

Hippmann put together, neither too slowly nor too quickly, the papers which he had been turning over during the brief address of the chairman. It gave him time to overcome a disturbing train of thoughts and impulses, of hesitations, of contradictions, even of fear. He waited another moment, already on his feet, a moment of concentrated perception comparable to the tension of the actor emerging upon the stage. This tension, as he well knew, was communicated to his audience, and he must feel it vibrating back before he could begin to speak.

It was a delight to the speaker Hippmann to conceal his technique. In contrast to many of his comrades he knew that politics was not everything; he had learned that his hearers were most grateful for good handy sentences which they could take home into their private lives. He avoided all the superiority of the expert; he remained a human being with imperfections, guarding the connection between ideals and daily life. He awakened the feeling in his audience that he knew far more than he said, and that he could have been, even outside the political field, a leader and a counselor of men. Now and then he inserted into his argument a statement no one could contradict, and allowed it to give color to more doubtful ones. He was capable of interrupting a complicated analysis of the political situation with the affirmation of the fact that two times two is four, as if he had been saying nothing else in more difficult passages. Precisely calculated gestures, which habit had made second nature, bridged the chasm between what was said and what was left unsaid and perhaps better not said. Bad speakers called him an actor. Let them be jealous! It was not true that he misused his talent; he was no demagogue. He said what he thought. Or thought what he said. Which came first, the speaking or the thinking? —this question sometimes caused him moments of discomfort, especially when he was tired. But he was over fifty, and he had become a public institution. This institution had to go on functioning.

The spokesman of the party's governing council began with the unexpected observation that readiness to stake one's life on one's convictions was the first mark of an ethical personality. He pronounced this sentence slowly and in his most earnest manner. A tone of finality vibrated in his voice and evoked in the hearts of his hearers memories of the truly elevated moments of their lives. Weary eyes shone. The oppressiveness changed into solemnity. It was the old and ever-effective magic of Hippmann; when he spoke, the most exhausted piece-worker

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felt once more like a human being. The opening of his speech was of course a bid for favor. But not even Scheller felt it to be so. Hippmann's reputation as a fighter was firmly founded. Since he had become known to the broad party masses in 1917 as organizer of the famous January strike against the continuation of the war, he had voted in every crisis for the more radical solution. In 1919 he had been in favor of a thorough cleaning out; in the crisis that followed the burning of the Palace of Justice in 1917 and even more vigorously during the past month of March he had demanded the general strike and the arming of the Defense Corps to uphold the democratic constitution. He had earned the right to criticize the radical opposition. The party council knew what they were doing when they sent him, thought Müller, the union representative, who began to write figures on the pad before him: 1919, 1927, 1934; again and again, large and round.

Passing on to the order of the day, Hippmann offered excuses for the organizers of last Saturday's demonstration, who had flouted the party's orders. How well he could understand them, their impatience and their élan! That thousands of workers had responded to their call was reason enough to take them seriously. It would be a grave error to dismiss them as irresponsible fanatics. They were the advance guard of the workers of Vienna. If, nevertheless, he was obliged to condemn the demonstration unreservedly, it was in the first place not for the merely formal reason that it had been a breach of party discipline but for the much more decisive one that during a crisis in which the party's very existence was at stake it was inexcusable to play with fire. To stage a demonstration and then permit it to be dispersed without effective resistance—that was always a grave mistake. If war, then war! Half actions were bad actions. They disappointed friends and encouraged enemies. They were simply bad politics. It was such actions that he had come here to condemn. And he had come for a higher purpose, to contribute to the clarification of every mind before it was too late. For he could give to even the most impatient his assurance that a decision was imminent.

Thus it was well always to begin with fundamentals. Who was the enemy? Whom must they fight? Was it the government? Or the Home Guard allied with the government and bent on taking it over? Was it the National Socialists, who opposed both? Behind the government stood the League of Nations, public opinion in England and France, and the Catholic church; behind the Home Guard stood Italy; and behind the National Socialists, the Third Reich. The government itself was not united. Its democratic wing was eager to make peace with the workers in order to protect the country against a German putsch or plans for annexation; its Home Guard wing was pro-Fascist and relied on Italian help against Germany; the dominant center, though inclined to make common cause with the Home Guard, was unable to come to a decision. These facts raised many questions. Were the workers of Austria strong enough to fight three opponents at once? Could they make use of the conflict among these opponents? Was it still possible to maneuver? Were all these opponents equally dangerous or was there a chief enemy? "Such is our situation, such are our problems," said Hippmann and took a sip of water to give his hearers time to grasp all the complications implied.

Continuing, he answered his own questions one after the other. It was as simple as ABC, or at least his manner made it seem so. Chief enemy: the National Socialists; compared to them the Home Guard was almost a cultural movement. Enemy number two: the Home Guard as the foe of democracy. Enemy number three: the government itself as long as it did not, at least in principle, restore the Parliament and freedom of press and assembly. The party could agree to a necessary limitation of formal democracy during a period of its probable abuse. In this case the common fight would be waged against the common enemy, the National Socialists, and for the very independence of Austria. Was that not clear?

"Clear." The firm voice of Scheller resounded through the room. "But enemy number three confronts us daily with Home Guard, police, and soldiers. We see no desire to come to an understanding with us."

"I can assure you, from personal knowledge, that forces in the government are working toward an understanding with us . . ."

"We have no faith in those forces," Scheller interrupted. "The government undermines our position by every means in its power. Its ally, the Home Guard, demands our destruction. The great industrialists and landowners are eager to kill two birds with one stone. That's their idea. It's also the idea of the Italian politician . . ."

The chairman rang his bell, but at a gesture from Hippmann permitted Scheller to continue.

". . . and the question is, whose support will the government rely on in its struggle with National Socialism—on ours, that is, on the people of Austria, or on Italy? I am convinced that the government has determined to pay Italy its price—our annihilation. The enemy we must fight, whether we want to or not, is this government. There is a last chance that the government will free itself from the Home Guard's clutches, if we are strong and determined, if we force them to it."

There was a murmur of applause from the group surrounding Scheller. The older men at the table looked expectantly at Hippmann, who went on in his friendliest tone.

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THE DEFENSE OF BELLES-LETTRES

BY LOUISE BOGAN

A NEW review, *Horizon,* devoted to literature and art appeared in England in January, 1940, and has now reached its third issue. In view of the battering that belles-lettres have been subjected to in the preceding ten years, this event deserves serious consideration. During times of economic crisis, when leaders of organized "class struggle" take over, the lines of communication must be kept clear at all costs. Ten years ago literature as "fine" or pure art was found to hamper these lines. Language had its purpose to serve, and its purely formal and delight-giving manifestations not only wasted time but obscured the issue. Some aspects of writing as an art, however, were found hard to clear away. But they could be slandered. "Ivory tower" became a term and image greatly execrated. It was suggested that bombs be dropped on it. To its defenders the imaginary "refuge" sometimes resembled a border fort, with the slings and arrows coming over in relays.

Early in the thirties, after the first mass desertion of intellectuals from the field of aesthetics, open fighting was general. This was the "We'll put you all behind tractors!" period, and feeling ran high. During heated discussions it often seemed likely that bookcases containing the less "useful" products of man's pen needed actual physical defense, to save certain volumes from being thrown into the fireplace or out the window. After 1935 all this changed. The attacks became more insidious and genteel. Highly moral "challenges" were issued. The bullying still went on, but in a nicer way. "Pantry poets" were mentioned, and poets who resembled "gentlemen's gentlemen." Poetry became "the deliverer of the people" in dinner-party speeches. Shakespeare and Dante were brought in as poets whose work was "native to the actual world." Not a word was uttered concerning contributions to life made, for example, by Villon, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Thomas Campion, Heine, Leopardi, or Alfred de Vigny. Mere valets, one and all!

This second period was actually more destructive of good sense and fine standards than the earlier name-calling. In America, when devotees of the class struggle merged with the bourgeoisie, they allied themselves with the culture hungry, a deadly species known to young societies. Art must be ironed out into acceptable gentility. "Give us something morally uplifting which we can understand" covered the implicit "Give us something creatively rigid which we can use [and make a profit on, both spiritually and materially, if possible]. Give us something boiled over, watered down, slick, mechanically perfect; something to open our tear ducts and still our conscience, while giving our minds no trouble." The "revolution" found itself in a spot; in the exact spot which every American writer worth his salt had always taken steps to avoid.

Let us examine the term "ivory tower." To whom was it first applied, and by whom? Many commentators, including, on one occasion, the present writer, have gone astray, and attributed the phrase to Vigny himself. The matter was publicly settled once and for all by E. M. Forster, who correctly attributed the term to Sainte-Beuve, who applied it in 1837 to Vigny. And why was Sainte-Beuve's term, as applied to Vigny, hardly one of opprobrium? Born in 1797, four years after the execution of Louis XVI, Vigny died in 1863, when the absolute power held for ten years by Napoleon III was undergoing its first revision. "Vigny had lived through regimes so different," writes a recent biographer, "that everything in the universe seemed to him unstable. Poetry and thought alone remained safeguards and protectors." Like Stendhal, Vigny was an early and ruthless critic of the crude standards of a beginning bourgeois rule. In "La Maison du Berger" he described the artist, not as a cowardly renegade, but as a companion of the holy Muse. It was politicians, the interested and the *arrivistes,* who were fighting on the other side.

Le pur enthousiasme est craint des faibles âmes
Qui ne sauraient porter son ardeur et son poids . . .

And where, one may now with reason ask, would the great poetry of the generation succeeding Vigny have found a base and a champion if Vigny had not held out against the signs of his "times"? Without Vigny as forerunner it is difficult to imagine Baudelaire or even Flaubert. The art of writing in France, sweeping onward and upward with Victor Hugo, without Vigny's example might have struck a period repulsive in its hollowness and sententiousness, instead of developing, from Baudelaire, into a series of schools from which the best modern writing in all languages directly stems.

After Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle" (1931) no book concerned in a disinterested way with the development of English and American literature since 1900 appeared until the publication of Cyril Connolly's "Enemies of Promise" in the spring of 1939. Connolly brought the development down to the present. With wit and insight he traced down innovators and defined schools. From the death of the English aesthetic movement after the imprisonment of Wilde, through the rise of the Hearty Genteel Georgian and Mandarin Prose (Strachey, Woolf, Huxley, including the English translation of Proust), through the appearance of Hemingway's Tough Guy and Spender and Auden, to the end products of the "writing-for-the-masses" enthusiasm, Connolly gives chapter and verse—dates, tables, and examples.

What, Connolly asks—and it is he, with Stephen Spender, who has launched the new review, *Horizon*—must the writer now do in order to breast the confusion and write a book which will have some chance of survival? He concludes that it would be a good thing at present if the writer took Gide's advice and dared to swim against the current. Can there be a revival of imaginative literature possessing, the influences merging, "that discipline in the conception and execution of a book, that planning, which gives simply written things the power to endure—without which the imagination reverts to the wilderness"?

Will the almost psychopathic hatred and distrust of "pure" writing, fostered by political parties, continue or by degrees fade out? Whole new regions have developed for writers' exploration during the years they have spent documenting their surroundings or indulging in bad-tempered baby-talk. Can a review dedicated to disinterested comment upon literature and the life it at once derives from, deepens, and delights now survive, or are the guilt-fear-hatred hold-overs of the last decade still too unresolved to allow its survival? Are there no young people with talent and detached minds, eager for refreshment and example? Will the ivory tower continue to be represented as a coward's refuge, and not as the workshop, stronghold, and place of meditation without the concept of which no generation can produce the combined brave fighter, sensitive thinker, and good workman known to all ages as the artist?

The World of William Faulkner

THE HAMLET. By William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50.

I DON'T suppose it makes sense to call a book wonderful, and then proceed to dismiss it. But I have come away from "The Hamlet" conscious of its prodigious talent, yet unwarmed, unmoved, and unrefreshed. The book's poetry is close, at times, to magnificent—but it is poetry of the senses only, without regard to the emotions. The book's sly, perverse humor is undeniable; yet it is a humor which, for the very reason that it moderates the horrors it plays upon, somehow robs those horrors of the dignity and importance which alone would justify them. The book's imaginativeness has enabled Faulkner to create something like a world of his own; yet that world is too artificially lighted and too demoniacally propelled to mean anything as revelation. I suppose that Mr. Faulkner's world chiefly disappoints me by seeming inhuman, so that—for all Mr. Faulkner's gifts—it never seems of first-rate interest. (It has a first-rate fascination, but that is not the same thing.)

Mr. Faulkner's forte, like that of the South he inhabits, is decay. A certain romantic streak prevents him from doing a really bang-up job on the decay of the Southern aristocracy; but when he gets going with pore whites, absolutely nothing inhibits him from exploring the most polluted streams and malarial swamps of the subhuman spirit. In "The Hamlet" he introduces the Snopes family, a clan that sometime after the Civil War descended on a Mississippi settlement called Frenchman's Bend and left its mark there. There was old Ab Snopes, whose popularity was a little diminished by his reputation for burning down other people's barns; and Mink Snopes, who soon was involved in murder; and Ike Snopes, an idiot boy who fell in love with a cow; and above all, Flem Snopes, who, using his father Ab's arsonical tendencies as a club to browbeat the town, eventually came to own it.

If I have touched on the Snopes activities with a touch of levity, I suppose it is because—once I had come out from under Mr. Faulkner's spell—they seemed a little too bad to be true. The story of Flem Snopes is really extraordinary in itself; so is the tale of the girl he married; so is the tale of the idiot boy. But the Snopeses as a tribe are somehow a lot less horrifying than any one particular Snopes, just as one Kallikak would seem a very painful subject, but a dozen Kallikaks might appear to be rather nice playmates for one another. The point is that something most shocks or terrifies us because it seems out of line; you must set the abnormal against the normal to grasp how abnormal it is. Mr. Faulkner, in "The Hamlet" as in much of his other work, provides us with no sense of contrast. If it is his great gift to be able to create a world of his own, it is his equally great limitation to make that world a little too different from ours to seem entirely convincing—or, I am tempted to say, relevant.

I certainly don't quarrel with Mr. Faulkner's material—we all are aware of the things that go on in the South, and after Freud we are all educated to believe that vice is better called pathology. I quarrel only with Mr. Faulkner's handling—with what often seems to me Mr. Faulkner's exploitation—of his material. For one thing, I am forced to have my reservations, in terms of its importance as art, about a world into which pity does not enter and out of which *great* suffering never comes. From Villon to Dostoevski one encounters a humanity comparable to Mr. Faulkner's, which may horrify, but with which one always feels kinship. One feels almost no kinship with the Snopeses; there is something a little too spectacular about them. There is something, for that matter, a little too spectacular about Mr. Faulkner. His people are grotesques because he is interested in grotesques; but they are seldom great grotesques, because there is something twisted and puny about them. As for Mr. Faulkner's writing, it continues as it has been. Marvelous in a way as it is, there is something so overloaded and monstrous about it that it not only sins against taste, not only sins against meaning, but—so far as I am concerned—ends by seeming unpleasant, like dirty lace.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

A Religion of Science

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS. By Lancelot Hogben. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

PROFESSOR HOGBEN preaches scientific humanism, but since his brief exposition of it in *The Nation* last year he has persuaded himself that it is a dangerous creed—dangerous, that is, to himself—for it implies an unwillingness to choose between Marxism and fascism. From between the jaws of this nutcracker Mr. Hogben has continued to expound his doctrine by means of essays and lectures, fifteen of which, reprinted together, constitute "Dangerous Thoughts."

Judging by Mr. Hogben's lusty tone, the nutcracker is not squeezing his middle very hard, and judging from what he says about it, scientific humanism is not much more enticing than the two dogmas supposedly flanking it. The humanism is a microscopic kernel rattling around in an exceedingly hard-shelled nut of science; and the science is merely old-fashioned "scientism" ranting and storming in the most dispassionate and scientific manner at everything not itself.

Professor Hogben, as is well known, is the author of two best-selling attempts at the popularization of mathematics (for the million) and science (for the citizen). He believes accordingly that if we only go on researching with one hand and popularizing with the other, we shall be able to construct a really scientific society able to use in full measure the fruits of existing mechanical power. Naturally, political power will have to be lodged with those who have made mechanical power possible—the scientists. But in any case, moral forces will remain irrelevant, indeed disturbing, influences.

Any dissenter from this Saint-Simonist view gets short shrift at Mr. Hogben's hands, for it is plain to him that such dissent comes from scientific ignorance, and Professor Hogben is teacher, apostle, and high priest of science all in one. Scorn is his chief emotional resource, and he has even invented for his crusade a new talisman of authority. It consists in beginning a good many sentences to which no exception can be taken by the layman with the words "As a biologist." Then later on, in discussing capitalism or free trade, he asserts that they were "a biological failure," or that "biologically speaking, it must be said that, etc." By this means Professor Hogben's competence reaches out like a pseudopod to assimilate what it will, and can at the same time administer a swift kick to the undisciplined.

Considered as a teacher, Professor Hogben is nothing if not contradictory. He thinks the layman grossly ignorant of the impact of science upon society; he thinks human beings morally and mentally lazy, yet not naturally sinful, and at the same time quite capable of learning wisdom from popularized treatments of science. He also thinks scientific specialists in close touch and remarkable harmony with one another, so that when a man like C. E. M. Joad, who knows as much science as is good for any non-professional, makes a sound remark about the need for philosophy, Mr. Hogben biologically leaps on him, taunts him with being a mere professor and not a research man, and shatters him with the accusation of impudence.

It is clear that Professor Hogben wants us all to become choir boys in his church—happily not yet established—to chant the praises, not of the Lord who made him, but of him and his caste who have a corner on the Lord's grace. This lust for lordship is in fact quite open. Our author sighs for the days when Huxley reigned supreme, and he wishes that he too could annihilate Professor Joad's reputation by fiat as St. Thomas Henry would have done. The end in view is in both cases above reproach: light and learning for the greater good of mankind; but, alas, a familiarity with the zoo and a Jehovah complex are not sufficient guaranties of infallibility. Professor Hogben proves it on every page by an innocent display of second-hand misinformation on every subject not mathematical or biological. He thereby shows that the specialist without humility had better stick to the job where his arrogance is condoned in return for the perfection of his results. I hasten to add that three of the fifteen essays in this book, those, namely, dealing with John Wilkins, Sir William Petty (in part), and Scottish science in the late eighteenth century, seem to be excellent studies of important though little-known matters. It is when Professor Hogben talks about Hegel and Darwin, political economy, history, psychoanalysis, religion, and the humanities generally that he becomes the Dogberry of scientific humanism.

Nor are his manners any more sociable than his views. He expresses the utmost contempt for professors—though he is one himself—quite as if they were a recognizable race whose stigmata had failed to "take" on only one member of the tribe. Yet elsewhere Mr. Hogben attacks all race theories as superstitious (a good instance of scientists not agreeing), and lays the heavy hand of his sarcasm on the eugenists, who are after all only seeking to do to men's bodies what Mr. Hogben wishes he could do to their minds.

It is curious in this connection that seeing contemporary mankind as unregenerate and pig-headed, Professor Hogben should be concerned about maintaining their numbers. Population alarms delight him—though *Honi soit qui Malthus pense*—and he is proud of having four children, whom, he tells us incidentally, he prefers to those four others, the Brothers Karamazov. Add to this critical note his assertion that the two-child family is a psychological habit, that there is a more real life in a pub parlor than in academic groves, that professors' wives arouse his distaste, and you have a cross-section of Mr. Hogben's feelings about the future of the race.

He says somewhere that for a mistake in reasoning about facts, and not for a factual error itself, he would "plow" Sir Arthur Eddington. For a complete inability to organize his sentiments and attach them to coherent ideas, Professor Hogben should be similarly plowed, preferably by a psychoanalyst. None of his confusions would matter if he held a chair of philosophy or history or even psychology. But he himself has said it, and it is greatly to his credit, he is a biologist. Therefore a good many of our contemporaries whose native wit has been scattered by the impact of science will believe as gospel truth such statements, however improbable,

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silly, or self-contradictory, as are uttered by an F. R. S. or couched in jargon. I would not say that Mr. Hogben's every statement is silly, but I do say that the main danger in his dangerous thoughts is their inconsistency and repeated untrustworthiness. The "younger' British biologists" have been palmed off on us as thinkers long enough. On his very first page our author tells us that if either the Marxists or the fascists win the day, he will be put to the torture "unless I apply my biological knowledge to the task of devising ways of terminating a hopeless existence with less personal inconvenience and discomfort." Was more pompous folderol ever put together to say "I shall commit suicide"? Mr. Hogben's vaunted youth may excuse him, though it is doubtful, in Bradley's famous words, whether most of us have ever been quite so young as this. JACQUES BARZUN

American Creeds

AMERICAN FAITH. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

THE late Ernest Sutherland Bates was an astute observer and student of religious life and of its relation to social and political affairs. When therefore his publishers issue a posthumous book, completed just before his untimely death, dealing with the religious foundations of American life, one opens such a work with keen anticipation. But it must be admitted that the book does not fulfil one's hopes. It is primarily a chapter-by-chapter account of various forms of Protestantism—their European origins and their development on American soil. As far as they go, the chapters are interesting enough. But they do not give a picture of the whole. The analysis of interrelations between religious and political life remains minimal. Thomas Hall's "Religious Background of American Culture," published a decade ago, is a much more adequate and important contribution to the subject.

In tracing the origins of American democracy it is important to know just how the Calvinism of New England and the deistic rationalism of Virginia were mixed in the creed of early America and what element each contributed to the total. Similarly the relation of rational liberalism and sectarian evangelicalism in the Jacksonian democratic movement on the frontier is intriguing and important. Mr. Bates describes each of these movements separately but never uncovers their relation to each other. He comes close to answering the first question in his appreciation of the economic realism of James Madison, to whom he rightly assigns a high place among the intellectual founders of our republican form of government. Though Madison was a Virginian and a deist, he did not share the general optimism of the deists. His conception of a perpetual class struggle in society and his theory of pluralistic government as an instrument by which this struggle would be beguiled into a more or less stable equilibrium may have been the intellectual force which brought the Calvinistic pessimism of New England into agreement with the optimism of the thought which Jefferson typifies so perfectly. Despite Mr. Bates's appreciation of Madison's realism he assumes generally that only optimists contributed to the establishment of American democracy. On the whole, this is of course correct. Probably one reason why America to this day has a more optimistic social creed than any other modern nation is that religious and secular culture combined to establish this optimism. The optimism derived from the French encyclopedists and that which had its source in the pietism and utopianism of evangelical sects was perfectly mixed and compounded on the American frontier and became the unshakable creed of America. But the fascinating conflict and coincidence of optimism in these rival creeds are not studied here.

Mr. Bates has, in other words, written a book not on "American Faith" but upon "American Creeds," and for good measure he has included even sects of limited historical influence, such as Owenists, Fourierists, Mormons, and the Oneida Community. We are usually left wondering at the conclusion of a chapter just how this interesting little tale fits into the total epic of America.

There are some historical inaccuracies, though the book generally maintains a high standard of scholarship. Calvin is accused of having "set out deliberately to justify the acquisition of capitalistic profits." This is hardly an accurate description of Calvin's very guarded, qualified, and hesitant justification of interest. Mr. Bates is not aware of the degree to which Max Weber's and Ernst Troeltsch's thesis on the relation between Calvinism and capitalism has been qualified by other historians, notably R. H. Tawney. In interpreting the Reformation he makes the Reformation slogan "justification by faith" mean "inward inspiration" as against the Catholic ideal of "outward authority." This is not just to Catholicism and is not accurate in regard to the Reformation. Sectarian Protestantism, that is, the Protestantism of Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, and the like, may have emphasized "inward inspiration." But the orthodox Reformation meant to assert by its doctrine of "justification by faith" that the Catholic doctrine of "infused grace" was too optimistic in regard to human nature and claimed too great a perfection for the Christian. Against this optimism it asserted that a believer was "saved" only in the sense that he was forgiven, not in the sense that he was good. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

"Yellow Book" of the White War

THE FRENCH YELLOW BOOK. Diplomatic Documents (1938-1939). Published by Authority of the French Government. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

THIS is a publication of great importance, although it is naturally far from being a complete history of French diplomatic activity during the period. As in all such cases the documents have been selected, and the omissions are no doubt as important as what is included. One suspects that the proportion of omissions is particularly large among Bonnet's own dispatches. The number of cases in which there is no reply from him to dispatches from the French diplomatic representatives is considerable. In many of these cases it is evident that he must have replied. In the Yellow Books concerning the affairs of Morocco before the last war a very large number of Delcassé's replies to ambassadors were omitted. I was told by an eminent person that they were omitted because they were so compromising.

This "Yellow Book," however, is more complete, more honest, and more informative than the British "Blue Book," which includes no diplomatic documents earlier than May 28, 1939, and gives Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on March 17, 1939, but not his speech in the House of Commons two days earlier.

The remarkable dispatches of Coulondre, who succeeded François-Poncet as French ambassador to Berlin in November, 1938, alone make the book worth reading. They show him to be a man of keen insight and sound judgment, and subsequent events have demonstrated how extraordinarily well-informed he was. If his warnings had been listened to, much might have been avoided. It is clear from his dispatches that many of us, including myself, were mistaken in thinking that Hitler never believed that England and France would act if he attacked Poland. Although he sometimes wavered, he seems to have been convinced as early as the end of May, 1939, that a German attack on Poland would probably mean a general war. The decisive factor was the Russo-German pact of August 23, 1939. One of the most interesting documents is that of June 1, 1939, in which Coulondre reports that General Keitel and General von Brauchitsch had been consulted by Hitler and had told him that Germany had very little chance of winning a war unless the neutrality of Russia was secured, but would probably have the victory if it was. The opinion at the time in the German Foreign Office was that Hitler would not risk war if he had to fight Russia as well as England and France, but would risk it if Russia remained neutral. The responsibility of the Soviet government is thus demonstrated. Stalin let war loose on Europe.

The documents also make it clear that the German annexation of Bohemia and Moravia on March 15, 1939, was no surprise to the French and British governments, which were accessories before the fact. Three weeks after the signature of the Munich agreements Hitler told François-Poncet that England and France had made a mistake in promising to guarantee the frontiers of the new Czechoslovakia (No. 18), and it was evident in December, 1938, that the German government would not observe the agreement (No. 35). On February 8, 1939, the French government formally asked the German government for its "views" on the question of the guaranty provided for in the Munich agreements, and on March 2 the German government replied with a refusal to fulfil its undertaking and, to quote Coulondre, intimated "that the Western powers have no longer any right to interest themselves in Central European affairs." From that moment the intention to attack the remnant of Czechoslovakia was clear. Coulondre's account (No. 77) of the hours of torture to which Hacha, a sick man, was subjected until at last, at 4:30 a. m. on March 15, 1939, he signed the death warrant of his country is the most poignant diplomatic document that I have ever read.

It appears that for some time before Litvinov's dismissal on May 4, 1939, Berlin believed a change in Soviet policy to be possible, and immediately after the dismissal Hitler began to consider an understanding with Russia. From the first the partition of Poland was suggested (Nos. 123, 124, and 125). The fact that Hitler had on three occasions—in September, 1938, and in January and March, 1939—vainly

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tried to induce the Polish government to join in an attack on Russia (No. 114) no doubt made him inclined to join with Russia against Poland. It is evident that he hesitated a great deal before finally committing himself. One of Coulondre's dispatches (No. 194) confirms Frederick Kuh's information in *The Nation* of March 16 that Hitler decided to close with Moscow early in August, 1939.

The interesting reports of telephonic communications in Appendix III show that both the French and British accepted at first Mussolini's proposal of a conference, and that this was the cause of the delay in declaring war on Germany. The text of the French reply is not given. Mussolini did not invite the Polish government to the conference. To Bonnet's inquiry whether Poland would agree, Beck replied: "We are in the thick of war as the result of unprovoked aggression. The question before us is not that of a conference, but that of the common action which should be taken by the Allies to resist. I have heard nothing, moreover, from any quarter of the Italian plan." For once one can sympathize with Beck. One would like to know some of his later remarks when he awaited the common action in vain. The sad lesson of this "Yellow Book" is, "Woe to the countries that are guaranteed by England and France!" The English translation of the book is excellent. ROBERT DELL

Life of Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Nathanial Wright Stephenson and Waldo Hilary Dunn. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. $10.

WE HAVE here a monumental work. Its two volumes weigh six pounds and contain nearly half a million words. The evident purpose of the authors was to produce a completely definitive biography of George Washington, to cover the subject so thoroughly that nothing more could be said. Professor Dunn, in his preface, writes, "At this time no biographer dares hope that he can present anything startlingly new about Washington. The field has been well gleaned." That is quite true. The only sound reason, therefore, for writing another biography of this great figure in our national history would be to shed new light on his character and motives; or to depict him on the broad canvas of his background, which would necessarily include sharp and clear sketches of his associates and contemporaries; or to put the Washington saga in the form of a simple narrative, alive with human understanding and drama, for the purpose of making Washington live in the minds of millions who now think of him only as a shadowy name.

Unfortunately, the present work does not fall into any of these classifications. The authors have no new concept of Washington's personality; they reveal nothing that is not already well known. Everyone knows that he was practical-minded rather than philosophical in temperament; that he was a man of great inner force; that he had a commanding presence; that his high temper was usually repressed; that his activity was physical rather than mental; that he liked fine clothes and dancing and fox-hunting; that his quiet courage never left him even in the most appalling circumstances; that he understood the military strategy of waiting, which made him a great general although he seldom won a battle; that his personal habits were orderly; that he had spells of mental lethargy; that he always acted as a gentleman should act, not by plan or calculation but by instinct. All these Washingtonian qualities are set forth in the two volumes, but they are so confused with insignificant details that a clear picture of Washington can be observed only through the reader's imagination.

The mass of inconsequential facts given in this work—many of them hardly worth recording—is so overwhelming that one is dazed and lost in them as in a wilderness. They represent a beaver-like persistence and energy that ought to be rewarded by a medal, or maybe by a Pulitzer prize. But on the other hand the economic causes of the American Revolution are discussed with such casual brevity that a reader who is not already well-informed will be puzzled as to how it came about. In the index there is no reference to the Mercantile System or the Stamp Act. However, the authors state definitely that they have purposely refrained from going into the history of the times. Yet much of the history of that period is also the history of George Washington. If you do not know the revolutionary impulse that brought the Continental Congress into being you are not likely to know the reasons for many of Washington's doings.

His associates appear as mere cardboard figures. In Alexander Hamilton the authors say that Washington "had not only an able, energetic, and zealous adviser but a genius as well, a man of far vision and almost unlimited resourcefulness." That is very good, but Hamilton's interesting origin and his remarkable youthful precocity are not mentioned. His operations in refunding the public debt and establishing a national currency are related in a most inadequate and cloudy fashion, though his financial operations were among the outstanding features of Washington's Presidential term.

Lafayette appears suddenly in this story of Washington's life, but nothing is said of his dramatic departure from France, his influence on the American Revolution, or his high standing in the French governing aristocracy. Benjamin Franklin's letter to Congress about Lafayette is not mentioned at all. General Nathanael Greene, who next to Washington was the ablest commander of the American side, never emerges as an outstanding personality. The authors fail to state that Benedict Arnold—before his treachery—was regarded as a general of great ability and daring. The descriptions of the battles of Brandywine and Monmouth are so cluttered with trivial details that readers will have much difficulty in figuring out just what did happen.

Notwithstanding its obvious shortcomings, this biography is an impressive book, and in some ways a valuable one. It is scholarly, accurate, and full of facts. But it is quite evident that its authors were overwhelmed by their vast accumulation of data, and that they lack the gift of story-telling.

This reviewer predicts that the book will be given much space in the literary periodicals, that the reviews will be highly favorable, and that it will be praised as an important contribution to American historical literature. Thereafter it will be entombed on the shelves of public libraries, where for many years it will be looked upon with great respect and seldom read. W. E. WOODWARD

European Hangover

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO EUROPE. By Geoffrey T. Garratt. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.75.

ONE of the familiar kidnapping cases of Greek mythology was that of the Phoenician princess Europa, whom Zeus in the form of a white bull carried off, swimming with her to Crete. History has now repeated this myth in a slightly modified version: some not exactly white bullies have assumed the form of Zeus to kidnap fair Europe and hold her for ransom. Such things happen when neither the morality of a people nor the police force is strong enough to curb the dominant gangsters. However, no explanation of the disaster is satisfactory unless it bares the remote causes inherent in the social structure.

It is from the watch tower of liberalism that Mr. Garratt has surveyed the European scene, the historical and sociological background of which he knows so thoroughly. He finds that the danger to peace in nineteenth-century Europe arose from an "unhealthy competition spirit among the larger powers." Democracy, supposed to safeguard peace, has never been "seriously tried over the greater part of the Continent." In both Great Britain and France "pluto-democracy" ruled after the World War. The author has doubts as to the effective existence of that mysterious force called "public opinion," though he admits that it functions as a mild "revisionary body" and that even English Conservatives can be frightened "by some real change in public opinion at home."

In Mr. Garratt's view the collapse of German democracy, a post-war patchwork at best, opened the road for aggression. From 1931 English and French reactionaries encouraged it by condoning each successive act of aggression, first by Japan, then by Italy, and finally by Germany. In criticizing Munich the author is perhaps more bitter than he should be. The fact remains that in spite of the colossal sums of money spent on the fighting services since 1931 Britain was unprepared in 1938. Mr. Garratt's presumption that a changed public opinion brought pressure to bear upon government policy is probably correct. That is how the war started, and the author has no misconceptions about it. He admits that it may be the beginning of a new "Dark Age," but he hopes that the United States, keeping out of the war, will take European "ideas and aspirations in safekeeping." The author seems to share, although in a more polite form, A. P. Herbert's yearning: "God protect us against a German victory and an American peace."

Being both a journalist and a scholar, Mr. Garratt is well informed, has a witty pen, and is as unbiased as is compatible with his liberal persuasion. Save for some slight inaccuracies, such as his statement that A. Ballin, the Kaiser's friend, was a Cabinet minister and his writing Wilhelmsplatz for Wilhelmstrasse, his factual statements are as reliable as contemporary history in war time allows.

To one of his similes, that the events of the last years "have been like the successive acts of a Greek tragedy," I would not subscribe. It was not the mysterious forces of an "irresistible destiny" that brought on the climax of the war. As Count Keyserling wrote after the World War, "Men have sown causes for over four years and now are surprised

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at the effects they reap." Mr. Garratt is not surprised, but he believes that "the European tragedy lies in our own minds." Unfortunately it is easier to kill men than to change their misdirected mental energies. Men's minds have become the victim of ambitious leaders with grandiose delusions, disciples of George Sorel's "Study of Violence" who have used the aftermath of war to put his theory into practice. It may take some time for Europe to get over this vainglorious hangover, for which not only the power-drunk megalomaniacs are responsible, but still more the combination of industrial capitalism with nationalist imperialism. That is what has happened to Europe. RUSTEM VAMBERY

York State Huck Finn

CHAD HANNA. By Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

THAT Mr. Edmonds knows how to tell a good yarn is no news to readers of "Rome Haul" and "Drums Along the Mohawk." His roustabouts, farmers, Indian-fighters, innkeepers talk in an earth-bound, juicy idiom only too rare in historical fiction, and his racy prose never revels in its own expertness, never diverts attention from the action.

For "Chad Hanna" he has gone once more to his favorite stamping-ground, the Erie Canal country, time 1836. Young Chad, stable hand and general helper at the Yellow Bud Tavern in Canastota, grew up the hard way: not knowing his parents' names or even his own age within five years, he ran away from an orphanage, drove horses for canal-boat captains who paid such waifs mainly in strappings, and finally cocked his wandering feet on the tavern porch railing beside those of old Elias Proops, pensioned Revolutionary veteran and long-distance spitter. In spite of his apparent lack of gumption Chad applies himself to the ticklish job of helping a runaway slave elude his pursuers, becomes so involved with the law that he joins a small, three-wagon circus just then conveniently passing through the town. "Huguenine's Great and only International Circus and Equestriole" enjoys the services of a wide-awake business agent, Mr. Bisbee, and a couple of first-class equestrians, but aside from these and a mangy lion named Oscar it is pretty small shakes, playing mostly the backwoods circuit, trying to buck the competition of the big Burke and Walsh menagerie, which disposes of stubborn rivals by the most up-to-date gangster tactics. Chad bolsters up the morale of the little show, sees it through fights, storms, hard times, even the death of Oscar, and of course he falls in love with a lady rider—in fact, with two lady riders. All of which could be just another adventure yarn if it were not for Mr. Edmonds's skilful workmanship and minute acquaintance with the folkways of New York State in the 1830's. Chad is a somewhat older Huckleberry Finn, and you will find it almost as much fun to follow him along the bumpy roads of the Canal country, driving tent pegs, learning the circus lingo, trading punches with the Burke and Walsh mugs, as to mosey down the Mississippi with his immortal prototype.

"Chad Hanna" has abundant zest and hearty exuberance, plenty of movement with a vivid sense of real back-country life. It will sell well, and deserves to. LOUIS B. SALOMON

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The World of Design

MAGIC MOTORWAYS. By Norman Bel Geddes. Random House. $3.50.

DESIGN THIS DAY. By Walter Dorwin Teague. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

NINE CHAINS TO THE MOON. By Buckminster Fuller. J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.

THE first two of these books have been written by the men who supply the drama in the shapes of everyday objects for millions. Eight million persons are reported to have braved the queues to view the "Highways and Horizons" exhibit at the World's Fair in New York, of which "Magic Motorways" is the designer's exposition. The same skill that was applied there to the flow of people through a magnificent spectacle is applied in the book to a flow of words, pictures, and ideas directed to setting up desire. In its own terms the performance is a splendid one, and is worth the assiduous study of publicists working in a democracy. Incidentally, no one man could have managed to have held his course so securely, keeping a technical subject within the range of popular understanding, interest, and absorption rate. Such books, produced by an "office," are examples of cooperative endeavor.

The hidden significance of "Magic Motorways" lies, of course, in the fact that the whole motor industry is behind it, with the purpose of maintaining the steady and enormous flow of government subsidy, in the form of highway expenditures, which we have been skilfully led to accept as a matter of course. By contrast, every housing project has to fight for what subsidy it gets. If the shelter industries were capable of producing literature such as this, there would be no serious "housing problem."

"Design This Day" is recommended to the layman who would like to make a rounded survey of the many considerations that go into creating a useful shape. The book is concerned not only with "fitness to materials, to purpose, to technique," but with such formal requirements as proportion and balance. There are few of those sententious pronouncements that characterize most popular books on "modern" design; on the contrary there is an almost exaggerated desire to fit the present into the picture of "eternal laws," with the result that the nature of changes now under way is inadequately understood and explained. For example, to the very degree that the "golden mean" (very clearly explained) had meaning to the Greeks because it was a product of their characteristic science (geometry) applied to their characteristic problems (building and sculpture), it means less in an age working with a more abstract mathematics and producing complicated instruments: you do not determine the relations of gears by the golden mean or dynamic symmetry, and this difference, soaking through the whole world of design, is what we need to explore.

Though "Design This Day" will be found very useful as a primer, it offers almost nothing for the more advanced student and ought, in fact, to be entitled "Design Just Yesterday"; such are its viewpoints. Just as Thomas Mann has found that the literary artist can no longer ignore politics, so the industrial designer finds that his problem is funda-

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mentally affected by those who hold political and economic power. No one who has taken the trouble to observe the actual design of *this* day can try, as Teague does, to slur over "führers and commissars" as mere passing nuisances.

In the light of the present moment it seems important to call attention to a book published a year ago and not given the popular attention it deserves. The minute one emphasizes "führers and commissars" as influences over design, it is expected that one will go along with the social diagnoses of Lewis Mumford. On the contrary, the deep value, for real students, of Buckminster Fuller's "Nine Chains to the Moon" is that it departs radically from Mr. Mumford's characteristic attitudes. In warning it must be said that the book places every hurdle of eccentricity in the reader's path. Penetrating these eccentricities and a number of errors, the reader finds an absorbing drama of the current industrial world in fresh terms. Also, he finds constant emphasis on the breaks—called the "random element." In other words, the active worker in fields of design is encouraged by precept and example to hold his mind ready, adaptable, mobile, swift in converting openings. It is a quality of utmost value this minute. The difficulty with a solemn, comprehensive "planning" approach like Mumford's is that it tends to believe that nothing can be done until everything is done. Infatuation with the togetherness of the all makes serious rifts appear to be complete breakdowns. Self-seeking interests always use the rifts; it is time for the generous to absorb the technique of swift conversion. DOUGLAS HASKELL

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OSCAR WILDE AND THE YELLOW NINETIES. By Frances Winwar. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

REMINDING us that if our achievement is evanescent our follies are perennial, Miss Winwar's study is an "Only Yesterday" of the nineties. Colorful, acute, if not often more than that, "Oscar Wilde" presents a fine cavalcade of decadence and eruption: the earnest aestheticism of Ruskin, the New Hellenism of Pater, Lily Langtry, whom Wilde, "wishing her classic perfection lighted by some intellectual beam," brought to Newton's lectures on Greek art, Swinburne, Dowson, Beardsley, Hopkins, Solomon, and the rest of that generation who lacked only a Gertrude Stein to pronounce their epitaph. And across the Channel their French counterparts, the Rimbauds, Verlaines, Huysmans, and Moreaus, beside whom, it must be admitted, the English aesthetes are like Dickensian infants.

Piecing together a balanced and honest study of Wilde is in itself a difficult job in view of the diverse accounts of Harris, Douglas, Ross, who often contradict each other and sometimes, as in the case of Lord Douglas, themselves too. Having read her Havelock Ellis, moreover, Miss Winwar brings to her study, if not always complete understanding, greater psychological insight than Wilde's previous biographers. As the popular literary historian of the nineteenth century Miss Winwar needs no further words of introduction, but I'd like to add that this seems to me her best work so far. Her error usually lies in her sympathy. If she, unlike Wilde's everyman, doesn't kill the thing she loves, she tends to damage it by an excess of affection. Here, however, allowing her wit and realism fuller play, she makes her work harder and more effective. Tracing Wilde's disordered personality to Speranza, who is probably the oddest and most odious mother in literary chronicles, relating his work to the aesthetic movements of his time, viewing his final tragedy against the Victorian moral dogmas, Miss Winwar has performed a valuable service. Her Wilde emerges as a social being rather than an esoteric excrescence. The incredible Oscar becomes credible.

Perhaps all too credible. For using Wilde thus as the figure of his society, Miss Winwar has in large part taken from him his own gallant conception of himself. The apostle of the new freedom is now merely the symbol of a curious middle-class orgy, first of release and then of repression. This unique and dazzling personage, with his infantile emotions and abstract loves, his black silk stockings, velvet jackets, and publicity mania, this entrepreneur of his own genius, this "ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical, greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, *je-ne-sais-quoi* young man," becomes almost, as it were, a case history for the analyst, a problem in deviation for the anthropologist, a study in cultural trends for the sociologist. Thus society chains us all, and those who, like Wilde, fled from a hostile and materialistic environment revealed their descent in their denunciations. "Gentlemen," Wilde said on his deathbed, "I fear I am dying beyond my means," but he had in fact lived, as generally we all do, strictly according to them.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

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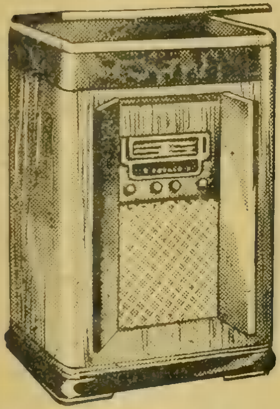

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DRAMA

Two Stars

VINCENT SHEEAN'S comedy drama "An International Incident" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) serves as a starring vehicle for Ethel Barrymore, who recovers her youth and plays a "glamorous" heroine once more. It also serves as a vehicle for the author's opinion on the subject of our current World War and the role which the United States ought not to play in it. Unfortunately these two functions rather get in each other's way, with the result that the piece is neither fish nor fowl nor good red propaganda. A great deal of the available time is spent in permitting the minor characters to agree enthusiastically that the lady impersonated by Miss Barrymore is a paragon of wit, charm, beauty, and *je ne sais quoi.* In what remains, Mr. Sheean can explain only very sketchily indeed that the Allies are not really crusaders for liberty and that, so far as the bulk of citizens are concerned, it behooves them to win the war for their rights within each separate government before concerning themselves greatly over the question which national government is going to dominate Europe. If I understand him aright, he is, in other words, trying to say that the class war is more significant than the present international struggle; but he is, at the same time, so busy keeping Miss Barrymore important that he rather suggests an earnest young radical at a tea party. It is terribly difficult to explain Marx between compliments to the hostess's costume and replies to that all important question "How many lumps?"

Miss Barrymore plays an American-born woman who has lived most of her life in England and been married to various important people. When the play opens, she has just come to America for a lecture tour, and she is confronted at her hotel by a young reporter who tells her that her lectures about the charm of English life are propaganda whether she knows it or not. This young reporter turns out to be a distant cousin from her own home town, and by Act II he is confessing that he is desperately in love with her—principally because he has heard about her "glamour" all his life and she is to him a sort of faraway princess. He cannot persuade her to requite this passion, which, I must say, seems to me a bit too adolescent to be taken seriously in a man old enough to understand world politics, but he does persuade her to visit a picket line with him. She gets bashed over the head by a policeman, confesses that this experience has enabled her to understand what the young man has been talking about, and then returns to England with another old school tie whom she has just agreed to marry. At one time I took it for granted that the story was about to develop into a conflict between love and honor, with the young reporter torn between his passion for the lady and his hatred of her as a "class enemy." But not even this possible connection between the two themes is made, and the glamorous role apparently written for Miss Barrymore continues to seem quite irrelevant to Mr. Sheean's political thesis. In one sense the play is not badly written. The dialogue is literate and reasonably convincing. But it is also rather plodding and pretty consistently dull.

I suspect, moreover, that there is a reason for the failure of the play more fundamental than those suggested by any of the technical deficiencies alluded to. A successful political comedy cannot be written merely by providing a few comic embellishments to an essentially earnest argument. Comedy implies an inclusive attitude toward life as a whole, and Mr. Sheean is certainly not a man to whom a mood of detachment and irony seems appropriate considering the present state of world affairs. Even a born comic writer like Mr. Behrman finds it difficult to maintain the tone of comedy when dealing with certain subject matters. Mr. Sheean's attempt to be light succeeds only in creating an effect of superficiality.

"Lady in Waiting" (Martin Beck Theater) has been dramatized by Margery Sharp from her own very popular novel "The Nutmeg Tree," but it also is first and foremost a "vehicle"—this time for the blonde and obstreperous comedienne Gladys George, who takes a bath on the stage, kicks an English lady aristocrat in the rear, and otherwise enjoys herself. Friends who have read the novel tell me that the story of the adventures of a rowdy but good-hearted American cast by fate into a respectable British circle has been broadened considerably, but the audience plainly enjoys it, and also approves very highly of Miss George's spirited performance. As for myself, I think that I should have liked the latter better if Miss George had been less inclined to ask so plainly for the laughs which, I must confess, she gets. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

WHEN the record reviewer of the *New Statesman and Nation* is not discussing an American orchestral recording that he can call bad, he calls an inferior European recording as bad as an American. From this sort of thing one realizes after a while that the gentleman (he is a Sackville-West) not only has an ear which can perceive the harshness of the recording in Toscanini's set of Mozart's G minor, but has the attitude toward things American with which some Englishmen—even some of the Englishmen who write in a magazine like the *New Statesman and Nation*—keep themselves warm in a cold world, and which prevents this one from crediting America with its occasional successes—chiefly Stokowski's recordings, which reproduce to an amazing degree the rich sound he produces with the Philadelphia Orchestra. But in saying this I am myself not denying the failures, among which I include some of the Boston Symphony's recent recordings: in Beethoven's Second the reverberation made the sound of the orchestra coarse; and even without this reverberation the tone in Haydn's Symphony No. 102 had an extreme and harsh brilliance in place of the sensitive glow that I am accustomed to hearing in Carnegie Hall. In the new set of Debussy's "La Mer" (Victor: M-643, $6.50) the brilliance is not harsh; and having heard the orchestra in Symphony Hall, Boston, a few weeks ago I know that the records reproduce the brilliance one hears in this hall if one sits anywhere but in the extreme rear (and the microphones, of course, are placed in the front). But the sounds which are reproduced with startling clarity and fidelity on the second and third records of the set are heard in a slight haze on the first record, and in some places are seriously distorted; and on my copy of this record the splendor of the midday sun at the end wavers in pitch.

All this is important because it is the refinement and subtlety of his sonorities that make Koussevitzky the outstanding conductor of Debussy's "Nuages," "Fêtes," and "L'après-midi d'un faune." These sonorities are heard in "La Mer"; but this is a much later and much more complex work, and its more complex organization of material involves many more subtleties of pace; and here a surprising thing happens: Koussevitzky is often criticized, and often justly, for in-

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flating slight changes of pace into enormous ones, as he does occasionally in this work; but although Debussy directs that the second movement be played *"dans un rhythme très souple"* and implements this general direction with particular ones like *"Cédez,"* then *"Animez,"* then *"au Mouvement,"* Koussevitzky's pace here and during most of the first part of the movement is almost metronomically rigid. The importance of this is that Debussy's directions represent a purpose in his mind, an effect which he wants and which is not achieved when Koussevitzky does not obey them. And though Koussevitzky does this evidently because he does not sense from the directions what Debussy wants to achieve with them, I, listening, feel an inadequacy at these points. There are a few details of this sort, but only a few; and they are flaws in a highly impressive performance of the work.

The records issued originally by the New York *Post*, which I discussed in the issue of March 2, are now being distributed all over the country through newspapers, schools, and local committees by the National Committee for Music Appreciation, National Press Building, Washington, D. C. The low price has caused enormous quantities of these records to be bought by people who have found the Victor and Columbia prices prohibitive; the enormous quantities have made possible the low price; and what began as a scheme for promoting newspaper circulation has thus developed into a large-quantity-low-price system of record production through which for the first time the potential usefulness of the phonograph record in the diffusion of music in the nation is actually being achieved (the low price of the Decca repressings has been nullified by the poor quality of many of them). The system is one by which social usefulness can be combined with financial profit; but until now Victor and Columbia have preferred the profits without social usefulness of high-price-small-quantity production; and they still do: not only is Victor maintaining its Red Seal prices, but Columbia is stepping up its Masterworks prices to the Victor level.

The social usefulness of the phonograph record is achieved not only by the sale of records at low prices but by the lending of records precisely as books are lent; and the National Committee has taken an important first step in this direction by presenting fifty copies of each of the ten sets in its series to the Newark Public Library for free lending. Newark was selected, says the director of the National Committee, because it is "a typical American city and the center of a North Jersey community which seems to offer an exceptional opportunity for acquainting a large number of persons with this great music." I would say that a community more remote from the large music centers would have offered a better opportunity for the purpose; and I hope that the National Committee's next step will be to extend its generosity to such communities all over the country. And after that there will be another step: to extend the collection beyond the National Committee's present ten sets. This may be a step for the libraries themselves to take: it may become a matter of course for them to use their funds for records as well as books.

B. H. HAGGIN

Prologue to February

[*Continued from Page 479*]

"Comrade Scheller takes the dark view. That is his right. But there are many comrades, with perhaps even greater experience and insight than he, who are convinced we can strengthen the government's democratic wing by passive tolerance. Their aim is the same as Scheller's, only they want to reach it by a bloodless way without the risk of civil war with consequences no one can foresee. They say that the government will recover its reason. Scheller asserts that it has none left. This difference of opinion constitutes our crucial problem. And since no man can be sure which is right and which is wrong, I am persuaded that we must be ready for either eventuality. Such is my solution of our differences."

Now the men at the table applauded. The eyes of the union leader spoke a "very good" as Hippmann reached for the water once more, not for oratorical reasons this time but because his tongue really cleaved to his palate. An unhappy feeling came over him. He was arguing well; he was contending with more shrewdness than he himself approved against a simple worker. But what did words mean to this man Scheller? He yielded not an inch; that he could see.

He went on rapidly. They must prepare for peace, for a Viennese peace against the barbarism of Berlin; they must demonstrate their strength by calmness and unity, and neither provoke nor allow themselves to be provoked into action; they must enlighten public opinion in the great democracies, appeal to the League of Nations, rally the comrades in England and France, not forget that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs was a Socialist. And at the same time rely upon themselves, expect the worst, prepare the general strike as answer to any decisive attack on the republic, and keep the Defense Corps intact in spite of all regulations and arrests. Every confiscated store of arms must be replaced by two new ones. Nerves must be kept steady. Let the enemy come out of his trenches and advance—when it was war, then war! "That is my opinion and, let no one confuse you, that is also the tactic determined upon by the supreme council of the party. Whoever breaks our front, however excellent his motive, has no longer a place in the party. Our solidarity is our strength. But those of another opinion should openly profess it."

The speaker sat down amid the applause of the old guard. Among the opposition no hand stirred. The chairman proposed a resolution exacting the strictest discipline and warning against a repetition of any public action not sanctioned by the governing council. Debate on the question followed at once. It was almost eight o'clock.

Hippmann took another sip of water, but the flat taste of his words remained in his mouth. It had been only another of those speeches of appeasement that he had been delivering month in and month out. In half an hour the resolution would be passed and everybody

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would go home. How many hundreds of resolutions had he caused to be passed in his life? And to what end? What labor of Sisyphus! Scheller was much better off; he had no doubts. If he could only get out of this stuffy room, into the street, out of the district, and go to strange places, be alone and unknown. Not to have to act. To be permitted to think once more, from the very beginning. How tired he was. . . .

One committeeman after another spoke for the resolution. Then suddenly a railroad worker asked skeptically how the party proposed to educate the members to be ready to fight if it never permitted even a partial action. There was applause from the opposition. Another speaker, a white-collar worker with spectacles, declared, obviously against his will, in a tone of apology, that he had been delegated by his group to demand that the party leadership should "not imitate the shameful example of the German comrades but lead the Austrian proletariat, with arms in their hands, against the enemies of democracy." The opposition applauded more violently, and then the union leader, Müller, asked for the floor.

Müller was an honest man who sent his four children to the very best schools despite his small salary. Bosses and employees equally valued and feared him. There was no getting around his facts and figures and his tough leathery way of insisting on them again and again. Easy victories in wage disputes gave him no pleasure; he was proud of compromises arrived at with difficulty. He knew only facts and the logic of facts. He detested the formulations, half-emotional, half-intellectual, that the politicians used. Such phrases as "with arms in their hands" he could not bear. Only his old Viennese coachman's mustache betrayed his warm nature. His voice clicked like an adding machine.

"I am, thank God, no militarist. But this much I do know, that we have not enough fists and not enough weapons to offer effective resistance to the military power of the government, which, including the army, the police, the gendarmes, and the Home Guard, amounts to at least 100,000 men. I am also told that bombing planes, tanks, artillery, and poison gas are more effective than rusty rifles. No, in a purely military conflict with the government we are lost, even if every Defense Corps man is a hero. We have just one effective weapon, and that is the general strike, if it succeeds. It must be thoroughly prepared, and the provocation for it must be powerful enough to command the adherence of every shop. We union people know how hard it is these days to carry through even a small strike. The fear of unemployment is stronger than the desire for better working conditions. There are more and more strike-breakers. These are facts which even Comrade Scheller cannot deny. There are periods of advance and periods of retreat, even of retreat with losses. We must gain time. Every day of peace is a day won . . ."

The opposition burst out noisily. A young fellow plunged forward to the council table. "And when is an occasion grave enough for a general strike?" he cried. "The suppression of Parliament wasn't enough for you. And of course you can't start a civil war over such trifling issues as the freedom of the press or the Supreme Court. Don't you realize that we're being slowly choked to death? Soon we'll have nothing left to fight for. We must get out of this blind alley into which you have led us. Every day of peace drives us deeper into it."

A second young worker, obviously a Defense Corps man, came forward. "And if we wait until you think that a general strike might succeed we won't have a gun left. They're confiscating arms every day. They know why. They are afraid of us, not of you. That's their tactic: first to disarm us and then to attack us. And you defend them."

"They don't want to fight at all, these capitulators," cried the first of the two young men, shaking his fist at Müller.

Violent protests rose along the table. The chairman rang his bell, but the voices drowned it out. Hippmann sat without stirring, the leader listening to the voices of the people. Müller restored order by leaving his place and going slowly up to the two young men. He stopped just in front of them. Complete silence fell.

"You're too young, both of you, to be able to insult me," he said in a trembling voice, his face pale with rage. "But because you are so young and have as yet no insight of your own, and since some day the responsibility you want to assume so frivolously will be on your shoulders, I'll tell you what would happen if we made mistakes today. It would simply be the end of us—the end of a cultural work of decades and the end of the finest workers' movement in the world. And the end of all those who have built it up through sacrifice after sacrifice. The personal end of all of us."

In early issues of

THE *Nation*

Meyer Levin's
CITIZENS
Reviewed by Margaret Marshall

Louis MacNeice's
AUTUMN JOURNAL
Reviewed by John Peale Bishop

Hippmann heard Müller returning to his place, every step, it was so still. He felt a motion through the stillness, the turning of many heads, and Hippmann knew without looking up that Scheller was about to speak.

Scheller had risen. "Comrades," he said, as the silence deepened still more, "I do not speak now in the name of the traffic union of my district. Its attitude, on the whole, is not very different from that of other shops. They say that they will join in a general strike if the word is given; I don't know how it will be when we get that far. No one can foretell that today; too many sins have already been committed. Comrade Müller has gone over all the reasons for prudence which he thinks we ought to keep in mind, and I'm quite sure that each of them is sound enough. But in my opinion the battle can no longer be avoided for the simple reason that the enemy is forcing it upon us. It is too late for speech-making. Since we shall have to fight it is better to fight at once, today and not tomorrow, before the Defense Corps is disarmed and all its leaders arrested. Every day of peace is a day lost. I speak in the name of a great group of workers who look upon it as their duty, without further question, to defend the republic. For no one denies any longer that this republic is being betrayed every day by its government. We want simply to carry out the provisions of the party program. Our former confidence in the party leadership is dead. We are afraid it might deliver us up to our enemies without striking a blow, just as the leadership of the German party did with the workers of Germany. This possibility we must and will prevent. I beg Comrade Hippmann to tell the council that our patience is at an end. After the fifteenth of February, that is two weeks from today, we shall no longer consider ourselves subject to its direction unless in the meantime it gives up its tactics of retreat. Yes, the demonstration we organized was a test of strength. It had nothing to do, however, with the government or the police. It was a demonstration against the party leadership. Comrade Hippmann has called us the advance guard of the workers of Vienna. I promise you we will seek to deserve this name. We will fight, and if necessary, to the last man."

Every hard, unemotional word struck home. Something unalterable sounded in every sentence. Fear, incomprehension, confusion, resignation to a long-expected fate were visible on the faces of the old guard. No one stirred. There was no applause, no sign of agreement or indignation. It was as if the command to war had been given, as if death stood in the room.

"We have listened patiently to a declaration which means nothing less than overt rebellion. Irresponsible comrades whose numbers I do not know wish to impose their will upon the party, to rule by threat its elected officers and in this hour of greatest danger to desert to measures of despair. Comrade Scheller and his friends have put themselves outside the party. I shall move for their exclusion. The whole world is caught up in processes of such colossal change that they will determine the history of man for many generations. It is not for a handful of rash men to imagine that they are wiser than the whole class to which they belong. But we shall repulse also this attack. Traitors will be treated as traitors."

The last sentence cracked like a whip. Scheller stood with lowered head, eyes fixed on space. Slowly he raised it and advanced one step. The silence and the tension were now almost unbearable.

"Comrade Hippmann, who by the way has shown his true face at last, is quite right," he said, emphasizing every word. "We are violating the party laws. We must be excluded. I was ready for that. But I must confess that it hits me harder than I thought it would. I have lived my whole life, since I was able to think, within the party. Just before the war, when I was an apprentice, I entered the youth organization. My whole existence, everything beautiful that raises us above eating and drinking, everything good, has come to me through the party. Only through its teachings I became a human being; I am at home in the party as nowhere else. It hurts, and I can't imagine being outside it . . ."

He interrupted himself. There was still much that he wanted to say, but it was all private. The sad feeling that mounted in him was also not good. More rapidly he continued:

". . . But don't you see that it's no longer important whether we can win or not. The important thing for us is to prove that our ideals are worth our very lives. Otherwise the others would be right. If we die fighting, our ideals will live."

Scheller sat down abruptly, although he did not seem to be through. The men of the old guard were silent as if they were listening to the unsaid as well. There was a pause in which the chairman, holding the little bell firmly in his hand, looked uncertainly from Hippmann to Müller and back again. Finally he asked, "Does anyone else wish to speak?" Evidently no one. He turned to the principal speaker, to allow him to make his final remarks. But Hippmann waved his hand. No final remarks. The resolution condemning the demonstration and breach of discipline was adopted by a large majority.

Hippmann heard the formalities of closing proceed around him while the final remarks he had refused to make worked within him. Why did he not make them? He could have been conciliatory. He could have begun with Scheller's love and reverence and gratitude for the party; he might have expressed a deep sympathy for this feeling, which was so much more than loyalty to an organization, rather the symbol of the profound cultural aspirations of the poor, laboring human being. Starting with that, he could have expanded the order of the day into the infinite. Leaving petty politics behind him, he could have talked about culture, the future, humanity, good and evil, the imperfection of the created being and his innate yearning for perfection—a fountain of beautiful and stimulating mysterious words to refresh these weary men who had come from the machines to consider how best to defend their little freedom. Freedom—he could have pronounced the word in such a fashion that it would have had a single unequivocal meaning, would have meant the whole of life, the very right to breathe and the right to think. He could have got hold of this Scheller with words and shaken his very heart. "Confidence in our sacred cause and courage, but not the courage of desperation." He heard himself saying it, but he was not saying it. A bad day. Why had he let things come to this? Did he want everything, finally, to come to an end?

Then he heard the moving of chairs and the scraping of feet and said, "Goodnight, children," and whispered to the chairman that Scheller was to wait for him. Quite aside from party discipline, premature action was madness. . . . Hippmann's mind worked as he pressed many calloused hands. They liked him, these men. These handclasps were really the single thing that remained of his whole life. And weren't they worth more than everything else? If only the air had not been so stuffy; they should open the windows. When Hippmann looked for Scheller, he was gone. It cut him to the very heart. "He wouldn't wait," someone said.

The chairman, who always thought it an honor to accompany the speaker of a meeting to the tramway or to an automobile, was the first to notice how Hippmann, when he tried to rise, sank slowly forward and swept the bell from the table with his arm. He rushed to his side, supported the fainting man, made him lean back, and opened his tie, collar, and waistcoat. Someone ran into the hall calling for members of the Worker Samaritans, quite forgetting in his excitement that the Socialist Red Cross had long been outlawed.

Hippmann recovered quickly. It was only a passing attack of weakness. He had them often now. Too little sleep, no vacation for years, no relaxation, and always these exciting arguments and explanations in halls filled with foul air. The chairman wanted to get a taxi, but Hippmann declined. Without a word, waving farewell and thanks with a still uncertain gesture, he left the hall. The chairman and secretary followed him softly, at a distance, down the stairs. Then, near a tattered "Merry Widow" poster, they stood and looked silently after the tall man, whose left shoulder was pulled down from years of carrying a heavy briefcase, until he disappeared into the mist of the late winter night.

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Twentieth Century Fund
330 W. 42nd St., Room 2007-C. New York

Letters to the Editors

"Hoosier Hitler"

Dear Sirs: Milton S. Mayer's article on "Pretty Boy McNutt" in your issue of March 30 is one of the best of many articles on that Presidential aspirant which I have read.

Nevertheless, I think Mr. Mayer, like many other writers, spoils his picture by one serious omission, or perhaps more accurately, a misstatement, concerning McNutt's activities in Terre Haute. The reason I dubbed the Governor a "Hoosier Hitler" was not because he sent troops to Terre Haute at the request of local authorities; most governors would have done the same, although the local authorities greatly exaggerated the danger. The general strike was over in twenty-four hours.

I called McNutt a "Hoosier Hitler" because he extended to Terre Haute and Vigo County exactly the same military rule which Mr. Mayer correctly describes in Sullivan County, and continued that military rule from six to eight months, long after the troops were withdrawn. It was only after I had held a public demonstration meeting that its rigor was relaxed. No man in American life has invented a more skilful way to evade the constitutional guaranties of civil liberty than this. Simply by perpetuating military law after the need for the physical presence of troops had passed, McNutt made himself, through the military, completely the master over the ordinary rights of citizens. If this doesn't justify the title "Hoosier Hitler" I don't know what does.

I think Mr. Mayer also is guilty of playing down Mr. McNutt's imperialism. He is a very skilful advocate of the retention of the Philippines, and that on frankly imperialist grounds—grounds that would make me profoundly distrustful of him in the White House.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, April 5

A Clarification

Dear Sirs: In my article on Thomas E. Dewey which appeared in *The Nation* for March 16, 1940, I mentioned George Z. Medalie's name, and I find that I may have left an inference that Mr. Medalie was tied up with the Albany beer barons. I thought I had clearly negated this suggestion, but since my mention of Mr. Medalie may be subject to another reading, in deference to him I am happy to state that I never intended to imply such a connection.

JOHN RICHMOND

New York, April 3

Conspiracy in the Northwest

Dear Sirs: The March 23 issue of *The Nation* carried an article by Herbert Lundy called The Laura Law Murder. In my opinion, this piece might far better have been titled Smoke Screens Out of the Northwest, for it blankets the real issues as thoroughly as smoke from a Washington State forest fire.

Laura Law's murder, the raid on the hall of the Finnish Workers' Federation, the numerous acts of violence directed against labor organizers and their sympathizers, the open calls for vigilante action by employer groups, and the failure of the local authorities to maintain law and order are clearly the result of a conspiracy on the part of big business interests in the Northwest to deprive the population of their civil rights.

The situation in Grays Harbor County is not unlike that which recently existed in Bloody Harlan County in Kentucky. But although the Department of Justice has had submitted to it a detailed analysis of the existing situation, it has so far failed to act.

There is now in the process of formation a national committee which will have as its main task the bringing about of an investigation by the Department of Justic. Dick Law and the working people of Grays Harbor County need the support of all those who recognize the necessity for defending our civil liberties. Anything that will tend to lessen that support gives further strength to those who would subvert the Bill of Rights to their own personal interests.

Quite obviously, these same people hope to hide the real facts from the general public by fanning into flame prejudices aroused by the Soviet-Finnish war and the alleged pro-Communist sympathies of some of Dick Law's defenders. It is regrettable that Mr. Lundy has failed to see through these devices or to emphasize the real issues for the benefit of *Nation* readers.

LOUIS P. BIRK,
Vice-President, Modern Age Books

New York, April 4

A "Bertrand Russell Fund"

Dear Sirs: Four years from now, when my son and daughter enter college, I want to realize an old hope that they will profit by association with minds as honest and as rich as Bertrand Russell's. The court decision voiding Mr. Russell's appointment to City College makes me fear that my children may be subjected instead only to association with children handicapped by bigoted parents and a faculty selected by politicians.

I am convinced that the overwhelming majority of sincere and thinking United States citizens concur with the New York Board of Higher Education. But I do not want merely to register a conviction or a sense of outrage. I know that court tests are costly; and that lost liberties are costlier. So I inclose my check for $50 made out to *The Nation*, confident that your readers, under your leadership, will further swell a fund dedicated to Bertrand Russell's reinstatement—or let it read, the reinstatement of American civil rights.

ELY CULBERTSON

New York, April 5

Let's Look at the Record

Dear Sirs: I have never read such mean-minded personal vilification as Lovell Thompson stoops to in his review of Claude Fuess's "Calvin Coolidge" in your issue of March 9. I presume from the tone of the article that Mr. Thompson is a worshiper at the shrine of the Great God Roosevelt. If so, how would he welcome such comment on his hero (post mortem, too) as he bestows on Mr. Coolidge—"runt with a pickle puss." Attack a man on his record if you will but not for his physical characteristics. Mr. Thompson's review, moreover, hardly considered the book, but was merely an attack on the man. Really, this sort of thing isn't worthy of you. Hitherto I have always thought *The Nation* honest and fair.

JOHN E. HERZOG

Bradford, Pa., April 2

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THE GREATEST JOURNALISTIC SCOOP OF THE war to date is Leland Stowe's account in the New York *Post* and Chicago *Daily News* of how Oslo was betrayed to the Nazis and fell into their hands with scarcely the firing of a shot. And the "gigantic conspiracy" itself is the most sensational coup so far carried out by the masters of cunning in Berlin. According to Mr. Stowe, the conspiracy was so thoroughly and faultlessly organized that every key position in Oslo, including those commanding the actions of Norway's defending forts and ships, was in German hands before the invaders arrived. Norwegian boats were ordered to put their men ashore unarmed and did so without questioning the authenticity of the order; Norwegian forts were ordered not to fire. Mine controls were cut. Only one mine-layer which did not receive the false orders went about its business—and sank the cruiser Emden; one fort missed the orders and is said to have sunk the cruiser Blücher. But fifteen hundred Germans walked into Oslo unchallenged. Afterward the woman in the telegraph office who had addressed Mr. Stowe in English spoke German. Two days later 20,000 more German troops were landed. All over Norway, including Narvik, the German espionage accomplished similar if smaller miracles. It is undoubtedly preparing such miracles in other small nations whose independence the Reich aspires to "protect."

*

THE DECISION OF THE BOARD OF HIGHER Education in New York City to carry the ouster of Bertrand Russell to the higher courts was an act of simple justice which the case demanded; but in the face of the pressure applied by assorted bigots and politicians, it was also an act of courage for which the board deserves the highest praise. Mayor LaGuardia had long since ranged himself with the McGeehans and the Bishop Mannings; the Corporation Counsel had the effrontery to say in a letter to the board that "the vindication of the board's position . . . will best be served by not taking an appeal." Every teacher in the country should be grateful to the board for standing firm against an attack on academic freedom all the more dangerous for being launched in the country's largest city.

*

THE BEST NEWS SO FAR IN THE PRIMARIES is the defeat of Senator Edward R. Burke for renomination on the Democratic ticket in Nebraska. His victorious opponent, Governor Cochran, is pledged to support the New Deal, which Senator Burke has consistently knifed. Cochran's election in November should end the embarrassment Nebraskans must feel in having such completely dissimilar representatives in the Senate as George W. Norris and Edward R. Burke. Nebraska may also have helped to decide who will be the Republican Party's Presidential candidate by the vote it gave Thomas E. Dewey as against Senator Vandenberg. The Nebraska figures have increased the New Yorker's chances for the Republican nomination, as did the results of the primaries in both Wisconsin and Illinois, where the voters seemed to prefer him to Vandenberg. The huge six-to-one lead piled up by Mr. Roosevelt over Vice-President Garner in Illinois at least indicates that no third-term bogy will make Illinois voters prefer a conservative to a New Dealer. That feeling is not limited to Illinois.

*

IN THE NEW YORK PRIMARIES OF APRIL 2 the right-wing group of the American Labor Party, faithful to Franklin D. Roosevelt, won a victory over the left wing, faithful to John L. Lewis. Led by Alex Rose and Luigi Antonini, the right wing charges the opposition, headed by Morris Watson and Eugene P. Connolly, with Communist leadership and with an attempt to make the A. L. P. a front for the Communist Party by traditional Trojan-horse and rule-or-ruin tactics. The Watson faction, which calls itself the Progressive Committee to Rebuild the American Labor Party, accuses what it terms the Old Guard of fraud in the subsequent meeting of the state committee. Specifically the Progressive Committee charges that proxies were obtained by misrepresentation, coercion, and bribery. The Rose-Antonini faction returns the accusation and says that the Watson forces were discredited on the floor when several dele-

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gates put in an unexpected appearance and disavowed letters purporting to have come from them naming progressive proxies. Naturally there is speculation as to whether the party faces a split. The size of the Watson vote indicates that whether or not the left wing is dominated by Communists, it represents a sizable rank-and-file opposition to the present party leadership. If the Watson faction is in fact a Communist wedge, it is hard to see what it would gain by withdrawing. It is more likely to continue its present policy of hamstringing the leadership by court injunctions, an opposition press, and other hampering devices. Rose supporters say that it has cost the Watson faction some $30,000 so far to carry on such activities. If this is true, it would be enlightening to find out who put up the money and whether there is more to come.

*

THE CHRISTIAN FRONT CONSPIRACY TRIAL has thus far produced little that is startling or revealing. Every effort is apparently being made—by the prosecution as well as by the defense—to keep Coughlin's name out of the proceedings; likewise the names of his respectable mouthpieces in Brooklyn, from Edward Lodge Curran down. Prospective jurors were asked whether they had read such inflammatory journals as *Life* and *Look* (suspected of hostility to Coughlin); they were not asked whether they read *Social Justice* or the *Tablet*. The defense attorneys contend that their clients were preparing to defend the republic against a "Communist uprising." They charge that the chief government witness was planted in the Front by "Communists" as an *agent provocateur*. When one of the defendants abruptly commits suicide, his attorney blames it on "threatening letters" from "Jews and Communists." All this is obvious camouflage; it is the stale war cry of anti-democratic groups everywhere. But the prosecution, seemingly reluctant to tread on Catholic toes, finds itself on the defensive. The whole trial has an air of unreality and unimportance because of the taboos which prevail. If only seventeen men were involved in the terrorist plans, they were scarcely a menace to the republic; if Coughlin and his cohorts in high places knew what was happening, the plot assumes greater proportions. Unless this question is answered, the trial may prove to be without meaning.

*

AS THE NEXT FISCAL YEAR APPROACHES, the Administration has rightly become somewhat panicky at the prospect of cutting the WPA to conform with the President's January budget estimates. Instead of admitting his error, the President has permitted Colonel Harrington to appear before the House Appropriation Committee with the suggestion that the Woodrum amendment of last year be withdrawn so that the appropriation can be drawn on as needed, thus making it possible for the Administration to come back for more funds if necessary. Colonel Harrington pointed out that the adoption of the President's budget estimates would require that the WPA rolls be cut from the present level of 2,300,000 workers to an average of 1,350,000 for the 1940-41 fiscal year—a reduction of over 41 per cent. About $1,500,000,000 would be required to maintain the WPA rolls at around 2,000,000—the average for the past year. A reduction below the 2,000,000 mark at the present level of employment would obviously invite a repetition of the 1937-38 recession. But instead of asking Congress to write a blank check by eliminating the Woodrum amendment, the Administration would do well to get behind the Pepper bill, which by fixing the relief expenditures for the year at the realistic figure of $1,627,000,000 would permit the WPA to be maintained at its present level.

*

AN ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE IN THE NEXT few days to put through the Barden amendments to the wage-hour law as an aid to "agriculture," although the real purpose of the amendments is to exempt canning, packing, sugar, tobacco, and lumber interests from minimum-wage and maximum-hour restrictions. California and the rest of the Pacific Coast have been made familiar—by the Associated "Farmers"—with the technique of using farmers as a front for banking and big-business interests. The Barden amendments represent the first effort to apply the same technique on a national scale. Senator James T. Murray in a radio debate with Congressman Barden said he didn't think intelligent farmers were "going to fall for this bluff." But too many Congressmen may.

*

ADOPTION BY THE SENATE OF THE BILL extending the Trade Agreements Act for three more years represents the most significant victory achieved by the New Deal at this session of Congress. Although the Administration forces were strong enough to turn back all proposed amendments, the margin by which they were rejected was uncomfortably small. Putting partisanship above the interests of the country or of their constituents, the Republicans to a man supported every amendment as it came up. They were joined not only by conservative Democrats like Glass and Johnson (Colorado), but by Senators Bone, Pittman, and O'Mahoney, who ordinarily support the Administration. Even Minnesota's two Farmer-Labor Senators, Shipstead and Lundeen, and the Progressive La Follette were lined up with the reactionaries on this issue. The Democratic split was largely on sectional lines. Many conservative Southerners joined with the urban New Dealers in support of the bill, while the Western Democrats aligned themselves with the Republicans on the wholly erroneous theory that certain mining interests were likely to be endangered by the reciprocal trade program. Although the victory is an important one in principle for economic liberalism, its practical significance is yet to be seen. The application of the idea of reciprocity in the post-war world is bound to be even more difficult than in the thirties, when it was none too easy.

*

JAPAN'S BID FOR CONTROL OF SHANGHAI'S International Settlement was decisively set back by the victory of the Anglo-American bloc in last week's municipal-council elections. Stimulated by a vast increase in the Nipponese population of the Settlement during the past few years, the local Japanese sought to overthrow the gentlemen's agreement under which seats on the council have been apportioned among the various nationalities and to seize outright control by force of numbers. They neglected, however, to take fully into account Shanghai's antiquated electoral system. In addition to having a strict property qualification which restricts suffrage to a small minority, Shanghai permits plural voting for large property owners. Ordinarily, only a handful of voters bother to turn out for the elections. This year, faced by a determined challenge from the Japanese, the large British landowners not only turned out but split their holdings so as to create additional taxpayers, and thus easily turned back the Japanese threat. The defeat comes as a bitter blow to Tokyo, for the International Settlement has been a thorn in its side ever since the occupation of the Chinese areas of the city in 1937. Seizure of the Settlement by force of arms has been threatened several times in the past, but seems hardly likely now in view of Japan's present efforts to win British support for the "New Order in Asia."

*

TOM GIRDLER'S NAME WILL FOREVER BEAR the bloody stain of the Chicago Memorial Day massacre, but he had the cheek to tell a stockholder at the annual meeting of Republic Steel that the company has never been opposed to organized labor. "Some of my best friends," Girdler said, "are in organized labor." A stockholder's suit for $12,850,000 brought against him and his fellow-directors for losses incurred through their anti-labor policies makes some interesting allegations as to the kind of "friends" Girdler may have in the labor ranks. Among the unauthorized and costly acts cited in the stockholder's complaint is the employment of labor spies and provocateurs. The suit would hold Girdler and the other officers and directors accountable for the expenditure of $200,000 on spies and strike-breakers, $300,000 for the purchase of munitions used against strikers, $100,000 for advertising the company's labor policies, $7,500,000 for the back pay that must now be given to reinstated strikers, $2,500,000 for loss of business during the strike, $2,000,000 for liability to strikers and their families for personal injuries and deaths, and $250,000 for legal fees spent fighting the original Labor Board order now approved by the Supreme Court.

*

DISTURBING REPORTS ARE COMING FROM the Bonneville Dam power project in the Pacific Northwest, where Dr. Paul J. Raver of Chicago has recently succeeded the late J. D. Ross as administrator. Ross was a lifelong advocate of public ownership, but Raver has loudly proclaimed neutrality in the struggle between public and private power agencies. This is in direct contravention of the Bonneville Act, which specifically gives preference in the sale of power to publicly owned systems. Herbert S. Marks, brilliant young attorney for the TVA, who formerly was secretary to Federal Judge Julian W. Mack, has just resigned as Bonneville general counsel because of his disgust with Raver's policies. This situation makes all the more imperative a regional authority on the Columbia River similar to the TVA. Now three separate bureaus—the Army Engineers, the Bureau of Reclamation, and the Bonneville administration—handle government projects on one waterway. Coordination is poor, and there is costly duplication of overhead. Senator Norris has long been convinced that a Columbia Basin Authority should be established.

*

"FRIENDS OF THE LAND," A NEW SOCIETY which held its organization conference in Washington recently, deserves the support of the growing army of citizens concerned with conserving our natural resources and repairing the damage done to America's heritage by three hundred years of reckless exploitation. Backed by men of all political parties, its purpose is to educate public opinion about the importance of all kinds of conservation work relating to the soil, forests, water, and natural life. Research and field work in this subject, which have expanded so greatly in the past ten years, have driven home the lesson that no one group of specialists can cure sick land. The combined skills of the soil expert, the agronomist, the hydraulic engineer, the forester, and the biologist are needed to solve the problem. Still more important, the interest of those who live on and by the land must be enlisted, and one of the achievements of the Federal Soil Conservation Service has been its success in obtaining the cooperation of farmers. But with all that is being done by both federal and state authorities, wind and water continue to deplete our primary national capital—the soil. Vigorous propaganda is needed to obtain public support for efforts on a still larger scale, and that is the task which "Friends of the Land" promises to perform.

War, Unlimited

GERMANY'S lightning assault on the northern neutrals should have dispelled the last hopes of the small states of Europe that they could keep clear of the conflict. Either they must comply with Hitler's every command, in which case the Allies may consider their neutrality no more than a blind, or they must be prepared to be seized when German strategy requires it. Even humiliating subservience to Berlin will not save them. No small country stretched the definition of neutrality to meet German policies farther than Denmark, but this did not save it from being taken into "protective custody" when plans for the conquest of Norway called for a preliminary occupation of Denmark.

The news of German action in the north sent a wave of terror through the other small states. In many capitals, correspondents reported, the atmosphere became positively hysterical as rumors of new Nazi strokes in all directions burned up the wires. Holland and Belgium once again put their defenses on a war footing. In the Balkans there were reports of German concentrations near the Hungarian and Yugoslav borders and of an ultimatum sent to all Danubian border states demanding that Germany be allowed to police the entire length of the river. As news came through that Norway was resisting and the British fleet in action, the tension relaxed a little, but fears persist that a new coup will not be long postponed. Actually, Germany is not so likely to strike at another neutral, unless it is Sweden, while the success of its Norwegian venture is still in the balance. Hitler's policy has always been one bite at a time. He likes to grind one small state to a pulp so that it can be held out as a horrible example to others of what happens to those who resist German might. To move against either the Balkans or the Low Countries at this moment would be to risk a dispersion of forces and give new openings to the Allies. Hence, while there may be threats in various directions to discourage the dispatch of assistance to Norway, the launching of a new invasion seems improbable unless failure of the northern campaign calls for quick action elsewhere to restore prestige.

On the other hand, the Allies may now try to force a showdown. They are rumored to have made offers of protection to Holland and Belgium in the past week, and they are redoubling their efforts to defeat German economic pressure in the Balkans. For some time the British and French governments have been urging the neutrals to line up on their side. They have pointed out that safety is not to be found by cowering in the neutrality ditch, for when Germany is ready to seize a new victim, it may be too late to organize help. Even if some small states survive the war without invasion, it is argued, their hopes of retaining full independence depend on an Allied victory. There are few neutral leaders who would dispute this fact—in private, at any rate—but this does not hinder their desire to make the best of both worlds by keeping clear of war and yet eventually reaping the fruits of Nazi downfall. The fate of Denmark and Norway has provided a jolt to such wishful thinking, but terror of the ruthless German war machine is such that only actual invasion is likely to bring any neutral into the Allied camp. However, if London and Paris really begin to compete in firmness with Berlin and insist that neutrality no longer be molded to Nazi orders, Germany may feel impelled to seize the initiative as it has done in the north. So far as the Balkans are concerned, the question of forcing a showdown is complicated for the Allies by uncertainty regarding Russian and Italian reactions. There have been reports in the past few days of Soviet concentrations near Odessa close to the Bessarabian frontier. It is not believed, however, that Moscow will set the match to the Balkan powder barrel. But should Germany move against Rumania, the Soviets would probably repeat their strategy in Poland, seeking both to take possession of territory to which they have claims and to strengthen their defensive position.

It would be hard, also, for Mussolini to maintain his policy of non-belligerency if war spread to the Balkans. He has a foothold in that region since his rape of Albania, where incidentally large numbers of Italian "workmen" are reported to have been sent recently, and he has close treaty relations with Hungary and Bulgaria. But Mussolini is realist enough to want to continue as a "non-belligerent" until he is fairly certain which side will win. His sympathies and his hopes undoubtedly lie with a German victory, but a great many Italians fail to share his views. They do not want to fight, and particularly they do not want to fight Germany's battles. Even Mussolini's great propaganda machine seems unable to change these feelings. In fact, it has ceased to attempt the hopeless task of making the Italians love the Nazis and is now putting all its emphasis on the military strength of Germany, and the desperation of the Allied cause. Thus the Norwegian attack has been played up as an astounding German triumph, and the heavy losses incurred as a result of the British counter-attack are being minimized. In this way the Italian people are being schooled in the idea that the only way for them to share in the spoils of war is to play jackal to Germany's lion.

Can the Allies afford to take notice of the increasing hostility of the Italian government and force it to declare where it stands? That is a military as well as a political question which no layman can easily answer. It is known, however, that some members of the French General Staff were in favor of making Il Duce put up or shut up right at the start, believing that the plains of Italy were the best place to outflank Germany. Now that the war has spread all the way to the Arctic Circle they may be more

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doubtful about this strategy, but this, of course, may in turn steel Mussolini to make the plunge. For each widening of the conflict tends almost inevitably to spread it still farther. The myth of a localized or limited war has been drowned in the Norwegian fjords.

Truth Will Out

WHAT an investigating committee fails to do is sometimes more revealing than what it does. The Smith committee was appointed to investigate the Wagner Act and the Labor Board. Congress authorized the investigation because of charges that the act and its administration by the board were hurting business. One would think that the first, the obvious, and the important question to be answered would be the effect of the act on industrial strife. "No evidence on the matter was introduced by counsel for the committee. . . ."

The quotation is from the minority report filed by two members of the Smith committee, Representatives Healey and Murdock. The evidence they themselves present on this question is arresting. It is well known by now that the number of strikes, of men involved in them, and of man-days lost fell sharply after the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Act in 1937. Equally significant is the minority's comparison of industries subject to the Wagner Act with those which do not come under its provisions. In 1938 the number of strikes dropped 48 per cent in industries under the act as against 29 per cent in others. The number of man-days idle because of strikes declined 71 per cent in the former as compared with 51 per cent in the latter. The number of organized workers grew from 3,600,000 in 1935 to more than 8,000,000 in 1939, but more labor disputes are being settled without strikes and fewer employers are violating the act. In 1936 complaints of unfair labor practices constituted 81 per cent of new cases filed with the board. In 1939 the proportion of unfair-labor-practice cases had dropped to 65 per cent.

"No evidence on the matter was introduced by counsel for the committee." Were Chairman Smith and his two colleagues of the majority afraid of these figures? Did they conceive it to be their task to smear the board rather than to find out what effect the Wagner Act has had on labor troubles? The committee's conduct has made the answers clear. But until the minority made its report few people realized to what extent the Smith committee resorted to distortions and evasions in order to buttress the conclusions with which it started. We cannot do more than touch on the 45,000-word document in which the minority have presented their analysis of the hearings and of the committee's report.

The majority report submitted an amendment which would abolish the board's Division of Economic Research. In support of that amendment it cites testimony by Dr. Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor. It quotes Dr. Lubin as saying that at least twenty economists in his bureau are "engaged in activities similar to those performed by the Division of Economic Research." It reports Dr. Lubin's statement that his bureau had received many requests from the board for statistical work and had never refused such requests, except when the staff was inadequate or the board had wanted information in too short a time. The implication is that the board's Division of Economic Research is unnecessary and duplicates work already done by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The majority report does not mention Dr. Lubin's specific testimony that the work of the division in no way duplicates the work of the bureau. It does not mention his further opinion, expressed in the hearing, that it was "very definitely" necessary for the Labor Board, like other administrative agencies of the government, to have its own division for the collection and analysis of statistics bearing on its work. This suppression of inconvenient testimony to give a completely false picture of what Dr. Lubin really said is characteristic rather than exceptional. The minority report cites one case after another of "similar editing."

In the Berkshire Mills case the majority report left out one entire paragraph and several phrases from a letter by Edwin S. Smith to give a misleading impression of his conduct. In its discussion of the Inland Steel case it managed to overlook such a trifle as the Chicago Memorial Day massacre in its effort to make it appear that the board solicits litigation and foments labor trouble. The committee ignored admissions by its own chairman in making its much-publicized charges of "lobbying" against the board. The majority report dwelt at length on the need for "separation of functions" but passed over the fact that the board's trial attorneys, trial examiners, and review attorneys are in separate divisions and that "the board's instructions impose the strict requirement that there shall be no fraternization between trial examiner and trial attorney." Review attorneys are "under strict injunction not to communicate with or discuss cases with trial attorneys, nor, unless by special permission, with trial examiners." The minority report says, "There is no evidence in the record that these instructions have been violated, except upon such rare occasions as to be of little significance." It indicates that Chairman Smith and his two colleagues of the majority were seldom bothered by the absence of "evidence in the record" to support the findings they wanted. The committee was supposed to collect facts, but produced instead an anthology of gossip and slander. "We deplore the fact," says the minority report, "that during many weeks of investigation, counsel for the committee submitted only evidence derogatory to the board." This is the investigating committee that accuses the Labor Board of being unfair in its procedure and biased in its attitude.

Fifty Years of Pan-Americanism

FOR most persons the headlines from Scandinavia probably caused last week's celebration of fifty years of pan-American cooperation to pass unnoticed. But it is not without significance that the week which saw Europe plunge into all but complete anarchy in its international relations marked a half-century of steadily increasing cooperation among the twenty-one American republics.

The symbol of inter-American cooperation throughout these years has been the Pan-American Union, which was established April 14, 1890, at the close of the First International Conference of American States. Originally set up as a purely commercial organization, it has rapidly expanded its activities into practically every field of international relations. In this respect it has served as a model for many of the non-political activities of the League of Nations. And its activities have contributed to the common interests of the American republics in such a way as to strengthen bonds that originally were none too binding.

For it must be admitted that Pan-Americanism has developed under severe handicaps. In theory, the American republics are bound together by two basic ties—geographic propinquity and a common loyalty to democratic traditions. Actually, neither of these has been as significant as is ordinarily supposed. The large cities on the east coast of South America are nearer to the Old World than to the population centers of the United States. And although all the Latin American countries are nominally republics, the democratic tradition is rooted in only a few. Moreover, throughout the greater part of the half-century the United States has been engaged in frankly imperialist activities in the Caribbean which have engendered deep suspicion throughout South America. It has been felt, with good reason, that so far as this country was concerned Pan-Americanism was merely a cloak for imperialist penetration.

That Pan-Americanism has survived and developed is a tribute to the essential validity of the idea. The Americas do constitute a natural economic unit, and it is only logical that intra-hemisphere trade should enjoy rapid development. Moreover, it has been shown that the American republics, with minor exceptions, not only desire peace but possess a capacity for living together without resort to armed force to settle their disputes. And they have succeeded, except in the World War, in keeping aloof from Europe's quarrels. It is not necessary for us to be isolationist to see the desirability of strengthening these peaceful traditions, or to urge that steps be taken in common to preserve the security of the Americas.

The importance of such common action has been brought home by Germany's seizure of Denmark. Anxiety has been felt lest the war come to the American continents through an ultimate Nazi claim to Greenland. While the danger of this seems extremely remote, there are obvious advantages in a joint stand by the American republics as opposed to unilateral action by the United States under the Monroe Doctrine. Whether the exigencies of the war will bring about genuine inter-American solidarity remains to be seen. Much will depend on the United States. The transition from "dollar diplomacy" to the "good-neighbor" policy has allayed some of the mistrust with which the Latin American countries long regarded the United States, but it takes time to overcome the suspicion of many generations. One blunder such as Secretary Hull's recent note to Mexico may destroy the gains achieved by years of effort. If we can put aside bullying tactics and become a good neighbor in fact as well as in word, Pan-Americanism may reach a vigorous maturity in its second half-century.

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Can We Stay Neutral?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AMERICAN foreign policy is being made in Oslo Fjord and Narvik and on the Swedish frontier. It is being modified by rumors of Nazi plans for invading the Low Countries. It will depend on the behavior of the British fleet in the Skagerrak and on the intentions of the German government toward Greenland. If these struggles look remote to isolationists, it is only because they are afflicted with a convenient nearsightedness. The unanimity with which isolationist Senators and Representatives decided that what was happening in Norway was too bad but of no greater concern to America than, say, an earthquake in Turkey showed a mental myopia both dangerous and unrealistic.

This is not to say that Hitler's attack on the Scandinavian nations and his threats against Holland and Belgium directly impinge on American neutrality. Unless worse follows, we shall undoubtedly remain neutral. The Administration has met the new developments, as it has those that came before, without panic. The actual steps taken have been obvious, cautious steps. The area barred to American ships has by Presidential proclamation been extended to include all the waters around Scandinavia. A Treasury order has forbidden the transfer of Danish and Norwegian funds to prevent Germany from looting the foreign resources of its victims. And the President has issued a strong statement condemning the attack on the two Scandinavian countries, saying that if civilization is to survive, "powerful neighbors" must respect the independence of small nations. Altogether the moves made in Washington have been only those dictated by immediate circumstances. But close observers report a new anxiety in high places, and the President's speech to the Pan-American Union showed the extent of his concern.

Until last week the possibility of Allied defeat was a distant threat even in the calculations of the Administration. Last week it pushed forward and demanded consideration. Officials discussed the possibility of German control of Greenland, Denmark's one possession in our hemisphere. And their speculations ranged ahead—but perhaps not far ahead—to the consequences of a Nazi thrust into Holland. What, in case of such a move, would be our policy in regard to the Dutch islands in the Caribbean? Or suppose the Japanese should attempt to seize the Dutch East Indies, source of America's rubber supply. Could the British fleet protect those rich prizes and the trade routes that lead to them? If not, what would the United States do about it? Throughout the indecisive days of the past week, such questions were asked openly in the press and on the air, privately in government offices in Washington.

The success of the British fleet in Narvik harbor and its vigorous action in the waters off southern Norway have relieved the tension to some extent. But the fact that the policy of the United States depends in any degree at all upon local victories or defeats of the British navy should give every American food for thought.

Democracies don't go to war, these days, unless their safety is clearly threatened and the threat is felt by the population. This has often meant, in the course of Europe's progress toward catastrophe, that the democracies have realized their danger when it was too late to prevent invasion or defeat.

Democracies move slowly because the people want peace. I believe this simple desire is more important today than capitalist fear of the social upheavals that will follow war or the counter-fear of the workers that war will mean repression and reaction. Those emotions exist. But the craving for peace, the desire—basically mature, if not, as the Nazis claim, decadent—for a continent ruled by law and not by violence, is common to the majority of ordinary citizens in all countries. When the ordinary citizen controls the government, the result is likely to be delay and compromise. This may mean that democracy, like some paleolithic monster, has lost its capacity to defend itself and so to survive. But few of us who hesitate are ready yet to grant that we are lost. The democracies have at least one weapon that Hitler lacks. Once they are forced to a decision they fight because they want to fight, and they fight for what their whole people want: a chance to live out their lives in relative freedom and to solve their problems, domestic or foreign, with a minimum of brutality and disorder. This is the one hope that emerges from the growing record of democratic procrastination and defeat. It is flickering unsteadily along the rugged coast of Norway, burning dim in Sweden and the Low Countries. The world waits in doubt and agony to see whether it will be vindicated.

The United States shares all the reluctance and desires of the European democracies. It wants peace. It will not go to war or knowingly move toward the edge of war without feeling certain that its vital interests are clearly and immediately involved. Those who see in the European struggle an indirect challenge to the democratic way of life may shout their warnings; Americans will not listen unless the threat rolls close—geographically, not only ideologically close.

We are prepared to hold on to our neutrality even if it means subsidizing aggression in every corner of the world, because the price of abandoning neutrality may be war. We have, it is true, tempered our neutrality to the most pressing needs of the democracies in Europe. We have modified the law just enough to allow Britain and France to get arms as long as they have money, in the typical democratic hope that the war will end before we are called upon to modify it still further or abandon it altogether. The anxiety now evident in Washington is occasioned by the possibility that the moment for a new decision may be close at hand.

While I believe that the Administration is honestly trying to keep the nation out of war, I also believe that the President and his advisers consider an Allied victory essential to the survival of democracy and the safety of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt came close to saying so in his latest statement. Faced by a genuine danger of Allied defeat, the Administration would, I am certain, favor a much less "neutral" policy. It would hate to fight a Presidential campaign on such an issue, but the course of the war may force it to.

Of one thing, however, I feel sure. The United States will not be tripped or tricked into war by the machinations of the government or the subtle pressures of British propaganda. We shall hold tenaciously—too long, perhaps—to our neutral safeguards, and give them up only if we are convinced that the defeat of the Allies is probable and imminent. We shall give them up, if we have to, one by one, hoping that each extra fragment of aid will turn the necessary trick. And if we finally become involved in the war, we shall probably send free materials and ships and withhold troops until the need for men becomes overwhelming. It is a common assumption that a nation cannot be "half in and half out" of a major war. I do not share it. This war is being fought by reluctant, unhappy nations, haggling and negotiating as they move slowly into the conflict. We would have an even better chance than they to hold back; and our temper insures that we would take it.

Such a prospect can hardly be called a "policy." It is rather a train of events which may happen. The United States is not likely to act either more boldly or more timorously or more wisely than the other democracies. And its actions are likely to follow the same logic. This is not a logic of "dynamism." It leaves the initiative to the enemy and gives him all the early advantages. But it is based on such sound instincts of decency that it is difficult wholly to disparage. The democracies may lose as the result of their hesitations; but if they win, their victory will be worth having for the very reason that they were reluctant and slow to anger.

Hitler's Great Gamble

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

HITLER, said Winston Churchill, reporting to the House of Commons on the first phase of the great naval battle off Norway, has made "as great a strategic and political error" as Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Spain in 1808. "German positions throughout Norway," Berlin claimed almost simultaneously, "are so thoroughly consolidated that there is not the remotest possibility they could be dislodged by English and French forces."

Which side is right? Has Hitler again taken the democracies by surprise and kidnapped two more small but valuable states while they were losing time in debate? Or has he made a false move and been caught far out on Germany's weakest limb—its inferior navy? By the time this article is in print, events may have answered these questions decisively: or both sides may obtain footholds in Norway and settle down to a prolonged struggle. At the moment the situation is far too confused to permit any attempt at prophecy. But it may be worth while to discuss the motives for Germany's spring to the north and to make some estimate of the military and economic stakes involved.

The merest glance at a map is sufficient to indicate the strategic advantages which Germany can obtain from control of the Norwegian coast. Its innumerable deep harbors with their narrow entrances, easily defended by mines and coast artillery, afford wonderful submarine and cruiser bases. They would make possible counter-blockade measures on a far wider front than at present and enormously increase the difficulties of the British navy. Again Bergen is many miles nearer the north of Scotland than Cuxhaven and is a far better base for aerial attacks on the British fleet. The flat lands of Denmark also offer sites for air fields, enabling raids to be launched from more points than are available at present, and increasing the possibilities of surprise. Against such advantages must be placed the dangers of extended communications and the opportunity offered

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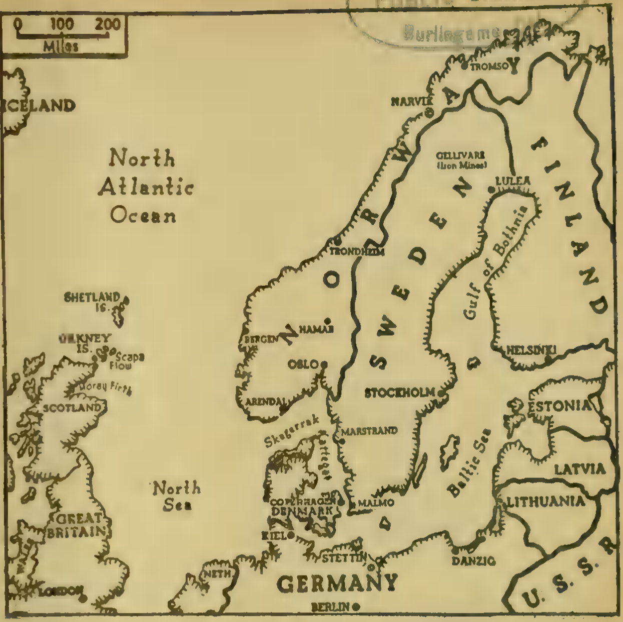
to the Allies, if the Norwegian coup fails, of establishing an "alternative front." Germany has built many of its vital war factories near the Baltic coast. Should the Allies recapture Norway, these would be dangerously exposed.

The economic benefits which accrue to Germany from the seizure of Denmark are not so great as some commentators have suggested, and if the rest of Scandinavia is brought under German control, there will be serious liabilities to set against new assets. For these countries, while affording rich possibilities of loot, are likely to be crippled as going productive concerns if their imports from the west are cut off. Danish output of butter and meat is dependent on the purchase of corn and other feed from North and South America; Norway cannot raise enough food, particularly cereals, for its own population; Sweden's highly developed metal industries require copper and other raw materials not available at home. All three countries, moreover, import nearly all the coal they use, principally from England. It is doubtful that the overburdened mines and transport system of the Reich could make good in this direction. The Swedish iron-ore mines are, of course, supremely important for Germany, but to attempt to win them by battle means to run the risk of their destruction.

It may be argued that at least Germany can prevent the Allies from drawing on Scandinavian supplies. Denmark's butter, eggs, and bacon, Sweden's timber and cellulose, and Norway's chemicals are all extremely valuable to the British: They can, perhaps, obtain alternative supplies, but these must come greater distances, thus increasing the strain on the merchant marine.

The fact that both sides had a good deal to gain by keeping Scandinavia outside the war was really the strongest reason these little countries had for the belief that they could remain neutral this time just as they had during the first World War. They are all states which have long sought peace and ensued it. They were enthusiastic supporters of the League of Nations from the beginning, and taking its promises seriously they were encouraged to reduce armaments to a minimum and use their surplus wealth for social welfare. By 1936 they had become somewhat disillusioned, and after the sabotage of the League by the great powers during the Ethiopian War, they made, together with Finland, a joint announcement of their unwillingness to participate again in the application of sanctions under Article 16 of the Covenant. Simultaneously they strengthened the ties among themselves, adopting similar neutrality rules and consulting frequently on common political and economic questions. At one time, indeed, it seemed probable that the northern bloc might reach an agreement for mutual protection and achieve a coordinated defense policy. This hope was completely shattered, however, by the action of the Danish government in refusing to consider any "entangling alliance." There is good reason to believe that this decision was strongly influenced by intimations from Berlin that it disapproved of any military engagements, even though purely defensive, on the part of its small neighbor.



Last summer, when I was in Scandinavia, the many government officials I talked to all declared that in the event of war their countries would remain strictly neutral, and they expressed confidence in their ability to make their neutrality respected. Unofficial persons were much less certain about their ability to keep out. They knew what strong pressure was already being exercised by the Nazis, who were constantly interfering and attempting to dictate to the Scandinavian states their neutral duties. Objections were raised to any newspaper article critical of the Nazis as being "unobjective," while at the same time German money lavishly subsidized favorable propaganda. Obviously under war conditions such pressure was likely to increase tremendously and provoke counter-pressure from the other side. It was difficult to see how the Scandinavian states could avoid becoming the victims of a contest in intimidation.

The memoranda delivered by Germany to Norway and Denmark attempt to justify German action on the ground that the Allies were plotting to seize these countries. This is denied in London, but it may be true. It must be remembered, however, that Britain and France had hesitated about sending aid to Finland owing to Norwegian and Swedish opposition, and that, unlike their opponent, they still have some reputation for international morality to lose. On the other hand, they had violated Norwegian neutrality in the Altmark incident, responsible quarters in Paris and London had talked frankly about the necessity of stopping the Norwegian gap in the blockade, and finally they had sown mines in Norwegian waters, although this action was taken after the German invaders had already started.

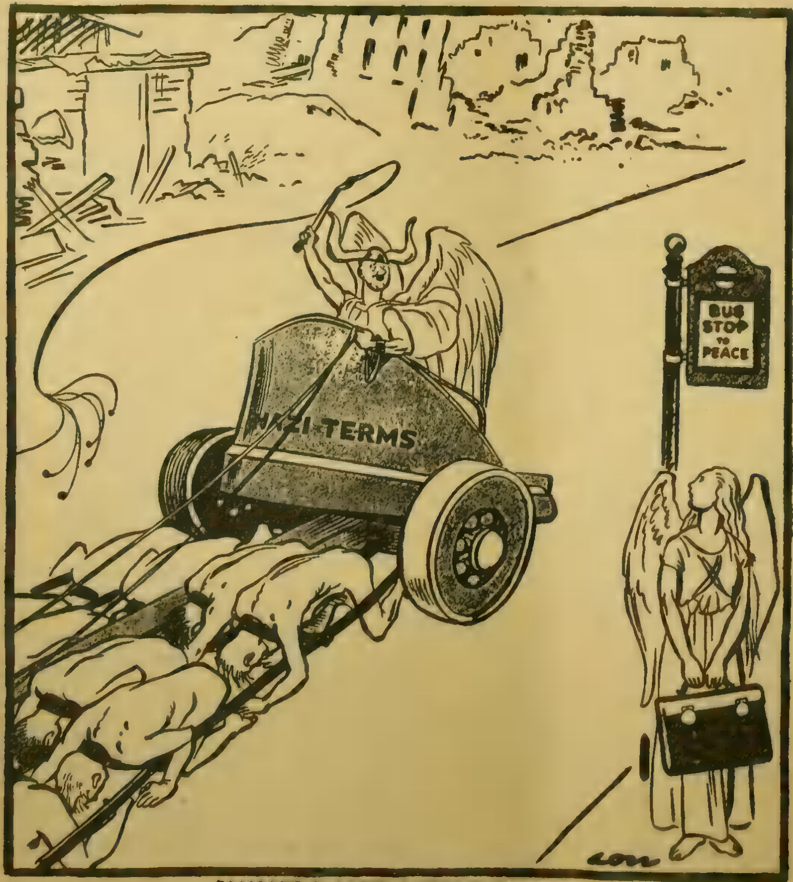
How plausible is the theory that the Allies, by hinting at a move against Scandinavia, were aiming to goad Hitler into overt violation of northern neutrality? Were they making a deliberately weak bid in the hope that Hitler would attempt a grand slam without sufficient trumps in his hand? The advantages to the Allies in luring Germany to attack Norway may have seemed twofold. In the first place, it would enable them to establish a northern front; in the second, it would mean that a comparatively large part of the German fleet would have to emerge from its safe anchorages to guard a long line of communications, thus giving the vastly stronger British navy a chance to destroy it.

The German General Staff must have known that they were gambling. Probably they were encouraged to do so by a long series of triumphs which had led them to despise the enemy—always a dangerous thing—and by the belief that they could compensate for naval inferiority by their stronger air fleet. For the success of the German plans it was essential that they should establish themselves so strongly in the strategic centers seized as to preclude their early recapture, and that they should not lose command of the Kattegat and Skagerrak, through which reinforcements and supplies from Germany must pass unless Sweden were also to be invaded.

Reference to the map shows how vital to both sides this acute-angled bottleneck leading from North Sea to Baltic is and explains the fierce fight over its possession that is going on as I write. In planning their invasion of Norway the Nazis sought to close this gap with mines and submarines, so that their transports could safely make the short run from Danish waters to Oslo. The British fleet, however, fought its way through the Skagerrak and inflicted heavy losses on the German vessels carrying reinforcements and supplies. But they were not able to close the net completely, for some troopships are since reported to have reached Oslo safely. It is still too early to know whether Churchill can make good his boast that "all ships in the Skagerrak and Kattegat will be sunk." If he can, Germany's invading army will be cut off.

In this event Germany will either be compelled to abandon its attempt to conquer Norway or be forced to use the alternative route through Sweden. There have been rumors already of demands on the Swedish government to permit the passage of troops and supplies through its territories. Premier Per Albin Hansson has publicly denied that any such demand has been made. He added that any attempt to violate Swedish neutrality would be sternly resisted by all means in Sweden's power. These are by no means negligible, and German invasion of this largest of the Scandinavian states would turn its northern gamble into a major military campaign.

To a much greater extent than its neighbors Sweden has increased its military preparedness in the past few years. Fully mobilized, it could place in the field more than half a million trained and well-equipped soldiers. It has strong coast defenses and a navy powerful enough to cause a great deal of trouble to the weakened German fleet. Finally, its air force comprises several hundred modern planes capable of severely harassing an enemy trying to land troops. Consequently, conquest of Sweden would demand not a handful of divisions such as has been detailed against the much smaller and weaker Norwegian army—which in any case was taken by surprise and not expected to put up a serious resistance—but half a dozen or more army corps. This might involve withdrawing troops from the west front and would certainly militate against the launching of a simultaneous offensive



"WANT A LIFT, LITTLE GIRL?"

elsewhere. Tactically the German attack on Norway was a brilliant piece of staff work. Long and intricate planning and meticulous timing were necessary to make possible those unheralded leaps in the dark on five widely separated cities. Had the Norwegian forces received the briefest warning, it is inconceivable that these comparatively small expeditions could all have attained their objectives practically without loss. At Narvik, it would appear, treachery was a factor, and it may prove that at other points too defenses were sapped in the same manner.

Once in possession of their objectives the German landing parties were strongly placed to resist counterattack. They could turn the Norwegian fortress guns against any British assault, and in the narrow fjords their attendant planes could advantageously be used to attack warships unable to maneuver freely. There are, of course, many other places on the Norwegian coast where an Allied force might land. But the Germans are in possession of all towns having railroad connections with the interior. An army attempting to land elsewhere, in order to attack them in flank, would be severely handicapped by lack of communications, for along the entire length of the coast mountains tower high above the sea and there are few roads.

Undoubtedly the German command has chosen strong positions, and its little armies of occupation will be hard to dislodge. Nevertheless, the best tactics will not compensate for bad strategy. It is difficult to see how the Norwegian coast can be permanently held and utilized by the Nazis unless they are able to beat off the British fleet and compel it to give Scandinavia a wide berth. This is a formidable undertaking, and failure in it will mean that, for the first time, Herr Hitler has gambled and lost.

◆

In the speech already quoted Winston Churchill said, "We have probably arrived at the first crunch of war." The vivid phrase wrenches the heart of anyone who has known the civilization which Scandinavia has created and sees it now between the jaws of Mars. It is a grim reminder of the nature of the present conflict, which, for all its slow beginning, threatens to spread rapidly and destructively. The Scandinavians hardly expected to escape; not a few of them believed that it might prove better in the long run to line up with the Allies. For while their opinion of British and French policy was most unflattering, they were convinced that German victory in Europe would write finis to their independence and their democracy. In their dark hour most Norwegians will console themselves with the thought that in contributing to the defeat of Nazism they are genuinely fighting for the survival of a way of life absolutely opposed to totalitarian ideals.

"Stamping" Out Hunger

BY JANE WHITBREAD

NEW DEAL efforts to cope with the farm problem have been the subject of more criticism, ridicule, and political attack than any other phase of the Administration's program. That fact makes more striking by contrast the wholesale acclaim which has greeted the Food-Stamp Plan of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. This happy brain child was born after months of preparation and planning, in which grocers' trade associations played no small part. It was announced simply as an experiment to be "tried" in a few localities before being extended. A triumph of simplicity, it provides for the issuance of orange tickets to persons on relief at the rate of one dollar's worth a week at the minimum, and for the free distribution of fifty cents' worth of blue stamps for each dollar's worth of orange tickets. Both orange and blue stamps can be used at any store in the selected area. The orange stamps will purchase any grocery product except tobacco, beer, and liquor. The blue stamps will buy only articles on a list of food products designated "surplus" by the FSCC.

The food-stamp experiment was introduced on May 16 last in Rochester and is now operating in nearly sixty areas from Hartford, Connecticut, to Shawnee, Oklahoma. Passage by Congress of the special $85,000,000 appropriation now in conference committee will make possible its expansion to 125 cities. But even if this appropriation is not obtained, the 30 per cent of custom receipts by which the FSCC is at present supported will enable it to extend operations to 100 areas by June 30. The plan will then be reaching four or five million relief eligibles.

On the opening day in Rochester 22.5 per cent of the 10,000 eligible families waited in line to receive their first food stamps. Since that time the percentage has risen to 75.9 per cent. In all the areas now covered an average of 61.7 per cent of all eligible persons is taking advantage of the stamps. Six hundred cities have requested to be included in the plan, with mayors, bankers, and editors echoing Frank Grimes, president of the Independent Grocers' Alliance of America, who said, "I know of no other project that has met with such enthusiastic approval."

The wide acceptance won for the scheme can be credited largely to the Commodities Corporation's president, Milo Perkins. A former paper-bag manufacturer and an ardent admirer of Stuart Chase, Mr. Perkins was well qualified to discover retailers' objections to the various FSCC plans for surplus disposal. The method of direct purchase and distribution had a major fault from the business man's point of view: it eliminated the middle man's and grocer's share of the business relief customers might bring. With remarkable deftness the stamp plan smooths hurt feelings by helping the farmer, feeding the needy, and paying the grocer, too. Designed to supplement rather than replace the direct purchase and distribution of surpluses, it performs many useful services. When large quantities of various local or national surplus commodities are distributed through local welfare agencies at specified weekly or bi-weekly intervals, perishable foods, in many instances, spoil before they can be used. The food stamps, used as currency at stores, make distribution constant rather than intermittent. Moreover, they allow the users to select their own menus. And in addition, the blue "surplus" stamps, which increase the food allotment of persons on relief by 50 per cent, enable them to fill out their diet with items which low-income families cannot usually afford but which are indispensable for health. Many of the foods currently designated "surplus" by the Secretary of Agriculture are the so-called "protective" foods—dairy products, eggs, fruits, and green vegetables.

That the Food-Stamp Plan moves surpluses through regular retail channels, while the direct-distribution method distributes them through specially established outlets, is perhaps the most obvious advantage from the business man's point of view. At the same time that it is combating malnutrition, the plan is expanding the domestic market for farm products in a manner beneficial to the food-distributing trade. In Rochester, while business in well-to-do neighborhoods did not improve appreciably in the months following the plan's introduction, it increased 12 per cent in low- and middle-income areas. Six per cent of this was the direct result of stamp business, and the rest may be indirectly attributed to the plan. In Des Moines as a whole food sales increased 5 per cent in twelve weeks after the plan's inauguration, while in the low-income areas of the city they increased 16 per cent.

The authors of the Food-Stamp Plan were influenced in their thinking by the potentialities of the low-income market for farm products. Basing his remarks on the Report on Consumers' Expenditures of the National Resources Committee, issued shortly before the plan was launched, Milo Perkins told a grocers' convention last summer that "40,000,000 Americans are living in families whose average cash income is only $9 a week. . . . About one-half of these 40,000,000 persons are getting some form of public assistance . . . they spend an average of about $1 a week a person for food; that's 15 cents a day . . . 5 cents a meal!" When the weekly allowance for food of a percentage of these people is increased 50 per cent by the stamp plan, how do they spend the addition? A partial answer to this question is found in a report recently issued by Mr. Perkins, based on blue-stamp purchases made in six areas during three periods—from July 16 last to September 30, from October 1 to December 15, and from December 16 to January 16. Apparently from 5 to 21 per cent was spent for vegetables, from 13 to 17 per cent for fruit, from 17 to 25 per cent for butter, from 17 to 26 per cent for eggs, 10 per cent for pork lard, and 23 per cent for pork. Before the addition of pork to the surplus list, roughly 50 per cent of blue-stamp purchases consisted of butter and eggs. It was estimated then that if the plan were extended to cover 75 per cent of the entire relief population, it would develop a market for these products 12 per cent greater than the present entire national consumption of butter and eggs. The addition of pork, however, caused a considerable drop in butter and egg purchases, creating a more balanced consumption picture for surplus products.

Stamp-plan authorities are wary of making estimates as to the possible additional market for surplus foods which may develop. Mr. Perkins said in December: "The stamp plan makes possible a much broader market for farmers producing commodities for which there is an elastic consumption, such as dairy products, poultry products, fruits, and vegetables. . . . This wider distribution will do more than provide a new market for surpluses; ultimately it can bring about a better price level for an entire crop, especially in the case of those commodities which happen to be selling very much below parity." Even more sanguine, the FSCC Annual Report stated, "It was evident early in the program that the stamp plan promises significant new markets for various agricultural commodities."

The authorities are making no prophecies about how soon the plan may affect surpluses sufficiently to raise prices. Logically, higher prices would put the "protective" foods out of reach of relief families and block the plan's aim of combating malnutrition among this group. However, such a development is a very remote possibility. Should it materialize, the FSCC would probably try to replace the "protective" foods whose prices had skyrocketed by others of similar nutritive value; for example, cheese might replace eggs. The theory is also advanced that increased demand for blue-stamp products might lead farmers to produce more of them. In taking this step they would switch from the production of cotton and wheat. If the plan is influential in bringing about a substantial shift in the crops that farmers plant, this would seem to be its greatest long-term contribution to the American economy. Although all statements are hedged round with qualifications, the FSCC's preliminary studies do show that increases in the food expenditures of the lower third of the people will mean increased consumption of butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and meat rather than of corn and flour.

No one is more aware than the plan's authors of the tremendous problems connected with any effort to move surpluses and raise farm prices. The FSCC stresses the fact that the stamp plan is not a substitute for the direct-purchase-and-distribution method, which this year will move some $80,000,000 worth of surplus commodities, but is designed to supplement it. With relief eligibles participating 100 per cent it will add $100,000,000 to the nation's total food outlay of some $15,000,000,000.

How China Helps Itself

BY NYM WALES

Manila, March 4

ON AUGUST 26, 1938, a small event of large significance occurred in China: the first unit of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives was set up. When that little group of refugee blacksmiths organized a cooperative foundry in a village in the farthest interior province, they laid the foundation stone of a movement that may revolutionize the life of Chinese villages.

On October 31, 1939, a squadron of Japanese bombers paid a special visit—they announced their intention in Hankow beforehand—to the village of Paochi in Shensi in order to annihilate this new industry. By accident they succeeded in destroying the foundry. But the blacksmiths did not run away, as city workers have so often been forced to do since Japan began its systematic campaign to destroy competitive Chinese industry. Helped financially by other cooperatives which had by that time been established, they simply picked up the steel fragments of the bomb and what remained of their machinery and moved into other quarters. Now they are operating again, and the fragments have doubtless become part of a new anvil.

Japanese bombers can never again find this foundry except by another accident. It looks like any other house in the hundreds of villages on the landscape. To destroy it they must destroy a whole village. Japan can certainly afford to do this. But it cannot afford the bombs, planes, and gasoline required to annihilate all the villages in China suspected of harboring industrial cooperatives. And even if Japan did undertake such an extravagant enterprise, the cooperatives would simply go out and create new industry in other places. It costs only $50 (U. S.) to start a surgical-gauze cooperative, for instance; $100 will start a candle- or soap-making unit; $200 a cotton-weaving cooperative. A $700 cooperative will employ 100 refugees—$7 will give a man a permanent job. This soon takes his family off relief. Later on, when the money has been paid back at 6 per cent or 8 per cent—and most of the cooperatives are able to do this—it will be applied to another unit and will give another man a livelihood. Commodity goods are at such a premium that the cooperatives make a profit almost immediately.

The people behind the cooperatives have found a way to launch an economic offensive against the invader that cannot be met with military force, a solution of the problem of how to industrialize the backward interior. Japan's plans for economic empire in China can never succeed if China industrializes itself in self-defense, thereby holding its own market, creating its own commodity production, and supplying its armed forces with equipment.

The history of this little industrial-cooperative movement is one of the most interesting stories that have come out of the war. One should never give up hope in China. As soon as one feels that all is lost, some meteoric phenomenon like this appears and one realizes again the immense vitality immobile in this vast nation. Nowhere else on earth can so much be done with so little. For the cost of one super-battleship America could finance enough industry in China to keep its armies fighting indefinitely, and that loan could eventually be repaid instead of being scrapped like a battleship. It would seem more intelligent to keep a million Chinese soldiers in the field than to build a big navy to combat Japan's imperial ambitions. The $100,000,000 that goes into a battleship would be not less than 1,000,000,000 yuan at the present rate of exchange. If we dug up that much idle gold in Kentucky we could probably create 480,000 industrial cooperatives in China and give jobs to 8,000,000 refugees. From August, 1938, to May, 1939, the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives administration established 1,200 registered cooperatives with a capital of about 2,500,000 yuan, the membership numbering 20,000 persons. Actually, this sum probably provided a livelihood for 50,000 individuals, including dependents. Our billion yuan would take care of 400 times as many. This could not have been done even in China before the war. Only the blockade, the dearth of capital and commodity goods, and a labor pool of from thirty to sixty million refugees made it possible.

It sounds fantastic. But so is the whole story of Indusco. According to an unofficial estimate made in October, 1939, the total value of the monthly production of the whole chain of industrial cooperatives (1,470 units) averaged almost 5,000,000 yuan. The total field investment was about 3,630,000 yuan. This means that capital was being turned over, in terms of production value, 1.4 times a month, or 16.8 times a year! The few private factories that exist are making similar records, but they have no future. Transportation costs, hazards of war and bombing, and lack of efficient management limit their opportunities. Village cooperatives supply the local market, move to the source of raw materials, pay no attention to bombing, utilize labor power to the fullest since the members are working for themselves, and have a foolproof management.

Most of the cooperatives are producing consumer commodities, but a few are already sniping directly at the Japanese by filling orders for war supplies. For example, the weaving and tailoring units of the Northwest Headquarters (five administration headquarters have been established) in the second week of last December delivered 40,000 padded overcoats to the central armies, made with cotton that would otherwise have gone to Japan. At the same time they are filling an order for 250,000 army blankets, made with wool that was formerly exported to Japan through Tientsin to make winter clothing for the well-clad Japanese troops. (Chinese soldiers never dreamed of woolen blankets before. They used cotton ones imported from India or padded quilts.) Lu Kwang-mien of the Northern Headquarters states that in six weeks his units also filled orders for 30,000 pounds of medical cotton, 30,000 pounds of bandages, and 100,000 hemp sandbags. Ninety per cent of the output of the canvas cooperatives there goes to make stretchers.

Indusco is not yet making munitions on a large scale, but the cooperative machine-shop in the Northwest has produced, besides machinery for various industries, a usable sub-machine-gun, a Mauser pistol, an automatic rifle, and an ordinary rifle. Hand grenades can be made for fifty cents a piece. This same shop turned out 70,000 in one month. The guerrillas in North China are begging for a dynamite plant. At present they have no high explosives with which to blow up Japanese lines of transportation.

The Indusco movement shows what possibilities are latent in China. The whole thing has been done by a handful of Ford-trained engineers and foreign-born technicians with a little more than average imagination and good technical education. With adequate financial support, which they have never received, they would soon build up the movement to formidable proportions. The C. I. C. administration has a hopeful plan to create 30,000 cooperatives in a vast crescent from Inner Mongolia to the southern sea. All it needs is money at low rates of interest—a most difficult thing to obtain in China today. It now has centers in every one of the eighteen provinces except Kiangsu (Shanghai area), Hopei, and Shantung. Mobile industrial units are functioning behind the Japanese lines in Anhui and Shansi—with funds contributed from overseas Chinese and Americans in the Philippines—and very close to the front in other war zones.

The progress of this little movement is in many ways a test for China, determining whether its economic resources can be developed and whether political unity and mobilization of the population can be achieved. A good omen, and one of the most amazing things about the movement, is that it has received the backing of the whole, usually divided, Soong family; it is without doubt the only project to benefit from this miracle. Madam Chiang Kai-shek originally sponsored it upon the recommendation of the British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, who also secured the appointment of Rewi Alley as technical adviser. Dr. H. H. Kung is chairman of the C. I. C. administration in Chungking and holds the purse-strings. Madam H. H. Kung made a loan of $100,000 and contributes her moral support. Madam Sun Yat-sen is honorary chairman of the Hongkong Promotion Committee. T. V. Soong has obtained bank loans amounting to 1,200,000 yuan, and is a member of the International Committee for the C. I. C. Productive Relief Fund in Hongkong, of which his efficient bank manager, S. J. Chen, is treasurer. This committee handles contributions on the revolving-fund principle and is the liaison for promotion committees abroad. The Episcopal Bishop of Hongkong, the Right Reverend R. O. Hall, is chairman, and Dr. Chen Han-seng of the Institute of Pacific Relations is secretary. Since its formation in June, 1939, the committee has handled nearly 2,000,000 yuan in private loans and relief contributions.

China has today reached a crucial moment in its economic history. Conditions are favorable for a vast industrial movement—millions of refugee workers, immense untouched natural resources, a constant demand for unavailable commodity goods, a blockade creating a wall against foreign imports, a European war preventing economic pressure and dumping by the great powers, war-time destruction crying out for rebuilding. The situation calls for an industrial development comparable to that which took place after the Civil War in America or, in more recent history, under the Five-Year Plan in Russia. In Russia they had to liquidate the kulaks to insure the free labor necessary. In China the Japanese invasion has created a huge army of potential factory workers.

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Who Wants Good Movies?

BY ARTHUR L. MAYER

EVER since its birth the motion-picture industry has been under fire from a host of unofficial, self-designated critics, as well as from those whose profession is criticism. Its improprieties have been castigated by reformers, its standards by educators, its immaturity by intellectuals, its banality by art lovers, and its trade practices by government attorneys. Liberals have been chiefly disturbed over its reluctance, as Dudley Nichols put it, "to use the strong materials of life." In the words of Archibald MacLeish, "Hollywood is in trouble at the box office . . . and the reason its pictures lack the fourth dimension of life is precisely that they do not know their own time, do not present their own time, do not belong to their own time, and therefore quite naturally have lost the interest of their own time."

The lack of Mr. MacLeish's "fourth dimension," however, has not seriously affected a producer like Louis Mayer of Loew's, Inc. Far from being in trouble at the box office, his company last year made close to $10,000,000. By concentrating on escapist themes he has paid consistent dividends to his stockholders and awe-inspiring salaries to himself and his fellow-executives. Neither he nor his competitors will adopt a different policy unless box-office grosses convince them that their patrons demand pictures with social content. So far they have seen no indication of any such demand. In this, although in little else, they are in complete accord with exhibitor opinion as expressed by Frank H. Ricketson, a circuit operator, in his new book "The Management of Motion Picture Theaters." "Pictures built on themes of special interest other than pure entertainment," Mr. Ricketson says, "are of little box-office value . . . propaganda pictures miss the aims of good attractions. Churches, schools, and libraries may educate and moralize; the theater rightly offers only amusement."

Neither "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" nor "Juarez," which were highly praised by the social-minded, were included in any of the lists of the ten most popular pictures of 1939 compiled by exhibitors. They made money for their producers, but in the domestic field they were not so profitable as the escapist pictures in which Robinson, Davis, and Muni had previously appeared. There is a demand for films with social content, but it exists among people who do not regularly attend the movies, and who, when given the opportunity to patronize such pictures, fail to do so promptly enough or in sufficient numbers to offset the defection of those who seek amusement exclusively. Time after time, when exhibitors have presented a mature, realistic picture to empty seats, a few lonely liberals arrive after the picture is no longer being shown and seem considerably annoyed that it has been withdrawn.

Last year, for instance, RKO Radio hatched an unpretentious "B" picture entitled "Boy Slaves." It showed, somewhat luridly though without exaggeration, child-labor conditions in the turpentine camps. Its distinction was not its direction or star value but its courage. It was a thrust at injustice and cruelty by men who risked their jobs in making that thrust. No large first-run exhibitor in New York City was equally gallant, and it had to be booked at the Rialto Theater. Previews were shown to a large number of progressive organizations. Most of their comments indicated keen disappointment that Cagney, Gable, and Flynn had not been cast as the boy slaves, and that the pitiful peonage conditions were not shown in beautiful technicolor. We received many such suggestions but little cooperation. "Boy Slaves" was sold down the river, and it can be safely predicted that no further productions dealing with child labor will come out of RKO studios for many years. It should not be surprising if they specialize henceforth in timely stories like "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Swiss Family Robinson."

An even more disastrous experiment was the importation of "That They May Live," a French anti-war picture which showed the Verdun dead rising from their graves to prevent another holocaust. It was produced during the period of appeasement and could not be shown today in any European country. We are fortunate that we are still able to see such pictures in America, and that we have critics who call them to public attention. Frank Nugent of the New York *Times* wrote of "That They May Live," "Poignant . . . significant . . . performances of dignity, sincerity, and depth. Your eyes will not leave the screen." And Howard Barnes of the *Herald Tribune* said, "Daring . . . striking . . . challenging . . . not to be missed!" Nevertheless, after "That They May Live" had been shown for three weeks at the Filmarte, both exhibitor and importer were glad to close it. This theater, which once paid $45,000 for a film about the unfortunate love affair of a prince and a beautiful commoner, was unable to pay the distributor anything. To date the picture has had three bookings. Not a single pacifist organization has moved a finger to bring this dynamic piece of anti-war propaganda to the attention of the public.

Apparently the horrors of war, although they may be endured on the battlefield, are too terrifying to be witnessed on the screen. An equally effective, if less horrifying, film was Herbert Kline's "Crisis." This able young producer was sent to Czechoslovakia by a few public-spirited men. He was in the Sudetenland during the Nazi invasion and returned with so timely and deeply moving a picture that the National Board of Review ranked it the sixth best of the year. But it was not the six-hundredth at the box office, where it took in less money than the average travelogue. Its failure was not due to indifference or hostility on the part of exhibitors. Both Warner and Loew's tried to show it, but the public did not wish to be harrowed or educated. Even fewer dates have been obtained for "The City," that grim yet gay indictment of the chaotic modern metropolis. "The River" and "The Plow That Broke the Plains" were shown widely only because they were distributed gratis for purposes of propaganda. Pictures like "A Man to Remember" will long be remembered for its amazingly low grosses, and "Make Way for Tomorrow" made way rapidly for livelier entertainment.

There would be no value in stressing these mishaps if there were not signs of a new phase in motion-picture production. I am not referring to television, technicolor. or fourth dimension, but to maturity. If picture audiences so will it, the exclusively escapist days of adolescence are over. There have recently been released five of the most socially important films ever produced: "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," "Grapes of Wrath," "Of Mice and Men," "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," and "The Fight for Life." In the offing are Charlie Chaplin's "Dictator" and Herbert Kline's "Lights Out in Europe." Both within and without the industry powerful voices are being raised in protest against these pictures. Martin Quigley, publisher of the most influential trade paper, writes of "Grapes of Wrath": "It may be wondered why . . . such an unpromising field of material was prospected." Abe Myers, attorney for the leading independent-exhibitor organization, charges that "such books as 'Of Mice and Men' and 'Grapes of Wrath' are too filthy to be permitted in American homes." Martin Dies, who has already attributed "Blockade," "Fury," and "Juarez" to Communist influences, will probably consider Steinbeck's pictures conclusive evidence for his contention that Hollywood has become an outpost of Moscow.

All pictures contain elements of propaganda, but those I have mentioned are propaganda for democracy, peace, tolerance, and economic and scientific progress—for the things that civilized men hold most dear. Under the much-condemned block-booking system they will be exhibited in every American city and hamlet. Not the praises of the liberals or the laments of the conservatives but the attitude of the picture-going public will determine the success of these pictures and consequently the future course of film production. If they do not prove popular, it will not be possible to ascribe the dearth of pictures with social content to routine-minded producers, stupid exhibitors, censorship, or distributor-controlled theaters. On the other hand, if they are widely attended and widely appreciated, pictures will cease to serve exclusively as aphrodisiacs for tired business men, vicarious adventure for romantic matrons, and dream weavers for adolescents. They will be able at least occasionally to speak universal truths and help to mold a nation's development.

John A. Hobson

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

IF JOHN A. HOBSON, a highly valued contributor to *The Nation*, had been an American instead of an Englishman, his career would have been markedly different from the one which came to an honored close in London on April 1. Great universities would have competed for his services, and his reputation would have been far more extensive. But I doubt whether that seemingly frail physique would have borne him into his eighty-second year, whether his labors would have been as fruitful or his life as happy. He was altogether English, and yet—to use the phrase he applied to one of his heroes, Richard Cobden—he was an international man, while his social philosophy and method of approach made a special appeal to students and older readers in North America.

Hobson took pleasure in saying that he came from the middle of the middle class, and was born in a town of middling size in the middle of the English Midlands —Derby. At Oxford he was contemporary with Henry Nevinson and Graham Wallas. His hopes on leaving the university were doubtless set upon an academic career. His training, like theirs, had been in Classics. When he entered upon his analysis of the industrial and financial system there were few chairs of political economy in England and none of sociology. In after years he was constantly labeled professor. But this eminent master of social philosophy, with an enviable gift of public speech, was never offered a university appointment. He belonged to the select company of creative thinkers who have been professors-at-large.

It was an unlikely personal encounter which brought his conversion to the twofold theory of underconsumption by the masses and the fallacy of excessive saving, which he regarded thenceforward as mainly responsible for the dislocation of capital and the miseries of labor in periods of bad trade. Toward the end of his long life, in "Confessions of an Economic Heretic," he wrote an engaging account of "Hobson's revolt." He had lived to hear the doctrines of J. M. Keynes proclaimed with a resonance never dreamed of in connection with his own essays in persuasion, and to witness his old radical heresy become the dynamic element in many a New Deal devised for combating the latter-day crisis of capitalism. Here, to be sure, was a remarkable triumph for a quiet and persistent thinker. Moreover, in one special field Hobson's contribution was at once original and decisive. Forty years ago, as the Boer War was taking shape, he made a tour of South Africa which furnished him with the basic substance for his indictment of imperialism, one of the books by which governing minds have been changed and national policies rebuilt.

For some sixteen years after 1906 Hobson was a member of the brilliant group of journalists who met in Westminster at the weekly lunch table of H. W. Massingham's *Nation*. Among his colleagues on the paper were L. T. Hobhouse, H. W. Nevinson, L. T. Hammond, C. F. G. Masterman, F. W. Hirst; and in the final stage H. M. Tomlinson and Harold J. Laski.

Hobson in politics was a Liberal stalwart, always wholly detached. The regular party position was impossible for him, since by conviction and habit of mind he could not be other than of the left center. His fear of state bureaucracy kept him apart from the Socialists; but on the other hand he was never tempted by laissez faire. Of that he had been born free. He knew the modern world to be inevitably collectivist. He believed that, within certain bounds which we could not hope to break, the essentials of democratic freedom could be preserved. In his vision wealth and welfare were socially one. And in world affairs he was an unswerving advocate of complete collective security.

Throughout a full half-century the tall figure of J. A. Hobson was very familiar in the London best known to many among us. In conferences of many kinds he was a welcome speaker, for he had a happy gift of satiric humor. In discussions he could be depended upon for an extempore utterance so perfectly phrased that the verbatim report needed no correction. Whenever the summons came for a public stand upon any one of the issues which to him represented the rights of the citizen and the values of the commonweal, there promptly and whole-heartedly was he. His name would be given without hesitation; his voice and pen were at call. His courage was unfailing; he was entirely incorruptible.

It happens that as I finish this very inadequate tribute, my eye falls upon a sentence written by Dorothy Thompson in praise of an American public man whose ways and works make a striking contrast to those of our English friend: "He has a passion for the preservation of society, which is probably the noblest passion that a human being can have." I could not find a truer word for John Atkinson Hobson.

In the Wind

WHEN SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS visited Hollywood recently, he spent a good deal of time with Charlie Chaplin. For his visitor's benefit Chaplin acted out scenes from his forthcoming film "The Dictator." He said to Cripps, "After Hitler sees this picture he'll never dare open his mouth again."

ALTHOUGH MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S move in eliminating Bertrand Russell's post from the city budget—thus obstructing legal action—surprised many observers, persons connected with the affair anticipated his act. The truth is that on the eve of the Board of Higher Education's meeting to reconsider the case LaGuardia privately urged its members to rescind the appointment.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* advertised recently in a newsdealers' trade paper. The ad reproduced the *Gazette's* first cover, which appeared in 1845, and its latest. The 1845 cover carried the line: "Love and Murder in Brooklyn." The 1940 cover read "Love Rackets and Murder on Broadway."

MAX EASTMAN has been recognized as one of Soviet Russia's severest critics for a good many years. But only a fortnight ago the Reverend James M. Gillis, editor of the *Catholic World,* announced that "those who are keeping count of American leftists now awakening to the truth about Soviet Russia must chalk up another name: Max Eastman."

THE FAILURE of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" to "go" at the box office has started a flurry of stories. The latest, reports *Variety,* is about a conversation between Max Gordon, producer of the picture, and Charles P. Skouras, of Fox-affiliated theaters. "Max," shouted Skouras, "they don't want Lincoln."

DESCRIBING THE visit of Erik Colban, Norwegian Minister at London, to the British Foreign Office shortly after the Nazi occupation of Norway, the New York *Times* reported: "Incidentally, it is said that if a diplomat has to lose his country there is nobody in the diplomatic business so comforting to talk to as Lord Halifax."

DURING THE recent Socialist Party convention at Washington a diminutive member of the Young People's Socialist League was handing out leaflets on the sidewalk. A brawny policeman accosted him and tried to make him move on. The Socialist refused and started to take down the policeman's number. "Listen," said the policeman plaintively, "I'm an American citizen and I've got my rights."

INCIDENTALLY, WHEN the Socialist Party nominated Norman Thomas for President for the fourth time, one newspaperman suggested as the campaign slogan: "If not now, why not eventually?"

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

San Francisco, April 10

SO THE blow has fallen and the Nazis have struck. From now on, in my judgment, the war will be in full swing. Both sides are now fighting for their lives. From now on there will be hitting below the belt and above the belt by both sides; no attention will be paid to any laws of war or to any attributes of neutrality. When the English decided to violate international law in the Altmark case, the die was cast. Sowing mines off Norway was the inevitable next step. Seven months of inability to get at the enemy was bound to make both sides take desperate chances and stop at nothing, and that is what we are going to see. It is, of course, impossible at this writing to know whether the English had really planned to block the Danube. It would not be surprising if it were true. This is a war of nerves as well as of economics, and the elevation of Winston Churchill to a position of control of the defense services was proof that the British government felt that the time for drifting was about over.

The amazing thing about the attack on Denmark and Norway is that the Germans were able to make it a complete surprise, though the preparations must have been known to thousands. The moves on Czechoslovakia and Poland were foreshadowed by a warning press campaign; the Nazis themselves tipped off the world to what was coming. But only a few straws in the wind warned about Denmark. Two weeks ago a Norwegian fisherman who had sold fish to a German submarine captain reported that his customer had told him that in a very short time German submarines would be so common at the particular place where the transaction occurred that no one would pay any attention to them. From Paris came reports that the Germans were massing on the Danish frontier and that some of them were practicing loading and unloading transports. But these and other stories were not played up and seemed to belong in the ordinary category of war rumors. Certainly it looks as if the British had been caught napping, but as to that we shall know more before these lines appear in print. We only know today that from all appearances the Germans have scored an initial success in the surprise move which every general tries for.

That the occupation of Denmark and the invasion of Norway gravely endanger the position of England is obvious. People are saying out here in San Francisco, where I am writing, that Denmark will be to Hitler what Belgium was to the Kaiser. I doubt it; I do not see how this move can make Hitler any blacker than he was before. And unfortunately it places the German air fleet in a most advantageous position to strike at England. I do not doubt that the Nazi military men who told me last fall that the blow would come about May 1 and would lead to the destruction of every English city on the coast had this in mind when they spoke so confidently. However, the English must also have had this contingency in view. Only the other day their Chief of Staff, General Ironside, echoed the Prime Minister's words that Hitler had "missed the bus" because he did not strike last fall when England was relatively unprepared. The months that have passed since then have undoubtedly been utilized to the full to safeguard England's shores and to line them with anti-aircraft guns. But I confess that it has seemed to me as a layman that the Germans were getting rather the best of it if one might judge from the Scapa Flow attacks. It is impossible to prevent an alert enemy air fleet from profiting by weather conditions which no human being can control.

Now the English and Germans are at each other's throats, and we shall see in the next two or three months whether Hitler's star will continue to rise or will begin to set. On the basis of my experience in Germany last fall I have been asking myself how the ordinary German will react to the news that his country has again taken over a small neighbor. From all that I hear, and especially from Anne O'Hare McCormick's admirable reports, the anti-English propaganda of Goebbels and his miserable press has been having considerable effect. So I very much fear that many of the German people will believe that Hitler is telling the truth when he says he is "protecting" Denmark and Norway for their own good. None the less, I am certain that many others will no more be blinded by what has happened than they were by the horrible misrepresentations about Poland and Czechoslovakia. They will be heartsick, but what can they do? Every conversation I had with persons of such views ended in that way—"What can we do?" Unfortunately, the greater the success of Hitler in Scandinavia, the more difficult will be the expression of any feeling of indignation in Germany at the destruction of the independence of still other countries.

The worst of it is that if the English now attack the Germans in Denmark and Norway, all the devastation that will take place in those unfortunate, innocent, and lovely little countries will be laid by the Germans at England's door!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

THE OFFICIAL reports of the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, otherwise known as the La Follette committee, fill many volumes. Their hundreds of closely printed pages contain the most detailed and extensive documentation of industrial warfare ever made. Within the dun-covered books moves a colorful procession of workers, employers, stool pigeons, strike-breakers, police officers, speaking their own language; in the long dialogue of Q. and A., characters and interests, prides and prejudices, hopes and fears are dramatically or casually revealed.

To read almost any one of these volumes is to wish that it might be put into coordinated form and printed in big type for Everyman to read. In "Citizens" (Viking Press, $2.75) Meyer Levin has done just that with the volume which contains the results of the committee's investigation of the Memorial Day killings in 1937. Mr. Levin, who was an eyewitness at the prairie edge of Chicago on that warm May day when nine people were fatally hurt and many others wounded by police guns and clubs, wrote the very vivid account of the parade and the killings which appeared in *The Nation* at the time. He has now written the whole story as fiction. To give it shape and meaning beyond mere reporting he has projected it through the eyes and mind and feelings of a doctor, Mitchell Wilner, his central character, who almost by accident becomes an actor in the drama and then, driven by a compulsion he cannot down to find out why and how it happened, is drawn deeper and deeper into a research he had not planned. Interspersed through the main story are fictional biographies of the victims.

"Citizens" is an absorbing book. One reads to the end of its 650 pages. Yet as a whole it has the interest and power of good reporting rather than of fiction. It tends to fall apart because the character of Dr. Wilner is not sufficiently well realized to weld it together. One feels that, consciously or not, the objective in inventing the character of Dr. Wilner was not so much to create a character as to educate the public; Dr. Wilner is Mr. Levin's pupil, and parts of his progress take on a primer-like quality. At times the writing goes soft after the fashion of so much didactic "left" writing of the past decade.

Aside from the mixture of motives underlying the conception of the central character, there is another flaw. Perhaps it is too much to demand that Dr. Wilner *should* find out why and how it happened, in the deeper sense; but the introduction of such a character inevitably introduces the demand, and the fact that Mr. Levin does not satisfy it, that Dr. Wilner's search is not resolved, weakens the book as fiction. One feels that Mr. Levin would have done a better job of educating the public if he had succeeded in creating a character. But he has written an excellent and very moving account of a tragic episode. It should be read, particularly by those "citizens" who assume that industrial warfare "in another county" does not concern them.

JULIEN BRYAN, who has photographed his way through many strange parts of the world, had neither the intention nor the desire to be in Warsaw during the siege that preceded its fall to the Nazis. He merely thought it would be a good idea to get a few background pictures in a country where war seemed certain to strike, but not quite yet. On the morning of September 3 he took a train out of Bucharest not aware that war had begun. The first bombing came fifteen minutes after the train had crossed the Polish border and continued at intervals during the four days it took to get to Warsaw. By that time, September 7, the diplomats had left the city. Mr. Bryan remained until September 21, when hostilities ceased for three hours to allow foreigners with passports from neutral countries to leave. He got his background pictures—of a background plowed by German bombs—and even managed, by a ruse, to get them safely back to America; but the most indelible print of all he carried back in his own mind, of human suffering, fear, and courage, of people going about their business in a city continuously under fire and doomed to fall.

The photographs which accompany the text of "Siege" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75) are excellent; but it is a dismal commentary on the state of the "modern" mind that they would be more striking or tragic or horrifying if we had not seen them before—with Spanish or Chinese or Finnish instead of Polish women and children, the madonnas of our age, staring at us out of the ruins of homes and hospitals. Yet Mr. Bryan's close-up of a *Blitzkrieg* is striking enough even for the "jaded" observer. MARGARET MARSHALL

Why Hitler Succeeds

FAILURE OF A MISSION. By Sir Nevile Henderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

SIR NEVILE HENDERSON was British ambassador to Berlin in the crucial years from 1937 to 1939. His report of the aims and outcome of his mission is neither a great literary nor a great human document. Nevertheless, it is a revealing and important book, not because it contains any startling new facts, but because it illuminates convincingly the minds of Sir Nevile Henderson and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, which are essentially the minds of the average Englishman or American. Some of the traits brought out in this book are definitely upper class, as in the naive dissertation on hunting, but on the whole we find here the dominant Anglo-Saxon attitude of the last two decades. It is this attitude which explains the success of Hitler. Sir Nevile Henderson deplores the failure of his mission, to which, we have no reason to doubt, he was sincerely devoted. He failed because he completely misunderstood the nature of the forces with which he had to cope. Even today he does not comprehend the fundamentals of fascism, or the strength of its antecedents in German history and thought. The genuine force of the revolution which fascism prides itself on being entirely escaped his anti-metaphysical, rational, liberal, nineteenth-century mind; therefore he blames the failure of his mission on the personally evil character of Hitler and von Ribbentrop and finds much kinder words for Mussolini and Göring. He attributes to Hitler, and he makes out a good case for his view, "lust for dominion, complete amorality, and inability to consider any or anybody's outlook except his own"; but he attributes to Hitler alone what is fundamental in the movement and is to be found in the very many millions, not only in Germany, who see in Hitler the most successful representative of a new attitude or philosophy supposedly ascendant in our day.

When Sir Nevile came to Germany in 1937 he was, like his chief, influenced by three sentiments: his sympathy for the German people, his conviction that wars do not settle anything, his belief that the Treaty of Versailles had wronged Germany and should be righted. These views, which were partly based on emotions, Sir Nevile shared with the majority of Anglo-Saxons. These opinions explained his policy of appeasement, behind which was the firm wish of the English and French peoples not to go to war unless their own territory was invaded. Sir Nevile had a great affection for the German people—without much understanding of their history or of their real situation and aspirations; he hated National Socialism for its crude anti-Semitism and primitive brutality, but he thought that it had good aspects too, and that as long as it confined itself to Germany and to Germans, the Western nations could not and should not oppose it. He did not understand that there are no good or bad aspects of fascism, but that fascism forms a whole, shaping the minds of men under its influence into an attitude fundamentally opposed to all principles of liberalism and of international cooperation, and therefore necessarily aggressive against democracy. He did not understand that fascism was a movement bent upon expansion, and that Hitler was interested in liberating the Austrians—from themselves—and the Sudeten Germans—from Masaryk's democracy—only because these steps furthered his relentless pursuit of world power. Seeing in fascism only a momentary aberration from the accepted liberal course of modern civilization, Sir Nevile had a deep suspicion of any ideological opposition to National Socialism, of any war for democracy, not understanding that fascism was fighting a ruthless war against democracy and that this war had entered its definitive stage as far back as 1936.

A few months before the outbreak of the war Mr. Chamberlain said: "War wins nothing, cures nothing, ends nothing." These historically untrue platitudes explain also Hitler's success. Even a war which wins nothing may defend something. Sir Nevile tells how he found Chancellor Hitler in his study before a very large globe which he has always before his eyes. Unfortunately the democratic statesmen and peoples keep no globe before their eyes. They still continue to see all events as isolated happenings, and thus make Hitler's successes possible. In a very naive way Sir Nevile remarks that Munich was unavoidable because, in spite of the strength of the Czechs' Maginot line, their southern flank was exposed to German attack. But he forgot that this was only the result of the occupation of Austria, which had occurred six months before. In March, 1938, Sir Nevile regarded the annexation of Austria as the righting of an alleged Versailles wrong, not as the necessary preparation for the domination of the whole of Central and Southeastern Europe, an ambition which Bismarck's Germany could not realize because Vienna was then independent of Berlin. But the blindness was not confined to Anglo-Saxon liberals; it was shared by many other people who were neither Anglo-Saxon nor liberals, for example, Colonel Beck, who helped Hitler in all his plans against Austria and Czechoslovakia and thus prepared the annihilation of Poland. It was the intellectual and moral confusion of all the statesmen and peoples whom fascism has foreseen as its future victims which made Hitler's astonishing successes possible and threatened to transform the retreat of democracy into a rout.

There are many passages in the book which will almost drive the reader to despair. Sir Nevile accepts, as many people in England did, all the most blatant pieces of propaganda put out by Hitler in 1933—that it was the Treaty of Versailles which had created him and that he had brought order out of the chaos and distress which followed Germany's defeat in 1919. As if life in Germany under the Weimar Republic from 1924 on had not been orderly, and in the fields of culture and justice, of administration and social legislation infinitely more civilized and promising than it became under Hitler. Sir Nevile says rightly that the militarization of the Rhineland in 1936 offered the democracies the last opportunity to say no without being obliged to go to war to enforce that no; but only a few pages before he says that, whatever attitude the British might have adopted toward Hitler, the result today would be the same. Again and again we find expressions which show that Sir Nevile could grasp reality, as when he says that "the Nazi Party was Germany; it was merely wishful thinking to imagine anything to the contrary"; but then again he fills whole pages with wishful thinking. His mind is entirely concentrated on Germany and England; it is curiously blank as regards France and bitterly prejudiced against the Soviet Union and in favor of Italy. He wonders why Hitler did not stop, at least for several years, after his success at Munich, and so insure peace and welfare for the German people. That would have been "common sense." But fascism despises common sense, peaceful progress, and economic welfare. Henderson and the democratic public in general try to measure the fascists with the yardsticks of liberal rationalism, striving for security and economic well-being. But the fascists live in a world of different values, where words have a different meaning. Henderson tells one characteristic anecdote about the negotiations at Munich. When Mr. Chamberlain pointed out that the Godesberg memorandum was a sheer dictate—the word always applied by Hitler to the Treaty of Versailles—imposed on a country voluntarily surrendering part of its territory without previous defeat, the Chancellor replied: "It is not a dictate; look, the document is headed by the word 'memorandum.' "

Although the book throws little new light on recent Anglo-German relations, it presents clearly mind-processes which are in no way confined to England, to the English Prime Minister, or to his ambassador, and which explain Hitler's successes. In that respect the book is not only an important document of the times, but also a warning to the many democrats who still continue to indulge in wishful thinking about the nature of fascism and the scope of the threat which its success implies.

HANS KOHN

Pitt—Champion of Liberty

MR. PITT AND AMERICA'S BIRTHRIGHT. By J. C. Long. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.50.

IN THAT resplendent galaxy of representative figures—Swift and Defoe, Pope and Dr. Johnson, Hogarth and Chesterfield, Rodney and Clive—whom Bonamy Dobrée collected in his anthology of the eighteenth century there was scarcely a more lustrous personality than the elder Pitt, the Earl of Chatham. Mr. Long needed no excuse for adding this elaborate, scholarly, and yet delightfully diverting volume to the biographies by Lord Macaulay, Lord Rosebery, and others. The one he does offer—that "prior biographers . . . have seemingly underestimated" the significance of Pitt's activities and speeches—is hardly borne out by what Macaulay wrote of the Earl of Chatham: "He was adored by the people; he was admired by all Europe; he was the first Englishman of his time; and he had made England the first country in the world." No one has penetrated more deeply into Pitt's life and work than Mr. Long, whose research has unearthed many hitherto unknown facts, but his "biography" is much more than his hero's life story. It is the history of a traduced and maligned epoch, a true description of social life in the eighteenth century, a serious discussion of the efforts to develop an "almost degenerated England" into a vast "empire of freemen."

It was an unnecessarily broad hint to caption some chapters of this admirable book The Cliveden Set—Cliveden at that time being the seat of a Whig opposition gathered round Prince Frederick—or Troubles at 10 Downing Street, or Paris-Madrid Axis, for the parallelism is obvious enough even without these allusions.

In spite of his interest in the smallest details of Chatham's life, Mr. Long emphasizes the dynamic drama of his career, from the parliamentary battle in the Commons between Pitt and William Murray, who having won the Latin competition at Oxford thought himself a superior person, to the historic scene where the hero of the drama, having made his last speech in defense of America, collapsed in the House of Lords. Emerging from this apparent theatricalism, the central fact of Pitt's career never grows dim in Mr. Long's fascinating narrative. All his life he fought for the freedom of men in a free country, being perhaps unconsciously aware that only by preserving constitutional liberties could the aristocracy preserve its political power. Statesmen in our day who are anxious to uphold the imperiled political power of capitalism apparently do not follow Pitt's example.

In Mr. Long's view the Earl of Chatham was "a man of rare force and judgment" who although vain and ambitious could "submerge his claims in the interest of a united coun-

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try." One of his English biographers, Professor Williams, calls him "our greatest orator and our greatest war minister, but never perhaps so great as when in the evening of his days, he failed by his exertions to save America for England." Not only did this most dazzling of British statesmen defend English liberties against Bourbonism abroad, the refined Hitlerism of a more cultured century, and against attacks at home, as in the Wilkes case, but by conquering Canada and securing the mastery of India in the *annus mirabilis* 1759 he laid the foundation of a British Empire which in his inspired vision was to develop into a voluntary union of self-governing nations. The Earl of Chatham was the first to call America a "nation"; in his brilliant defense of Americans he insisted that England "had no right under heaven to tax America"; and by saying, "I rejoice that America has resisted," he stood firm for liberty and independence as "America's birthright."

In 1766 South Carolina erected "in grateful memory" a statue of William Pitt at Charleston. Fourteen years later a shell from George III's artillery broke off the right arm of the statue—"incredible irony of history" symbolizing perhaps the king's dislike of his late minister. Not even a malevolent criticism could maim the monument Mr. Long has erected to the memory of William Pitt.

The real hero of his book, however, is not William Pitt but the birthright of America as represented in the traditional unity of Anglo-Saxon liberty in the struggle against the tyranny both of the dictator and of the mob. Just now, when some unscrupulous business men and shortsighted politicians are doing their utmost to drive a wedge between the two representatives of this Anglo-Saxon unity, when the misconception of capitalist interests threatens to overshadow human interests, this timely recognition of the English origins of American liberty deserves not only due appreciation but the interest of all intelligent readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Leonardo

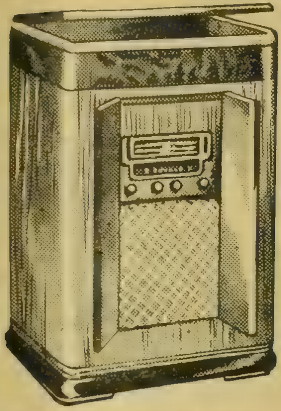
LEONARDO DA VINCI: AN ACCOUNT OF HIS DEVELOPMENT AS AN ARTIST. By Kenneth Clark. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THERE are many definitions of genius, all of them doubtless unsatisfactory, but the one that best suits the working purposes of unendowed humanity is simple. A genius is a man who never does enough. A talent, a temperament, a minor light, or a mediocrity—a Correggio, a Berlioz, a Congreve, or a Liszt—is safe in his degree. Mankind accepts him as a definer of its limits and a flatterer of its incompetence. He fixes comfortable boundaries to our practical intelligence and never lifts us to a height too perilous for the average temerities of spirit or imagination. He fits into the scheme of existence and enhances its bleakness or defeats. But with geniuses of incontestable rank no simple gratitude is possible. They leave the normal dimensions and incapacities of humanity behind and stand against their own vision of divinity. Every defect, frustration, and evasion is mercilessly exposed. Their glimpse of truth imparts the fear of an exposure, it dismisses pretexts and excuses, and it brings us to the edge of the abyss. Enemies of half-truth and imposture, they tell us that finally the ways of salvation are not many but one. And because they offer a single and ruthless form of truth, our only revenge is to resent them as pretenders to godhead and to humiliate them as men. It is the Beethovens, Dantes, and Leonardos who incite critics and romanticists to their boldest liberties. Every generation scolds, remodels, or scales them down to its own convenience. The works they wrung from labor and agony become the stalking-horses of any random journalist or undergraduate whose mythology of values they have disturbed. Like all custodians of truth they must pay for the honor a price never exacted of the limited talent who stays within the recognized sanctions of human comfort and compromise and so halts safely this side the chilly summits of revelation.

Leonardo is preeminently an example of their fate. He has been subjected to almost every protest and deflation of which science or criticism is capable. Where reverence of his art is effusive it is suspected of perversity. Engineers who find his machines fantastic, critics who find his designs artificial or his vision synthetic, and psychologists who find his nature abnormal have substantiated this perversity in the fitful, impractical, and sinister tendencies of his genius. His venerators have done him the disservice of romanticizing his career and temperament beyond the ordinary license permitted by a meagerness of facts and documents. Vasari and Peter, excited by legend and unaware of the exact canon of his works, gave him the mystic proportions of a seer, and Merejkowski, Rachel Taylor, and Antonina Vallentin have converted his history into swollen romances of Renaissance culture. In our age of unrivaled reason and hard-headed sense he is the favorite butt of deflaters of aestheticism. His notebooks have been dissected by Aristotelians, his symbols and images indexed by Freudians, his machines dismissed by experts in ballistics and hydrodynamics, and his military and ecclesiastical projects derided by humanitarians. The one feature of Leonardo that remains untouched—yet still clumsily misinterpreted to the lay mind—is the supreme and invulnerable one: the vision whereby he brought intellect to meet with instinct, form with intuition, and reality with mystery at the subtlest possible point, and so brought fully into art, in their total complex, the radical traits of the Western mind and "the central problem of creation."

Sir Kenneth Clark has written the book exactly needed—following the researches of the Richters, MacCurdy, and Berenson and the consequent decline of Pater's influence—to rescue the magnitude of Leonardo's achievement from the clouds of poetic interpretation and technical analysis; and he has written it so candidly, with so fine a balance of grace and scholarship, that it surmounts its fragmentary character as a book of lectures and becomes a lesson for critics of art. His knowledge of the pictures and drawings is expert; his sense of Leonardo's human qualities and deviations is delicate; his insight into the formal and symbolic inventions, as into the subtleties of the "Trattato," is sharp; and he writes with a firmness of suggestion and definition that makes him the best English art critic since Roger Fry. He is good in defining "the tradition of linear grace and fancy, the tradition of Lorenzo Monaco, Fra Filippo, and Botticelli," to which by his un-Greek nature Leonardo belonged, as against the tradition of scientific naturalism of Masaccio and Verrocchio toward which by training and intellect he tended. He is as reasonable in proposing the analogy of Picasso's restless experimentalism as in suggesting that Leonardo's "constitutional dilatoriness" was redeemed from paralysis of will by an unflagging seminal faculty comparable to the disordered intellect of Coleridge. He knows how, in supreme moments, Leonardo's aesthetic, literary, and scientific impulses were resolved through a command of "abstract harmonies and structural subordinations" that make his greatest pictures as "inexhaustible" as a masterpiece by Bach. He corrects Valéry's idealistic view of the "symmetric instinct" by showing Leonardo caught in the transition from the logical system of scholasticism to the experimental realism, not yet resolved into a faith in natural law, of the Renaissance. He is prudent enough to recognize Freud's essay as—in the absence of all but the sparsest evidence—necessarily speculative, but sensible enough to reprove "those who wish, in the interests of morality, to reduce Leonardo, that inexhaustible source of creative power, to a neutral and sexless agency." Tracing the secret of temperament in the coloristic qualities and epicene forms of the pictures themselves, he knows the mixed appeals that have won dubious apologies for Leonardo's motives, but he also knows that Pater happened to strike in at least three phrases of his "marvelous cadenza" on the Mona Lisa the salient elements in his genius. He is accurate in defining Leonardo's temperamental defects: his hostility to classicism and disdain of the *arte meccanicissima* of sculpture (an aversion largely to Michelangelo), his failure in the synthetic faculty, his weakness in normal sensuality, the disorder of his contributions to iconography and plastic vocabulary, his misleading influence on Luini and Sodoma, the mixed elements of "The Last Supper," and his curiously regressive belief that "one cannot have beauty and utility together, as may be seen in men and fortresses."

There is, however, no effect of reducing Leonardo's prodigious resources to the level of common sense or mechanical analysis. Clark can quote so judiciously from the "Trattato" that a random passage has the effect of revealing the force and insight of the whole. And, to speak of only one of his attributions, he is so acute in perceiving the Leonardesque quality of the Cecilia Gallerani at Cracow—especially the Leda-like twist of the ermine, "its stoatish character, sleek, predatory, alert, yet with a kind of heraldic dignity" that gives "in epigrammatic form the motive of the whole composition"—that he makes this portrait indispensable to one's grasp of Leonardo's power and its animal one of the miracles of painting. He brings Leonardo within reasonable comprehension without for a moment simplifying his greatness, and thus succeeds in clarifying the range of his resources and insight, the "obsessive interest" in waves, rocks, clouds, and sinews by which he extended the language of paint, and his reach into the depths of the human mind by which the rocky landscape of the Virgin or the Mona Lisa becomes one of the immortal images of spiritual divination. Clark has written, in short, one of the most distinguished of recent aesthetic studies in any field. Its value lies not only in what it does to rationalize the place in history of a man who is "a standing refutation of the comfortable belief that all great men are simple," but in what it does to make that man credible as



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MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Wagon Trail

DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME. By John Weld. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

AFTER reading this novelized account of the Donner wagon train's grueling trek to California in 1846, it should be several days before anyone has the gall to complain because the sink is not draining or the chicken is tough or the cigarettes are all smoked. Luckily for the author, the sufferings these early emigrants endured are a matter of record; otherwise many a reader would shake his head unbelievingly, thinking, "I couldn't bear even half so much, and no one else could either." How much hunger, cold, sickness, pain, frustration can a human being stand? The answer, for these continent-crossers and probably for everyone, is: far more than you could possibly imagine.

Out of Independence, Missouri, they rolled in the early summer, nearly a hundred brand-new wagons loaded with the supplies prescribed by the "Emigrant's Guide," but most of them carrying many unnecessary belongings in flagrant disregard of that manual's warning against excess pounds. Winding across the prairies, they sang, "It rained all night the day I left; the weather it was dry . . ."; to Laramie—"The sun so hot I froze to death . . ."; and over the first mountain ranges—"Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me, I'm off to California with a banjo on my knee." But already oxen were weakening, wagons breaking down; beds, chests, stoves, clocks strewed the trail as drivers learned that excess weight really did take its toll; an occasional wooden cross marked the end of the trek for a worn-out wife or for a hot-tempered emigrant shot in a quarrel. Then the salt flats and the desert, with supplies dwindling, water too precious to be priced in terms of gold, treacherous Indians picking off the livestock from ambush. Real privations, more dissension within the party itself, a sharpening of the will to self-preservation. Then mountains again, early winter, and snow. Faced with the absolute impossibility of taking wagons through the drifts, the remainder of the caravan abandoned their canvas-topped homes, moved forward on foot, were soon trapped among the hills. Apparently doomed, they lived on like animals, feeding on remnants of ox-hide, sinking daily to lower and lower bestial levels, yet refusing to give up and die. Finally fifteen of the least emaciated set out on improvised snowshoes to seek help from Sutter's fort perhaps a hundred miles away. A few of them got through, but only by eating the carcasses of their companions who succumbed on the way.

Mr. Weld's book opens slowly, lumberingly, like the wagon train he describes, but once under way it brings one searingly close to the grim reality of those racking months, to the inexplicable urge that drives men across deserts, swollen rivers, snow-locked mountains—and keeps them going long after they should by all rights have dropped dead in their tracks.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

IN BRIEF

THEIR OWN COUNTRY. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

Stephen and Hester Chase, central figures in "Oil for the Lamps of China," return to America in the late 1920's. Stephen, having been forced to resign from the oil company, finds a growing sense of insecurity permeating the business structure of his homeland, from truck-driver to executive, each rank specializing in its own brand of chiseling to safeguard jobs or power. After a few skirmishes with New York firms, he takes over the management of an industrial-alcohol plant in a small Kansas city, sees it through depression, sabotage, crooked competition. Interesting, but not so engrossing as Stephen's and Hester's adventures in China.

A STRICKEN FIELD. By Martha Gellhorn. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.50.

Miss Gellhorn tells a story of Prague between the seizure of the Sudetenland and the final absorption of the unfortunate Czechs by Germany. Herself a newspaper correspondent of wide experience, she reveals the plight of the Sudeten refugees and the disillusioned Czechs largely as it appears to a woman journalist, Mary Douglas, who has not yet grown calloused to injustice and suffering even after watching the civil war in Spain. Persecution, violence, bestial cruelty, abject fear—these are the threads of a pattern which has already appeared in at least a dozen novels of present-day Europe, and for which ultimate credit must go to the Nazis, inexhaustible purveyors of horror-story plots. Sickening enough against a background of Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, the atrocity pattern irritates an even more sensitive nerve when Czechoslovakia becomes the victim in the trap, because at every turn, subtly but inexorably, one is reminded that the democracies (1) delivered up the Czechs to the butchers, and (2) took only half- or quarter-hearted measures to rescue the poor wretches for whom, because of their racial origin or liberal views, failure to escape meant torture and death.

DE QUINCEY: A PORTRAIT. By John Calvin Metcalf. Harvard University Press. $2.

This extremely direct and charming view of a man of letters who was a genius as well as a victim of opium is the product of intimate knowledge of sources, written and unwritten, and a fine example of the art which conceals scholarship. The style is polished, sympathetic, and delicately humorous—admirably suited to the subject.

FILMS

"LIGHTS OUT IN EUROPE" (a Look-Ampix living-history feature) by the American Herbert Kline and the Czech Alexander Hackenschmied, who gave us "Crisis" last year, was filmed in England, Poland, Danzig, and on the western front from May to December, 1939. It is easily the most dramatic, most eloquent, and most revealing picture yet made about contemporary events, even surpassing "Crisis" in many respects. No reels could be taken in Germany proper and none of the Russian invasion of Poland. Nevertheless, the German side of the front is made perfectly clear by the sequence which pictures the war preparations of the Nazis in Danzig and the bombing of Polish refugee trains by German planes—shots of unforgettable horror.

The picture begins in London in the days after Hitler's march into Prague. The slow realization of the Chamberlain government that there will be no peace in our time as long as the Hitler regime exists expresses itself in a hundred measures which change the atmosphere and the aspect of the streets of London. Alexander Hackenschmied photographed these changes not merely with technical skill and an unfailing sense of pictorial values but with an astounding recognition of the essential, telling details. His work has the same relation to the general run of newsreels that the inside stories of really informed correspondents have to mere news dispatches. We have all seen newsreels showing the introduction of compulsory military service in England, or the building of flimsy air-raid shelters in backyards, or the speed-up in airplane factories, but here these events are seen and reported by somebody who knows what they mean and who shows their relation to the great drama of which they are a part.

From England the film switches to Danzig and Poland, reporting the preparations for war on both sides. And then war comes, swiftly and undeclared. Its horror leaps from the screen, and it will strike you almost as it did the poor Polish peasants who found themselves suddenly among ruins staring at the cadavers of their burned livestock. Back in London and on the western front we see England in the first weeks of war. Most impressive is a farewell performance for soldiers going to the front at which they sing, "We'll Hang the Washing on the Siegfried Line." They sing the song, but one can see on their faces that they know it will not be so easy as that.

James Hilton has written a commentary for the picture, which is spoken by Fredric March. It is adequate when it consists of straight explanation and hopelessly confused when more is attempted. The opening statement that the picture is designed to show the futility of war is nonsense. As if Hitler would leave anybody the choice of fighting him with spiritual weapons. Equally empty is the statement at the end-title that there has never been an attempt at "a peace to end war." And there is in the picture itself a corresponding contradiction. It begins quite naturally as a militant anti-Nazi film, but suddenly vague pacifist overtones are accentuated; the graves of the soldiers of the war of 1914-18 are shown again and again. The reason for such forced inconsistency is not difficult to detect. It lies obviously in the Soviet-German pact. Its effect on the people of England and France is, significantly, not shown, but its effect on the producers of the film is clear. They became, to say the least, confused and began to censor reality. Starting out in May, 1939, to fight fascism, they found themselves suddenly in August propagandists for an "imperialistic war"—this is the impression given by the omissions and the accents in the second half of the picture. Fortunately their material remains more impressive than their confusion.

"Rebecca" (Selznick), though produced at great expense, is unconvincing and in the middle part even boring in spite of Hitchcock's direction and such excellent actors as Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine, and Judith Anderson.

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"Young Tom Edison" (M.G.M.) is a pleasant though sweetened biographical picture in which Mickey Rooney gets a chance to show his talents in a legitimate part.

The Hays office informs me that Mr. Hays never made the remark—attributed to him in this and other columns—that better pictures are produced today not because the producers have become more mature but because the movie writers are better versed in their profession. So far as this denial implies that Mr. Hays would not want to subscribe to such an attempt to shift responsibility I am satisfied.

FRANZ HOELLERING

DRAMA

NO OTHER performer on the American stage can act worried quite so elaborately or so convincingly as Miss Pauline Lord. "Suspect" (The Playhouse) gives her several opportunities to do just that, and she takes advantage of them with all her accustomed virtuosity. Unfortunately, however, there are a good many other moments in a mechanically constructed play which moves clumsily and creaks as it goes. Written by the same Edward Percy and Reginald Denham responsible for "Ladies in Retirement," "Suspect" also is an attempt to give the audience a genteel attack of the horrors; but its methods are even more obvious, and it is far too slow in getting to the point. Miss Lord is a retired ax-murderess now living in quiet seclusion, surrounded by provincial curates and cricket-playing baronets. Naturally they get quite a turn when they find out who she really is. And it's a jolly good thing that they don't see what the audience sees just before the curtain goes down.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

IF I had to choose between Columbia's new set of Mozart's Symphony K. 385 ("Haffner"), made by Beecham with the London Philharmonic (M-399, $4.50), and the ten-year-old set made by Toscanini with the New York Philharmonic, I would find choice difficult. Beecham's style in Mozart is superb, and this performance is one of his best; it is recorded with the fidelity, the spaciousness, the lifelike sharpness of outline that one does not hear in the recording of ten years ago; the new version costs less than the old; and all these facts will make the decision easy for some people. But the qualities of attack, of contour, of texture that are distinctive in a Toscanini performance are reproduced to an astonishing degree by the older recording; they contribute to a performance of the last movement that is breath-takingly lighter and swifter than Beecham's; and these things would, in the end, make choice impossible for me: I would have to have both versions. And that, I dare say, is what others will decide, if they can afford it.

But in the case of Columbia's new set of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, made by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (M-401, $10), and the older set made by Toscanini with the B. B. C. Symphony, there is no such difficulty. In the performance of the symphony, as in the March performance of the "Coriolanus" Overture, one is aware of Mitropoulos's talent as a conductor; but this time one is also aware of his defects as a musician. The forceful personality which gives the conductor power over the minds and wills and bodies of his players expresses itself also in the musician's inclination to extremes in dynamics—to excessively violent crescendos and decrescendos within a single measure, to explosive *fp's* on a single beat—an inclination unguided or unrestrained by the sense for plastic proportions that one hears in the phrasing of a Toscanini or a Beecham, or by their sense of fitness—which is to say their taste, their feeling for the character and style of the music in hand. To listen to Toscanini's genial, relaxed performance of the first movement of the "Pastoral" and then to Mitropoulos's hectic performance is to listen to someone who has this feeling for the music and to someone who has not—who has a feeling only for sensational effects in dynamics. The one point of superiority of the Mitropoulos version is its present-day recording; but Toscanini recorded his performance only two or three years ago.

Stock's performance of Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" with the Chicago Symphony (11179, $2) is very fine; but I recall liking Boult's with the B. B. C. Symphony. Where the new version is superior is in its brilliant recording. Haydn's Quartet Opus 76, No. 5 is not one of his best; but even the qualities it has are not given effect by the insensitive playing of the reorganized Roth Quartet and the almost unendurably harsh recording (M-400, $5). On the other hand good recording is the only virtue of the Kilenyi set of Schumann's superb Symphonic Etudes for piano (X-162, $3.50), and its only point of superiority over previous inadequate versions. As for the Album of Shakespearean Song (M-402, $5), some of the songs—mostly by Thomas Arne—are quite charming, but Mordecai Bauman sings them with a powerful voice that seems incapable of any subtlety of coloring and inflection.

Among several miscellaneous items, Decca's second Album of Harpsichord Music played by Alice Ehlers (Set 62, $2.75) offers dance movements by Purcell, Bach, Couperin, Rameau, and others, which could not be pounded out with less grace by Yella Pessl herself. Then, some readers may be interested in the Columbia "Add-a-Part" recordings of large chamber works and shorter pieces. In these the work is played without the first violin part or 'cello part or piano part, so that a violinist or 'cellist or pianist can have the practice or the pleasure of playing the omitted part in a performance of the work. The records come with a specially contrived complete score, and at the beginning of each movement the correct pitch and tempo are given. I have had no opportunity to try the records myself. And finally I should mention the set of records of the Belgian Congo music heard in the film "Dark Rapture," issued by General Records, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Among recent jazz records there has been nothing to get excited about; but the best, and fairly enjoyable, have been the Crosby Bobcats' "Do You Ever Think of Me," with Stacy at the piano (Decca 3040), and the Bob Zurke "Tom-Cat on the Keys" (Victor 26526). Louis Armstrong has done some good trumpet-playing, up to an exhibitionistic finale, in his "Bye and Bye" (Decca 3011); Art Hodes's "Ross Tavern Boogie" (Solo Art R-2197) is one of the more interesting products of that type of piano-playing, and on the reverse side "South Side Shuffle," which departs from the type, is even better; in "The Blues" Jack Teagarden does some fine playing on trombone against an utterly incongruous gilt-and-plush large-band background (Varsity 8218). Ida Cox shows an excellent sense for pace in phrasing, but every bit of color is gone from the voice; and her singing is too much for me to take with the fine playing of the supporting band. Nor do I enjoy the various Jelly Roll Morton records issued by General Records.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Vigilantes and Pioneers

Dear Sirs: After years of violence and red-baiting culminating in the Laura Law murder and the complete breakdown of law enforcement, the wage-earners and small business men of the Northwest, long harassed by vigilantes and so-called citizens' committees, are hoping that the federal government will step in and clean up the whole rotten mess.

Meanwhile, they are taking steps to defend themselves. Signals and codes are being adopted so that if one family is attacked by vigilantes the rest can go to the rescue. Sounds like the old West! The Aberdeen murder was no flash in the pan; its repercussions have been felt up and down the Pacific Coast. Children bring the fears and prejudices of their parents into the schools, and childish cries of "Pink," "Red," "Vigilante," and "Scab" are the cause of schoolroom scuffles. Townspeople look askance at strangers. Men on the job do not trust one another, and important union meetings have been driven underground.

Fraternal and religious groups are knee deep in red-baiting. Workingmen have been fined for refusing to contribute to the Finnish relief fund. Newsstand dealers have been told by police red-squad officers to keep magazines like *The Nation* and the *New Republic* out of sight. One large chain store employs only practicing Mormons, and it is almost impossible for a young person to find work unless he is a member of the National Guard.

If the Aberdeen assassination remains "unsolved," the bloodthirsty vigilantes will feel that they can run little fascist kingdoms of their own, with their own deputized storm troopers, and the so-called citizens' committees will not rest until they force the humble workers to their knees and break up all unions. Already the humble citizens in increasing numbers are taking out "hunting licenses," for the blood of pioneers flows in the veins of these people and if it comes to a showdown the enemy will be met with courage. Let us hope the federal government steps in before this point is reached.

If you publish this letter do not print my name, for it will be noted by the red squad, I'll get a telephone call calling me a rat, perhaps a postcard from the K. K. K., the Better Business League will see that I lose my job, and I'll find myself on the black list of the Chamber of Commerce when I seek another job. Simple, isn't it?

You see *The Nation* is read with painstaking care by its foes.

Portland, Ore., April 12 M. R.

The Man Who Beat Hoan

Dear Sirs: On April 3, 1940, the world awoke to find that Daniel Webster Hoan was no longer mayor of the Beer City, the City of Homes, the City that Prospered in Spite of a Red Mayor. Hoan had been Mayor of Milwaukee for twenty-four successive years and had given Milwaukee the reputation of being the best-governed city in America: he had practically freed the city government of graft, sponsored the amortization-fund plan that will make Milwaukee debt free in 1943, fought for civil service, fought sales-tax proposals, fought for public ownership—fought, fought, and fought until he was sixty years old and tired.

Year after year candidates had been groomed to beat Hoan, but none succeeded until this spring. Carl Frederick Zeidler was victorious over Hoan on April 2 by 12,000 votes—and 12,000 voters can't be wrong, can they?

Zeidler has been described in Milwaukee papers as "young, tall, blond, handsome, athletic, with a resonant baritone voice." And, according to the papers after the election, "he launched a campaign the like of which Hoan has never faced before." He sang at public meetings, he kissed a lady at a style show, he shook hands all around, he organized young peoples' clubs. As far as his Y. M. C. A. and church background permitted, he was a regular card.

This type of campaign caught the Socialist-Progressive group in Milwaukee napping. Perhaps they forgot that the prolonged depression, totalitarian-state methods of propaganda, and Socialist complacency had created a psychological condition they were not able to meet. At post-mortem sessions they admit that Zeidler pushed Mayor Hoan out of the City Hall because they, the Hoan supporters, were content to sit in office without keeping their political fences mended. They failed to encourage young members of their organization, failed to check the enemy before he became a menace.

Zeidler studiously avoided getting involved in discussions about unionism, unemployment, relief, or taxation, and wound up his campaign with a resonant roar that he would "clean out the City Hall and oust the Socialists."

That threat probably did it—in a city that has not had a majority of Socialists in the City Council for, lo, these many years. ARTHUR P. WIESNER

Milwaukee, April 9

Help China's Cooperatives

Dear Sirs: Dr. Eric Landauer, who is in charge of the Southeastern Laboratory of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, has sent me an appeal which I hope will interest *Nation* readers. I quote excerpts from it below:

> Mme Sun Yat-sen has stated the aims of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives in the following words: "Japan seeks . . . to destroy our modern industries in order to make our people agrarian slaves. It already has smashed and seized 75 per cent of our machine industry and left more than a million workers jobless. Our people and our government are determined to rebuild productive power even during war time by erecting thousands of small factories throughout the hinterland, even on the flanks of the Japanese-held railways. In order to mobilize the widest participation of the people, these factories are being developed in the form of cooperatives."
>
> Although scarcely more than a year old, the C. I. C. have already established more than 1,500 individual shops. It is planned to set up 10,000 cooperatives in the second year, and 20,000 in the third. The organization operates from five bases placed at strategic points. Each base will have one central laboratory to help any cooperative in the region requiring technical assistance. Specifically, the purpose of the laboratories is (1) to improve the manufacturing methods of the existing cooperatives, (2) to assay raw materials for them and standardize finished products, (3) to make surveys of locally available raw materials and to develop processing or refining methods, (4) to work out manufacturing methods for urgently needed drugs that cannot be imported any longer in sufficient quantities, (5) to train field assistants and technical inspectors for all co-ops in the area.
>
> One such laboratory has been established in the Northwest. A second one is now being set up in the Southeast; its head, the author of the present appeal, is a chemist

formerly on the League of Nations Epidemic Commission to China. He and his staff have offered their services free to the C. I. C. and are paid only a small living allowance. The laboratory is being supported entirely by contributions from foreign friends of China. Funds received so far have enabled us to make a start by using improvised and very primitive methods and equipment.

The writer has a list of those things which are wanted most urgently and invites correspondence from all persons who may have equipment, new or used, which might be useful and which they are willing to contribute. In addition, cash contributions are solicited, both for the purchase of equipment which cannot be obtained as a gift and for defraying shipping expenses to China.

I shall be glad to forward any contributions which *Nation* readers may wish to make in response to this appeal.

WALTER LANDAUER
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Conn., April 10

ROTC at California

Dear Sirs: Mr. Villard's article (*The Nation,* March 23) concerning a Report on Compulsory Military Training issued by the Associated Students of the University of California was greatly appreciated by those of us who have fought so long to make military training voluntary at the University of California. On March 8 the regents decided by a vote of fourteen to two to maintain ROTC on a compulsory basis. The two regents who voted against it were Governor Olson and Lieutenant Governor Patterson.

This was the sixth time in ten years that the regents have refused to grant the student petition for the abolition of compulsory ROTC. And they rejected it in the face of the largest student plebiscite ever held. With 4,000 students voting, the vote was three to one in favor of voluntary military training.

It is difficult in the face of so many defeats to maintain a militant student opposition to compulsory ROTC. Yet a regent "who preferred to speak off the record" stated after the decision of the board that "we are closer to the abolition of compulsory military training than we have ever been in the past, and it was the existence of a national emergency that bore the greatest weight in the regents' decision." This is the first time that the regents have been forced back to what seems to me to be the "last-ditch stand" of a "national emergency."

MORRIS D. GLICKFELD, Chairman,
A. S. U. C., Peace Committee
Berkeley, Cal., April 8

And at Harvard

Dear Sirs: When I showed Mr. Villard's brief article on the ROTC in your March 23 issue to my military-science instructor, the first thing he did was to call Mr. Villard "just a publicity-seeker." Then he vigorously upheld his own ability to instruct in citizenship as well as military tactics, said that "any form of work is good physical training," and tried to show that the two-year basic course, which takes up three hours of classroom time a week as well as ten three-hour drill periods a year, does not interfere with regular college work.

However, I can furnish a few facts to substantiate some of Mr. Villard's assertions: Our training in actual military practice consists of work with the outmoded 1897 model of the French 75-millimeter gun, whereas the model of that gun now in army use has modifications which make both our practical field work and our data largely inapplicable. Also, though the truck-drawn gun battery has almost completely replaced the older types, we continue to work with horses. Conditions are as unlike combat service as they can possibly be. The guns are in orderly array at the gun park, and we sight at a church steeple across the river and toy for an hour each drill period with old-style, dummy projectiles.

In class we figure out the mathematical data for the old-style guns, and learn certain fundamentals of military discipline, first aid, and military organization. A large amount of time is devoted to propaganda for the "American way." At the beginning of most periods the instructor reads us clippings which may be (1) an article from "a Washington newspaper," condemning Harold Rugg's social-science textbook series for "breeding a generation of future reds and pinks in our public elementary schools"; (2) an article describing an encounter between Socialist strikers and constabulary on a sugar plantation in Manila—"When the employer is good enough to furnish some food and a hut and some clothes for the poor workers, they ought to be happy, but then these Socialist agitators come in and try to make them feel discontented"; (3) an article about the Endicott-Johnson workers, who voted for a small independent union rather than the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O.; (4) most touching of all, a little item complaining that state and federal taxes ate up most of the $200,000 bonus given recently to Mr. Gifford of the A. T. and T.

If this is military training in our "stronghold of academic freedom," what can it be like in schools where it is compulsory? A. P. R.

Cambridge, Mass., April 12

"Wagner Act for Employers"

Dear Sirs: I have just read in the March 23 issue of *The Nation* what I consider to be the keenest analysis of the efforts to amend the Wagner Labor Act that I have seen anywhere. It is the article A 'Wagner Act' for Employers, by Arthur A. Michael.

I am so impressed with the piece that I am asking for permission to reproduce it in a forthcoming issue of *Steel Labor,* the official publication of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. VIN D. SWEENEY,

Publicity Director, S. W. O. C.
Pittsburgh, April 9

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The Shape of Things

WHILE THE GERMANS ARE CONSOLIDATING their hold on southeastern Norway, the Norwegians seem gradually to be organizing a stronger resistance in the center of the country and are now in sight of aid. The Allies have established themselves in some force at Namsos and Andalsnes, north and south of Trondheim respectively, and should have a good chance of surrounding the small German garrison in that city. In this case they would command railroads and highways providing rapid communications with the Norwegian forces operating around Hamar. Lacking air bases, however, they may have trouble in countering Nazi air attacks on every town they hold. Authorities in London are discouraging hopes of rapid success in driving the Nazis out of Norway and suggest that they expect large-scale fighting before that object is achieved. To the extent, however, that Hitler has been thwarted in his hopes of overrunning the whole country before the Allies could send aid, a real victory has already been achieved. Unless Berlin is willing to admit defeat and withdraw its troops, a course which would involve tremendous loss of prestige, it will be forced to devote much larger resources to maintaining its position. But at best its single line of communications via the Kattegat is hazardous, and the temptation to force an alternative route through Sweden must be increasing. There are reports of growing German aerial activity over that country, but the Swedes are on the alert and the losses suffered by the German fleet have added to the relative strength of the Swedish navy. Thus the decision to draw Sweden into the fight is not one which Hitler can take lightly.

*

HAS AIR POWER SUPERSEDED SEA POWER? That long-standing controversy is being put to a practical test off the coast of Norway, and the evidence to date suggests that strong navies are not yet outmoded. It is true that Germany claims a great many successes for the bombers it has pitted against British battleships and transports, but Berlin has now reluctantly admitted that the Allies have made landings at several points on the Norwegian coast. The British Admiralty, which on the whole has been prompt in announcing losses and cautious in making claims, asserts that the Norwegian expeditionary force has been put ashore without the loss of a man. Moreover, a British squadron has been able to approach Stavanger and turn its heavy guns on the airport there without meeting serious opposition. There seems, in fact, little doubt that the Allied grip on the North Sea is even stronger than before Hitler launched his Scandinavian campaign. If this impression is confirmed, it will have an important bearing on the major strategy of the war. For Hitler was certainly counting on giving his friend Mussolini a demonstration of the superiority of air power which would encourage him to try conclusions with the Allies in the Mediterranean, where he is relatively stronger in the air than on the water.

*

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THE NEW COMMUNIST line seems to be disappearing down a drainpipe. Ever since the end of the Finnish invasion there have been signs of a chill in the air between Berlin and Moscow. Not major signs, but those little telltale indications which in diplomacy spell the difference between love and sufferance. First there was the much-heralded visit that Molotov never made to Berlin; then Ambassador Maisky's suggestions to Lord Halifax that the Soviets were willing to sell war materials to England as well as Germany; then the icy silence in the Kremlin concerning the rape of Denmark and Norway. Add to these portents such straws as the congratulations that Stalin failed to send to Hitler on his birthday and the revised attitude of the Soviet newspaper *Trud*. Not only does that journal point out that nowhere on earth do the interests of France conflict with those of Russia, but it goes on to chide one of its own writers for having previously depicted Britain as a horseman riding an equine France to battle. Welcoming a possible German-Russian breach on behalf of the Allies, P. J. Philip of the New York *Times* is discovering retroactively that Russia's foreign policy of the past nine months has been essentially anti-German. Mr. Philip informs us that secret orders have already gone out through the Communist International that the com-

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rades are to "evolve" in their attitude toward the war and even "to join their efforts openly to support the national cause" in their respective countries. Mr. Philip is not beyond wishful thinking, but all the same we advise our readers—and the editors of the *Daily Worker* —to watch out for the next sharp turn of that old "locomotive of history."

*

HULL'S STATEMENT ON THE DUTCH EAST Indies had a significance out of all proportion to its moderate tone. Coming as a reply to Arita's declaration against any change in status of the islands it can only be interpreted as a direct warning to Japan. For all Japan's actions in the past few years point to its intentions to seize these Dutch possessions in case of a German invasion of the Netherlands. The islands contain oil and other raw materials essential to Japanese military and naval operations. Moreover, they are of immense strategic importance in the area which the Japanese navy has long regarded as the logical region for Japanese expansion. And the navy has been restive as a result of the glory heaped upon the army in recent years. Under these circumstances it is hardly likely that Secretary Hull's warning will in itself stop Japan, though the presence of the American battle fleet on maneuver in the western Pacific may. Perhaps even more effective will be the fact that seizure of the Indies would certainly be resisted by the Allies, who dare not allow the islands to fall into the hands of a potential enemy. Whether the Allies are strong enough to stop Japan is far from certain. The situation will bear close watching, lest the East Indies provide the back door for America's entrance into the European war.

*

HOPE FOR A COMPROMISE IN INDIA HAS virtually disappeared as a result of last week's official British statement that "in the circumstances there does not seem to be anything further that the government can do." A call has been issued to All-India National Congress committees throughout the country to prepare for a declaration of civil disobedience. The British authorities have countered with a warning that this campaign will be crushed with the full force at their command. Already the application of repressive measures has gone much farther than is generally realized. The Indian constitution has for all practical purposes been suspended, and the provincial governors have taken over administration as an emergency measure. The Defense of India regulations imposed in September are extraordinarily sweeping. They give British constables unlimited power to arrest anyone suspected of acts which might impede the prosecution of the war. Those arrested are subject to penalties ranging to life imprisonment or death and imposed by special tribunals. Numerous persons have already been seized under these regulations, including Hundi Vishnu Kamrath, secretary of the left-wing group opposed to Gandhi's moderate Congress program. Many Bombay labor leaders have also been imprisoned. In preparation for the showdown over civil disobedience practically all native Indian troops have been moved out of the country. It would seem that only an unmistakable indication of America's interest would save India from a repetition of the brutal repression used against Gandhi's previous campaign of non-violent civil disobedience.

*

MEN IN HIGH PLACES ARE FASHIONING A legal barricade to keep Bertrand Russell out of City College. First there was Justice McGeehan's incredible decision voiding the appointment, then his ruling that Russell could not become a party to the proceedings. Next Mayor LaGuardia eliminated Russell's post from the budget; his corporation counsel obediently advised the Board of Higher Education to drop the case; and now, following the board's refusal to yield, a minority of board members—led by Charles Tuttle—is trying to prevent the board from hiring its own attorney. Thus no stone is being left unturned to obscure the real issues and to avoid their review by a higher court. But the board shows no sign of flinching, and it is doubtful that the issues can be sidetracked. The danger is that complex and protracted litigation will cool popular resentment over the attack on Russell. It is apparent that organized bigotry in New York is prepared to fight the matter out if it takes all year—and the longer the better.

*

IN 1937 AT THE FORD PLANT IN DALLAS workmen were given copies of a pamphlet entitled "Ford Gives Viewpoint on Labor." If the intermediate report to the National Labor Relations Board by Trial Examiner R. W. Denham is correct, company officials did not limit themselves to the gentler methods of persuasion. Denham finds that strong-arm squads were formed of "the most brutal, vicious, and conscienceless thugs in its employ, who could be counted on to accept an opportunity to indulge their sadistic desires in lieu of additional compensation upon any person pointed out to them as a C. I. O. organizer, member, advocate, or sympathizer to be beaten, whipped, tarred, and feathered." On the basis of evidence presented at the hearings before him, the trial examiner accuses the Ford Motor Company of embarking on a program of spying and unlimited brutality in an effort to fight attempts to unionize it. Officials even went so far, he states, as to plan a murder. The record in the case also includes the story told by a dying man to his twin brother alleging that he had been beaten to death by the Ford "strong-arm squad" in mistake for his twin. "Blackjacks, loaded hose, and cat-o'-nine-tails made of rubber stripping and electric-light wire" were among the weapons used by the strong-arm squad, according to the trial examiner. If the practices described in his report are proved and go unpunished, the Bill of Rights can soon be added to Henry Ford's collection of quaint Americana.

*

IN PLEASANT CONTRAST IS THE PICTURE OF the peaceful elections held for collective-bargaining purposes in the plants of the General Motors Corporation. A few years ago General Motors was fighting unionization, as Ford is still fighting it. The new elections and the conditions under which they were held are a tribute not only to the strength of organized labor but to the willingness of a great corporation to adjust itself to changed conditions and abide by the law. The C. I. O. won a three-to-one victory, sweeping Flint, Detroit, Pontiac, Bay City, Saginaw, Lansing, and St. Louis. The A. F. of L. won both plants in Kansas City, home town of Homer Martin, two plants in Norwood, Ohio, and one in Meriden, Ohio. The Mechanics' Educational Society of America, an independent union with an honorable record, defeated the C. I. O. in the Detroit Diesel-engine division. In only one plant, the Harrison plant at Buffalo, did the workers vote for no union at all. The C. I. O. suffered a serious defeat, however, in another collective-bargaining election—among employees of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York. There an older "independent" union merged with an A. F. of L. union to oppose the C. I. O. and won a large majority.

*

THE PRESIDENT HAS BEAT A STRATEGIC retreat on relief by requesting, in a letter addressed to Speaker Bankhead, that he be allowed to spend the $975,000,000 budgeted for work relief during the first eight months of the fiscal year. Should this be done, the WPA could be maintained during the coming year at about 2,000,000, or practically at the same level that has prevailed this year. Opponents of the Administration charge the President with asking for less than he knows will be needed in order to minimize the "spending" issue in the elections. But the President is on firm ground when he insists that no one can foretell the trend of business conditions in the coming year accurately enough to make a satisfactory estimate of relief needs. It is fairly safe to assume that the needs will not be any less than they were during the present year, and there is real danger, as Ralph Hetzel, the C. I. O. unemployment director, and David Lasser have pointed out, that they will be much greater. To insist that the relief appropriation be spread over even an eight-month period is to take the risk of causing unnecessary human suffering.

GEORGE SCALISE, HEAD OF THE BUILDING Service Employees' Union, has been arrested on charges of having extorted more than $100,000—the figure is said to be "about $1,000,000"—from companies that contract to do the cleaning work in New York offices. The arrest was ordered by District Attorney Dewey. There is nothing in Scalise's past, his associations in Chicago, or his conspicuous wealth to warrant the fear that an innocent labor leader is being persecuted. Scalise was never elected to his post, and in general his career would seem to warrant the remark of the assistant district attorney in charge of the inquiry which has now resulted in the arrest, that "the union is to Scalise what a jimmy is to a burglar." Racketeers who have managed to get control of labor unions must be cleaned out as ruthlessly as those who operate in other fields. Certainly the last to defend such men should be the head of the American Federation of Labor, William Green. Yet it was he who sponsored a request to the President for a pardon for Scalise, to wipe off the record a conviction and the penitentiary term he served on a charge of white slavery in 1913. It is not the first time Green has supported a labor racketeer under fire—and thereby supplied ammunition, at the expense of the great body of organized labor, to such labor-baiters as Westbrook Pegler.

*

THE INDICTMENTS ON WHICH BEN GOLD and ten other officers of the International Fur Workers' Union have been convicted of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act were returned in 1933—Gold and Irving Potash have been sentenced to one year in prison. Their offenses are alleged to have been committed between 1931 and 1933, when the defendants were in control of the old Needle Trades' Industrial Union. Presumably the acts cited in the complaints have not continued, or the government might have obtained fresher indictments. Why did the Administration leave these indictments lying unused so long, and why were they suddenly revived last September and the defendants rushed to trial? The prosecution was ordered from Washington, and a special assistant to the Attorney General was placed in charge. Appeal of the fur workers' case will provide a clear test of the applicability of the anti-trust laws to trade unions. The issue is blurred by no charges of racketeering or of collusion with employers. That the government seems to have been swayed by other motives than protection of commerce from restraint is indicated by the prosecutor's remark to the court, "Mr. Gold and other defendants are well-known Communists who represent things we do not want in the American labor movement." Thurman Arnold, in court at the time, exclaimed, "He should not have said that." Were Gold and Potash tried and sentenced under the Sherman Act—or the Nazi-Soviet pact?

Gift to Goebbels

REVELATIONS of the extent of Nazi intrigue in Norway prior to its invasion have started spy hunts in many neutral capitals. This country, we may be sure, is not free of German secret agents, but we see no reason for a scare on that account. On the other hand, we may be insufficiently on guard against attempts by Goebbels to use New York and Washington as relay stations in his propaganda network.

In this connection a recent incident is worth examining. On Saturday, April 13, the Berlin press broke out in banner headlines asking, on the strength of a report attributed to the "London correspondent" of the Washington *Star,* whether British invasion of Holland was imminent. Simultaneously the German Foreign Office issued a warning to neutrals apparently based on the same article. "The old aim of the Western powers," it declared, "thereby appears openly in all its brutal inconsiderateness. . . . More than ever neutrals must realize this and determine their attitude from the viewpoint that—as experience has shown—the Western powers are determined to thrust aside their neutrality at the moment when their political or military aims make this appear to be necessary." Taken in conjunction with reports of new German concentrations on the Dutch border, this Berlin press barrage suggested that an alibi was being prepared for new aggression, with the unwitting aid of a Washington newspaper.

On investigation it turned out that the story quoted was not the work of the *Star's* London correspondent but that of Constantine Brown, who contributes a regular column to the paper on international affairs. On Friday, April 12, Mr. Brown quoted a report that a British fleet carrying 50,000 to 80,000 was at sea and suggested that, while Norway might be their destination, a landing in Holland appeared more likely. Next day his column was again devoted to this expeditionary force, about which no official information had been published in Europe. He again mentioned the possibility that it was headed for Holland and went on to give detailed information about its composition. According to reliable informants, he said, it was commanded by a French general and consisted of 60,000 French, 25,000 Poles, and a Canadian division. Note how these "facts" dovetail with the familiar Nazi thesis that "Britain will fight to the last Frenchman."

It would be interesting to know the identity of Mr. Brown's "reliable informants." It is hardly possible to believe that "news" of this kind could be picked up at either the French or the British embassy. But the suspicion that it might be traceable to the German embassy is strengthened by consideration of the extraordinary speed with which Mr. Brown's articles found their way to Berlin. According to a statement in the *Star,* presumably based on full inquiry, not only the Friday column but the Saturday one also was quoted in the German press on Saturday, and a cable in the New York *Times* makes it clear that Berlin's morning newspapers featured the story. Now the *Star* appears in Washington about noon, which is 6 p. m. Berlin time. How, then, could Mr. Brown's Saturday story be quoted in Berlin's morning newspapers of the same day?

If the Washington *Star* has been the victim of a "plant," we can be sure it was an innocent victim, for it is a newspaper which is as stoutly anti-Nazi as any in this country. In an editorial comment on the incident it accuses the German propaganda machine of distorting what was clearly a speculative discussion into a statement of fact. Obviously Mr. Brown's articles were twisted in Berlin, but we would suggest that, in these times, speculations backed up with such circumstantial detail require even closer scrutiny than usual at the copy-desk. As for Mr. Brown, we are willing to believe that his articles were written in good faith, but we think he owes the public some explanation of his gift to Goebbels.

More Check Than Balance

THE Logan-Walter bill, which has just passed the House, might be termed a bill to hamstring government and encourage litigation. Some of the hollowest bromides of constitutional law have been advanced in support of it. It is supposed to spring from a belief in "checks and balances," but it is more check than balance. It is supposed to rest on the principle of "separation of powers," but it would further concentrate legislative and executive powers in the courts. It is supposed to be a practical application of the idea that ours was intended to be a government of laws not of men. But if passed by the Senate it will give us not a government of laws but a government of lawyers. And a government of lawyers means government by those who can best afford to hire them. "The law's delay" was an old complaint in the mouth of Hamlet, and it operates today as in the past to the benefit of the rich defendant and to the disadvantage of the poor plaintiff. The Logan-Walter bill is a bill to make the law's delay longer.

The Logan-Walter bill is the greatest labor-saving device yet hit upon by the enemies of the New Deal. If it passes, they can sit back and wait for the Roosevelt reform agencies to be buried under a landslide of litigation. There will be little need for the Smith amendments to the Wagner Act, and there will be little point in the campaign to amend the laws administered by the SEC. If the Logan-Walter bill passes, the Girdlers and the Hopsons can chase both agencies in and out of the courts to exhaustion. No rule or regulation, no matter how

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unimportant, could be made by an administrative body without a public hearing if it became law. Any rule or regulation would be at once subject to review in the courts in a suit for a declaratory judgment, and even though it were upheld in the courts the same question could be raised again in other types of suits against the administrative agency. Intra-agency boards of review would be set up in each administrative body, and to those boards any decision, action, or failure to act by an officer or employee of that agency could be appealed; and then appealed from the intra-agency board to the courts. "How far-reaching the bill is in this respect," says the report filed against it by a joint committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, "is shown by the fact that the framers found it necessary specifically to except from its provisions cases in which the aggrieved party was denied a loan or failed to receive employment."

It is hardly necessary to deal at length with the legal and constitutional nonsense adduced in favor of the bill. Administrative bodies are arms of Congress, delegates of the legislature. The rules and regulations they make implement the laws they administer. This is a legislative function, but the bill brings it under the courts. The provision for declaratory judgments on rules and regulations is of doubtful constitutionality. The Supreme Court has in the past refused to give declaratory judgments and held itself to the task of passing on the constitutionality of laws only as an incident to the decision of an actual case before it. Due process of law does not require interminable review at every step of the administrative process. Justice is served if the end result and the procedure are subject to final scrutiny in the courts.

The Nation does not believe that the procedures of our various administrative bodies are beyond improvement, but it can see nothing but sabotage on a grand scale in this bill. Behind it are the same forces that are working to end the usefulness of the Wagner Act, and from their loose charges about the "un-American" and "despotic" conduct of the Labor Board we appeal to the words of the Wagner Act's most influential supporter. "The act," he said, "establishes standards to which the board must conform. There must be complaint, notice, and hearing. The board must receive evidence and make findings. The findings as to the facts are to be conclusive, but only if supported by evidence. The order of the board is subject to review by the designated court, and only when sustained by the court may the order be enforced. Upon that review all questions of the jurisdiction of the board and the regularity of its proceedings, all questions of constitutional right or statutory authority are open to examination by the court. We construe the procedural revisions as affording adequate opportunity to secure judicial protection against arbitrary action." The words are those of Chief Justice Hughes.

The Fifth Column

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

MILLIONS of people who have no idea where the words "fifth column" came from now know what they mean. Members of the fifth column are traitors, and there is nothing new about the breed. Throughout the ages there have always been men waiting, as they waited in Madrid, to open the gates to the enemy.

Norway has denied that the virtually unopposed entrance of the German forces at Oslo and elsewhere was the work of Norwegian Nazi sympathizers. German agents were at work, and it is natural that Norway should prefer to hold them exclusively responsible for the trickery that stilled the guns in the dawn hours of April 9. But the circumstantial story told by Leland Stowe and confirmed by other neutral observers is not to be discredited by a mere denial. And the existence of a fifth column is no disgrace to a democratic nation; it is only a deadly danger. Norway did not and could not comb the pro-Nazis out of its population without interfering with the liberties of all its citizens. It permitted "legal" Nazi activities and trusted in the loyalty and sober sense of its vast democratic majority. In normal circumstances this course would have been not only the liberal but the wise one; a democracy is possible only if it has the uncoerced support of the majority. When do circumstances cease to be normal? At what moment does it become necessary to limit the freedom of everyone in order to suppress the danger lurking in a disloyal handful? Norway missed the moment. It behaved like a decent democracy until after the Nazi troops had marched through the streets of Oslo, like soldiers parading on the Fourth of July; the peaceful crowds watching, police guarding the way.

The lesson of Norway is being studied in every other non-belligerent nation—by those close to the center of struggle and those, like the United States, which still can watch the war with some sense of detachment. The precautionary measures being taken are in direct proportion to the nearness of danger. The Swedish government, as Maurice Feldman says on another page, is rounding up some of the known pro-Nazis in the country. It is searching every German ship in its harbors. For the first time since 1648 Holland has proclaimed a state of siege throughout its empire. Restrictions are not yet heavy, but under martial law the government can go as far as circumstances demand. The Netherlands National Socialist Party numbers about 50,000 members, but its importance as a fifth column would be far greater than its normal political strength. As in all countries, Nazi intrigue has penetrated the army—especially the higher ranks—and the government has recently dismissed several known pro-Nazi officers, including the Commander-in-Chief, General F. H. Reynders.

Belgium is taking similar steps to immobilize its own considerable army of potential traitors. Switzerland has adopted even stronger measures. The Swiss government and high command have issued a joint proclamation warning the people to ignore any orders against mobilization or defense in case of attack. If the country should be invaded, the news will be broadcast by every means of communication. The announcement itself will constitute a general order of mobilization. Any counter orders, the people have been told, are to be disregarded.

In Southeastern Europe the danger from German minorities and native Nazi sympathizers is multiplied by hordes of visitors which have lately been flowing over the borders. The Dalmatian coast is overrun with husky Teutonic tourists, cameras in hand—like the vacationing Nazis who filled Danzig and the Corridor last summer. Reports from Rumania indicate that from ten to forty thousand have come in in the past few weeks. Measures are being taken against this pre-invasion, but fear inhibits vigorous action. For the present, watchfulness is the chief precaution. Rumania has announced that no foreigners will be allowed to move from town to town without special permission. Yugoslavia is establishing concentration camps for the accommodation of suspicious strangers. Milan Stoyadinovich, the pro-German ex-Premier, has been put under protective arrest, and the homes of many Germans have been raided. Other countries are taking similar steps; small steps for the present. In Rumania the situation is clouded by the sudden release of hundreds of the Iron Guard from prison and the return of others from exile; and by the conclusion of a new agreement with Germany to fulfil previous contracts for deliveries of oil and wheat in return for arms and airplanes.

Italy presents a different problem. As Germany's "non-belligerent" ally, the chief obstruction to the government's policy is the anti-German sentiment of the country. Mussolini's "fifth column" is the mass of the Italian people. But the government seems to have decided that Italy's hour has also struck; and it is meeting internal resistance by a barrage of propaganda designed to prove that the Allies face certain defeat. Every rumored German success in Norway or at sea is featured; British and French help is ridiculed. Reynaud's bid for Italian friendship last Saturday was ignored.

Nazi methods of penetration work. That is the lesson we have learned again from the invasion of Norway. They work not only in countries with huge German minorities or in semi-fascist countries, but in countries with an unmixed population and sturdy traditions of democracy and liberty. The lesson will be a hard one for Americans to take in. Some of us will dismiss it as remote and irrelevant. Others—more, perhaps—will wish to apply it in the form of ruthless and indiscriminate repression. To ignore the activities of Hitler in the United States would be fatuous. We have a fifth column; its members echo the Hitler slogan and imitate Nazi behavior, and they find support and backing in "respectable" reactionary circles. These groups should be watched and their illegal acts restrained. We should understand what they mean when they denounce the "imperialist" and "plutocratic" enemies of Hitler.

But it would be as foolish to turn on a campaign of repression as to ignore the existence of pro-Nazi activities. The moment for drastic repression has not arrived, and the task of liberals in America is difficult but clear. They must fight to preserve the democratic safeguards contained in the Bill of Rights, while applying to Nazis and their supporters the equally democratic methods of exposure, counter-propaganda, and justified legal attack. And they must learn to distinguish between agents of Hitler and honest citizens, even when the latter behave and sound uncomfortably like the former. Otherwise the Nazi invasion of Norway is likely to end in a victory for Martin Dies in America.

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Sweden's Trojan Horse

BY MAURICE FELDMAN

FOR all their philosophy of violence, the Nazis are rapidly making war less a matter of arms than of cunning. Through propaganda and amazing organization they have developed to perfection the strategy of the Trojan horse. In Austria they had a comparatively easy task, since about 25 per cent of the population was on their side. Chancellor Schuschnigg's Foreign Minister, Dr. Guido Schmidt, saw to it that copies of all official documents and letters reached Berlin, ordered Schuschnigg's private secretary, Dr. Frölichstal, to instal a dictaphone in his chief's office so the Gestapo could hear all his conversations, and arranged to put an S. S. man in charge of Schuschnigg's bodyguard. In Czechoslovakia the Henleins and the Hachas were used as tools, and ministers and officials were freely bought. In Hungary and Rumania there were, and still are, influential groups financially dependent on the Third Reich. And as the world now knows, even in countries under Social Democratic regimes the Nazis have built up highly efficient organizations for propaganda, espionage, and treason.

The lightning invasion of Norway is the most dramatic example of Hitler technique we have had thus far. The Norwegian Nazis apparently amounted to nothing in the country's political life. Yet when the critical moment arrived, Norwegians in the highest positions in the country's military and civic life deserted to the enemy. Commanders at important points, officers on the General Staff, prominent industrialists and merchants, the rector of Oslo University, and high church officials supported the puppet government of the leader of the Norwegian Nazis, Vidkun Quisling. It had been known in Norway for many years that Quisling was on the Nazi pay roll, that as head of a "propaganda bureau" he was in close contact with Berlin, and that on several occasions he had talked with Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo.

Will Sweden soon find itself in the same situation as Norway? There too the Nazis have seemingly been of no political importance. In the most recent city election in Stockholm they received something like 3,000 votes, and they have failed to capture a single seat in either chamber of the Swedish Riksdag. But they have created an extensive propaganda apparatus and have huge sums of money at their disposal. Holding influential positions in the government, in education, in journalism, everywhere, are avowed Nazis and persons who have close connections with Nazi circles in Berlin. Sweden belongs to Göring's "department." The Number 2 Nazi spent several years in Sweden after the unsuccessful Munich putsch of 1923 and married a Swedish noblewoman, Countess Karin von Rosen. He speaks Swedish fluently and has many friends in the "better circles" of the country. The leader of the Swedish Nazi Party, an active army sergeant named Lindholm, openly considers himself a personal representative of Göring. The sergeant is fond of likening his own career to that of Hitler and tries to imitate him in every way. He publishes several Nazi periodicals and holds numerous mass-meetings. When asked by persons in the audience what he would do if the Germans invaded Sweden, he generally replies: "That is a question I do not care to answer."

Besides the official Nazi Party Sweden has an organization called Svensk-Tyska Riksfoereningen (Swedish-German National Association) which is supposed to be a non-political society but is in fact a center for Nazi propaganda in Sweden. Many of its leaders and officials are men well known in Swedish public life, such as the brothers de Champs, one of whom is a general, the other an admiral, both in active service. Dr. Sven Hedin, the explorer, and several members of the influential von Rosen family are leading lights in the association, which draws members from Sweden's wealthy merchants, army officers, and newspaper publishers. In the Foreign Ministry, the courts, and the university faculties, as well as in the police and armed forces, are ardent and powerful pro-Nazis. Sven Hedin's case is ironic. Though he is one of the most active propagandists for the Nazis, he is one-fourth Jewish, and if he were a German in the Reich he would have been thrown into a concentration camp long ago or driven from the country. Yet he is one of Hitler's best friends and is always invited by the Führer to attend the annual party congress. At a Nazi meeting in Stockholm in 1938 at which Hedin presided, Hitler's "trouble-shooter," Franz von Papen, was the principal speaker. "When I come back to Sweden in ten years," said von Papen, "I hope to walk on German ground." No one in the audience seemed to object to this sentiment.

I visited Dr. Hedin several times in his house in Stockholm and had lengthy discussions with him. He told me that Hitler had often said to him that England, France, and the United States must be smashed as world powers and that Germany would rule the world before 1948. For Sweden there could be only one course: to go along with Germany. If it did this, then Hitler would leave the country alone and permit it to govern itself internally. Dr. Hedin said he regarded Hitler as the greatest genius he had ever met. I asked him if he thought that the Nazi dictatorship was in Germany to stay. "Yes," he answered without hesitation. "It is the most natural form of government for Germany because the German people need *Herrenmenschen* to lead them. I agree with Hitler that the common people should not interest themselves in politics; they should follow their leaders." Dr. Hedin added that he disagreed with the Nazis on their policy toward the Jews. He believes Germany will solve the Jewish question in a "friendly way" after it attains its "place in the sun."

On Birger Jarls Street in Stockholm is an official German propaganda bureau. But unofficial German activities are more important. The German colony in Stockholm has secret S. A. units. It also owns, in Kummelnaes, near the Waxholm fortress—which controls the entrance to Stockholm from the Baltic Sea—a camp which is allegedly used as a "children's home." There *are* a lot of children there in the summer time, but many Swedes wonder why it should be necessary to have an "athletic instructor" for almost every child. As press-relations man the German ambassador in Stockholm has the indefatigable Dr. Grassmann, who supplies material to Sweden's leading newspapers. If an article proposed by Grassmann is refused, the newspaper can expect immediate cancelation of all advertising by German-owned firms and their Swedish branch offices. The *Deutsche Handelskammer* (German Chamber of Commerce) in Stockholm long ago prepared lists of non-Aryan firms in Sweden.

The Swedish government has in recent months begun to take more energetic measures against spies and potential traitors. Laws passed during the Russo-Finnish war under which thousands of Communists were arrested are now being invoked against Sweden's Nazis. Large areas of the country have been closed to foreigners, foreign ships are being carefully searched, an indeterminate number of known Nazis have been rounded up, and a ban has been placed on the sale or distribution of maps without special permission. If the government's action is less drastic than that taken against the Communists, the reason is simple, though paradoxical: the Communists have no influence in Sweden, but the Nazis are strong—and dangerous.

Men Who Would Be President

V. BURTON K. WHEELER

BY ROBERT BENDINER

MOTORISTS driving through Montana in the fall of 1920 found the roads lined with posters depicting a huge bloody hand. Those who slowed down enough to read the legend beneath the gory emblem may have been reassured to learn that the state was not in the grip of some nameless terror; that the road signs were merely a device of the Republican Party and Anaconda Copper to warn the good citizens of Montana against voting for that pro-German, Wobbly, anarchistic Bolshevik Burton K. Wheeler, Democratic candidate for governor. The Harding tidal wave enveloped Wheeler as it swallowed up all Democrats in 1920, but he polled 17,000 more votes than Cox, the Presidential head of his ticket, and displayed a political virtuosity that twenty years have heightened and refined.

Burton K. Wheeler has what it takes to make a good gambler: the shrewdness to gauge chances and the nerve to take them. Bold enough to be a flaming liberal in the early twenties, when only "Bolsheviks" were liberal, he was daring enough to lead the anti-Roosevelt forces in the middle thirties, when only "economic royalists" were anti-Roosevelt. In both cases he staked his political fortunes on a hunch that public opinion was about to shift. His hunch in the twenties, despite his initial defeat, was to gain him a star role in the Senate for seventeen years; his hunch in the thirties may win him or lose him the Presidency of the United States.

Little about Burton Kendall Wheeler reminds one of his New England origin; nothing more, in fact, than a hint of Massachusetts in his enunciation. The language itself and the Wheeler history are those of the West in which he has spent nearly forty of his fifty-eight years. Born in the village of Hudson, the tenth son of a desperately poor Quaker shoemaker, Wheeler managed during his school days to amass $750 with which to study law at the University of Michigan. Shortly before he was to leave for Ann Arbor he lost $500 of his fortune in a bank crash and had to go on working throughout his college days. In 1905, fresh from law school, he moved on to Colorado, partly for his health, and set out to find himself a practice. "Neither at Telluride, at Ouray, or Montrose—in fact, nowhere on the western slope," he says, "did they seem to recognize my legal talents, so I went my way to Montana."

Montana looked scarcely more promising. Offered nothing better than a bill-collector's job at $50 a month in Butte, the young attorney faced west again, determined for no good reason to try his luck in Spokane. But four poker sharps in search of a sucker decided his fate other-

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wise. Inveigled into a session of stud, the wandering lawyer lost every cent he had and missed his train as well. The latter misfortune hardly mattered, however, since his ticket was included in the last pot. In his penniless state even the $50-a-month job looked good. He settled down and in time opened a cubby-hole of his own.

Most of young Wheeler's practice consisted of personal-injury suits brought by miners against the copper companies. To stem a growing dissatisfaction, the copper barons in 1910 staged one of their periodic fake "reform" campaigns, in which the usual procedure was to single out an ardent champion of the miners, turn his head with the promise of office and the sudden wealth, comparatively speaking, of a legislator's salary, and then mold him into a tractable servant of the companies. It usually worked, and Wheeler must have looked like a natural. He wasn't. He rebelled almost immediately against orders to oppose the election of Thomas J. Walsh for United States Senator. Walsh lost, but two years later he tried again and won. A notable by-product of his victory was the appointment of Burton K. Wheeler as federal district attorney.

No respecter of precedents, Wheeler proceeded to set the state of Montana by the ears. His term as federal attorney was marked by a spate of prosecutions for all the kinds of corruption that flourish in a frontier society dominated by powerful absentee industrialists. It was a period of germination for the causes and antipathies that were to govern his future political life. He started out by smashing the practice of using decoys to catch saloonkeepers in the act of selling fire-water to Indians and ended up by fighting against the manner in which the war-time espionage laws were being applied. He repeatedly refused to indict Wobblies as such and spoke out boldly against the persecution of German-Americans. He made no secret of his opposition to American entry into the war and was rash enough to advocate, in a mining state, government ownership of natural resources and the railroads. Small wonder that his bid for the governorship in 1920 was greeted with the show of bloody hands.

One of the chief Republican talking points in that campaign was that if Wheeler were elected, the mines would close. Wheeler lost, but a year later the mines closed anyway. So when he ran for the Senate in 1922 the Republicans were hard put to it for an issue. The pendulum had begun to swing away from the fierce militarism of the early post-war days, and the best the local G. O. P. could offer was the suspicion that Wheeler wanted to introduce free love into Montana. It wasn't nearly enough, and he went to the Senate by an overwhelming majority.

Wheeler brought to the Senate a brash pugnacity which he was quick to put on display. On his first day the young man from Montana had to be told not to smoke on the floor of the Senate; two days later he was overriding party whips to precipitate a first-class row over a committee assignment. In less than a week he had established himself as a scrapper and the despair of his advisers; within three months he was spokesman for a group of "New Democrats," corresponding roughly to the La Follette group among the Republicans. By the end of his first session he had dug deep into the noisome doings of the Ohio Gang and had greased the chute for its ultimate retirement from public life.

Mr. Smith Going to Washington could not have asked for a more perfect target than the looting apparatus that was the Harding Administration. The "Little Green House on K Street," where Attorney General Daugherty and his chief henchman, Jess Smith, directed fleecing operations amounting to millions, was history's gift to Burton K. Wheeler. His demand for an investigation was a speech that Paul Y. Anderson described as "an attack so savage that even the Senate flinched." Senator Willis of Ohio pleaded that the Attorney General was "as clean as a hound's tooth," but Wheeler carried the day. He was made prosecutor for a Congressional committee of investigation.

Wheeler did his work well. Before the first echo of his challenge hit the public ear Jess Smith was dead—ostensibly a suicide though some think that he was murdered; before the last echo faded away four principals of the Ohio Gang, as well as Secretary of the Interior Fall, had found their way to federal penitentiaries, and the easygoing President of the United States had died in an odor that could hardly be called one of sanctity.

Before Daugherty finally abandoned the Little Green House on K Street he managed to make himself something of a nuisance to Wheeler. Since there seemed no other way of stopping the Montana Menace, Daugherty combed the Wheeler record for something that would discredit him. Secret Service men under the command of W. J. Burns went to work on the case; at one time twenty-nine of them were on the scene in Montana. The net result of their prowling was a charge that Wheeler had accepted a fee for using his influence as a Senator to obtain oil concessions from the Interior Department for a friend and client. Wheeler had in fact acted in behalf of a client named Campbell, who was an oil promoter, but had limited his activity, he said, to representing the man in a suit brought in the state courts of Montana. He was promptly cleared by the Senate, but the department obtained an indictment against him in Montana in April, 1924, just in time to embarrass him in his campaign as La Follette's running mate on a third-party ticket. The case came to trial the following April, and the jury took two ballots—one to go out to lunch and one, after thirteen minutes' deliberation, to acquit Wheeler.

From the point of view of traditional American liberalism Wheeler goes to the 1940 convention with a cleaner political record than any Presidential candidate has been able to show since the La Follette campaign of 1924. Anti-militarist to the core, he has opposed every major arms appropriation on principle. The National Labor Relations Act and the wage-hour law had his active support. Almost single-handed he pushed through the Public Utilities Holding Company Act with its "death sentence" intact, though several staunch New Deal wheel horses had yielded to pressure and even the President wavered. He has always been an exponent of the tax-the-rich school, and fought repeatedly for the highest possible relief appropriations.He warmly supported the Wagner Act, Social Security, SEC, and TVA, and went along on the AAA despite his anti-trust objections to price-fixing. Aside from his voting record and his magnificent job on the Ohio Gang, his chief claim to Senatorial distinction is the monumental work he has done as chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in unraveling the intricate railroad tangle.

Burton K. Wheeler

At first blush the Wheeler record would seem to establish him as the logical man to carry on the New Deal. Senator George W. Norris, leader of the third-term movement, looks upon Wheeler as Roosevelt's only plausible alternative. Yet a great gulf separates him from the New Dealers, and it will be bridged only if the Roosevelt lieutenants conclude that they have no other choice. In part the issue is personal, in part ideological.

Wheeler was the first important liberal to push Franklin D. Roosevelt toward the White House. He spotted the New York Governor as his man as early as 1929 and worked hard to line up the Northwest for him. Through Norris he won over the powerful Huey Long, who at Wheeler's request paid Roosevelt a pre-convention visit in 1932 and later reported to Wheeler: "I don't like your —— but I'll be for him." Six years later Wheeler was to reflect bitterly: "I'm the last man on earth Jim Farley and Roosevelt would let have the nomination."

Interpretations differ as to what happened between 1932 and 1938 that wrought such a change in the relations between Burton K. Wheeler and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The commonly held version is that Wheeler was disgruntled at the deal through which Garner was given second place on the ticket; some say he wanted the post himself. In any event the edge was off his enthusiasm, and it took some coaxing to get him to rally to the campaign. The next shock came when he was left out of the Cabinet. He could hardly complain when the Attorney Generalship went to his old mentor, Tom Walsh, but Walsh died before the inauguration, and when Roosevelt's second choice was Homer Cummings, Wheeler's cup was full. Cummings was a close friend of J. Bruce Kremer, former national committeeman for Montana and long one of Wheeler's bitterest political foes. In any event Wheeler grew progressively disgruntled, and by 1936 he was prepared to support Roosevelt only in preference to Landon and with an enthusiasm that ranged from the lukewarm to the chilly.

Whatever the personal factor involved, there is enough genuine difference between Wheeler's liberalism and the New Deal to warrant a breach on objective grounds. There are two great areas of conflict: concentration of power in the government and foreign affairs. Wheeler is fully prepared for a substantial degree of government regulation, but he is alarmed at the world-wide trend toward centralized political control, and it is noteworthy that practically every brush he has had with the Administration has been over an issue involving federal encroachments that he considered dangerous. He opposed the NRA as government-sponsored price-fixing, fought the Administration on its reorganization bill, voted to end the President's devaluation powers, and was with Borah in every attempt to block a federal anti-lynching law. The issue reached a climax in the fight over the President's plan to perform a blood transfusion on the Supreme Court—a fight that marked a turning-point in Wheeler's career.

The most skilled hand would find it hard to disentangle the motives that led Burton K. Wheeler not merely to oppose the Roosevelt court-reform plan but to command the forces of opposition. Never a believer in judicial impeccability, he was well aware of the social passions that throbbed beneath the black robes. He believed thoroughly that the Supreme Court's measuring rod of constitutionality was a slide-rule, and he knew, too, that the current court was rapidly choking the breath out of the New Deal, most of which he himself believed vital to the country's welfare. Yet long before the rip tide of opposition had set in, Wheeler waded out and attacked with a savagery he had hitherto reserved for the Daughertys and the Falls. On the death of Senator Robinson, Democratic majority leader, which Wheeler attributed to the strain brought on by the battle over the court, he became almost hysterical. "I beseech the President to drop this court fight," he exclaimed, "lest he appear to fight against God." I believe that Wheeler was genuinely moved by what he conceived to be the dangerous casuistry and unconstitutionality of the President's plan. At the same time there were apparent in his slavishness to theoretical purity signs of personal rancor—and something of a holy satisfaction in being able at last to pitch into the Administration for the kind of deviousness he had long suspected but never openly encountered. To satisfy his own frequently expressed conviction that "judicial oligarchy" was a bad thing for the country he offered a constitutional amendment whereby Congress, following a general election, could by a two-thirds' vote override a Supreme Court decision. But as many who had no love for the Roosevelt plan pointed out, it might take ten or fifteen years to get an amendment ratified by three-fourths of the states, assuming Congress could agree on one. In the meantime, what would become of the New Deal—and of the country? To which Wheeler replied, "The trail of true progressivism is long, but it is right."

Whether or not Wheeler wanted to command the anti-court-plan forces, the leadership was forced upon him. The enemies of That Man would not overlook the opportunity of having a crusade against him led by a sworn progressive. As a result Wheeler soon found himself in a weird position. The copper moguls who had detested him for a quarter of a century flooded his office with sticky congratulations. Editorials appeared in the most primitive Republican papers lauding him as the "man who saved the country." He even received letters commiserating with him on the publication of a newspaper picture of his daughter snapped in the act of passing out C. I. O. leaflets to government employees. And acquaintances asked him what they were expected to say when Wall Street men who had always called him a Bolshevik remarked, "What a wonderful fellow, your Senator Wheeler!" Conversely, the tributes of Anaconda and the blessings of the Liberty League sat poorly on the chests of Wheeler's working friends back home. From Dillon came the bitter complaint: "We find you in bed with Hoover, Mills, Mellon, Morgan, and others right down to the little tories who tried to mob you years ago." Wheeler had indeed been mobbed in Dillon back in the 1920 campaign, but the reference was infelicitous; it enabled Wheeler to remind his critics: "When I was driven out of your town, you did not have backbone or nerve enough to stand up and protest." As for his new admirers, Wheeler says he is "realistic" and confidently predicts they will run for cover before he is through.

Wheeler's leadership in the court battle and his almost rabid isolationism combined to draw on him a withering fire from the left, which the current bear hugs of John L. Lewis and a shift to isolation in certain leftist quarters have only now begun to damp down. Most vocal in the left opposition has been former Representative Jerry O'Connell, whom Wheeler helped to beat for reelection in 1938. O'Connell's *Montana Liberal* keeps up a hysterical drumfire of personal attacks on the Senator's integrity which are chiefly a rehash of accusations first served up by the puppets of Mr. Daugherty back in 1924. O'Connell is on better ground when he charges Wheeler with responsibility for the election of Representative Jacob Thorkelson, most of whose Washington career has been spent in pumping up anti-Semitic bilge for insertion in the *Congressional Record.* Wheeler was indirectly responsible for Thorkelson's victory through his campaign against O'Connell, but he finds Thorkelson an acute embarrassment today and will certainly try to shake him off in November.

Much of the ammunition used by O'Connell and other left-wing foes of Wheeler consists of the assertion that he has "sold out to Anaconda." No evidence has ever been offered in support. His voting record down to date, particularly on labor, has not been calculated to give copper-mine owners or any other vested interests the least comfort. Wheeler critics—even the *New Republic*—point to his opposition to the Hull reciprocal-trade program as a sign that he is wearing the Anaconda livery. The reverse is true. Anaconda has heavy stakes in Chilean copper. A reciprocal-trade treaty means that Anaconda can bring its Chilean copper to New York for less than it can market the top of its Montana mines. On the other hand, Montana miners have a sliding wage scale and see no advantage at all in a declining price for their product. Much of this "sell-out" talk has died down since the fiery court-fight days, and if Wheeler recently has not been the butt of the Anaconda press, the most likely explanation is that his enemy wisely, and traditionally, adopted the policy, "If you can't lick him, join him."

Some of the bad blood between Wheeler and Roosevelt has subsided, and Wheeler is doing his best to effect a reconciliation. Two years ago he was telling audiences that he wouldn't support his own brother for a third term. Now he says he will support Roosevelt again if he seeks a third term, but he hopes—and believes—the President won't. Not only does he oppose a third term on principle, but he believes it would be politically unwise on Roosevelt's part, and has told him so. The trend is to the right, he argues, and even if Roosevelt were elected, the country would plague him with a still more conservative Congress than the Seventy-sixth. For that reason he doesn't think the strategy would be worth the sacrifice of principle involved. Nevertheless, if that is the way things work out, he will go along "rather than weaken the liberal group in the party"—a consideration that did not disturb his fight for the principle of an "independent judiciary."

Concerning his own chances Wheeler is a bit coy. "If they handed me the nomination on a silver platter and a certificate of election with it," he says—"I'd be pretty worried." If Roosevelt abandons the field, it may well be that the fifty-eight-year-old Montanan with the shambling gait, the frank tongue, and the eternal cigar, will have something to "worry" about. To be sure he committed the cardinal sin of party irregularity in 1924, and he comes from a state that has only four electoral votes, but in the internecine war in the Democratic Party Wheeler is the only big figure with friends in both camps. His conduct in the court fight and his veiled antipathy toward a third term have made him the favorite of large sections of anti-Roosevelt Democrats without costing him the support which a lifetime of pro-labor activity has won for him from the trade unions. The violent courtship of John L. Lewis has made Green a bit sour, but Wheeler is experienced enough not to throw himself into the Lewis embrace, particularly since he is more than a little suspicious that the C. I. O. chieftain is using him merely as a reminder to the Roosevelt forces that there are other places to go. The Railway Brotherhoods are Wheeler's for the asking. As for Montana's puny electoral vote, Wheeler men will tell you that Montana shares Wheeler with the whole region of the Mountain States, which means 30 votes, and that he can count on entering the convention with no fewer than 125 pledged delegates. His stand against the reciprocal-trade treaties and his long fight for a parity-price act coupled with farm-debt adjustment make him a better bet in the farm belt than Cordell Hull.

Wheeler's bitterness in the court fight, the loose charges that he has sold out to Anaconda, the row with O'Connell, and the responsibility for Thorkelson have all served to surround him with a fog of doubt and vague mistrust as far as liberals are concerned. But his voting record, his speeches, and his remarks in the course of a recent talk I had with him convince me that neither Hull nor McNutt nor any other candidate with half a chance would carry on as much of the New Deal. "The social reforms that have been inaugurated by this Administration," he told the National Association of Manufacturers, "have my hearty approval." Social security, TVA, wage-hour legislation, SEC, and government relief for the unemployed would all be safe under Wheeler. Civil liberties would probably be guarded with a zeal never before seen in this country. All Wheeler's experience has developed in him a detestation of secret police. He has been hostile to the FBI ever since the Daugherty days and is even now engaged in an investigation of wire-tapping by that agency.

Wheeler was widely reported as having told the Congress of American Industry that he favored a balanced budget, but he went on to remark that "periods of national emergency, such as we have been experiencing, put the possibility of a balanced budget beyond the power of either a liberal or a conservative administration." And privately he affirms with even more conviction that as long as we have ten million unemployed the government must continue its spending policy.

His thoughts on unemployment have more conviction than clarity. He believes that people who want to work and are given no opportunity are "entitled to government relief," but they have "a greater right—a divine right—the right to a job." And "either private industry must employ them or the government will." When I asked him what he would do in the face of this most crushing of all problems, he admitted that he was at a loss. "I owe my people more than demagogy," he said, "I can't go to them with a panacea." If elected President, he would call outstanding business and labor leaders into an immediate conference. He would say, particularly to business: "You have been knocking everything the New Deal tried to do. What do you want? What do you think can be done?"

Where Wheeler breaks most sharply with the Roosevelt Administration—and the breach is probably enough to lose him any hope of Administration support—is in the realm of foreign policy. He is profoundly against American participation in the war under any circumstances short of an invasion of this country and against any steps that might lead to such participation. Would he have the United States take any part in the peace? He doesn't think we would have a place at the peace table without having engaged in the war, but he would be willing to have us take part in an international conference for economic reconstruction after the war. In fact, he would like to see Franklin D. Roosevelt go as an American representative, along with a Republican or two, to prevent a repetition of Wilson's sad experience. He is too antagonistic toward the Nazis to consider himself neutral in thought; anti-British though he admittedly is, he would like to see the Allies win. But he would not like to see them subjugate Germany. Along with his passionate isolationism goes a dangerous naivete concerning foreign affairs. He spoke to me of the possibilities of Britain's accepting a Göring peace, and intimated that such an eventuality would not be entirely distasteful to him.

Burton K. Wheeler is not a Great Statesman, nor does he think of himself as one. He is a politician with principles. If he lacks the sense of history of a Roosevelt or a Wilson, he is likewise free of their willingness to be devious in the present for the sake of future gains. He is extremely sensitive to public opinion, and rather than attempt to mold it and give it direction he is for sounding it out and conciliating it at every turn. If a National Labor Relations Act is good medicine but hard to get down, the patient should be cajoled and given small doses, he believes, until he is used to it and ready for stronger treatment. Wheeler would slow the tempo of the New Deal, a policy which might mean a breathing spell for the patient but which, that tempo being what it is, might mean rigor mortis for the doctor. The risk is great, but when it comes to political gambling few players have a surer hand or a cooler head than Burton Kendall Wheeler.

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Oil and the Good Neighbor

BY BERTRAM D. WOLFE

APRIL 8 to 15 was Pan-American Week. With due solemnity the President issued a proclamation countersigned by the Secretary of State calling upon churches, schools, and the people generally to observe "with appropriate ceremonies" the occasion on which the "twenty-one American republics commemorate their peace, friendship, and solidarity." Then, with an ineptness that has not before been shown by the State Department under the present Administration, Cordell Hull chose this same week to release his note to Mexico on oil and land claims. Inevitably, Mexico celebrated Pan-American Week with great popular demonstrations of protest. And the other Latin American countries looked on with mounting disquiet.

The best that can be said for the timing of the Hull note is that the Secretary's mind and that of the President were on other matters. The most charitable interpretation would make of it a pre-convention maneuver intended to short-circuit Republican-Garner criticism of Roosevelt and Hull for alleged passivity in the face of Mexican expropriations. Other aspects of the timing do not lend themselves to such charitable explanation. The suspicion will not down that the note was intended to stiffen the united front of the Anglo-American oil companies and forestall a compromise agreement between Sinclair and the Mexican government. All through March these difficult negotiations were progressing satisfactorily, and it was rumored that a draft agreement had been reached.

It is unfortunate that the note came at a time to influence not one but two Presidential elections. Mexico's electoral campaign is long past the convention stage, in fact, is nearing its culmination. The voting takes place in July, and may be followed—as has so often happened —by an uprising of the opposition. Fortunately, such an uprising seems less likely than usual—unless one, or both, of the opponents of the Administration's chosen candidate is led to think that he can count on oil-company subsidies, gun-running from Texas, and other forms of extra-official encouragement. The oil question has figured as a campaign issue, both the opposition candidates having criticized the Cárdenas administration for alienating foreign capital. The Hull note will inevitably be construed in some quarters as an attempt to influence the election and an encouragement to the preparation of an uprising this summer.

In justice to Roosevelt and Hull it should be said that worse notes have been sent to Mexico. But the senders were less emphatic about their good neighborliness. And the document was after all stiff enough to be headlined in the New York *Times* as a "warning." The nub of the note lies in a doctrine which is enunciated at least four times in its pages. It challenges the "right," the "legality," and the morals of expropriation without "adequate, effective, and prompt compensation." Even a promise to pay in the future is rejected as "not expropriation but confiscation."

History, less severe than Mr. Hull, "recognizes" two distinct kinds of expropriation. One is the kind Mr. Hull is prepared to recognize: a normal action of a government engaged in exercising its right of eminent domain, perhaps to build a bridge or enlarge a harbor. It does not involve any social upheaval or any challenge to the legality or morality of the title to the property "condemned" or purchased. But there is also another form of expropriation, in which a government or people calls in question the legality of the title and its mode of acquisition. Examples of the latter type in our own history are the expropriation of the Crown lands and Tory estates after the American Revolution, the liberation of the slaves during the Civil War—both without compensation—and the repudiation of the loans contracted by the Southern states during the rebellion. This repudiation was made by retroactive, constitutional amendment, as in Mexico, and although many of the bondholders were Englishmen we would not hear of compensation or arbitration or foreign intervention.

An example even closer to the Mexican case is our nullification, without compensation, of the Teapot Dome oil concessions, an act which affected some of the same companies that are complainants against Mexico. The nullification was not by revolution but by simple court action. What a howl we would have set up if some foreign government had attempted to intervene on behalf of a foreign stockholder or company! Yet in law and in ethics the action of the government in the Teapot Dome case paralleled the present contentions of the Mexican government. The bulk of the Mexican oil concessions were secured from the self-perpetuating Díaz dictatorship in ways which violated the fundamental law and public interest of Mexico. Díaz and his actions were later repudiated by the Mexican people by revolution and by retroactive constitutional provision. Thus the Hull note is tantamount to a refusal to recognize the Mexican Revolution. To add insult to injury, the note specifically refuses to recognize the right of the Mexican courts to decide the matter. If Mexico accepted the note's central contention, the country would, in fact if not in form, return to the colonial-feudal status of the Díaz period.

During the course of years of badgering, Mexico, ever conscious of the great power of its neighbor, has let drop its claimed right to undo Díaz's acts without compensation. It professes a willingness to pay, but not at such a rate as would bankrupt its weak economy and force it to grind the life out of its own people. In these years of crisis and debt repudiation we have sent no such hectoring notes to the non-paying European governments. The suspicion is inescapable that our readiness to lecture Mexico in this fashion springs from a consciousness of its nearness and our overwhelming military superiority.

But how, the Mexicans ask, can they pay whatever their courts may determine unless they can sell the oil and break the silent, powerful blockade of the oil companies upon their petroleum export? How can they pay considerable sums while their finances are in crisis, in part as a result of the deliberate raids upon their banking system engineered by the oil companies?

The Mexican peso—whose nominal par is two to the dollar—is selling now at six to the dollar. In this connection also the timing of the Hull note becomes significant, since it followed closely on a recommendation of a Senate subcommittee that silver purchases from Mexico should be discontinued. In that event a further drop in the peso might be expected. (The whole system of silver purchases at inflated prices is silly, but no more so than the silver policy pursued within this country, or the purchase of gold from the South African and Canadian mines at inflated prices.) Moreover, 70 per cent of Mexican mining is done by American companies—with Mexico deriving benefit only from the payment of wages and taxes and the support given to the peso. If we cut off that support to force an oil "settlement," we may find that American-owned silver mines will close down, that the Mexican government will intervene to keep them open by expropriation, and that there will be still more mouths clamoring at the State Department.

The Mexicans distinguish, and rightly, between foreign capital invested in Mexican factories to produce consumers' goods for sale in Mexico, and capital invested in the extraction of Mexico's natural subsoil wealth for sale in the foreign market. The former, the Mexicans contend, has some interest in raising the standard of living of the Mexican masses and thus expanding the domestic market for consumers' goods. But the capital invested in oil and mineral extraction has no such interest—quite the contrary. Since it extracts virtually the whole product for sale abroad, it has a natural affinity for corrupt officials easily suborned to give generous oil and mining concessions and for dictatorial regimes that permit a maximal exploitation of cheap native labor. It is significant that the break with the oil companies came not so much over the amount of wages to be paid as over the amount to be spent on schools, recreation centers, sanitation, potable water, housing, vacations, and social services for employees.

Automatically, such notes as Hull's tend to revive the latent hostility that long divided the Americas into two unequal and unfriendly camps. We may be ready to forget our past history, but our southern neighbors cannot forget so easily. They welcome our recent better manners but insist that it takes more than fair phrases to make good neighbors or convince them that our economic penetration is not to be feared and that the big stick will never again be flourished in the Caribbean. Mexico is the outpost of Central and South America; all of Latin America is watching our treatment of it to see what our good-neighbor speeches mean when translated into action. By pressing the dubious claims of oil, land, mining, power, and railroad corporations, by encouraging them to refuse to come to an agreement with the Mexican government, by demanding that a Mexico in crisis devote all its meager resources to immediate payment of those claims, we are steering toward a new head-on collision with Mexico.

Woodrow Wilson followed a curiously similar trajectory, getting himself involved with Mexico over oil while Europe was at war. He came in the end to regret it. If the present Administration nourishes the idea that intervention in a European war is again a possibility, it is hard to believe that the State Department will deliberately press things to an open break. But one step is apt to lead to another, and error, too, has its own logic. We are dealing with a proud and sensitive nation that is being pressed dangerously close to the wall and is keenly conscious of its material weakness and past grievances. And we are acting in behalf of Anglo-American oil companies that are among the world's most arrogant aggregations of capital. Under such circumstances an open break could come easily.

The Hull note was a serious error, but not an irretrievable one. It preserved enough of the diplomatic amenities to leave a way out other than that of open conflict. Mexico's answer, it is safe to forecast, will be polite, dignified, but in essence unyielding, since to yield would mean bankruptcy and fresh turmoil.

A policy of generosity and neighborliness toward Mexico now would help that unhappy country to solve some of its basic problems. It would even be in harmony with the interests of the oil companies, which may thereby some day receive compensation in the form of a royalty percentage on oil sales. It would raise the domestic market and level of common life in Mexico, to the ultimate advantage of the American consumer-goods industries. In a time of spreading conflict, it would help to create a genuine, tolerant neighborliness which would enrich life throughout the Americas.

Automobile Dealers Can't Win

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THE General Motors Corporation has struck pay dirt again with its campaign advertising the new G. M. price tags. These tags are supposed to give the consumer a break; all charges over the factory price are itemized and the dealer cannot pack the bill. The bad boy whose business manners are now being publicly corrected is the dealer.

Compared to other short ends that the dealers regularly draw from the manufacturers, this one is not so bad. For sometimes dealers *have* padded the bills, though often enough this has been with sufficient active assistance from the manufacturer to make him an accessory before the fact. At a meeting of manufacturers' executives a few years ago, M. R. Grant of General Motors said: "I deliberately put more handling charge in because I had dealers going broke, and the easiest way to slip them $25 was in the pack."

The "handling charges" were paid by the public; the manufacturer was able to maintain his advertised FOB factory price. In most industries when retailers cannot earn a profit by selling at the price established by the manufacturer, either the retail price is increased or the wholesale cost is lowered. But the automobile business has a different set of rules. That automobile dealers consider the sale of a new automobile a "loss leader," that their profits come from the sale of accessories—white-walled tires, double horns, electric clocks—is one of the more obvious insanities in a crazy economic set-up.

Except in a few instances—when the manufacturer operates a sales unit or bids for government or fleet business—automobiles are sold by "authorized" dealers operating under a franchise from the manufacturer. The system was developed when automobiles were new and the factories were glad to find someone who would undertake to sell their cars. Fundamentally there is nothing wrong with it, but the pressure of belt-line production has turned it into a fantastic caricature of free enterprise. Today the "independent" dealer is actually an exploited salesman who frequently receives no pay for his services. The profits and losses of a sample group of large dealers are analyzed in the recent report of the Federal Trade Commission on the motor-vehicle industry. Even in this preferred group 19 per cent lost money in the relatively prosperous year of 1936. A more comprehensive survey made by the National Automobile Dealers' Association shows that in a ten-year period 64 per cent of the dealers went under.

Dealers are in business to sell automobiles, and 85 per cent of their total business consists of car sales. But this business is done at a loss. The average reported net profit of $19.09 per new car was made on the sale of accessories and from servicing. The manufacturers have not, however, depended on the profit motive to get accessories sold. J. H. Ernst, New York district representative of the Oldsmobile Division of General Motors stated to the Federal Trade Commission that it was Oldsmobile's policy to ship all cars with extra equipment—radios, defrosters, cigar lighters, and the like. Other manufacturers have the same practice. The dealer is told to buy, or else. His business hangs on his franchise. He takes his orders.

These are as broad as the business. They define the accounting system which must be used, the amount of capital which must be invested, the location and size of the show room and display signs, the sum which must be contributed by the dealer for advertising, and the number of cars he must buy, particularly during the "clean-up" period when the manufacturer is about to bring out a new model and wants to get rid of last year's cars. Much of this control is legalized by the provisions in the manufacturer-dealer contract. When the bounds are overstepped, as for example when dealers are forced to take left-over cars, the pressure is carefully hidden. "We have been threatened a number of times," a Ford dealer reported to the FTC, "but of course we have no definite records of these incidents since the factories are very careful about matters of this kind being put in the form of writing. Telephone and representatives' personal contacts were the methods used."

Before the 1940 models were delivered, dealers were still being called upon to "cooperate" so that the factories could unload. These surplus cars must be paid for by the dealers at the regular list price; there is no markdown because the model is already outmoded. The buying public, however, expects, and generally gets, a discount on cars bought at the end of the season. The dealer, not the factory, takes the loss. Often it is such sales that put the dealer in the red for the year.

When the finished cars run off the production line, the dealer must have cash in hand to pay for them. If he has no cash, he gets it by borrowing on his own credit. This method of financing is a hold-over from the old days when the manufacturers were hard up for cash. The big companies brought it up to date by organizing subsidiaries to finance the dealers' buying on the instalment plan. And since this financing business was not very profitable, they obliged the dealer who wanted to enjoy its benefits to use the same companies to handle the instalment buying of his customers. The terms of the companies' specious "6 per cent" plans were frequently higher than the public could obtain from other sources, and this flouting of free competition was so obvious that the government finally proceeded against it. Ford and Chrysler signed a consent decree permitting customers to use financing companies of their own choosing. General Motors unsuccessfully fought the order in the courts.

None of this, however, touches the major financial problem. The manufacturer collects from the dealer on delivery of a new car. But for almost every new car that the dealer sells, he has to take a used car as a trade-in. Even with a conservative policy on allowances, the dealer's working capital is frozen in the cars standing in the used-car lot. And each year this financial freeze-up is becoming worse.

In an attempt to level off the unemployment peaks in the automobile factories President Roosevelt suggested that the date of the automobile show be moved forward, from January to the autumn. This speeded up new-car sales in the winter months and kept the factories running. But the market for used cars is frozen from the autumn until the spring. Moving forward the date of the automobile show has lengthened the period during which the dealers must carry their used-car stock.

If dealers are to stay in business, they must both finance the sale of used cars and sell their quota of new ones. Therefore they must spend money for advertising to increase new-car sales. In 1940 the manufacturers' and dealers' joint advertising fund for Dodge passenger cars amounted to $9 for each car. A $6 charge was automatically added to the dealer's bill, and the manufacturer contributed $3. In 1938 Pontiac dealers were paying $7.50 into a joint fund for each "six" that they ordered and $10 for each "eight."

Men and companies of conservative tendencies are not wanted in the automobile business. Reports from factory representatives in the cancelation file of the Ford Company show the importance to the dealer of being "volume-minded." One of its business analysts decided that the dealer could afford to take a "$50 loss on six to ten additional new cars each month." Apparently the dealer refused to cooperate, for his franchise was canceled. Another Ford agency had its license canceled because it was "ultra-conservative in its sales operations . . . and has frankly and repeatedly told us that it does not intend to be a volume dealer."

The dealer not only has to make his quota, but he has to sell the particular models which the manufacturer tells him to. For example, a Pontiac dealer reported to the FTC that he was "made to take Pontiac eights in order to get Pontiac sixes which were already sold"; a Buick dealer wrote that "the only pressure we have is that we must sell a certain amount of the highest-priced series cars, when we have no market, in order to get the lower-priced series, which are selling fast."

Dealers have attempted to organize and to fight back, but the manufacturers are in a position to discourage such tactics. On the part of the Ford Company this discouragement, according to the Federal Trade Commission, "took the form of threats of cancelation of their dealer agreements." More recently the manufacturers seem to have decided not to interfere with dealer organizations. In fact, last summer the executive committee of the National Automobile Dealers' Association sat in conference with Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., the first time N. A. D. A.'s representatives had discussed factory-dealer relations with a factory executive.

But it will take more than a chat with the big boss to make the dealers independent—and to keep them out of bankruptcy.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

German Aggression and American Business

WITH each expansion in the area of German aggression the territory open to American trade becomes more circumscribed. Hitler's incursion into Scandinavia has placed an impassable barrier between us and an important group of customers, and may prove to have destroyed the credit of a group of nations distinguished by strict observance of bond contracts. If the Allies succeed in driving the Nazis out of Norway, the Scandinavian market may be partially recovered. But if the Germans consolidate their hold and ultimately win the war, America can kiss both trade and investments goodby, for in that event the small northern states are undoubtedly destined to become *Lebensraum*. However, such an outcome to the war would, in any case, shatter our accustomed methods of foreign trade and leave us no choice but to adapt our system to autarchy and barter.

The Scandinavian countries have long been both excellent customers for American farm and industrial products and important sources of raw materials. With their high standard of living, they have been among the most profitable foreign outlets for automobiles and petroleum products. They have kept their tariffs comparatively low and largely refrained from distorting their economies in vain attempts to become self-sufficient. Thus Norway, whose soil, for the most part, is unsuited to cereal production, was wise enough to buy grain from countries where it could be raised cheaply and concentrate on dairy farming and forestry. Denmark specialized in high-grade foods—meat, butter, eggs—for which cheap imported fodder provided the raw materials. Thus it was a good customer for American corn and oilcake. Other leading exports from this country to the three Scandinavian states included machinery, copper, cotton, tobacco, and fruit.

The outbreak of war last September proved a strong stimulus to American trade with Scandinavia, and for the

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six months ending February, 1940, our exports to the three states plus Finland were in the aggregate 81 per cent greater than in the corresponding period a year earlier. This increase was partly due to the effects of the war in cutting off competitive sources. Another factor was the desire of the northern states, which in the last war had suffered heavily from the progressive tightening of the Allied blockade, to establish reserves of essential foods and raw materials. In addition, there is reason to believe that some goods ordered by and shipped to Scandinavian firms were actually transshipped to Germany. Recent revelations of the way in which the Nazis had penetrated the Norwegian administration suggest that Allied efforts to control such traffic may have been circumvented to a greater extent than had previously been supposed.

Among American imports from Scandinavia wood pulp and newsprint easily take first place. Norway, Sweden, and Finland provided about 14 per cent of our wood-pulp consumption in 1939 and roughly 10 per cent of newsprint consumption. But if these sources of supply are to be blocked for the duration of the war, the effect on American industry will be even greater than the figures imply. For Britain, which next to the United States is the world's greatest consumer of paper and paper-making materials, has hitherto obtained a very substantial part of its supplies of both from the northern states. Immediately after the German invasion of Norway, British newspapers, already severely rationed, were ordered to make a further drastic cut in size. Britain and other countries all over the world which have been accustomed to buy Scandinavian paper and pulp will now have to turn to Canada and the United States. This is a pleasing prospect for North American paper manufacturers, whose shares have been booming for the past ten days. The demand will probably stretch their capacity to the limit for the first time in years. But publishers and the other innumerable consumers of paper face the possibility of a sharp rise in prices. It is only just to add that the International Paper Company, the largest American producer, has announced that it will maintain newsprint prices at $50 a ton, the quotation in effect ever since the beginning of 1938, until October 1. Prices of other types of paper, however, are likely to be lifted in the near future.

American investments in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have been estimated at about $225,000,000. Of this total, some $66,000,000 is accounted for by direct investments, such as the large Ford assembly plant in Copenhagen, while the balance is represented by state and city bonds and to a small extent by holdings in Scandinavian companies. The obligations of these countries were among the few foreign bonds which could be held with confidence, and before the war clouds gathered in Europe, market quotations for such issues as Denmark 4½'s and Norway 4¼'s were seldom worse than par. The invasion of Finland struck them a heavy blow, and Germany's swoop has sent them plunging to default levels. Nor is this surprising, for the most scrupulous debtor cannot pay when his business is closed down and his reserves stolen. So long as the war lasts, the prospects of trade earnings in Scandinavia sufficient to cover bond service are remote indeed. The Nazis are reported already to have carried off all gold found in the Copenhagen and Oslo banks. Fortunately a considerable fraction of their reserves had been transferred for safekeeping to New York, and thanks to the Administration's prompt action in blocking the transfer of all Norwegian and Danish funds in this country, this at least is saved from Hitler's itching palm.

In the Wind

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN recently wrote a book and submitted it to literary agents here. They tried to sell it to all the major publishers in turn, but without success. Each said in effect: "Chamberlain won't sell in America." A national magazine finally purchased the work.

COLUMNIST ED SULLIVAN visited St. Louis recently and described his sojourn there in his daily column. He reported that he had gone to the offices of the St. Louis *Star-Times*—"in which this column has appeared for some years"—and had been entertained by the staff. A few days later he discovered that his St. Louis outlet was the *Post-Dispatch*, competitor of the *Star-Times*.

STORIES ABOUT evacués crowd the London press. The newest is about an elderly spinster who lived in a small country house with a maid. One morning the doorbell rang. The maid admitted a man, heard his errand, then rushed upstairs. "Please, mum," she shouted, "you've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs."

A FORTNIGHT ago this column reported that the Salem, Oregon, Chamber of Commerce had canceled an address by Richard Neuberger on "Why I Am a Liberal." The story has a sequel. The Salem Realty Board, indignant over the cancelation, invited Neuberger to deliver an address before its members on the same subject. Shortly afterward this invitation was abruptly withdrawn, on the ground that Neuberger's speech didn't pertain to real estate. Now a group of newspapermen are planning to have him deliver the speech.

WHEN OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD spoke at the University of California recently, he quoted from one of Bertrand Russell's books. The audience interrupted him with a vociferous outbreak of applause.

BASEBALL NEWS: "A mill executive volunteered this information to us today: 'We men who run the mills value baseball highly. If we can get our folks interested in ball games, they are less interested in communism and radicalism and strikes. The mills that have the best ball teams have the least labor troubles. There is rarely unrest where there is a good baseball team. Maintenance of a ball team is part of our legitimate expense.' "—Shirley Povich's sports column in the Washington *Post*.

MEMBERS OF THE A. F. of L. Circus, Carnival, Fairs, and Rodeo International Union picketed the circus when it opened in New York. Among those who crossed the first-night picket line was Matthew Woll, third vice-president of the A. F. of L.

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE is no worse phase of the German invasion of Denmark and Norway than that it places in jeopardy thousands of refugees from Germany who have sought sanctuary in those peaceful and unoffending countries. Sweden in particular has been most generous in opening its doors to men and women whose sole sin is that by accident of birth they are not 100 per cent Aryan, and to political fugitives as well. The ties between Sweden and Germany have always been close, and during the last war the sympathies of the Swedes were distinctly with the Kaiser. This was in part due to the constant intermarriage of Swedes and Germans. Even during this war the anti-German sentiment in Sweden has not been as strong as in Norway, where fully 95 per cent of the people have been whole-heartedly on the side of the Allies from the day hostilities began.

The German capture of Denmark was so sudden that not many of the refugees there could have escaped before the invasion of the Nazis. The German exiles in Norway are now no doubt tortured by fear of being thrown into prison. The many in Sweden must also be frantic to make their escape. I am thinking, for example, of a German Aryan who refused from the beginning to resign himself to the persecution of the Jews and who was so active in helping them to get out of the country that finally he was himself compelled to flee to Sweden. For some time past friends in this country, some of whom owe their safety to him, have been trying to bring him here, but the obstacle of quota regulations has been as yet unsurmountable. One shudders to think what will befall this gallant spirit if he falls into the hands of the Germans.

Before me lies the letter of a most estimable German who is living in Stockholm with his wife and three children because his wife is partly Jewish. Had he been willing to put her away he would be in safety today, for his home was in a part of South Germany where he could have continued to carry on his teaching. When the school was told that it must dismiss him, it protested that no more devoted teacher had ever worked for it: in nearly two decades he had helped to mold well the lives of many fine young men, and no more loyal German could be found anywhere. That helped not at all. Even his children with their perhaps one-quarter Jewish blood were ordered out of the school and town because they were "contaminating" the rest of the pupils. He wrote nearly a hundred letters appealing for aid to people who because of old ties of relationship or friendship should have helped. The only responses came from Sweden and the United States. The Germans were too prejudiced or too afraid to help any creature so terrible as a woman with Jewish blood. Efforts to bring them over here failed because of bureaucratic delays; then Sweden stirred and granted temporary permits to enter. It seemed the opening of the doors of heaven to these poor, innocent, hunted creatures. True, they entered on only temporary visas, but the father found the opportunity to teach a little, and friendly human beings whose souls had not been warped by the teachings of the Nazis did everything possible to aid these shipwrecked persons to begin life anew.

What will happen to such as these? Can we Americans not do something to rescue them and by doing so give real aid to the countries now harboring them? I know well the difficulties, especially since some of them are Jews. Yet it does seem to me that if the situation were laid before Congress by the right people, something could be done. Congress could, if it wished, limit the duration of their stay here to two years after the end of the war, or could set up a board to pass upon their fitness then for future residence. If we took them in now we should free the embattled Scandinavians of the necessity of supporting and feeding the refugees when the feeding of their own people is soon going to be a very serious matter. Of course it would be extremely difficult to get them out—our government is going to be hard put to it to bring back the three thousand Americans now in Scandinavia. But the ports of Sweden are still open, and I am sure that the English government would cooperate. At any rate I wish that that fine citizen, Henry Goddard Leach, and the American-Scandinavian Foundation, with which he has so long been associated, might explore this field and see if something could not be done. Merely to attempt it would be a useful gesture.

Since I am sometimes accused of not praising Franklin Roosevelt enough I take this opportunity to thank him for his admirable characterization of this latest German crime. Again and again he has voiced the conscience of America with rare skill and felicity. I know that if his words could be read in Germany they would increase the shame and utter humiliation felt by many of the people. Many who found excuses for the invasion of Austria and Czechoslovakia were outraged when Poland was ravished. The fate of Denmark and Norway will surely increase not a little the opposition to Hitler at home.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DON STURZO'S LIBERAL CATHOLICISM

BY G. A. BORGESE

IN THE present confusion many are looking for help to the Catholic church. Like a wounded battleship Western civilization seems to be running for harbor. Catholicism in the stages of its origins and of its early maturity had been the result of a wide-embracing syncretism. For centuries it had been the real melting-pot of the most vital elements transmitted from antiquity to the Middle Ages. There seemed to be no reason why this blending process should have been stopped in the modern age. Toward liberalism and science, and even toward socialism and revolution, the church might have taken an attitude as supple and penetrating as the one it had taken toward the pagan philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, toward the communes and the kingdoms. The obstacles that were in the way of such an endeavor, however, were not overcome. Under the leadership most often of the Jesuits the church stiffened its conservative defenses. The Syllabus of Pope Pius IX (1864) and the Dogma of Infallibility (1870) are the starting dates of the age that should be called the Second Counter-Reformation. None of the popes who succeeded Pius IX deflected from the path which he had prescribed.

Yet undercurrents of syncretism remained alive. A liberal Catholicism was in the making during the whole of the nineteenth century, both before and after the Syllabus, although it never was made. A theological liberalism, or modernism, strove toward a symbolical and critical interpretation of the dogmas; a political liberalism aimed at a Catholic democracy. Modernist theology was smashed to smithereens by the encyclical "Pascendi" in 1907. Political reformism survived the catastrophe.

A Sicilian priest, Don Luigi Sturzo, as gallant in character as he was keen in mind, founded in 1919 the Italian Popular Party. Powerfully organized, the Italian Catholics mixed in the events of the day and of the years, in a spirit of strict loyalty to the Vatican in matters of faith and morals and in a spirit of advanced democracy in matters of social justice. The two trends were meant to represent and enact the directions suggested and prescribed by Leo XIII's famous "Rerum Novarum." The years of Don Sturzo's action, however, were numbered, not more than five or six. Harassed by Fascism and deserted by the Vatican, he trod the path of exile and has lived since, most honorably, as a refugee in England. His books bring a very valuable contribution to the history and interpretation of our age. The latest, "Church and State" (Longmans, Green and Company, $5), summarizes most adequately his experience and his belief.

Considered as a specimen of learned historiography "Church and State" deserves unrestricted praise for the diligence with which its author has collected the material from nearly two thousand years of strife and effort in the interrelations of secular and religious organizations. This material is offered to the reader in a form which, although popular and fluent, seldom slides down to glibness. On the whole the structure of the book is unified, and the scholarly quality of the information is not impaired by occasional—indeed, very rare—slips, Yet it would be inappropriate to estimate the book predominantly from the angle of scholarly research and discovery. Its real meaning is in its intention and program, in the manifesto of the final chapters and pages. One paragraph on page 551 contains the gist of the whole treatise.

> . . . In the Middle Ages the papacy intervened by authority with kings and peoples; . . . This was what was known as "direct power." In modern times this power was pared away, disciplined by concordats and rules of jurisdiction; the theologians called it "indirect power." . . . Today this power is still operative, whether direct or indirect. . . . It could now be called "directive power." The form has changed, but the substance is the same. It consists in the . . . efficacy of the Christian citizen who succeeds in bending the power of the state, or else in opposing it in the name of Christian morality . . . conducive to a state with a Christian civilization.

Strangely enough there is not a word about Brüning in the whole book, and what is said about the Catholic Center Party in Germany during the Weimar Republic sounds rather noncommittal. Not strangely at all the judgment which the book brings to bear on the Austrian experiments of a Catholic Social State up to the downfall of Schuschnigg is very critical or even outright hostile. The history of the annihilation of the Popular Party in Italy is partly reticent and veiled. There is greatness of heart in the persistence of Don Sturzo's purpose and will in spite of all catastrophes. Unperturbed he still advocates a structure of society in which the church, while revealing the eternal truth, should become the source of inspiration in temporal life, the "directive power" within and above the state.

What are the practical chances for such an organization of society? And how far is it desirable? A first approach to the problem should be in the appraisal of the success or failure of the Roman church in its experimentation of worldly power. For over a thousand years, from the age of Pepin the Short to the breach of Porta Pia which put an end to the Papal State, the Roman Pontificate had a temporal state to administer. Theoretically it should have become a political model. It did not, however; social and economic standards remained hopelessly low, and it would be stultifying to assume that the divine authority ruling Rome and its provinces had any effect in fostering any particular potential of saintliness or virtue in the mass of its subjects. Don Sturzo himself, for all his pious humility toward the popes, cannot but gloss over the social and political history of the Papal State, admitting hurriedly that it too had its troubles.

True it is that the power exercised by the popes in the Papal State was not a "directive one"; it was direct. It would be disturbing, however, to assume as a logically respectable hypothesis that what the church was unable to perform directly it would be able to perform indirectly as an inspiration behind the state. The inference would be a disintegrating dissociation of the authority of criticism from the responsibility of action.

A further approach is given by the record of the church's attitudes toward temporal affairs from the end of the Papal State in 1870 to our day. Theoretically its suggestions to the powers of the earth should have been flawlessly Christian. But they were not so, and Don Sturzo himself cannot pass over in silence the behavior, recklessly reactionary and racial, of the French Catholics in the Dreyfus affair; nay, he must admit that "Leo XIII did not think fit to intervene to prevent the Catholics of France from carrying on so disastrous a campaign." The "Rerum Novarum" and "Au milieu des solicitudes," highly praised manifestos of Catholic democracy, had already been published, but it is not easy to state when and where their general tenets became positive action through the will of the Vatican. The Vatican's attitude toward the reactionary movements in the period between the two wars is too well known to require more than a cursory reminder.

When Don Sturzo writes on page 554 about "the exploitation of the church on the part of nationalists and Fascists and their governments," the reader appreciates the piety and humility of his wording, but he cannot forget that there would not have been any such exploitation if the church had not wanted to be exploited by the Fascist and Nazi governments and to exploit them. The connivance of the Catholic church with Italian Fascism is even for Don Sturzo himself too burning an experience to be disposed of with such slippery and inadequately whitewashing expressions as "a subtle duel, wholly Italian, carried on through partial compromises made with reservations" (p. 487). That the church officially and effectively supported the aggressor nation against Ethiopia is a matter of fact hardly counterbalanced by the vague and inconclusive assertion that not all Catholics felt the same way. Even in its relations with Nazism the long enduring leniency of the church is practical and operative while its protests have remained in a theoretical and sentimental field, especially if contrasted with the church's dogged hostility toward Communist Russia, whose fundamental doctrines are by no means more un-Christian than the Nazi and Fascist ideologies. Nor is it very comforting to learn again what we already knew, that a few well-meaning Catholics abstained from supporting Franco or even gave their support to the Loyalist cause. The fact remains that the Catholic church as a whole was behind the powers of the earth which murdered Republican Spain. All that the church has done or tried to do as a "directive power" in the nearly seventy years during which it could have acted from the experimental vacuum of its wholly spiritualized independence has consistently been along the line of absolutism and reaction. In the "symbolic state" and "city *sui generis*" which is the Vatican State as it has lived from 1929 to our days, the pope, Don Sturzo admits on page 489, is "at once sovereign and the one true citizen," a rather discouraging symbol of what the ideal state would be if the papacy could have its own way. From the unbroken straightness of this line the encyclical "Rerum Novarum" with its allegedly progressive ideas in the field of social and economic justice stands out, even supposing the interpretation of its enthusiasts is correct, as an alibi—if not as a stratagem, "Papal documents," states Don Sturzo on page 417, "never speak against liberty in general."

Certainly there seems to be no reason why a pope whom liberal and progressive people might call a good pope, a Maritain or a Don Sturzo, should not ascend some day to the Chair of Saint Peter. Let us ask, paging his book again, what Don Sturzo as a pope would and could do. Among the most impressive passages in his "Church and State" is a quotation on page 421 from Montalembert, which he seems to like warmly. "We," said Montalembert, adopting the motto of the Poles against Catherine II, "love liberty more than anything in the world and *religion more than liberty*" [italics mine]. More striking than Montalembert and the Poles is Don Sturzo himself when he summarizes on page 479 the creed of his Popular Party; "It is liberal (*in the wholesome sense of the word*) [italics mine] because it takes its stand on the civil and political liberties which it upholds as equal for all, without party monopolies and without persecution of *religion,* races, or classes." I have reprinted in italics also the word religion, which obviously ought to be in the plural, *religions,* as are "races, classes." It does not seem, however, that there is any printer's slip. Don Sturzo, in fact, discloses to his reader on page 530 that there is "effectively" "freedom of worship" in Fascist Italy; high praise for Fascist Italy from the gallant anti-Fascist exile, who must certainly know what has happened in Fascist Italy to Protestant institutions and propaganda, and to the harmless people who tried to find a haven for their battered lives in the creed and practice of Quakerism. He also certainly has heard of books, like Martinetti's "Jesus and Christianity," forbidden and seized by the Fascist government, hardly in order to please the liberalism of the church.

There is no freedom of worship in Fascist Italy except for Roman Catholicism, *the* religion. Don Sturzo too, like Montalembert and the Poles, seems to love liberty above anything else, but his religion above liberty, and there is no evidence that, were he the pope, he would be able to act or would like to act on different premises.

The problem is whether there could ever be political liberty without intellectual liberty, social justice—we mean Maritain's or Don Sturzo's, obviously not Father Coughlin's Social Justice—without a dogma of every man's and therefore also the pope's fallibility. A society with justice and freedom cannot be a society of intellectual criticism without a field reserved to authoritarianism or totalitarianism of any kind. "Liberties," says Don Sturzo once, "are coherent, or they cannot exist." But he blinds himself to the implications of this sentence. Devoutly he has subjected his book to the "Nihil obstat" and the "Imprimatur" of his censors. With the same devotion he has omitted in his otherwise excellent bibliography such first sources as Salvemini's essay on The Catholic Church and the Ethiopian War or as Teeling's book on "Pius XI and World Affairs."

If it is true that liberties are coherent or they cannot exist, an advance of the Roman church on the path of social and

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economic progress should carry with it a doctrinal reform starting with the abandonment of the Syllabus and with the admission of modernist theology. The next great book of a Catholic reformer after Don Sturzo's "Church and State" should be addressed to the Curia and to the clergy, not to the laity. It should bid a stop to the Second Counter-Reformation. It should be controversial within the church rather than outside it.

A Tale of Relief

THE TRIUMPH OF WILLIE POND. By Caroline Slade. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

HERE is a novel that is not only an absorbing human story but virtually a handbook of the complex machinery of public relief, which to people with an income is only an unpleasant word but which becomes, to the destitute, a world of interlocking agencies, of petty tyrannies, of officious, ever-snooping welfare workers, of humiliation and undernourishment and cockroaches and smelly cold-water flats with three or four dwellers to a room.

Mrs. Slade, drawing on many years' experience as a social worker, shows relief at its worst and at its best in the Pond family's treatment at the hands of the city agency of the town of Highbridge and at those of the county Board of Child Welfare. Miss Southard, the city's worker, a thin-lipped ex-school teacher with a penchant for exercising power over others, treats each of her "cases" as a problem in the mathematics of keeping so many human beings from starvation with the least possible expense, ignoring through incapacity rather than malice their inevitable deterioration, even the ultimate social deficit resulting from such handling. Under her regime the Ponds, an ordinary, respectable family down in their luck, rapidly lose their physical and moral stamina. Willie, the father, really a tubercular case, wears out his little remaining strength to bring in a few dollars digging ditches for WPA; Sarah, the mother, drained of energy not so much by bearing fourteen children as by hopelessness, lets their vermin-infested rooms grow even filthier as the fifteenth child is on the way; fourteen-year-old Mary takes up prostitution in the hope of assisting the family. When Willie suffers a broken leg, however, the whole picture suddenly changes.

His lung trouble confirmed by the doctors, he is sent to a state hospital to receive excellent care, and his family, because the only wage-earner is incapacitated, is transferred to a county board, which allows them funds for decent living, and to the case-book of young Jean Shonts, who passionately believes that people are human beings even if they have to be supported by the taxpayers. For two years, while Willie recuperates at the sanitarium, the Ponds undergo a general rehabilitation, blossoming out into a healthy and promising group, until the stunning blow falls: Willie is about to be released as cured, the county agency must automatically withdraw its support, and with Willie unable to find a job there is no prospect but a return to the subhuman life of "the Beehive"—that unspeakable tenement from which Miss Shonts had rescued them. Willie's decision to kill himself in order to assure a decent life to his wife and children is no surprise;

HE was one of the young intelligentsia in Russia who took up the cause of the people in the 1900's . . . and became disillusioned when the Revolution failed . . .

HE organized a successful strike among his fellow construction workers on the Grand Trunk Pacific in the Northern Rockies . . . served time as a political prisoner in Russia, Mexico, Spain . . .

HE studied at the Sorbonne . . . at the University of Geneva . . . sold papers on the Bowery . . . panhandled down the Pacific Coast . . . picked fruit in California . . .

Here, in his own words, is revealed the man *behind* the celebrity America knows, who initiated a world-wide movement with a deck of cards—an amazing, many-sided personality gifted with a keen literary and social perception.

INSIDE TIP . . to "Nation" Readers

on what seems destined to be the most unusual biographical work of 1940

"This is the most astoundingly frank and honest confession ever published, probably, with the exception of Boswell's *Journals*. It makes the famed confessions of Rousseau and St. Augustine seem like the reports of adolescents. Culbertson is a versatile genius, talented in many more ways than in playing bridge. Although he often seems like a braggart, his brags (on careful thought) have justifiable bases, and no writer in the world has been more shamelessly humble in setting forth his weaknesses and short-comings. This is truly the story of a man who not only wants to make his peace with God but with men and with himself."

—*BURTON RASCOE*

THE STRANGE LIVES OF ONE MAN

An Autobiography by

ELY CULBERTSON

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in his position, being a conscientious, affectionate father, he had no other choice.

Though obviously intended to draw attention to the realities of relief—both the giving and the receiving—Mrs. Slade's book makes the travails of the Ponds a warm and absorbing story, not at all like a case history. It poses many disturbing questions. Should society spend thousands on the support of an unwanted child rather than a few dollars on contraceptives? Is it socially thrifty to cure a man like Willie Pond only to force him back immediately into the very conditions that ruined his health in the first place? Should a relief worker let herself sympathize with her clients, or will only an armor shell of indifference preserve her sanity in a heartbreaking profession? The questions are not answered; perhaps they cannot be, but Mrs. Slade deserves a hearty vote of thanks for having suggested them so poignantly in an intensely moving book. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Men of Crime

GANG RULE IN NEW YORK. By Craig Thompson and Allen Raymond. The Dial Press. $3.50.

NEW YORK'S most recent crusade against racketeering, which has already presented the nation with a formidable Presidential candidate, now produces the most authoritative current volume on organized crime in the United States. The recent revelations of the extensive murder-for-pay ring, labeled by headline writers Murder, Inc., would have made a fitting conclusion to this sensational story, but "Gang Rule in New York" has enough raw meat in it without that lurid sequel. Incidentally, the exposure and prosecution of Murder, Inc., by Brooklyn's district attorney, William F. O'Dwyer, raises the question of whether, by some accepted standards, Mr. O'Dwyer would not make a better President than Thomas E. Dewey.

Messrs. Thompson and Raymond, respectively of the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune,* are among the most competent reporters in New York City. As a result, their book is almost completely based on bedrock fact rather than on the imaginative sequences with which other crime reporters have filled missing links in their chronologies of racketeering. Our present authors trace the trials and erasures by which the Italian, Irish, and Jewish gangs in New York settled the allocation of territories—East Side, West Side, Brooklyn, and the Bronx—and of jurisdictions—bootleg liquor, gambling, prostitution, industrial racketeering, and so on.

The full lives and colorful funerals of Gotham's men of crime receive due attention, but the more significant interrelations of crime and local politics are not neglected. The most valuable parts of the volume are those dealing with the political allies, frequently also the servants, of the big-shot racketeers. There are fuller portraits than courtroom rules of evidence permit of Jimmy Hines, Al Marinelli, and a heavy complement of former magistrates and district leaders. Despite the hosannas which sing of Dewey as a savior of civic purity, the realistic authors are not convinced that the clean-up in which Dewey played a part—and not an exclusive one—will stick. Being also seasoned political reporters, they conclude that "gang rule in New York is not dead. Stunned temporarily, it seems to be reviving." They point out that many of the "political allies" of the fallen racketeers are still in politics. The weakness in this otherwise excellent book is the lack of proper emphasis on the part played by the owners of American industry in employing the racketeers and their "political allies," virtually all of whom have been on call as professional organizers of strike-breaking mobs. The encouragement of labor-union corruption by employers who would rather pay a racketeer wage than a living wage might also have come in for more attention. EDWARD LEVINSON

Between Two Worlds

PARIS GAZETTE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press. $3.

LION FEUCHTWANGER has always been a sort of literary amanuensis to the oppressed minorities. In the last ten years we have had "Success," which dealt with the repression of dissenters in the post-war period, "The Oppermanns," pleading the cause of the Jews in Germany just as it came into Hitler's hands, and now "Paris Gazette," a novel about refugees, Jewish and Christian, from the Third Reich.

Mr. Feuchtwanger never attempts anything on a small scale. This is, so far as I know, his longest book, it is even longer than "Success," which was too long, and twice the length of "Power." In its construction it bears comparison with the building of the coral reefs by countless polyp secretions; the edifice stands, a polished, meticulous, and painstaking work of art—not of genius. It does not have the rush, the grand sweep, that sometimes a shorter novel, a short story, or even a pamphlet, written in white heat and in less detail, can convey. Mr. Feuchtwanger's campaign is a siege, not a *Blitzkrieg.*

His best medium has always been the historical novel. This book has two leading motifs, which are two actual events of recent history. The first is the well-known kidnapping of an anti-Nazi journalist; the second, the acquiring of a German refugee newspaper by Hitler agents for the purpose of destroying its influence against the Third Reich. The many lesser motifs—the intrigues of the Nazi functionaries against the refugees and against each other, and the domestic affairs, the plots, plans, hopes, loves, political opinions and cultural values of the Paris refugees themselves—are more or less closely linked to these two happenings. This gives a cohesive quality to the work that the author has not always so happily achieved.

A book of this sort—in which, incidentally, practically all the characters are intellectuals—is bound to be a sort of clearing-house for contemporary political, aesthetic, and other concepts. Theories ranging from ultra-left terrorism to right-wing Nazism, and all stops between, have their adherents in these pages, and if there is a declassed two-penny Villon here, so is there a youthful Gide and a Nazified Beaumarchais. But most of the transplanted Germans have their spiritual roots in the middle-class moral and cultural ideology of the nineteenth century. They feel almost as unassimilable in the modern democracies as in the totalitarian countries. One of them, a composer, says: "The old world isn't dead yet and the new world isn't born yet, and this is a horrible age of transition; it's really nothing but a horrible waiting-room." It is a good image.

It was suggested above that Mr. Feuchtwanger's literary crusade does not, so to speak, hit one between the eyes. As an indictment of Hitlerism it is effective by accretion, by the indefatigable piling up of factual material from the press and the underground opposition, by anecdote, comment, song, opinion, speech, and, of course, the story behind each emigrant's exile, voluntary or compulsory. The characters, if they have not been made warm and memorable, have been dissected with clinical dispassion by their creator so far as their mental processes are concerned. Convictions he respects, but no writer is better equipped to track down the true determinants of conviction, which may as easily be prejudice as wisdom. Perhaps his greatest skill, among so many, is this ability to uncover underlying motives and to pull apart the structure of rationalization man builds around his deeds and his thoughts.

DONALD MINOT YOUNG

Quick and Easy

TECHNIQUE OF ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Wilhelm Stekel. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. W. W. Norton and Company. $5.

IT HAS become the vogue of late to revise Freud, to streamline psychoanalysis, and to try to make it the equivalent of painless dentistry. If one demurs, one is accused of being a reactionary, of converting science into a religion, and of not being aware of the great social movements that are taking place.

Stekel is a better writer than some of the other revisers of Freud, and has fewer scruples about holding up extracted teeth to show to the startled public. He belongs in that earlier group who fought to make psychoanalysis something quick and easy, who broke away from the conscientious and systematic application of psychoanalytic principles many years ago. The present book was published in German in 1938, but the ideas contained in it have appeared in other publications by this author over a period of twenty years past. To his credit Stekel no longer calls his technique psychoanalysis, but he implies throughout his book that it really is psychoanalysis improved and made safe. Lest any hapless patient fall into the hands of an honest, "orthodox" psychoanalyst, he warns them in the preface that to do so is not only to run the risk of losing a great deal of time and money without any therapeutic result, but may even be the ruination of the individual's mental health—"an analytically inculcated infantilism and an analytically induced brooding-obsession may arise. . . . I have recorded alarming experiences. . . ."

To take Stekel more seriously than he deserves, one can only say that if he had actually contributed to the improvement of psychoanalysis by shortening the time required for psychoanalysis in a way which was convincing in its results, he should and would have presented it before scientific organizations in a position to evaluate his amazing claims. To offer to the public a book in which he threatens with dire consequences those who submit themselves to others than himself, and then to assure these same lay readers that he has devised a method for reducing the time and expense for

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By MARY FELS

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such treatment by 90 per cent, and to support this with a mixture of shrewd and absurd comments on hundreds of intimate excerpts from lurid case histories of his own patients, will be regarded by some as not very far removed from charlatanry.

It should be added in fairness that if 90 per cent of this book is not only ethically but scientifically unacceptable, 10 per cent is intuitively wise and sound. This 10 per cent is scattered through the text and pops up at the most unexpected places. But to find and identify these spots is not worth the trouble of wading through the other 90 per cent.

KARL MENNINGER

"Will Raptly Magnipotent"

HARDY OF WESSEX. HIS LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER. By Carl J. Weber. Columbia University Press. $3.

"WHEN you're born you're done for," remarked Arnold Bennett, himself an example of the Unfulfilled Intention, and no Victorian felt the truth of this dictum more than Thomas Hardy. Mr. Weber's biography, avoiding both the caustic fancy of "Cakes and Ale" and the unrestrained circumspection of Mrs. Hardy's book, gives us the best recent study of this strange career. As an infant, Hardy was pronounced dead. Frail and small, he nevertheless survived, educated himself in an era where proper schooling was, if unedifying, indispensable, struggled painfully to write. Burdened as he was by the marks of this apprenticeship—a passion for polysyllables, an exaggerated respect for learning, a dubious affection for Shakespearean yokels and coincidence—Hardy steadily gained power as a novelist. With his genuine compassion, moreover, for the Tesses and Judes of this world, he just as steadily increased his attacks on the institutions which bound them down.

It is perhaps consoling to recall that once seduction was as difficult to establish as socialism, and Mr. Weber describes the Victorian distemper with a nice humor. He writes fine accounts of the religious ethics of the time, the domestic manners, the literary gossip, the editors, humanitarians, and ladies who demanded their "touch of sentiment"—a touch that was sometimes more like a knockout. It is indeed chiefly Mr. Weber's treatment of Hardy's marriage that one may question, for we are still left with the same perplexing questions which have become a horrid nightmare for the Hardy biographers. If the first Mrs. Hardy was in some respects an anchor for her husband, the anchor dragged the ship after it. In her wifely encouragement she was far from that noble womankind on whom Eustacia was a libel. "Ethelberta" was disliked by Mrs. Hardy because "there was too much about servants." What could she say about Tess, the unhappy milkmaid? And when Arabella came along as a "substantial female animal," Mrs. Hardy fled to the British Museum. Still, says Mr. Weber, there is "no ground for supposing" that Hardy wished his marriage dissolved. I, for one, can suppose acres. Yet if in this instance Mr. Weber's scholarly caution approaches the point of claustrophobia, he does elsewhere portray excellently the trials of Hardy—and his vitality.

For there is a curious sort of grandeur running through this saga of a low-class guy, bitten by a culture bug, frightening a nation, and being whipped down. The sickly infant lived to the age of eighty-seven, and this same dogged persistence illuminates all of Hardy's actions. Suffering with internal hemorrhages he finished "The Laodicean." When his public howled at his frankness, Hardy deleted, and put more into his next novel, and when at last, after "Jude," he gave up the fight, it was merely to transform this energy into his poetry. Whether by sheer effort he made himself a poet or not is still a question, but he was planning a new book for his eighty-eighth birthday. And the second Mrs. Hardy, whom he married at seventy-four, was in some ways so like his first wife that one almost suspects that here too Hardy was attempting to revise his earlier draft. Haunted by his heredity, harassed by his society, without the friendship, love, or children he wanted, Hardy may have believed, like his Clym, that life "was a thing to be put up with." Yet did he have to put up with quite so much of it? That blind, and to Hardy hostile, force of life which he hailed—in one of his inimitable bursts of rhetoric attracting us almost by their deformities—as the "all-urging Will raptly magnipotent" was surely subdued by this man who felt himself so defenseless before it.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Cristóbal Colón

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Being the Life of the Very Magnificent Lord Don Cristóbal Colón. By Salvador de Madariaga. The Macmillan Company. $4.

"WHEN was he born? Where was he born? What was his name? Where did he study? Where had he traveled? What did he know? What was his plan?" As Mr. de Madariaga says, "over four hundred years of time and over four hundred volumes of research" have not removed the grounds for disagreement on these fairly elementary questions about "this mysterious man whose single spirit changed the course of history . . . doubled the size of man's physical world, widened his mental horizon beyond the wildest expectations of the age."

It is certain that the right name to call the discoverer is Cristóbal Colón. It is also certain, or nearly so, that he was the same person as one Cristoforo Colombo, born in or near Genoa. The ripe scholar, scientific historian, and experienced diplomat Don Salvador de Madariaga is not one to make downright, exclusive statements on controversial subjects. Nor is his solution entirely new. But he has marshaled the weight of circumstantial evidence with such a commanding combination of logic and imaginative insight—not to mention the powers of persuasion of which he is an acknowledged master—that he may be said to have "proved," unless positive evidence to the contrary is produced, that Colón was a Genoese of Spanish-Jewish origin.

The scholarship, though minute, is neither heavy nor dry. (It is odd, by the way, to meet "Alexandre de Humboldt" and have him quoted in French.) The man Colón is very much alive, and the story is told with literary ability. The maps, including the end papers, are really enlightening.

JAMES ORRICK

ART

Dove and the Independents

WYNDHAM LEWIS, that herald of the decline and fall of abstract art: would he consider abstract the new paintings composing the current Arthur Dove show? So one wonders, standing at An American Place among these somberly harmonious oils and brightly, freshly painted water colors. References to the natural world, what might be termed subject matter, quite elude the eye in its first glance at most of them. Sheer visual music appears prevailingly to meet it: capriciously moving patterns, of weird shapes and low tones —grays, buffs, rust-reds, emerald-greens, with a material density—which address the eye as ideally and as earnestly as do fugues and other absolute musical forms the ear. And one decides: if Mr. Lewis concluded that these inventions and caprices veritably are abstractions, would he not thus confess that after a brilliant career as the representative of that rarity, the Englishman who takes art seriously, he had lately and temporarily turned into the least bit of a Wyndhambag?

For the reason that the exhibition is the antithesis of the effete; superb and the perfect justification of those who long have been pointing to Dove's position among the major American artists. The paintings' forms are unusually complete this year; the sequences of shapes and colors unusually sustained. Passages of exquisite exploitation of the medium abound—passages in which pure pigment has been given a subtle and mysterious life and direction of its own by the brush stroke; for example, the section of interfused whites and browns in the canvas cryptically named U. S. There are rich tactile values, richly organized, as in Willows. For a first time, too, the tiny water colors are on a level equal to that of the larger oils. But in the end one judges that Mr. Lewis might well consider Dove's a watered abstractionism. As one surveys the patterns, references to the natural world emerge galore. We perceive the striped umbrella and the dunes in Beach; the dawn's early light in Morning; the shapes of waves and hills in What Harbor; those of clouds, bolts, and detonations in Thunderstorm. The truth of the matter is that these pictures give an appearance of deliberate abstraction only for the reason that Dove, in observing his beloved nature and seeing, as he says, "from one point in space to another," has found these points "drawn as any line around a thing to give the colored stuff of it, to weave the whole into a sequence of formations rather than to form an arrangement of facts."

Personally I have long felt the abstract and the representative equally acceptable, equally rooted in human experience. This opinion was fortified by the perusal of a page, in a book by the anthropologist Le Bon, describing the culture of two close-lying islands in the South Pacific. The level of culture in the islands appears to have been one; and in the first of them art was entirely abstract; in the second, entirely representative. The anthropologist merely forgot to state whether the religion in the former resembled Protestantism or Mohammedanism or Judaism, which discourage the use of graven images, and in the latter, Catholicism or Hinduism, which encourage it. As for Dove, it would seem, since classifications are unavoidable, that he had best be called a symbolist painter. His color and form possess an aura, an infinite, warm suggestivity: by its means he has imparted the implications of his whole-hearted, immediate, complex awareness of the soil and the comic, battered, and secret "souls" of those homely American spots he has profoundly made his own.

Quite conceivably, abstractionism may be in a decline, if only because of the word being passed about everywhere that it is dead. At this moment, one of those jury-free exhibitions to which everyone not undergoing a novel sends his paintings might be most revelatory of the patient's health. It might demonstrate the degree to which artists are favoring abstractionism or its opposite. Such an exhibition unfortunately the Independents' is not. True, this society, which was founded by Walter Pach, has been presided over by John Sloan for twenty-three years, and now is holding its twenty-fourth annual field-day at the American Fine Arts Association, has neither jury nor prizes and is entirely democratic. Only, some years ago its coterie of abstractionists seceded and with some foreign help proceeded to hold exhibitions of its own. A few abstractions figure in the current show: one of them, Bird-Beast, the bright little bronze by Marie W. Christopher, charms among the sculptural exhibits. But it is plain that the abstractionists represented constitute a mere rump. Thus we shall have to observe later exhibitions for this particular information, and gratefully accept from the Independents that which they best are qualified to give.

This, as always, is an awareness of still unrecognized talent. For its sake the exhibitions are visited by the gallery people. This year as always the talent is not readily discerned, since again a dusty haystack formed of innumerable instances of the amateur approach hides the needle of skill. At length one encounters it. One of its examples is the double portrait Krueger and Rabin by Hans Weingaertner. In the hard objectivist style, it none the less is built up architecturally and even rhythmically, and has a psychographic interest. Outstanding too is Below 14th Street by Lester J. Ambrose—because of the pattern made of geometric units and the tension created by the opposing inclinations of the buff areas in his canvas's upper and extreme lower reaches. The two pastorals by Caroline Sehlmeyer are touching in their quiet feeling, precious style, and delicate detail. There are other attractive paintings, among them The Source by Byron Brown, with its pungent color and elegant lady. Whether any of these objects are as original as the exhibits by better-known contributors—for example, the two fauve canvases by Milton Avery and the seal-like, not quite savory Gossip by Hugo Robus —is of course a question. Still, what is most important, they emerge and shine.

PAUL ROSENFELD

DRAMA

"MEDICINE SHOW" (New Yorker Theater) is a "living newspaper" originally written for production by the Federal Theater but now sponsored by private persons. Though somewhat less spectacular than "Power" and "One-Third of a Nation" it is forcefully conceived, and it demonstrates once more that the technique worked out for these expository performances is by far the most effective ever devised for using the stage purely as a lecturer's platform. That does not mean of course that the "living newspapers" are, in either purpose or effect, dramas in any accepted meaning of that word. They are not. Their nearest relation is the "documentary" film, and even the documentary film usually strives somewhat more persistently for pictorial effects than the "living newspapers" strive for anything except fact and argument. The subject of the present performance is public health, and it is presented largely through dialogue and tableau more or less after the manner of the "expressionistic" play. But it is frankly only the "message" that counts, for there is little concession to any audience demand for either entertainment or aesthetic pleasure.

Such a performance is limited in its appeal to those interested in its subject matter, and they are, no doubt, the very ones least likely to be ignorant of the facts presented. That there is a demand for "living newspapers" sufficient to pay for their production is still to be demonstrated. I am not even sure that, in view of the other media through which such facts and such arguments can be presented, there is any important function for them. But if the thing is to be done, I hardly see how it can be done more directly or more forcefully.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

SCHNABEL has continued to enrich the closing weeks of the season with unforgettable performances—at his second concert with the New Friends of Music Orchestra, and at his recital at the New York Y. M. H. A. His performances of Mozart's Concertos K. 467 and 482 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy were not as impressive as the ones with the New Friends Orchestra under Stiedry. The Philadelphia is a superb instrument, but it can play only as well as it is conducted; and in these performances it was conducted by a heavy-handed and tasteless musician. This not only spoiled what the orchestra had to contribute to the works in outlines and textures, but affected Schnabel's playing, since he is unusually sensitive to what the orchestra does in a concerto.

At the Y. M. H. A. Schnabel began—and began not too well—with Bach; and after the Toccata in D, which he played best, came Schubert's early Sonata Opus 147—those opening measures which formerly had sounded to me like the young Schubert's other grandiose attempts at the grand manner, and which Schnabel now revealed as an opening fully equal in genuine and exciting power to those which Schubert contrived for some of his later sonatas. The characteristic Schubertian harmonic surprises in this passage had been no more than characteristic Schubertian harmonic surprises; now in each unexpected harmony, as it was placed by Schnabel in relation to its context, I was suddenly aware of Schubert's reason for it—its breath-taking expressive force. This was only the first of the revelations that Schnabel accomplished in this work; and they were followed by the wonders of revelatory phrasing that he accomplished in Mozart's Sonata K. 576 and Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A.

This recital was the concluding event in the Y. M. H. A.'s celebrity series; and I cannot imagine an artist, a program, and performances less suited to the audience of such a series, and vice-versa. It would be pleasant to think that such audiences, presented with artistic greatness, are deeply impressed; but actually Schnabel's revelations were accompanied by sounds of mystification and boredom from many who were present. And at his second concert with the New Friends in Carnegie Hall a capacity audience created a commotion beyond anything I have experienced at a concert of this caliber. Here the worst disturbance occurred in the seating of the audience: not only were people seated between movements of a work, but they continued to wander down aisles and seat themselves during the movements; and people who had previously wandered down aisles and taken possession of seats they were not entitled to had to be pried out of them. And all this, it turned out, happened because the New Friends engaged fewer than the normal number of ushers. This organization seems able to command any amount of newspaper space for publicity stories about its unique devotion to music—about how it offers its audiences great music, not celebrated performers; how it tells anyone who asks who is going to play next Sunday that Beethoven is going to be played; how it sells out its concerts to subscribers who come to listen to Beethoven and who listen in worshipful silence. But the facts are that from the very first the New Friends has announced not only lists of works but lists of performers—and for the most part big-name performers; that it has done so because otherwise nobody would have come to the concerts; that the only concert that was sold out this year was the one to which people came to hear Serkin play with Feuermann and Busch; that the audiences have been normal concert audiences, with the normal number of people who have been there because it was the place to be, and who have betrayed their boredom in the normal ways. Ordinarily one ignores publicity and considers only the concert; and if I discuss the publicity stories in this case it is because they have a connection with that second Carnegie Hall concert: the New Friends talks about how out of devotion to music it forbids encores and frowns on applause between movements, but it ruins a performance of a Mozart concerto to save $5 on ushers.

Among Victor's April releases is a set of Mozart's Requiem made by the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society and Philadelphia Orchestra under Harl McDonald (M-649, $12). It is all right, and even admirable, for a college choral society to work up a performance of Mozart's Requiem with whatever resources it has and give the performance for the students and faculty and other interested persons. But to put such a performance on records; to give the permanence, the prominence, the authority of recording to a performance with what sound like student soloists—a wobbly soprano, a no more adequate alto and tenor, a baritone who cannot encompass the range of the bass part, and for whom this part must be rewritten in a way that robs it of its power (that eliminates, for example, the powerful wide leaps in the "Tuba mirum"); to make this the performance from which countless people are to derive their idea of the work—this is to betray an appalling lack of understanding or conscience.

Recording suggestion: If enough people make their interest known to Victor perhaps it will profit by Schnabel's presence in this country and have him record his performances of Schubert's Sonatas Opus 147 and Mozart's Sonata K. 576, and those extraordinary performances of Mozart concertos with the New Friends Orchestra.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Dewey's Methods

Dear Sirs: John Richmond's article on Thomas E. Dewey in *The Nation* of March 16 contains an amazing collection of misstatements. Mr. Richmond says that Mr. Dewey in securing his convictions used many devices "of a kind to disturb people who are vitally concerned with the preservation of civil liberties." He says that some of these devices "violated state law, others brushed aside the canons of professional ethics of the American Bar Association, and many were flagrant abuses of civil rights." These are serious charges; yet no supporting instances were cited—or could be. The argument is pure *ipse dixit.* The specific charges embodied in the author's cluster of supporting *statements* were thoroughly aired in our courts right up through the highest Appellate Court. All were specifically answered and exploded to the satisfaction of the judges. However, as one who was a part of the Dewey investigation, I am impelled to answer these statements, first pointing out that, naturally, every proper means was used to give the people militant representation.

No "phony grand-jury subpoenas" were used to bring in witnesses. If subpoenas open to legal attack had been used, some of the recalcitrant witnesses would have had them vacated. Of course, many persons were held under substantial bail as material witnesses. This was done on the basis of valid court orders. A prosecutor who allowed key witnesses to roam about, the prey of suborners of perjury and triggermen, would have been outrageously inhuman, as well as a faithless public servant. Material witnesses were not refused any "legal fee of $3 a day unless they testified favorably." Three dollars a day is a *maximum* fee which *may* be paid pursuant to court order, if the judge believes that the facts, including those bearing on the witness's indigence, warrant it. No one was held "incomunicado in the name of protective arrest." Attorneys are still familiar with the writ of habeas corpus. Similarly, defense attorneys could not be arbitrarily "forbidden to speak to witnesses." A serious problem was the impossibility of preventing defendants from frightening or bribing witnesses to stay out of the jurisdiction.

No reward was ever offered "for favorable testimony." On the contrary, all witnesses were searchingly cross-examined, and many were never called upon to testify because it was suspected that their testimony, though largely true, had been embroidered. Of course, many minor criminal figures—for example, prostitutes and madams in the Luciano case—were allowed to earn immunity from prosecution for their own relatively minor crimes by testifying before grand juries without signing waivers of immunity. The defense argument that this impaired their credibility was forcibly urged upon the trial juries—after the prosecution had frankly revealed the facts. The juries, to judge by their verdicts of guilty, apparently saw that important criminals can be convicted only on the testimony of their tools.

No searches or seizures were made without warrant. Subpoenas *duces tecum* were indeed issued, calling for the production of masses of books and records. They were carefully drawn and leaned over backward in their legality. The proof is the lack of success which attended motions to quash them in court.

In referring to *Liberty's* purchase from Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris, *after* the Luciano trial, of material based on their life experiences, Mr. Richmond makes a revelatory error. He says these women received compensation of $2,500 each. Actually they received $1,250 each. The question how much they received is not of any great importance. But the identical error is found in one of the inventive affidavits offered in support of Luciano's motion for a new trial, and nowhere else so far as I am aware. One wonders to what extent Mr. Richmond based all his statements on material cooked up by major criminals and terror-stricken minor figures—which has failed to impress any of our Appellate Courts.

BARENT TEN EYCK

New York, April 10

Rebuttal by Mr. Richmond

Dear Sirs: In reply to Mr. Ten Eyck I wish to say that my sources in some cases were the victims and their attorneys and in others the brief argued by Martin Conboy for Charles Luciano, defendant. Persons who had been served with grand-jury subpoenas have related how they rushed down to the grand-jury rooms and then were immediately taken to the D. A.'s headquarters and questioned. It was only later that they discovered there was no grand jury in session. The list of people called as witnesses in the Luciano trial indicates that those who did not testify favorably for the prosecutor did not receive any legal fee at all, regardless of their indigence. Innumerable prostitutes were jailed before this trial under inordinately high bail and refused permission to see friends or attorneys. The brief states that the defense attorney was refused access to the various persons held incomunicado on the pretext of their being material witnesses, though many of them never took the stand. In fact, the court even denied to the counsel of two women held by the prosecution the right to speak to them in the presence of the prosecutor, although there is no precedent for this kind of action.

Joe Bendix, one of the prosecutor's chief witnesses, testified during this trial that his wife was present in a restaurant with him in 1935 when he spoke to Luciano. As a matter of record, Mrs. Bendix at the period stated was in South America, and the jury was never informed of that fact. It was Mrs. Bendix whom the defense could not find when it wanted to place her on the stand, though the prosecutor, according to his later admission, had her available in the building at that time. It now appears, without contradiction, that while her husband was testifying—at the conclusion of which testimony the defense wished to confront him with his wife—Mrs. Bendix was in "the witness room behind the court," and that shortly thereafter she left the city but remained in touch with the prosecutor and available as a witness. The prosecutor not only failed to call her as a witness; he concealed her whereabouts from the defense counsel who wished to call her.

It is worth noting that Mr. Ten Eyck does not explain the document given to Mildred Balitzer, another principal witness in this case, by Mr. Dewey's assistant, Sol Gelb, witnessed by Frank T. Hogan, which stated that she would not be prosecuted for any offenses or crimes arising out of any testimony heretofore given by her to the grand jury or for any other previous offenses. The prosecutor admits that she testified falsely in this matter and offers an explanation which does not meet the important issue that the jury was permitted to weigh the testimony of this vital witness on the assumption that she was not influenced by any grant of immunity.

The question of illegal searches and seizures was definitely raised in the trial of Fritz Kuhn, and many lawyers assert that these devices have been resorted to even in less important cases.

I do not have to point out to Mr. Ten Eyck which of these practices violate laws of the land, which brush aside the canons of professional ethics of the American Bar Association, and which are flagrant abuses of civil rights, disturbing to people who are vitally concerned with the preservation of civil liberties.

JOHN RICHMOND

New York, April 15

Bertrand Russell and Benjamin Franklin

Dear Sirs: The statement of Bishop Manning and the opinion of Judge McGeehan in connection with the Bertrand Russell appointment have undoubtedly served to awaken fears in the minds of many parents with regard to the influence which the schools may have upon their children's morals.

I am the father of a sixteen-year-old daughter. She is of the same impressionable age as the daughter of Mrs. John Kay. The good Bishop and Judge McGeehan have made it clear that the influence of persons holding immoral views should be kept from the youth of this city.

At this moment the Board of Education is about to erect a new high school, which is to be one of the finest in the United States. This building, which is to be paid for with the taxpayers' money, is to be named in honor of a man who notoriously lived with women other than his wife, who had an illegitimate child by a woman whom he never subsequently married, who publicly acknowledged his illegitimate child, who wrote salaciously on matters of sex, and who entered into a marriage the legality of which was questioned at the time by the church and has always been in doubt because the prior death of the wife's former husband has not been established. This man wrote on the subject of sex in a manner which your magazine would not care to print. In almost any of his biographies can be found, for instance, a letter called "Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress" which deals lucidly and lewdly with sex.

In matters of religion he was frequently in difficulties with the church. He described himself as a man who believed not in the forms of religion, but in the Golden Rule, and he was a defender and friend of Thomas Paine. This man's morals were as much out of tune with the church and *mores* of his times as are Bertrand Russell's today.

True, Benjamin Franklin, like Bertrand Russell, was also a scientist, mathematician, philosopher, and writer. But almost any biography which my daughter might obtain of Benjamin Franklin would disclose to her his immoral sex life and views. Surely, if the employment of Bertrand Russell as a teacher of philosophy is not permitted because of his views on sex, then the Board of Education should not be permitted to build a monument, with the taxpayers' money, to such a man as Benjamin Franklin.

It may be argued that the situation is different because Franklin is dead. But surely the good Bishop and the Judge would not countenance the city's naming a high school in honor of Bertrand Russell one hundred years from now, or in any case, in honor of a man who would have been barred from teaching in that school during his life because of his immoral views and practices. True, Franklin himself will not come in contact with the children, but the story of his life, as told by Carl Van Doren, Bernard Fay, Phillips Russell, and others, is only too easily available. Will not our children naturally seek to learn more about the man in whose honor their school is named and thereby be inspired to read these biographies and his own writings? Is this not exposing them to influences as pernicious as those from which the more righteous elements in our community sought to protect our youth by barring Bertrand Russell? Judge McGeehan, in granting the petition of Mrs. Kay, recognized this, as there was no claim that her daughter would have personal contact with Bertrand Russell at the College of the City of New York, since that school is conducted exclusively for men.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER

New York, April 18

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The Shape of Things

THE ALLIED FORCES WHICH LANDED NORTH and south of Trondheim in an attempt to pinch off the German garrison in that key city are now themselves between the pincers. Immensely aided by their superiority in the air, the Germans advanced rapidly through the long parallel valleys which lead north from Oslo without any serious check until they approached the vital railroad junctions of Stoeren and Dombaas. Meanwhile a British advance guard moving southward toward Trondheim was driven back at Steinkjer by a German column aided by warships operating in the Trondheim Fjord. At the time of writing the Nazi offensive is continuing, but at a slower pace as new Allied troops are reaching the front in large numbers. In London the government has been attacked for dispatching its expeditionary force with inadequate equipment. It is asserted in reply that it was necessary to land some troops hastily to cover the unloading of the main body. This task has been rendered difficult and dangerous by constant German attacks from the air, which have laid Namsos and other ports in ruins. The Allies have been handicapped by lack of air bases, but these are now being improvised, and German command of the air is no longer complete. It is clear, however, that the Germans have been able strongly to reinforce their army in Norway and at present have an edge both in men and material.

*

VON RIBBENTROP'S ATTEMPT TO DEFEND the Nazi invasion of Norway by accusing the British of harboring similar designs has hardly improved Germany's moral position before the world. There is considerable internal evidence that the documents presented in the White Book are forgeries. George Fielding Eliot, for example, has pointed out twelve ways in which the alleged "operation orders," said to have been found on a British officer captured near Lillehammer, depart from the style stipulated in the Field Service Regulations of the British Army. But establishment of the authenticity of the documents would not greatly aid the Nazi case. For while von Ribbentrop accuses the British of having planned by April 6 and 7 to send troops to Norway, it is evident that the German soldiers who were landed at Narvik were actually under way several days before this. The German charge, moreover, appears to fall down completely before the fact that a week actually elapsed after the German invasion before the first British troops were landed, and that these landings bore all the earmarks of hasty and inadequate preparation. Nothing is said in the White Book, it may be added, about a British threat to Denmark; yet the Nazi occupation of Denmark was obviously part of the same prearranged plan as the seizure of Norway.

*

JUSTICE MURPHY HAS MADE A FINE DEBUT on the Supreme Court by handing down two decisions upholding the right to picket. Only Justice McReynolds, last of the old tories, dissented. The Murphy decisions follow the historic precedent established in Justice Brandeis's decision in the Senn case. Brandeis held that picketing is a form of free speech and protected as such under the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment. Justice Murphy's first decision invalidated an Alabama anti-picketing law; his second, a Shasta County, California, anti-picketing ordinance. "Free discussion concerning the conditions in industry and the causes of labor disputes," Justice Murphy said for the court, "appears to us indispensable to the effective and intelligent use of the processes of popular government to shape the destiny of modern industrial society." The Shasta County decision will be a blow to the Associated Farmers, front in overalls for the Pacific Coast's big banks and railroads, which has sponsored anti-picketing legislation up and down the West Coast. Given a continuation of the court's present liberal phase, gentlemen in high hats will soon be gratefully exercising their right to picket—the Supreme Court.

*

HEARST HAS BEEN FRIENDLIER TO HITLER than has any other American publisher. That may or may not be the explanation of the incident to which Senator Pittman called attention on the floor of the Senate last week. The Senator made a speech on April 16 at Reno,

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Nevada. On April 24 William K. Hutchinson, chief Washington correspondent for the Hearst chain, published a distorted version of the speech, presenting it as if it were an interview given him that day by Senator Pittman. Hutchinson quoted Pittman as saying that the Allies must drive the German army out of Norway within thirty days or face the inevitable loss of the war. Since the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was involved, the supposed statement created a situation here and abroad, and no doubt was read with comfort in Berlin. But the text of the speech actually made by Senator Pittman is quite different from the "interview" published in the Hearst press. Pittman said that if the Allies failed to drive the Germans out of Norway, "Sweden would inevitably be next." If Sweden were also conquered, the Balkans would probably be frightened into submission to Hitler. In that event, he said, victory by France and Britain "would be very difficult, if not impossible." But he went on to say that he was "of the opinion that the German forces will be driven out of Norway within thirty days." This was left out of the Hearst story. No doubt it was also omitted in the *Völkischer Beobachter.*

*

ALTHOUGH BUSINESS INDICES ARE ONLY slightly higher than last year, the first quarter of 1940 was unusually profitable for American industry. The first 250 corporations to report for the quarter had combined earnings 50 per cent above those of the same period of 1939. Excluding the American Telephone and Telegraph—which is little affected by short-term fluctuations—the gain was 60 per cent. In part, this showing is due to direct and indirect effects of the war. Airplane manufactures are not included in the summary, but it is known that the export of planes showed a 225 per cent increase over the corresponding period of 1939. Exports as a whole were up 50 per cent, and were the largest for any quarter since 1930. But the profit gains were not confined to the war industries. General Motors Corporation had the second-best first quarter in its history. The railroads showed a 124 per cent increase in earnings, and the oil companies—despite reduced exports—quadrupled their profits of a year ago. In contrast to this sharp rise in industrial earnings, total wages and salaries for the period rose only 4½ per cent. Such a lag in wages, which is typical of boom periods, invariably lays the basis for future difficulties.

*

THE DECLINE IN STEEL OUTPUT WHICH SET in at the beginning of the year seems to have been halted, and the industry is now maintaining an operations rate of around 60 per cent of capacity. This compares unfavorably with the near 100 per cent figure of late 1939, but nevertheless steel companies have experienced quite a profitable first quarter. Stockholders of Bethlehem Steel, which on an average production equal to 87.4 per cent from January to March earned profits of over $3 per share, certainly have every reason for feeling confident. But although its prospects are far brighter than a year ago, the steel industry has recently experienced a short though sharp attack of price-cutting jitters. On April 12 United States Steel announced a reduction in flat rolled-steel quotations of $4 a ton in order to meet competition by independents who had offered price concessions in hope of obtaining a large order from an automobile manufacturer. Steel price wars in recent years have all started in sheets, for which the motor industry is the chief outlet, and in steel circles there is sometimes dark talk of the big automobile companies misusing their strong bargaining positions. A better explanation may be that competition in this line has been fostered by the reduction in sheet costs following the widespread installation of continuous rolling mills. If, as a result, profit margins on this product are unduly high, some mills are naturally tempted to cut prices in order to maintain volume. On any theory of private enterprise, however, this is the correct consequence of technological progress. We regret, therefore, that in this instance the industry's united front has been restored and the cuts rescinded.

*

BRITAIN'S WAR BUDGET FOR THE PRESENT fiscal year is well calculated to intensify the isolationist sentiments which, *pace* the *Daily Worker,* are rampant in Wall Street. But in London the criticism made by members of all parties is that it provides for too little expenditure and not sufficiently severe taxation. Germany, it is being said, is spending at least a third more than Britain, and if the Nazis are to be defeated, the government must be ready to implement the national effort with at least as great a proportion of the country's resources. In some quarters disappointment was expressed at Chancellor of the Exchequer Simon's refusal to adopt J. M. Keynes's scheme for compulsory savings, which is discussed in a review on page 571. The budget, however, is designed to reduce general consumption and promote savings which are needed to finance the huge war loans which it foreshadowed. Taxes on liquor, beer, tobacco, and matches, already steep, are hoisted still farther. Postage, telephone, and telegraph charges are sharply increased. Further, an entirely new tax on wholesale transactions, except in food and certain other articles already subject to heavy imposts, is to come into effect shortly. All these indirect levies will fall with particular severity on people with small incomes. Direct taxes were jumped last September, and income-tax rates have not been raised farther. But the level at which surtax becomes payable has been lowered from $8,000 to $6,000. The chief innovation affecting the higher brackets, how-

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ever, is a prohibition of corporation melon-cutting and a ban on dividend increases. This provision is calculated to add to the liquid resources of firms profiting from war contracts, and their enforced savings are intended to flow into war loans.

* * *

FORTUNATELY THE SENATE HAS RESTORED the funds, lopped off by the House, for continuance of the Division of Economic Research of the National Labor Relations Board, but the vicious drive against David Saposs, who directs the division, is still going on. Mr. Saposs is charged with being a Communist. The irony is that he is so far from having any sympathy with the Communist Party that he has long been anathema to that group; so much so that the party and its fellow-travelers have done their worst to discredit and get rid of a man whose scholarship and integrity and competence are beyond question. Mr. Saposs therefore has the distinction of being hated by both the N. A. M. and the Communist Party. He also has the distinction of having contributed enormously to the usefulness of the board; the careful work done in his division has undoubtedly played a large part in bringing about that long line of victories the board has won in the Supreme Court. Neither his colleagues nor the public can afford to lose his expert services.

* * *

WHILE THE ATTACK ON BERTRAND RUSSELL has revealed very little about his real views, it has been illuminating in other ways. Take the performance of the press. The record, we are glad to report, is not all black. The tory *Herald Tribune,* which takes civil liberty seriously, sharply criticized the McGeehan verdict. So did the liberal *Post* and the unpredictable *Daily News,* which commented late but vigorously. There, however, the good news ends. The Hearst papers—the *Journal-American* and the *Mirror*—formed the journalistic spearhead of the attack on Russell, using more than their customary quota of large caps. The more dignified *Sun* echoed the same view in better-modulated sentences. And the once-liberal Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram* could only see "a lack of higher educational tact" in the whole affair. It remained for the *Times,* however, to provide the element of suspense. The attack on Russell began early in March; the McGeehan decision came on March 30. The *Times* talked of many things, editorially, but not of Bertrand Russell. The first reference to the case occurred in an editorial on another subject, and it was non-committal. Finally, on April 20, when most people had abandoned all hope, the *Times* broke its silence by publishing an editorial called The Russell Case. It was a caricature even of a *Times* editorial. The McGeehan verdict, said the *Times,* was "dangerously broad"; but (on the other hand) "Mr. Russell himself should have had the wisdom to withdraw from the appointment as soon as its harmful results were apparent." To which Mr. Russell has now replied, in words equally calm but pointed, that "however wise such an action might have been from a personal point of view, it would also, in my judgment, have been cowardly and selfish." The sentence, inadvertently, reads like a description of the *Times's* policy in the Russell case.

* * *

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD HAS WON its most significant victory in the settlement of the seventeen-months-old strike against Hearst in Chicago. No strike in the history of white-collar labor approaches this one in duration or bitterness. Starting late in 1938 as a protest against the discharge of several Guild members, it soon became symbolic of labor's struggle against Hearst's feudal policies. The Guild's fight was made incomparably more difficult when Hearst consolidated his two Chicago papers last August. It was also hampered by a virtual boycott of news regarding the strike by the remaining Chicago newspapers. In view of the handicaps under which the Guild labored, the settlement is an amazingly good one. The Chicago *Evening American* has agreed to reinstate 115 of the 167 remaining active strikers, including eight Guild members whose dismissal prior to the strike was a factor in bringing about the struggle. Included also are some of the employees of the defunct *Herald-Examiner.* The 52 strikers who have not been reinstated are to receive a total of $24,000 in severance pay. The new contract provides some salary increases and recognition of the Guild as partial bargaining agent pending an election to determine the sole agent.

* * *

SINCE MR. SHRIDHARANI SUBMITTED THE article on India which appears elsewhere in this issue Gandhi is reported to have decided that the time is not ripe for a civil-disobedience campaign, that he will do nothing to embarrass the British "at a time when it is a question of life and death for them." It is possible that Gandhi has suddenly been reconverted to a policy of inaction, despite the steps just taken, with his approval, by the Working Committee of the Congress to prepare the people of India for non-violent direct action, or *satyagraha.* But we are skeptical. We recall the role of the British censors in India a year or so ago when Gandhi was quoted as saying, in effect: "If ever there was a righteous war, it would be a war against Hitler." All that the censors omitted was Gandhi's conclusion: "But there never was a righteous war." There may well be, as Mr. Shridharani suggests, a delay of some months in launching *satyagraha,* but unless all signs are strangely misleading he would appear to be right in reporting that the die is cast and that civil disobedience is on the way.

Mussolini's Margin

MUSSOLINI'S campaign to sell participation in the war to the Italian people is now in full blast. Day after day speeches and editorials harp on the inevitability of Italy's taking part in the battle. Continued neutrality, declared the newspaper *Stampa* on April 28, would mean renunciation "of the role of a great imperial power"; Italy, said Count Grandi last week, "cannot be on the margin of this conflict between peoples."

The well-known distaste of multitudes of Italians for fighting German battles is being countered by emphasis on the point that the war is bound to result in a wide redistribution of territory and influence, and should Italy stay too long on the fence, it might fail to collect. As Blackshirt in the *Resto del Carlino* puts it: "If we enter the conflict, we shall not fight for Germany but at the side of Germany, just as Germany is not fighting for Italy but for its own sacred national interests." There is no mention of entering the war on the Allied side except for scornful repudiation of supposed French hopes of another 1915. Nor is this suprising, for the spoils Il Duce has in view are, to a considerable extent, segments of the British and French empires. Moreover, Mussolini is no doubt anxious about the effect of a Nazi overthrow on the fortunes of his own regime. Dictators hang together, and it would be unwise for one to assist at the execution of another.

This does not mean, of course, that the Italian government would run to the rescue of a Germany that looked like being defeated. Its increasing bellicosity suggests a conviction that the odds on a Nazi victory have risen sharply. Perhaps if the invasion of Norway had proceeded as smoothly as did the occupation of Denmark, and if Germany were now safely intrenched in the Scandinavian Peninsula ready to loose its aerial armada against Britain, Mussolini would have burned his bridges already. But he must be sure not merely of an Allied defeat but of a quick decision, for Italy is ill-placed to carry the burden of a prolonged war.

In view of this time element, Italy's emergence as a full-fledged belligerent may be postponed. But complete inaction is eroding to prestige, particularly after recent Roman bravura, and the possibility of an Italian attempt to stake out a new claim by undertaking a war within a war must be considered. Stalin's success in just such an adventure in Finland is an encouraging example. If Mussolini should follow suit, the likeliest victim is Yugoslavia, whose Dalmatian coast has long been coveted in Rome. Yugoslavia has no guaranty from the Allied powers, and in any case is geographically cut off from effective military assistance. Italy could pick a quarrel with this weaker neighbor with a fair prospect of not becoming involved in the larger and more dangerous conflict. It is an adventure which Hitler might well bless, while officially adopting a disinterested attitude. Germany has been getting a large volume of goods from Yugoslavia, but Allied economic influence is sufficiently strong there to prevent complete Nazi domination. The seizure of the country by its axis partner would be a useful service, and one calculated to insure the subservience of the other Balkan countries.

News from Belgrade suggests that Yugoslavia fears a coup of some kind. It has recently taken strong measures against its fifth columnists, who have connections in Rome as well as in Berlin, and it has protested against violations of its territory by German and Italian aircraft. The most sinister development, however, is the alleged distribution by Slovenian Nationalists of a manifesto attacking Germany and Italy and demanding the "restitution" to Yugoslavia of Trieste, Istria, and Carinthia. The world first received news of this document when it was made the subject of an indignant article in the *Giornale d'Italia.* Almost immediately an anti-Yugoslav demonstration was staged in Florence with the open approval of the authorities, while the Italian press broke out in a rash of warnings against Allied "intriguers" in the Balkans. The Slovenian manifesto may or may not be authentic and in either case may seem too insignificant to cause a serious rupture between two countries. But if Mussolini hesitates to settle accounts with Yugoslavia, it will not be for want of a strong pretext—that did not deter him in the case of Albania. It will be rather because he knows such a war would be more than a walkover and considers that the risk of starting a general conflagration in the Balkans is too great. We may not have to wait long for his decision, which will be made with one eye on Norway, the other on Moscow.

The "Front" on Trial

THE Christian Front trial opened four weeks ago with spectacular advance notices. It is proceeding like a slow-motion drama with the principal characters unaccountably missing. In some ways the script seems to have been edited by the Legion of Decency; only twice has the name of Charles E. Coughlin evaded the censors. If the story unfolded thus far seems fragmentary and anti-climactic, it nevertheless contains some lurid episodes and some memorable lines. The real question is what the story will ultimately reveal about anti-democratic legions in America. That has not been answered.

The bulk of the prosecution's case, as presented to date, rests on the testimony of informers employed by the FBI and a confession by one of the defendants. While details may be apocryphal, the prosecution's case is a plausible one. The defendants, it is asserted, were the fighting corps of the Christian Front. Their ranks included skilled revolutionists, fascist model, and small-time imitators. They boasted of valuable links in high places generally and in the National Guard particularly. They stole ammunition from armories. They manufactured bombs in secret hideaways. And they talked incessantly of *"Der Tag."* It was wild and grandiose talk, but it had some immediate relevance. Among other things, it is charged, they planned to bomb the offices of Communist and so-called Communist organizations. They anticipated that the Communists would fight back. In either case the Christian Front was prepared to save the republic from "communism."

The plot is a replica of events that have happened elsewhere in our time. Only the naive will be astonished that men talked this way and planned these acts. But assuming that the burden of the testimony thus far is valid, what is its large significance? A small group of men were conspiring to commit acts of violence and to initiate a reign of disorder. They were also dreaming of wholesale insurrection. But did they represent a "clear and present danger" to democratic survival? As sixteen men they did not. Even as sixteen well-armed, audacious men they did not. As such they were political gangsters, and we have adequate laws for dealing with gangsterism. What remains to be shown is that the government was justified in holding a treason trial, as well as in prosecuting them on specific counts. The most important clue is the belated testimony that Coughlin himself appointed John F. Cassidy, one of the principal defendants, to his Christian Front posts. This fact is not news; its introduction at the trial is. Will the clue be followed? Were there other higher-ups involved? To what degree has the Front penetrated the National Guard? One National Guard officer is among the defendants; what about the others who, one witness has said, were covertly aiding? Without knowing the answer to these questions we cannot answer the basic one: How dangerous is the Christian Front? And without the answer to that question we cannot determine what counter-measures are necessary.

In this connection the role of the FBI itself deserves exploration. Obviously this plot did not originate in a G-man's mind, as the defense has hinted. But it also seems clear that the FBI agents did a good deal to encourage the plotters; one admittedly bought them ammunition with FBI funds. The line between espionage and provocation is always obscure. Provocation is plainly intolerable. Do we want espionage of that sort at all, with G-men filtering into the ranks of every organization suspected by the FBI? The "Trojan horse" is a powerful weapon, and the fascists know how to use it. But there is a parallel danger, as Mrs. Roosevelt warned last week, that "in our anxiety we may do away with some of our basic liberties." Large-scale infiltration of FBI men into private organizations may be one of the methods of self-destruction.

Democracy is walking a tight rope. In dealing with its enemies it must truly appraise their strength; exposure is a form of defense. The value of the Christian Front trial lies in the picture it offers of democracy's foes. The greatest danger is that it will intensify hysteria and thereby conceal the truth we need to know. The government has made broad and sweeping charges, but the case is being prosecuted along narrow lines. And its net result may be to make martyrs of a band of terrorists while their more dangerous leaders remain hidden.

The Ford Reich

Labor-union organizations are the worst thing that ever struck the earth because they take away a man's independence.—*From "Ford Gives Viewpoint on Labor," a booklet distributed in Ford plants.*

IN JUNE, 1937, "Fats" Perry, then a trusted employee of the Ford plant at Dallas, was assigned to special work of a confidential, and strenuous, nature. On the twenty-third he informed his superiors that two C. I. O. organizers were on their way from Kansas City. A few hours later two representatives of the United Automobile Workers of America arrived in town and went to a drugstore near the plant frequented by Ford workers. Several Ford workers introduced themselves. Three of them were stool pigeons, and one hurried across to the plant to report the presence of the organizers. Another sought out "Fats" Perry. "I walked over there," Perry later testified at the Labor Board hearing, "and one of the boys says, 'There they stand back there' . . . I heard them say something about Kansas City. I walked up and listened a few minutes . . . and I said, 'Who was talking so much about Kansas City?' He says, 'I was talking to some of my friends.' I said, 'You are a union organizer, aren't you?' He said, 'If you call it that.' He says, 'I am trying to line some of the boys up.' I said, 'You line up out of that door before I throw you out.' "

One of the organizers, after being knocked down by the 226-pound "Fats" Perry, managed to escape. The other, a small man, was knocked down and carried out to a waiting car. "An unidentified man in a Ford Motor Company official car," according to the NLRB trial examiner's report, "drove up and told the group who had Guempelein [the organizer] to take him down by the schoolhouse and 'beat hell out of him.' " They did.

Perry had a squad of beefy fellows, most of whom had been members of the Ford plant's champion tug-of-war team. They were paid regular wages but assigned special work. They kept their ears open. They "made the rounds of cafes, domino parlors, barber shops, and similar places in the outlying districts of Dallas." They were equipped with "persuaders"—blackjacks, pistols, whips, lengths of hose. When not in use these "persuaders," according to the trial examiner, were kept in the desk of the man who was head of the Ford service department in Dallas. The word "service" has interesting connotations in a Ford plant.

On July 3 Baron De Louis, the U. A. W. A. organizer from Kansas City who had managed to escape from Perry and his helpers in the encounter of June 23, returned to Dallas. Through a friend in Dallas, De Louis arranged an appointment with a Ford employee. The employee at once notified the Ford office of the meeting. Perry's service squad was on hand and administered another beating. The squad was kept very busy that July. "On one occasion in mid-July," according to the trial examiner's findings, "Rutland [general body foreman at the Dallas plant] received word that two of the company employees had made some pro-union remarks while on a fishing trip. . . . He arranged to have them kidnapped by the strong-arm squad, taken into the country, questioned, and dealt with by that group." On another occasion in July several men suspected of union sympathies were ambushed at the home of a stool pigeon and beaten. On July 10 every member of the "service" squad was given a picture of W. J. Houston, Dallas attorney, who had acted for the U. A. W. A. An organized search for him was begun. He was located in a drugstore, where he was having a cup of coffee with a friend. One member of the group engaged him in conversation while the others assembled at the soda fountain. As Houston started to leave, he was attacked, knocked down, and severely beaten before police arrived. "Fats" Perry testified that Rutland was pleased. "He [Rutland] said, 'I heard you picked up Mr. Houston down there.' I said, 'Yes, they picked him up and like to beat him to death.' He said, 'That is a good job then. Maybe that will learn him to listen.' "

The service squad was thorough. On August 2 an assistant foreman from the Kansas City plant was in Dallas on a vacation trip. He visited the Dallas office. When he came out, he found Perry and his subordinates waiting for him. They took him for a ride. He succeeded in proving that he was a foreman and anti-union. Perry then drove him back to town, "shook hands . . . and wished him well." A traveling salesman who had expressed sympathy for the union had a brother, an identical twin. He was beaten so badly on August 4, 1937, that he never recovered his health. He died of pneumonia a few months later. The squad did not confine its activities to the automobile industry. On August 6 or 7, according to the findings of the trial examiner, the general body foreman at Dallas called Perry in and told him "he had received a call from the City Hall police station, telling him that there was a union organizer in town who had been giving them trouble. . . ." The organizer was George Baer, an official of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers. Some of the boys picked Baer up outside a millinery house, knocked him unconscious, took him to the outskirts of town, and beat him up. When Perry arrived, "they greeted Perry with the statement that Baer was . . . 'in pretty bad shape. You better come look at him.' . . . They found Earl Johnson [one of the "service" men] sitting on Baer on the floor of the car, with one knee in his stomach and the other on his head. Baer's eye had been knocked out of its socket. Blood covered his face, his nose was smashed, his head was bleeding, and his teeth had been knocked out." Perry testified, "I said, 'Well, you better get rid of him. You better put him somewhere.' And Buster Bevill suggested, 'Let's take the son of a bitch down and throw him in the river.' I said, 'No, we couldn't do that.' So we drove down the highway a ways and drove up in a field and throwed him out."

These were some of the methods used by the Ford Motor Company to encourage workers in Dallas to do their bargaining individually. The facts set down here are taken from the record of hearings before the National Labor Relations Board of the Sixteenth Region.

"American White Paper"

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE other night at a dinner in New York the chairman, Jay Allen, was admiringly described by a speaker as "the foreign correspondents' foreign correspondent." None of their fellow-journalists, I am afraid, will call Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner "the Washington correspondents' Washington correspondents." On the contrary, the authors of "American White Paper" (Simon and Schuster, $1) have been solemnly rebuked by at least one of their colleagues for telling tales out of the White House, a misdemeanor which is peculiarly annoying because so few are able to get away with it. One can understand his feelings. It is as clear as light that Messrs. Alsop and Kintner have obtained a surprising amount of information in the highest quarters; their story of American foreign policy in the making combines the flavor of breezy personal narrative with the solid substance of authenticated fact and documentation. They may not have been under the President's bed when he talked to Bill Bullitt in Paris on the dark morning of September 1, 1939, but it is at least possible that they had the words of the quoted conversation from one of the two men on the wire. Even if they used their imagination in framing those particular sentences, other "inside" facts bear sure marks of authority. Someone in the State Department—and internal evidence suggests that A. A. Berle, Jr., may be the man—must have constituted himself a research assistant to these two talented and prying reporters. In addition, they apparently talked to everyone else worth pumping, read public records and private correspondence, listened to first-hand reports of conferences and Cabinet meetings, and even examined the personal habits and accustomed haunts of the principal actors. The result is a brilliantly convincing narrative, and no matter how much official tutoring they received, the authors of "American White Paper" must be credited with a remarkable scoop. It takes journalistic virtuosity to become the chosen recipients of important exclusive material.

The authors call their book "an experiment in contemporary history." I should prefer to describe it as an example of delayed journalism. As history it is fresh and stimulating and useful. But the material should not have been allowed to become history; most of it should have been told day by day in the press and on the air. If members of the government had given out the news as it happened, they would have spoiled a good book; but they would have created an informed public. The narrative of Mr. Alsop and Mr. Kintner makes this point amply plain.

Time after time, as the record reveals, an important line of policy was suggested or inadvertently revealed and then left to the mercy of public speculation and political attack. This happened when the President made his "quarantine" speech at Chicago, when a plane crash disclosed the presence of a French air mission negotiating for American bombers, when the President framed his various peace messages to the dictators. On none of these occasions was the American people—or even the Congress—told by those who knew the full details just what was going on in Europe and just what course the Administration planned to take. The people and their representatives were left in a state of uneasy ignorance that led directly to the defeat of important policies, including, particularly, the effort to lift the arms embargo last spring. People didn't believe war would really come; Europe had cried "Wolf" plenty of times, and America was skeptical. Embargo repeal was defeated in committee by one vote, and the President's subsequent White House meeting of Senate leaders offered final evidence of the failure of the Administration's policy. Borah, announcing his belief, based on his "own sources of information," that there would be no war, ended the hope of Congressional action. The Administration went on preparing for the war it knew was imminent. But it prepared in a political vacuum of its own making.

This gap between the people and their rulers is the less excusable because the Administration has had little to conceal. Its policy since Munich has been honest, fairly consistent, and in general accord with popular sentiment. It has made mistakes—though none since Munich can equal the tragic and unforgettable blunder of its policy in Spain—but it has not made the mistakes attributed to it by isolationist critics. No one reading the record in "American White Paper" can seriously believe that the President and his advisers harbor sinister intentions of "putting the United States into the war." Privately as publicly, Mr. Roosevelt has insisted that under no circumstances would an American army be sent abroad. The authors believe that if the alternative were a Nazi victory, the President might favor limited military aid—ships and planes, perhaps, to supplement arms and money. This is their guess, based on a knowledge of his mind rather than on the record. But at the same time they convincingly show that his steady desire and effort are to avoid the final desperate choice. In "American White Paper" we see the members of the Administration going about this task seriously and intelligently. The record of their effort is reassuring rather than sensational. But the reassurance comes late; much fear and suspicion and bad blood would have been spared if the heads of the government had more fully informed the public to which they must look for support and the Congress which must translate policy into law.

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Big Navy for What?

BY GEORGE T. DAVIS

ON APRIL 18 the Senate passed a bill appropriating $963,797,478 for the Navy Department in the fiscal year 1941. This is the largest outlay since the World War program was suspended. It provides funds for starting two 45,000-ton battleships, one aircraft carrier, two cruisers, eight destroyers, and six submarines, for the completion of eighteen ships now building, and for the purchase of 471 fighting airplanes. The new ships are part of the naval program inaugurated by the Naval Expansion Acts of 1934 and 1938, the first authorizing the construction of a navy at treaty parity with Great Britain, and the second an increase of 25 per cent in treaty tonnage. The fever chart of a world progressing from one crisis to another has aroused both popular and Congressional support for President Roosevelt's dynamic naval policy.

Simultaneously with the passage of the 1941 appropriation bill, the Senate Naval Affairs Committee began hearings upon an additional expansion program calling for an 11 per cent increase in tonnage which will cost about $655,000,000. The overture for the hearings was the alarmist account in the New York *Times* on April 14 of a mighty armada of 45,000-ton super-dreadnaughts which Japan was secretly building. The appearance of such a news item could have been forecast, for such reports traditionally precede the introduction of naval bills.

In the past half-century the American navy has been transformed from a collection of antiquated ships to a fleet on a par with that of the mistress of the seas. After the Spanish War a navy second only to the British became our objective. During the World War the concept of equality with the British began to take form. At the Washington conference in 1921 the United States obtained parity in fighting power of capital ships, though actual equality in battleship tonnage was not to be reached until 1942. At the London conference of 1930 Great Britain conceded parity in all classes. The treaties governing naval limitation are dead, but the principle of parity remains alive, and in recent years British statesmen have even looked with favor upon America's determination to maintain its equal rank. Such approval, from an empire which has considered control of the seas its most cherished tradition, must be recognized as of profound importance. And in the light of our own traditions, the decision to maintain a navy of first rank is no less significant. As yet Americans have not adequately appraised the meaning of our changed naval ranking or considered the consequences that are likely to follow.

It has been no easy matter to persuade a people conditioned by ample *Lebensraum* and isolation to accept the cost of great sea power. But twenty-two of the forty-eight states, many of our great cities, and a considerable percentage of our population are located along the seacoast, and to them in particular big-navy advocates can make a powerful appeal. Before the turn of the century only Europe had to be watched, and in spite of a good deal of talk in Congress and the press about invasion, our statesmen knew that only Great Britain could seriously threaten us; they also knew that the exposed Canadian flank provided an adequate means of countering that threat. The Spanish War changed the whole picture. We extended our frontier to Asia. Our colonial acquisitions liberated the American people from isolationist views which had confined naval policy to the domination of our coastal waters. Even the man on the street could understand that only sea power can guard colonies. In the name of the "white man's burden" and the new imperialism, it became possible to obtain popular sanction for the building of a deep-sea navy.

Our own entrance upon the world's stage was paralleled by the appearance of Japan and Germany, each also aspiring to naval power, world trade, and colonies. When Japan registered a strong remonstrance over the annexation of Hawaii, our naval experts marked it as the country whose naval strength would have to be the measure of our own sea power in the Pacific. The golden age of Japanese-American relations began to decline. In 1900 Germany announced that by 1916 it planned to have the second ranking fleet, one "so strong that even for the adversary with the greatest sea power a war would involve such dangers as to imperil its position in the world." We had set our mind upon the same rank. The world marked well the Anglo-German naval race in the pre-war years. Less conspicuous, less intense, but no less significant for America's foreign relations, was the parallel German-American naval competition for second place. Neither Germany nor Japan had a weak flank, like Canada, affording us the opportunity to exert counterpressure in a diplomatic crisis. It became the policy of the United States therefore "not to allow itself to be surpassed in naval power by any nation maintaining a great standing army." Our people might still talk isolation, but in naval affairs isolation was ended.

Some American naval advocates urged that America's place in the world could be secured only by a two-ocean navy, the equal of the German and Japanese fleets. Less

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impetuous individuals refused to countenance this proposal. They found the Anglo-Japanese alliance an effective barrier to the establishment of a German-Japanese entente capable of applying simultaneous pressure on both our oceanic fronts. In spite of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, there was never serious fear that England would join Japan in such a maneuver. Our experts, particularly Mahan, found comfort in British sea power and wanted Britain's supremacy over Germany maintained at all costs; in their opinion the British fleet had become America's first line of defense against unfavorable developments in both oceans. During the World War there were fears that this line would not hold and that a German victory might bring Germany and Japan into collaboration on a grand scale and perhaps even win Russia to an agreement with them. These calculations resulted in the naval acts of 1916 and 1918, which would have provided the United States with the largest fleet in the world.

At the Washington conference this objective was laid aside in return for diplomatic concessions—the termination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and a Japanese retreat in Asia. The United States discarded the hulls and blueprints of a powerful armada, but it affirmed policies which have since become permanent: that the political and naval agreements at Washington should remain bound together, and that only a navy at parity with Great Britain in all categories and superior to that of Japan in the ratio of five to three would provide security for its homeland, outlying possessions, and world trade. These ratios, however, the United States did not maintain, and today it is building at a furious pace to achieve them.

For the possibility of a German-Russian-Japanese collaboration has reappeared. If Stalin and Hitler could join hands, a Russo-Japanese rapprochement does not seem impossible. Remembering the surrender of the German fleet at Scapa Flow, navy men are fearful that an Allied defeat might result in the transfer of British and French sea power to the victors. They believe that only the victory of the Allies can prevent the appearance of two powerful hostile fleets simultaneously in the Atlantic and Pacific. This may be Allied propaganda, but so long as such a perspective exists, it is not likely that naval expansion to the full limit of the building capacity of the nation will be halted.

These real or imaginary dangers looming on the horizon have not induced our government to retreat to a storm cellar. Rather it has assumed new obligations. Its expressed policy has been not to permit the transfer by purchase, cession, conquest, or annexation of any territory in the Western Hemisphere to any non-American power. Concerning Dutch Guiana or Curaçao our position is clear; we would not permit their transfer to Germany in the event of a Nazi conquest of the Netherlands. In addition President Roosevelt has been studying the status of Greenland since the Nazi invasion of Denmark, and it seems safe to predict that Americans would be willing to bring that island under the aegis of the Monroe Doctrine. If we cannot allow the establishment of air bases or naval stations in this hemisphere, does not the same logic apply to the strategic Portuguese and Spanish islands in the Atlantic, which in the hands of a strong power would flank the lines of communications with South America? And does not the same reasoning hold good for the African possessions of European powers when such areas provide points closer to South America than we possess? The recent dramatic extension of American policy to include the maintenance of the status quo of the Netherlands Indies has been accepted by the public with amazing indifference. From Greenland to Singapore, from the Aleutians to the South Atlantic—these are heavy responsibilities for an isolationist nation.

Foreseeing a long period of world anarchy, big-navy men maintain that only naval superiority over any opponent or combination of opponents will provide security. This reasoning ignores the losses of present combatants, the war exhaustion even of the victor, and geographic factors, and assumes that the "aggressor" states would combine as readily for an adventure against us as they might against their neighbors. It ignores the obvious fact that naval supremacy is not a matter of tonnage alone, but is dependent upon many other factors—distances from home naval stations, zones of operation, and available advance bases. If this country must have a fleet at least twice as large as the Japanese fleet to cope with Japan in its adjacent seas, then by the same logic any invasion into our waters would have to be by a fleet twice as large as ours to have any hope of success. The total tonnage of Germany, Japan, Russia, and Italy does not reach such a figure. Moreover, the naval developments of the past twenty-five years have increased a country's ability to defend its coastal waters. If we were willing to let the Philippines go and to defend only the continental United States, we could assure our security at less expense by means of land fortifications and undersea and air armadas supplementing our existing fleet. Obviously we intend to practice no such self-limitation, for our leaders wish American policies to prevail not only in this hemisphere but in Asia and Europe as well. Our navy is built and trained to carry the fight across the sea, if that is necessary.

The American people can build, if they so desire, the biggest fleet in the world, but it is doubtful whether such a fleet would enable us to attain the maritime supremacy that England possessed at the height of its power. During the greater part of England's golden age it was able to check its rivals among the European states by grand alliances in which it assigned to itself the function of blockade and control of communications and depended principally upon its allies to deliver blows on land. It was able to search out the enemy fleets in the narrow seas surrounding Europe and to utilize its far-flung naval stations to crush their commerce. In the probable distribution of sea power in the future, powerful fleets will be based upon the continents of Asia and Europe; this will allow us to maintain our supremacy only in adjacent waters rather than throughout the world. The United States has no far-flung naval stations and is unwilling to enter agreements with other powers which would make it possible to correlate their power on land with its power on the seas. If it is our intention to influence the balance of power in Asia and Europe, let us realize that naval strength alone will not do it. A system of alliances will have to be superimposed upon Pan-Americanism; strong military ties will have to be fashioned with the Pacific possessions of the European states for the control of the South Pacific; and as Admiral J. K. Taussig declared at the Senate hearings, we shall have to provide China with all the assistance at our command. Our people are torn between a heritage of isolation and the responsibilities of a world power. Contemporary events permit the conclusion that the days of "splendid isolation" are over, but the still-powerful tradition of no entangling alliances hinders political or military agreements and compels the United States to expand its naval power as the most effective way to implement its world policies. The day is not far distant when Wilson's program for "the greatest navy in the world" will become a reality.

Sudden Death Underground

BY ROSE M. STEIN

YEAR after year the coal-mining industry of the United States exacts a toll of many lives and many more injuries. It is estimated that one out of every five coal miners is killed or receives some injury each year. The ratio of deaths and injuries to tonnage has shown a sharp decrease in recent years, but this is accounted for not by a reduction of the number of accidents but by the increased rate of production resulting from mechanization. The production rate per man-hour has almost doubled in the last thirty years. The casualty rate per man-hour has scarcely changed. For the years 1911-15 the fatality rate per million man-hours worked was 1.8; for 1939 it was 1.7, and because of recent disasters it is bound to be higher in 1940.

Accidents are due to a variety of causes, one of which is explosion. Explosions are dramatic events. When they occur, the press allots them generous space; pictures are taken, widows are interviewed, the story is featured. But the public is interested only for a fleeting moment. Then it forgets all about miners until the next explosion is reported.

Two major mine disasters occurred in 1940 within a little over two months. On January 10, in Bartley, West Virginia, an explosion took ninety-one lives; on March 16, at the Willow Grove mine, Neffs, Ohio, reputed to be one of the safest mines in the country, seventy-two men were killed. These gruesome tragedies would soon have been forgotten, like the scores which had preceded them, if the United States Bureau of Mines, which investigated the explosions, had not made public its findings. Reversing previous procedure, which for thirty years had made such reports available only to the company whose mine was the scene of the accident, Secretary of the Interior Ickes ruled that the facts were of public interest.

Unfortunately, when the reports appeared, the public was no longer particularly interested, and the scant notice given them by the press attracted little attention. In the communities where the explosions had occurred this apathy was keenly resented. Mrs. C——, who lost a brother and brother-in-law in the Ohio blast, spoke out about it: "This here highway," said Mrs. C——, "had cars parked for a stretch of three miles. People came from all over to nosey around and ask questions. Where are they now, after the state has whitewashed the company and our men have to go back into the mine with little or no assurance there won't be another explosion in a week or a month or a year? Where were they when our men had to go into the mine to clean up the mess and come home sick because there was hardly a day but they came across an arm or a leg or some other part of their buddies before they got blown to bits, like as if they were animals? How do you think my husband feels, with his own brother smashed so bad he looked like a mass of black jelly when he was brought out?" She wiped a tear with the corner of her apron and continued with mounting anger. "I don't think anybody cares what happens to the miners. They think our men are just so much dirt. Maybe they think it's the God-given lot of a miner to die the way they did at Willow Grove, to be thrown under a sixteen-ton whaley like my brother was, and him only thirty-two years old. It ain't right," she added despairingly.

It is easy to agree with Mrs. C—— that this wholesale snuffing out of life coupled with the failure to take proper precautions against its recurrence "ain't right,"

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but what can be done about it? Is it possible to eliminate or materially reduce explosion hazards? Are their causes known and can they be controlled? The engineers of the Bureau of Mines answer that "essentially all the explosions which occurred during the last five years could have been prevented by the observance of ordinary precautions." And they produce facts, figures, and actual demonstrations in their own model mine to prove it.

Most coal-mine explosions are caused by gas or coal dust, or both. Practically all mines contain at some time or other sufficient gas or coal dust to start a good-sized blast. The various state mining departments frequently rate mines as non-gaseous; the Willow Grove mine was so rated. The federal Bureau of Mines, however, argues that the no-gas rating creates false security. Any mine which goes deep in under the hills encounters gas. The Bartley mine was known to have it, and it has been established that at Willow Grove also there was a good deal of gas, and that this was known to all concerned as far back as five years ago. The presence of gas does not make explosions inevitable. It does make proper ventilation imperative. Gas is easily dissipated by air; ventilation is all that is necessary. It is as simple as that. Coal dust too can be entirely controlled. The first need is to keep it swept up so that at all times there will be only the barest minimum of it. But even where it has accumulated it can still be controlled by the simple process of wetting and spreading rock dust. The effectiveness of rock dust to prevent or limit explosions has been amply demonstrated not only by extensive research here and abroad but by actual experience—its use has saved hundreds of lives in coal-mine explosions. The Willow Grove mine itself proved the value of rock dust: 130 men were saved, all but 22 of them absolutely unharmed, by the fact that the "rooms" they worked in were separated from the scene of the explosion by the haulage way, which was properly rock-dusted. It was also gunited, that is, the walls had been spread with a mixture of sand and cement which reduces the danger of falling rock. The management places greater emphasis upon the gunite, but Bureau of Mines engineers believe the rock dust was more important.

Why is rock dust not used more extensively? Why was it used in the haulage way of Willow Grove but not in the rooms where the men worked? The answer is that it costs money. It is estimated that the use of rock dust in sufficient quantities to prevent dust explosions would add about one cent per ton to the cost of production. Moreover, the Willow Grove mine was inspected by the state two weeks before the explosion, and rock dust was ordered for the haulage way but not for the rooms.

Even with a dangerous amount of both gas and dust present, the likelihood of explosions can be minimized if means of ignition are properly safeguarded. The powder used for blasting is a principal source of danger. The Bureau of Mines recommends an explosive which while equally effective in loosening the coal is much safer than the powder now in general use. The height and duration of its flame has been so drastically reduced that it can be practically ruled out as a source of ignition. But United States engineers have no power to enforce their recommendations, and the various state mining departments have declared the higher explosive permissible. It is a good deal cheaper than the "safe" powder, and consequently most mining companies continue to use it.

Electric sparks are another frequent cause of ignition. Here too government engineers have set up safety standards, but very few of the mines heed them, and for the same reason. Electric sparks from machinery that should not have been permitted, according to the Bureau of Mines, provided the ignition element which in the presence of gas and dust caused the explosion at Bartley.

The complete report of the bureau's findings on Bartley was released on March 6, ten days before the Willow Grove explosion. Had the latter company or the Ohio inspection service read the report carefully and taken to heart its recommendations concerning proper ventilation, gas testing, rock dusting, and the like, the Willow Grove disaster could have been avoided. For it has been established by the Bureau of Mines, as it was by the miners of Willow Grove long before the bureau's report was released, that the immediate cause of the blast was in all probability what is known as a "windy shot." To a miner a "windy shot" means that the thickness of the coal vein has been overestimated and too much explosive used, so that part of the shot comes back in smoke and flame. Windy shots are frequent occurrences, but the miners know how to dodge them and usually they cause little or no damage. However, when there is an excess of gas undiluted by air, the flames of a windy shot are very likely to spread. And when spreading flame encounters thick dry coal dust, a major explosion results.

With a few commendable exceptions most American coal mines in operation today are potential death traps. They use explosives and machinery which the United States Bureau of Mines rates as non-permissible; they are insufficiently ventilated; and they are either not rock-dusted at all or only inadequately. The elements of disaster are all present; the only wonder is that they are not set off more frequently. Of course when an explosion occurs, the loss sustained by the operator is infinitely greater than the cost of all prescribed safety devices. But most operators seem to be willing to take a chance on playing with fire without getting burned. And the various state mining departments acquiesce.

The miners, too, are a party to this game of chance, principally through participation in a vicious speed-up system promoted by means of bonuses for increased production. At Willow Grove and at other mechanized mines the coal diggers work in crews, and all, including the foreman, receive a progressive bonus based upon the amount of coal loaded in excess of a given quota. Under this system the company does not need to drive the men; they drive one another. In order to dig more coal and thereby earn more money they are willing to take desperate risks.

The Bureau of Mines has observed these conditions for many years, unable to do a thing about them. It has done a splendid job of fact-finding, but its facts are between book covers gathering dust. It has made vital recommendations, but so far they have been addressed to deaf ears. It has the knowledge and means for saving thousands of lives, but it cannot even enter a mine save at the invitation of employers or state inspectors. And if the state departments invite bureau specialists once in a while, the employers never do. When a disaster occurs, however, the bureau stands upon no formalities and moves in upon the scene. It helps with the rescue work, studies the causes of the explosion, compiles more facts, presents more recommendations to the industry, knowing full well that little note will be taken of them. It has no authority to inspect a mine or to pass on it before it resumes operation.

An effort to remedy this situation is represented by the Neely bill, now before Congress. Regulation of the coal-mining industry is left by the bill in the hands of the various states, but federal agents are authorized to inspect mines periodically and to publish their findings. Mild as this legislation is, its passage is being fought vigorously by the industry. The higher capital charges on new, safe equipment, plus increased expenditures for rock dust and recommended explosives, would add an estimated 20 cents a ton to the cost of production, and the operators are not sure they could pass this on to the consumer. They are also disinclined to let a federal agency get a foothold in their establishments. The United Mine Workers is fighting hard for the enactment of the Neely bill, which passed the Senate last January. It has since been bottled up in the House, and not even the last two mine blasts have been able to shake it loose.

Gandhi Has Decided

BY KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

THE long-feared storm over India is about to break. For Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, "the terrible meek" who is followed by India's multitudes, has at last decided to strike. The Mahatma's decision comes as an answer to the British government, which two weeks ago announced in the House of Commons that India's demand for independence could not be granted.

The Working Committee of India's Congress Party, meeting at Wardha, where Gandhi resides, after four days of deliberation decided on "the necessity of preparing the Congress organization for *satyagraha* [non-violent direct action]." It also planned the immediate steps to be taken by the leaders as well as the masses, and issued the following call to the people: "The committee welcomes the steps taken by the provincial Congress committees in pursuance of the directions issued by Gandhi to function as *satyagraha* committees and to enrol active and passive *satyagrahis*. The committee trusts that all Congress committees throughout the country will pursue this program with all earnestness and thoroughness and will put their affairs in order for such action as may be required of them." Two months previous to the Wardha meeting, the plenary session of the Congress at Ramgarh had appointed Gandhi the "dictator" of the nation in the event of civil disobedience. Gandhi's men must already be on farms and in factories enlisting peasants and workers for the no-tax campaign and general strike.

If Gandhi decides to make a tour through India to sound out sentiment before launching the campaign, as a dispatch from Bombay indicates he may, it will be a month or two before the fireworks really begin. But this tour will be a part of the program and not a postponement of it. All past civil-disobedience campaigns were preceded by such an all-India tour on the part of Gandhi. Whether it starts tomorrow or a month from now, action is sure to come.

Gandhi's decision is a victory for the Congress Party's left wing, which has all along been trying to force the right into action. Ever since the failure of negotiations between Gandhi and the Viceroy last November, "to strike or not to strike" has been the question in India. And over this issue the rival Indian groups of right and left have divided. The Mahatma, until his final decision was made known, was the leader of the so-called right. Behind him were Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, the Moslem president of the Congress, Sardar Patel, India's Jim Farley, and most of the members of the Congress high command. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, if somewhat disgruntled, was also in this camp.

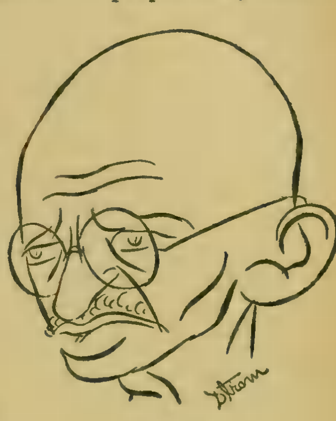
The so-called left is headed by the fiery Subhas Chandra Bose, the youthful leader of Bengal. Close behind him stands M. N. Roy, also born in Bengal but long a resident of Russia, who once was an internationally known Communist and an executive in the Comintern.

Recently Roy opposed Gandhi's man, Azad, in the race for the Congress presidency. Azad polled 1,840 votes to Roy's 181. However, the election figures show that what is known as the "Forward bloc" in the Congress, created by Bose and Roy, can claim many followers among the young people of Bengal, Maharashtra, and the United Provinces.

In spite of Roy's connection with the Forward bloc, the right and the left within the Congress have not differed primarily on economic issues. Nothing can be farther from the truth than the impression in this country that the present split in the Congress is along Marxist and non-Marxist lines. There have been, of course, charges and counter-charges. Some members of the Forward bloc have alleged that Gandhi's "weak-kneed policy against the British" has been partly inspired by his desire to protect the vested interests of the Ahmedabad mill-owners, with whom he is on friendly terms, and partly by his fear of a social revolution in the wake of the national struggle. Even Bose has voiced his suspicion that something very reactionary has been going on "behind this smoke screen of hot phrases." On the other hand, some members of the right have suggested that Communist influences were at work behind the Forward bloc. That, too, is a misapprehension, for Bose's hero appears to be Mussolini, whom he calls "the essence of leadership."

The chief cause of the cleavage was Bose's restless eagerness to have the struggle begin. Gandhi's delay in giving a signal for direct action against the British government, now with its back turned on India, was generally resented by the radical youth of the country. The right, however, believed there were positive gains from Gandhi's prolonged inaction. In the first place, the Mahatma's repeated offers of negotiation drove home the fact that India was not seeking to make political capital out of England's predicament in Europe. This proof of good-will and understanding at the outset of the struggle is held to be of utmost importance to the success of *satyagraha.* Secondly, Gandhi's tireless efforts at a compromise with the British made the issues clearer to the world at large. The neutral countries now know that India was ready to throw its full weight on the side of democracy if democracy was not denied to India. In the third place, this period of action held in abeyance provided the Nationalists with the much-needed opportunity to organize and discipline the Indian masses before the inevitable showdown.

This explanation of the right wing's policy has not been acceptable to the leaders of the Forward bloc. They have lost, it appears from their utterances, much of their faith in Gandhi's fighting spirit. That seems to have been the main difference between Nehru and Bose. Both were smarting for action. But Nehru had an abiding faith in Gandhi's power and willingness to act whenever the time was ripe, while Bose had no such confidence. Consequently Nehru stuck it out with Gandhi, sure that he would again hear his master's commanding voice rousing India to strike. Nehru's loyalty to the author of the technique of "non-violent direct action" is shared by an overwhelming majority of the Indian people. They seem to realize that if Gandhi is to be the general, he must choose the time to act. They understand Gandhi's challenge: "If you don't like me, remove me, but while I am leader, you must obey me."



Gandhi

There has been a great deal of speculation as to the real reason why Gandhi so long maintained that there was nothing "to warrant a belief that the atmosphere is suitable for declaring civil disobedience." So far as can be learned, the main deterrent seems to have been the communal problem. Ever since the Congress ministries in eight British India provinces resigned, the Hindu-Moslem conflict has assumed an increasingly menacing form. The Moslem League, a communal organization representing a minority of the Moslem minority in India, has declared open war against the National Congress. Its president, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, has so far resisted all the efforts of the Congress to reach a settlement. Although the Congress has shown its intention to grant all the legitimate demands of the Moslem minority short of jeopardizing the evolving democracy in India, Mr. Jinnah seems to be pursuing a policy of raising his demands as soon as an agreement is in sight. He has finally gone so far as to demand the partition of India into a Hindu state and a Mohammedan state.

When the Moslem League, meeting last month at Delhi, indorsed Mr. Jinnah's partition plan, it simply gave form to the older dream of a Mohammedan empire in northern India. What has come to be known as the "Pakistan" movement had hitherto found expression only in poetry and the philosophical musings of writers in Urdu and Persian. Sir Muhammed Iqbal, the greatest Moslem poet of his day, had linked the "Pakistan" idea with the larger Mohammedan aspiration of establishing the rule of Pan-Islam over Asia and southern Europe. The Moslem federation proposed by Mr. Jinnah goes farther than the early Pakistan idea and would include not only the contiguous areas of the Northwest Frontier Province, the Hindu state of Kashmir, and the Punjab but also the eastern provinces of Bengal and Assam. "Pakistan," if accepted, would necessitate the reshuffling and resettlement of tens of millions of men, women, and children.

The very impracticability of the idea reveals the desperation of a leader who wants to make political capital out of religious differences. Nevertheless, as long as the idea is discussed in the press and on the public platform, it is bound to have its nuisance value. Since it heightens the existing communal conflict, Gandhi had to appraise its possible effects on the national struggle before sounding the bugle. The possibility of a civil-disobedience movement turning into a civil war could not be dismissed lightly. Hence Gandhi's repeated insistence on communal unity. A desperate British government, short of soldiers in India because of the European war, can naturally be expected to see to it that Hindu-Moslem clashes overshadow Nationalist-British clashes.

Gandhi's recent decision shows that he could not allow the fear of a possible civil war indefinitely to obstruct India's fight for freedom. The underlying contention of the Bose group that if India must have a civil war "let's have it now" gained ground steadily until Gandhi himself became convinced that further postponement of civil disobedience might not be in the interest of the people. For one thing he saw that it might lead the so-called terrorist groups to take the matter into their own hands and revert to violence and bloodshed. The assassination of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, of Amritsar massacre fame, at a meeting in London strengthened this view. A few weeks later a parade of Gandhi men was booed in Calcutta by a group that clamored for action. If for no other reason than to save India and Great Britain from the baptism of blood, Gandhi deemed the time was ripe to launch a civil-disobedience campaign.

One other good reason may have led Gandhi to act. It is quite possible that the Moslems' communal aims may disappear in the immediacies of a national struggle. That happened in 1930, when a considerable part of the Mohammedan community joined hands with the Congress in the civil-disobedience campaign. A majority of Mohammedans are pro-Congress even now, and as the suffering at the hands of the British increases, more and more Moslem League members are likely to be affected by the social contagion of a mass movement. Perhaps it was this fear of losing his following which led Mr. Jinnah to make his latest overture to Gandhi.

At the last the unyielding attitude of the British government left Gandhi no option. In the week before he made public his decision Sir Hugh O'Neill, Under Secretary of State for India, announced in the House of Commons that "in the circumstances it does not seem there is anything further the government can do." Sir Hugh not only banged the door shut on negotiation but went farther and challenged the Congress. "If civil disobedience, unfortunately, is adopted," he added, "His Majesty's government will be bound to take full measures to counteract it. Ordered government must be carried on, especially in time of war, and I cannot but believe the Congress leaders themselves recognize that to the full." Perhaps the phrase "full measures" was intended to sober the hot heads of Congress by its implication of wholesale arrests and imprisonment, of charges by mounted police, of floggings, of scattered shootings, in short, of everything that marked the year 1930 as a reign of terror.

But instead of cowing the people into submission, the British threat of strong reprisals is bound to solidify opinion in India. As soon as action starts, the present controversy between the right and the left will be settled. For in reality the left has merely been pushing the right into bolder direct action, not challenging it. When Gandhi gives the signal, all will fall in line—Nehru, Bose, and even M. N. Roy.

The British Fascist Case

BY ROBERT DELL

SOMEBODY, I forget who, once said: "Save me from my friends: I can take care of my enemies." This came to my mind when I read Lord Lloyd's manifesto on the war entitled "The British Case," which has just been published in America by the Macmillan Company. If it had only Lord Lloyd's name on the title page, it would not matter so much. Everybody in England at any rate knows that gentleman to be an imperialist and reactionary diehard. But another name appears on the title page, that of "The Right Honorable Viscount Halifax, K. G., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," who has written an introduction approving Lord Lloyd's essay without qualification and recommending that it "be read as a supplement to purely diplomatic history." It is impossible to believe that Lord Halifax could have done this without the consent and approval of the British Cabinet, or at least the Prime Minister. Thus, unless and until Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd are repudiated by the British government, this British Case must be accepted as official. It is likely to do more harm to the Allied cause in America than the propaganda of all the Communists, Nazis, and other enemies of that cause put together. Lord Lloyd's position does not differ substantially from that of Father Coughlin and the Christian Front.

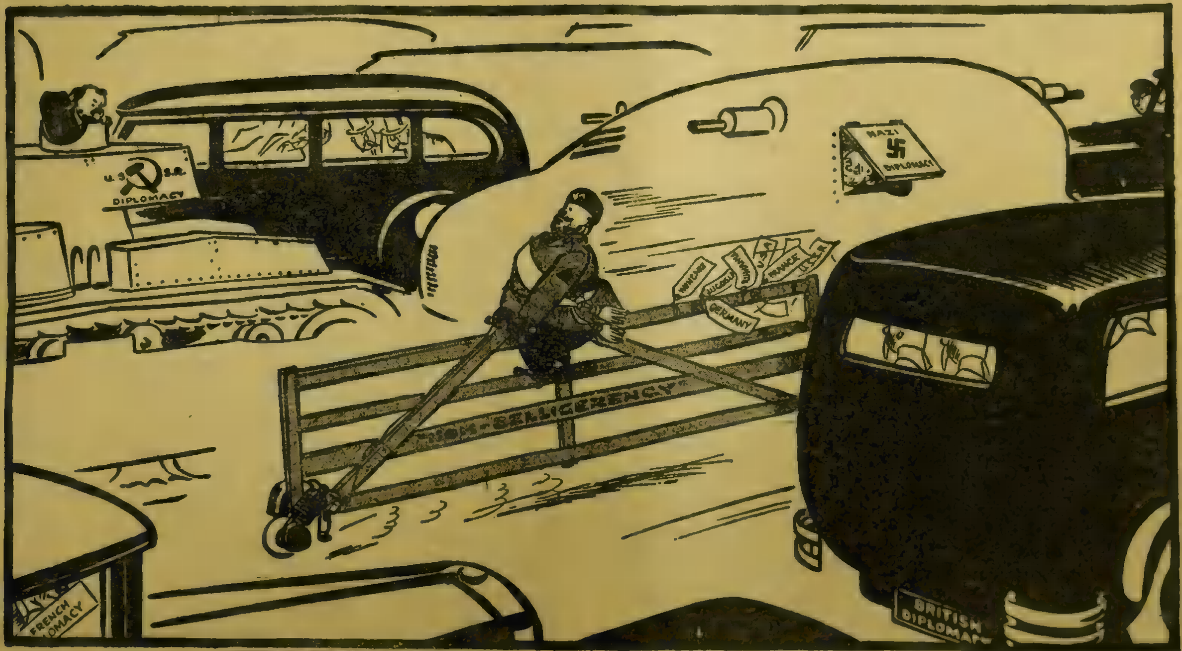
His Lordship is in the same dilemma as the Stalinists. He has to justify a policy which is exactly the opposite of the policy that he himself advocated until recently. Like the Stalinists, he can do this only by mental gymnastics and by juggling with facts. For example, Lord Lloyd declares it to be universally admitted that England and France had no "shred of responsibility" for the last war, whereas innumerable American, English, and French authors, after an exhaustive study of all the diplomatic documents, have come to the conclusion that the British and French governments, and in particular Edward Grey and Raymond Poincaré, had a very great responsibility for it.

He repeats the absurd fiction that Europe was saved by Poland in 1920, but omits to say that the Russians, who were then much too weak to attack anybody, were defending themselves against an unprovoked Polish aggression backed and financed by the British government. Lord Lloyd attributes the Spanish revolution to Russian agents and Russian money and says that the disappearance of Alfonso XIII caused Spain to dissolve into anarchy. On the other hand, the Franco rebellion was a "national uprising" with which apparently Italy and Germany had nothing to do. These are some examples of Lord Lloyd's regard for historical facts.

Lord Lloyd admirably exposes the real motives of Hitler's successive aggressions, but he still thinks that Hitler had "adequate excuses" for everything that he did before March, 1939, and that it was quite reasonable to trust him up to that date. Inasmuch as Hitler had violated every undertaking that he had entered upon after becoming dictator of Germany, those who believed in September, 1938, that he would keep his word were either willing dupes or congenital idiots. Ten months before Hitler sent his troops into the demilitarized zone and violated the Treaty of Locarno, he solemnly declared in a speech to the Reichstag his intention scrupulously to maintain that treaty. The invasion of Austria was a violation of Hitler's agreement with Austria of July 11, 1936, and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia in 1938, with the connivance of the British and French governments, was a violation of an assurance given by Göring on his word of honor to the Czechoslovak minister in Berlin on March 12, 1938, and confirmed by Hitler himself.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Hitler's real crime in Lord Lloyd's eyes was his pact with Stalin and that, but for this, Lord Lloyd would have forgiven him everything. Many of Lord Lloyd's remarks justify the suspicion that he wants a religious crusade undertaken against the Soviet Union on the ground that it is anti-Christian.

Lord Lloyd talks a great deal about freedom, but his conception of it is peculiar. The Allies, in his opinion, are fighting for "the principle of nationality," which "is not one among many forms of political organization but a unique experiment necessitated by the requirements of Christian freedom." Christian freedom is clearly not at all the same thing as the freedom which we miscreants



FOR A FENCE-SITTER, OLD MUSSO CERTAINLY DOES GET ABOUT understand by that term, for, according to Lord Lloyd, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and apparently all other countries in Europe except Germany and Russia are free countries. Lord Lloyd brushes aside as dreams any sort of federal system and any alternative to nationalism, including an effective League of Nations. He wants Christian hearts and more and more nationalism.

The most sinister pages in the book are those singing the praises of the Italian Fascist system, which is clearly Lord Lloyd's ideal and which he declares to be fundamentally different from the German and Russian regimes. It is, he says, "founded on two rocks: first, the separation of church and state and the supremacy of the church in matters not only of faith but of morals; secondly, the rights of labor." The Italian state, according to Lord Lloyd, like that of Spain and Portugal, is "neither socialist nor capitalist, but syndicalist"! No doubt the British workers will appreciate the blessings of the system that Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd evidently hope to impose on them.

The influence of that Anglo-Catholic fanatic Lord Halifax is discernible in Lord Lloyd's ultra-clericalism. The separation of church and state, according to him, means that the church is to impose its own ideas about faith and morals not merely on its adherents but on all citizens, no matter what their opinions, as in fact the Roman Catholic church does in Italy by the terms of the Concordat.

Lord Lloyd's remarks suggest unpleasant suspicions as to the relations between the British government and Mussolini. As most people know, the French General Staff wished to send Mussolini an ultimatum at the beginning of the war to the effect that unless he broke the alliance with Germany, France would declare war on Italy. General Gamelin and his colleagues were overruled, and one had hoped that the sole reason for what now looks like a blunder on the part of the British and French governments was a belief that it would be to the interest of the Allied cause. The Halifax-Lloyd thesis makes one suspect that, like the conduct of the British and French governments in the Abyssinian affair, it was due to a desire to save Mussolini and his Catholic Fascist regime at all costs. It is difficult on any other hypothesis to understand the economic and other favors that have been showered upon Mussolini and the way in which he has been allowed a free hand to carry on intrigue in Europe. Incidentally Lord Lloyd says that the Italian Fascist regime does not threaten the security of other European nations; yet Albania was once a European nation, to say nothing of Spain. In any case it is clear that the war aim of Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd is to make Europe safe for clericalist fascism. Is this also the war aim of the British government? If it is, how much longer are the English people going to tolerate the "men of Munich" in office?

In the Wind

IN MAYOR HAGUE'S Jersey City bailiwick it is virtually compulsory for city employees to attend the opening baseball game; that's why the team annually breaks attendance records. The story is told that just before this season's opening one employee went to his superior and said timidly: "My grandmother died yesterday—do you mind if I stay away from the ball game to go to her funeral?"

TESTIFYING BEFORE the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, Rear Admiral Taussig declared that war with Japan was "inevitable" and urged an expanded naval program. Senator Hiram Johnson interrupted to suggest that the program seemed ambitious. "I'm just trying to keep us out of peace, Senator," Taussig answered—then hastily corrected himself.

TOTAL WAR: A new pamphlet has just been issued by the Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defense in England. It is called "Information on Bed-wetting for Householders Taking Unaccompanied Children."

RADIO NEWS: The New York *World-Telegram* radio program recently carried this announcement: "10:45—WEAF, WOR, WABC, WNEW, President Roosevelt, addressing Young Republican clubs."

THE WASHINGTON Kiwanis Club recently held a meeting at which the theme was safety. Lincoln H. Lippincott, nationally known safety advocate, cited the dangers of reckless driving. "Death," he said, "can and must be eliminated from our national roads." At that juncture, reported the Washington *Star,* two men rose and left. They were undertakers.

ROUND-UP: George Seldes is launching a news-letter called "In Fact." . . . Diego Rivera has been assigned by the Mexican government to direct a film dramatizing Mexico's side of the oil dispute. . . . The Civil Liberties Union trial of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn seems indefinitely delayed.

BISHOP MANNING, first to protest against Bertrand Russell's appointment to City College, went into a barber shop on Morningside Heights recently. As he was leaving, the barber who had served him stuck out his tongue derisively. A patron asked him why. "If Will Russell wants to go to City College, why can't he?" asked the barber plaintively. "Will" Russell is dean of Teachers College.

ALLEN ZOLL, a leading figure in Christian Front circles, was indicted last summer on a charge of extorting $7,500 from the officials of radio station WMCA, which the Christian Front was picketing. It is nearly a year since he was indicted, but he has not been brought to trial. What has happened to the indictment?

[Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. The prize of $5 for the best item submitted during April goes to H. B. Clemenko for the story about the Police Gazette *published two weeks ago.]*

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

DURING my recent automobile trip across the continent I often wished that some of my smart friends who are so sure the United States can never do anything well were with me. For at the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, Boulder Dam, and elsewhere I observed once more the efficiency of the National Park Service, the Reclamation Service, and other branches of the government's activities in the Southwest. I have long been a "fan" for the National Park Service, but on this trip I was more than ever impressed with the appearance, the character, and the ability of the rangers and the way in which the tourist public is treated. No officials could be more polite or more capable, and no soldiers ever made a better appearance in uniform than these gentlemen who have charge of the nation's parks. With a few exceptions, men admitted because of special qualifications, they are college graduates, and they must have had two years' experience in handling men before being appointed. That they are not drawn to this work by any large rewards is clear from the fact that they start at a salary of only a trifle more than $1,800 and have to pay some rent for the cottages that the government at some places puts at their disposal. Even the higher positions are anything but well paid.

As one of the men said to me, it is not the pay which attracts them but love of the work and of nature. Many of them are experts in some field. Since they are often called on to lecture to tourists, they must have a very clear understanding of the marvels of nature in their region and also of the geological history of the earth. But that is only the beginning. They must have the ability to command other men; they must be woodsmen and devoted conservers of the heritage of our people; and many must be good executives and business men. In return for $1,860 a year the government gets all these things and in addition a loyalty and devotion which money cannot buy. I have tried in vain to recall any public servants in other parts of the world who have impressed me more. Germans would be overbearing, puffed up by authority, stiffly military, forever saluting, and treating the visitors as so many subjects to be herded from one place to another. Nor can I visualize Englishmen in authority able to be so friendly and polite and yet so dignified. In short, the rangers take exactly the attitude that the public servant dealing with the American people should take.

The virtues of the men in charge are reflected in the scientific work of the service. The museums at the various points are models of clear, simple exposition; they illustrate and explain the phenomena of nature so that the simplest intelligence in the great army of visitors can understand. And the custodians are always eager to answer any questions. It did me good to see many CCC boys serving under rangers at the places I visited and getting from them lessons in dignity, courtesy, and the proper attitude toward others. These government employees show what American public servants can be when they are properly picked, justly treated, and kept out of politics. I had heard rumors that politics had begun to creep into the Park Service, and was therefore relieved to hear from some of the men that they had seen no evidence of it. It would be a crime to tamper with such a service.

When I reached Boulder Dam for my first view of that tremendous undertaking I recalled with pride that this great engineering feat was all worked out by the engineers of the Reclamation Service and not by highly paid experts of private industry. The whole work is a monument to the men in our government who conceived it, induced Congress to authorize it, and then carried it through without a breath of scandal, without any charge of graft or corruption or waste, so far as I have ever heard. No enterprise or initiative in our government bureaus? All tied tight with red tape? Let Boulder Dam be the reply—and Norris too, and many, many other successful enterprises, never forgetting the army's great work in constructing the Panama Canal. As I stood looking down upon that enormous structure at Boulder, I could not but recall that this inestimably beneficent enterprise cost only $127,000,000, or just about $37,000,000 more than our newest battleship, which will disappear with nothing to show for it in twenty years, if it is not rendered utterly useless before then by what the Germans are doing in the air.

Before leaving the subject of Boulder Dam, I must recall my satisfaction and happiness that the beautiful lake created by the dam, Lake Mead, was named in honor of Ellwood Mead, who was head of the Reclamation Service when the project was conceived and built. I knew and honored him, and I rejoice in this recognition, for his was long a voice raised in the wilderness. I know that if he were here he would feel that the honor was a recognition not merely of his own services but of those of the thousands of devoted public servants in inconspicuous positions throughout the country who are serving the government as well and as ably as are the rangers and the Reclamation engineers. The profit motive? Where does it come in with men like these?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

I THINK there would be little dissent from the opinion that Raymond Gram Swing and Elmer Davis are our two best radio news commentators; and I for one am impressed by the fact that the radio is currently starring two commentators who are much superior to the general run of newspaper columnists. I speak from the experience of one who is not exactly a columnist fancier but who spent several months following them around two years ago. The newspaper columnist, as I said then, was born partly of the demand for personality which disappeared from the press when it became a venture in big business. But the difference between Davis and Pegler, between Swing and Thompson, is wide and deep The "personality" of the average newspaper columnist, as revealed day by day, is a blend of partisanship and exhibitionism. Davis and Swing have achieved an objectivity that is truly remarkable—yet to think of the two men or even the two voices is to recognize two personalities quite as distinct as those of Pegler and Johnson, and far more appealing. When I say objectivity I mean just that. I have listened pretty carefully to both men over a period of months. One knows of course that they are opposed to Hitler, yet it seems to me that they have both mastered the difficult art of presenting facts extraordinarily free of the overtones of personal opinion.

It is ironical, perhaps, that Davis and Swing should speak out of the welter of partisanship in toothpaste and tires that is commercial radio; but that perhaps is one element in the happy result. Another is a healthy fear of government interference on the part of the industry and the general resistance to foreign propaganda. It is no accident, of course, that our two best radio commentators are concerned with foreign affairs; there are no "big-time" commentators on domestic subjects of the caliber of Swing and Davis. Like the average newspaper editor, radio is more likely to suffer and promote objectivity about issues in another county. But at least we have Swing and Davis; and their popularity may help to create a demand for similar objectivity in other fields.

You may be interested, by the way, in knowing what a foreign commentator thinks about besides Hitler. Mr. Swing recently made his debut as a composer, when his Fantasia quasi una Sonata for violin and piano was performed under the auspices of the Composers' Laboratory Forum.

Elmer Davis has issued a book of essays with a title which sounds like a sigh of relief, "Not to Mention the War" (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). He says in a foreword that he had meant to call it "Not to Mention Hitler" but discovered that he had been unable not to speak of the principal fact of our era even in discussion of quite different matters. These "quite different matters" range from Being Kept by a Cat through The Imperfect Wagnerite to The "Logic" of History, and Mr. Davis has fortunately managed to keep out of none of them that direct and skeptical and humorous tone that makes his radio voice so refreshing among the mouthings of the tribe of talkers who discuss the merits of toothpaste with exactly the same synthetic passion they display in reporting the bombing of open towns.

I hope Mr. Davis will not mind if I say that from his first name to the inflections of his voice, he bespeaks "common sense" and "the plain American." He has taken Oxford and a long career in metropolitan journalism in his stride; the Greeks and Romans are not for him aliens from Southeastern Europe; yet his voice and his salty comments would not be out of place beside the stove in the country store. The terms common sense and plain American have fallen on evil days. They were once identified with such cosmopolitan figures as Tom Paine and Benjamin Franklin; they have latterly been used to glorify that bigoted provincial Calvin Coolidge and other assorted Republicans. But they are still good terms for useful qualities, which should be rescued and restored.

THE GERMAN Shakespeare Society, I read recently, was planning to hold its usual annual meeting in Weimar despite the war. The president explained that in more than a hundred years the German people have made the works of Shakespeare their own. The plays continue to be produced, and one exuberant Nazi said that Britain stands to lose not only the war but Shakespeare to boot. I wonder. Isn't it just possible that Shakespeare may turn out in the end to be a Trojan horse? I suppose the Nazis are capable of a new bowdlerization of Shakespeare designed to remove subversive phrases, but if the German people have made Shakespeare their own, if they are, that is, as full of quotations from his plays as Englishmen and Americans, the bowdlerization may not take. I wonder how many German lovers of Shakespeare these days are restraining themselves from thinking, for instance, that "something is rotten in the state of Denmark"—and points north.

THE LAUNCHING of a new weekly arouses excitement even in a world overwhelmed with print. We may imagine how in 1865 the rumor of Godkin's forthcoming new journal must have fluttered the journalistic and intellectual dovecotes. A reader has been kind enough to copy out and send me the passage in "Notes of a Son and Brother" in which Henry James speaks of the founding of *The Nation* and the beginning of his long friendship with its editor. I think that even those who know the passage will not mind rereading it.

> I recall how, having commenced critic under Charles Norton's weighty protection, I was to find myself, on all but the very morrow, invited to the higher glory, as I felt it, of aiding to launch, though on the obscure side of the enterprise, a weekly journal which, putting forth its first leaves in the summer of '65 and under the highest auspices, was soon to enjoy a fortune and achieve an authority and a dignity of which neither newspaper nor critical review among us had hitherto so much as hinted the possibility. The New York *Nation* had from the first, to the enlivening

of several persons consciously and ruefully astray in our desert, made no secret of a literary leaning; and indeed its few foremost months shine most for me in the light of their bestowal of one of the longest and happiest friendships of my life, a relation with Edwin Lawrence Godkin, *The Nation* incarnate as he was to become, which bore fruit of affection for years after it had ceased to involve the comparatively poorer exercise. Godkin's paper, Godkin's occasional presence and interesting history and vivid ability and, above all, admirably aggressive and ironic editorial humor, of a quality and authority new in the air of a journalism that had meant for the most part the heavy hand alone, these things, with the sudden sweet discovery that I might for my own part acceptedly stammer a style, are so many shades and shifting tints in the positive historic iridescence that flings itself for my memory, as I have noted, over the "period" of Ashburton Place.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Economic Consequences . . .

HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.

THE British budget for the current fiscal year, outlined last week to the House of Commons, estimates war costs at £2,000,000,000 and total government expenditure at £2,667,000,000. This represents, according to the calculations of Mr. Keynes in his new book, almost 50 per cent of the national income for the same period, assuming that most of the remaining unemployed are put to work, that output is further raised by increasing working hours, and that employment is given to large numbers of women and other persons normally outside industry. Consequently half the goods and services produced in Britain will be utilized by the government, leaving half for general consumption.

The problem which Mr. Keynes has sought to solve in this brief book is: What is the most just and socially least disruptive way of extracting from the pockets of British citizens a full half of their incomes? By hook or crook it will be done, for governments at war can always manage to find the money, but Mr. Keynes is especially anxious to avoid the crooked way of inflation, believing that it inevitably leads to the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many.

In summarizing the thesis of this book it is simpler to use index numbers so long as it is understood that these represent very rough approximations of the author's statistics, which, themselves, do not pretend to more than broad accuracy. Let us then assign the figure 100 to the probable national British income for the current year. Government expenditure will therefore be 50, toward which taxation on the increased scale provided in the new budget will contribute 25. The balance must be made up by loans, and according to Mr. Keynes's calculations, normal pre-war savings plus a proportion of normal depreciation funds can only be expected to contribute 8.5.

Now let us approach the question from the angle of the receivers and consumers of income. To arrive at the amount of spending money available to them we must deduct from gross income paid out, that is 100, both taxes and estimated savings, which together come to 33.5. This leaves 66.5 as the sum which can be devoted to general consumption, but as we have already seen, government expenditure will absorb goods and services equivalent to 50. If, then, consumers attempt to spend the whole of their 66.5, there will not be a sufficient supply of goods to satisfy all of them and prices will rise. Or, if prices are artificially curbed, shortages will follow. The first alternative involves inflation, with wages vainly chasing prices, with fixed incomes automatically shrinking, and with the comparative few who own goods and equities reaping an unearned increment. The second alternative would lead to a wide extension of rationing, to time-consuming and irritating queues, to bootlegged buying privileges for the rich and influential, in short, to the system now prevalent in Nazi Germany.

But how can the government curtail spending power to bring it into balance with the current supply of goods? Can it rely on a voluntary increase in savings or can it screw up taxation still farther? Mr. Keynes thinks there may be some scope for both methods, but he does not believe that together they would reduce purchasing power to the required extent. So far as taxation is concerned, he points out that if everyone with more than £250 a year had the whole of his income in excess of that sum extracted by taxation, the government's requirements would only just be met. So drastic a measure seems practical neither as economics nor politics. Mr. Keynes, therefore, advocates a system of compulsory savings, or, as he prefers to call it, deferred earnings, applied to all incomes above the subsistence level. In the case of wage and salary workers he proposes that these earnings should be deducted at the source and credited to each individual's account with the Post Office Savings Bank, or some other approved institution. Except in certain emergencies, these accounts and the accumulated interest on them would be blocked until after the war when, if released as the inevitable post-war deflation began, they would provide the economy with a sustaining flow of purchasing power. An integral part of the plan is a firm pledge of a capital levy after the war from the proceeds of which these forced loans would be repaid. The loans, themselves, would not be included in computation of capital.

But there is still another facet to Mr. Keynes's program, for he wishes "to snatch from the exigencies of war positive social improvements," and to this end he suggests a system of family allowances from public funds which would tend to equalize the position of people with children with that of those without such responsibilities.

Despite this proposal, the Keynes plan has been received with considerable suspicion by British trade unionists. They fear that it may be an attempt to put an undue part of the war burden on the shoulders of those whose standard of living is already low, and to allow the rich to evade their full share. In some quarters it has been argued that the workers would do better to chance inflation, trusting to their organized strength to keep wages in line with prices. But while the better-placed workers might achieve this result, it would be partly at the expense of those whose bargaining position was weak. Moreover, as Mr. Keynes makes clear, each wage increase would add to the disequilibrium between purchasing power and available goods and thus provide the stimulus for a further inflationary rise in the price level.

For the time being discussions of the merits and demerits of the program, persuasively outlined in this book, are rather academic, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer, while accepting much of Mr. Keynes's diagnosis, has turned down his prescription. Instead, the new budget aims at encouraging savings by taxes on consumption goods, which always put a disproportionate burden on small incomes, and by dividend restrictions, which amount to compulsory savings for stockholders. It remains to be seen whether these measures will prove adequate or whether once again events will justify Mr. Keynes as a prophet. Meanwhile, American readers, even though their own pocket-books are not involved, will be well advised to study this statement of the principles and practice of modern war finance. No layman need fear the difficulties of the subject, for as usual Mr. Keynes writes with a clarity and force which ought to be both a challenge and an example to his fellow-economists.

KEITH HUTCHISON

"Ah, Language Like a Landslide"

THE MAN COMING TOWARD YOU. By Oscar Williams. Oxford University Press. $2.

MUCH has been made by Mr. Williams and his publishers of the fact that, after producing a book of youthful verse at the age of twenty-two, he "dropped" poetry "from a sense of futility at the gulf between poet and public," "bluffed his way into the advertising business, where he forgot all about poetry and held important and lucrative positions for sixteen years," and "neither wrote nor read" until he gave way to "an inner necessity to turn again to the writing of poetry." He then announced his ambition to "write a poem that would *act*—that would walk off the table and perform." This statement did not sound too happy at the time. It suggested too vividly what happens to an overexposed piece of cheese. But it turns out that Mr. Williams has a better gift for phrases than we supposed. He now offers the heated harvest of his three-year reunion with the muse, and the antics of his art provide one of the most spectacular performances ever witnessed outside the three-ring arena of Mrs. Anita Browne's National Poetry Week at the National Poetry Center in Radio City. This, as Mr. Fitts once remarked in another connection, "is Helicon cockeyed, an individual mob scene on Parnassus." Or as someone else said on a more dignified occasion, "There is a serious difference between poetry and a panic."

One hesitates to apply such verdicts to anything written with honest intentions, but Mr. Williams hardly puts one's scruples to much of a strain. For one thing, good poetry, like good piano-playing or good weight-lifting, is seldom produced by sheer compulsion after a protracted recess from every discipline or ordeal it imposes. For another, neither language nor sensibility can stand up long under the systematic bludgeoning here employed to rouse them to activity. Mr. Auden says on the jacket that Oscar Williams is "concerned largely with the spiritual breakdown of the times. He feels that the mechanized life is the Devil, and the subject of many of his poems is just this theme; while their form and imagery [I omit the comparison with Wallace Stevens] are romantic, violent, and exciting." These remarks are relevant but wholly avoid the point. Breakdown and mechanization are indeed the devils of the age, but Mr. Williams doesn't think so. Or if he does, he doesn't write as if he did. He battens on them. He virtually harmonizes them. "Unlike many romantics," continues Mr. Auden, "Mr. Williams has lived successfully in the world that he attacks and in whose values he once believed." But if his book is legitimate evidence, his success in that world was irremediable. Its standards possess him still. He shows no serious intention of discarding its billboard eloquence, its frenzied jargon, its sensory barbarism, its confusion of mass and value, its torrential brutality of emotion. Genuine poetry has never for a moment tolerated these properties. And the poetry of disorder, being particularly vulnerable to their seductions, is under the special necessity of guarding the authority of feeling and expression that Mr. Williams seems quite willing to club into insensibility.

What he has let loose instead is an eruption of words and portents that one hesitates to dignify as volcanic. It is a discharge of mixed and muddled metaphors, a ranting vulgarity of rhythms, a racket of the massed clichés of tragic prophecy and moral decay that mainly succeeds in making Frederic Prokosch or Paul Engle seem a model of restraint. Like most followers of the Auden school or the Rimbaud vogue, Williams lets his "language like a landslide" crash with an uproar of versified noises designed to deafen every known principle of poetic insight, subtlety, and control. Symbols stifle every page. Even comparatively conscientious poems like "Seraphs" and "Jeremiad" are lost in the toneless hysteria of their companions. This is no "attack" on the "mechanized life." It is not a resistance to violence but a surrender to it. It is a mass explosion of sensations grown rabid and frantic, a voluntary nightmare wherein "hair explodes," "lightning stabs," "the atom creaks," "curtains" are "lustful," "distant guns" have "orgasms," "numerals wriggle," "the swine bulge in the snake bellies of the telegraph wires," "man peers into the gulf of his large hand And sees a storm of statues there," civilization roars "into the darkness of the nervous system," and the reader's mind, dazed in "the wet marble of my reverie," ceases to clutch at occasional felicities of metaphor which are quickly canceled out by the pouring bewilderment or to grapple with wholesale atrocity deftly touched off by the best tricks of mail-order *surréalisme,* and soon stops caring whether trumpets have shins or miles are saliva, loins are a gulf or song is a toehold, whether it is minnows or golden lepers that possess tightened thighs of thought, whether bugles blow like mushrooms or music explodes like brimstone, whether the train zooms like a zipper closing up swiftly the seam of time or the ankle of Mrs. Nobody is going nowhere for a nickel.

It is hardly to be expected that qualities of integrity or judgment should survive a frenzy that never allows a clean breath to be drawn or a momentary focus to declare itself in the mind. So it comes as no surprise that Mr. Williams, whatever his sensory energy and his considerable gift for rapid-fire metaphorical invention, has ended in a chaotic topsy-turvydom of meanings, that his humanitarian sense is as crude as his ear, that his powers of discrimination are as nonexistent as his taste, and that he reminds us on every page that energy, like the cipher in arithmetic, depends for its value on the number to which it is attached. In this he is not alone. He has simply capitalized to the limit the welter of standards, the intoxication of the chaotic, and the excitement of the brutal which are freely indicted today as the sources of moral debauchery, but which many of his fellow-poets are serving up in gluttonous orders that make most of the poetry of disorder produced in the much-maligned twenties appear by comparison severe and ascetic. Editors seem to like the stuff, however, and much of it will make excellent material for military pep-fests when the encroaching horror at length reaches our shores. Then what, we may ask with Mr. Williams—

> Then what of the past, the present, the future,
> Locked in a coma behind the shutters,
> The tons of myth in the nerve stream of nature,
> The face that is hidden in quicksilver anguish,
> That bleeds at the fingertip touch of language,
> The enormous seraph writhing in the gutter?

"Let him writhe!" is Mr. Williams's verdict. He is much too regaled by the spectacle to pick the seraph up, wipe off his wings, and give him a lift to the lucid and perilous heavens where he rightly belongs. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Black Chronicle

SUFFERANCE IS THE BADGE; THE JEW IN THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD. By Abram Leon Sachar. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

A BOOK on a ubiquitous group like the Jews must cover a good deal of ground. Indeed, Mr. Sachar's survey of Jewish history since Versailles practically circles this unhappy globe. The black chronicle of oppression and destruction starts appropriately enough with Germany and winds its roundabout way through three continents, until it reaches the democratic countries, "freedom's Maginot Line." Up to this point Russia is the only part of the picture that shows a few lights shimmering among the shadows. The rest of the book treats the Latin American countries, allows a substantial section for Palestine, and has a concluding chapter which presents a not unhopeful view of the situation in the United States. Not the least remnant of Israel goes unnoticed: China's "Jews with queues," the tiny community in the jungle of Dutch Guiana, the mountain Jews of the Caucasus, and "the wandering Jews," among them the Lithuanian peddler who had found a refuge in Zululand and who was there greeted by a fellow-Jew with the pun: *"Gam Zulu tovo!"*

As the various local backgrounds with which the life of the Jew is integrated are invariably sketched in, the book takes on the character of a general history of the past twenty years. In so encyclopedic a work by a single hand some errors of fact are to be expected—there are not a few in the Russian chapter. A more obtrusive fault is a certain unctuousness and sentimentality in dealing with some aspects of Palestine and with life in the United States. These, however, are not serious flaws in a book which is uniformly interesting, occasionally entertaining—the author has a store of good anecdotes on which he draws judiciously—and extremely informative.

Mr. Sachar's narrative brings out clearly the recent uses of anti-Semitism as a political weapon. The most important point that the story carries, however, is that the evil has economic roots. The author is at pains to show that it flourishes in periods of unemployment, sharp competition, shrinking markets, drastic occupational realignment. He concludes that the eradication of anti-Semitism depends primarily upon the establishment of healthy economic conditions. Mr. Sachar is all too vague about how this consummation is to be effected. He definitely rejects the Communist method of obtaining economic security as destructive of the humane values. He puts his hope in political democracy, supplemented by economic democracy, that is, a system which allows equality of opportunity to all and in which "abundance is shared." He leaves the reader wondering how this is to be achieved. He is, however, admirably clear on one point. He sees that the salvation of the Jewish people, properly enough, is bound up with that of the rest of mankind: "There can be no emancipation for one group except as part of a general human deliverance."

While working toward this remote goal, the author would have the group look to its defenses, both inner and outer. It must combat anti-Semitism in immediate and practical ways and seek to overcome the prejudices of the unenlightened through public education. The Jews must also build up their morale by steeping themselves in their own tradition, by strengthening the ties with a past in which the author, for one, takes pride. He is careful to disclaim any addiction to the Chosen People complex, but he seems to make a little too much of the Spinozas and the Einsteins that Israel has produced.

Obviously, the author is not concerned merely with the threat to the physical preservation of the group to which he belongs. He would keep both the Jews and Jewishness alive. The latter has for him a unique cultural and ethical significance. He opens the Credo for Survival with which the volume is brought to a close by retelling the following Haggadic legend. Caught between the pursuing Egyptians and the Red Sea, the Hebrews took counsel among themselves. Some advised surrender. Others bade their fellows trust in the Lord. A third faction would have flung themselves in desperation on the spears of the Egyptians. A fourth group declared for marching forward toward the Promised Land, though it were into the Red Sea itself, and perishing, if they must, with banners flying. This, Mr. Sachar holds, is the counsel to be followed even now, and he feels that the outcome is apt to be as fortunate. Like Irwin Edman, though concerned with a special province of the night, he holds a candle in the dark. He has confidence in mankind and in the civilization that it has built. He believes that the forces of evil cannot long endure, and that though some branches of Jewry may be lopped off in the hurricane, the tree that has withstood so many fierce storms will not be uprooted. Here is an expression of the life-instinct of a threatened minority stubbornly clinging to its identity, an urge with which, I imagine, even the outsider must sympathize. Mr. Sachar also cherishes the belief, which, though comforting, is rather doubtful, that the Jewish people by its very martyrdom is performing the signal service of rousing the conscience of mankind and thus upholding the cause of civilization.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Lincoln's Prose

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Random House. $3.75.

THERE must be a good many people who, like myself, have known from childhood the famous passages in Lincoln's prose, but have read almost nothing of the prose itself. We have been, of course, almost criminally remiss—not simply for neglecting the work of an acknowledged master of words, but much more vitally for not seeking, at the source, insight into the greatest character in our history. But what we have perhaps needed is just such a book as this: a well-chosen, well-edited, well-printed selection from Lincoln's speeches and letters, with a modern-minded biography of Lincoln thrown in for guidance and good measure.

I don't propose (since I could only pretend) to review this book in terms of Lincoln the statesman. I hardly propose to review it in terms of Lincoln the man, since—for all the light cast upon Lincoln the man by Lincoln the writer—he too often remains, even to specialists like Mr. Stern, ambiguous and impenetrable. What I can best do, since this is a selection from Lincoln's writings, is to say something about how he wrote.

The overwhelming part of this book cannot, of course, be treated as literature, since it was never intended to be literature. Except for his private letters, virtually everything that Lincoln wrote had a political purpose, much of it an immediate political purpose, so that its literary side is exhausted once one states whether its language served that purpose well or badly. It is only here and there—except in the last few years—that one finds Lincoln writing with personal emotion or prophetic vision, or that one finds him bringing to the harassed business of living a sense of the mystery of life.

Nevertheless, in this procession of words which reveals the development of Lincoln's mind and character one also finds an orderly development in the power to use language. Lincoln began to write haltingly and clumsily, though not confusedly; his early prose has no distinction and only the simplest merits. From the start, however, he seems to have had little taste for those flights of rhetoric which debase, even when they seem to adorn, public speaking. He was at first a dry speaker—the local issues he was concerned with hardly lent themselves to an eloquent approach—but he was never a tumid one. Perhaps naively, I was disappointed to find in Lincoln's speeches very little of that raciness which is part of the Lincoln legend; instead of a cidery backwoods tang there was only too often a dull provincial awkwardness. Even his more mature work lacks salt: the force of Lincoln's habitual writing is force of mind rather than force of personality, as its wit is wit of reasoning rather than of imagination. But these qualities were enough, once Lincoln came to feel at home on a platform, to make him a really cogent speaker—easy to follow, hard to rebut. (His letters, barring the few that everyone knows—and are even they as felicitous as they are famous?—seem to me undistinguished.)

Since Lincoln's habitual writing is one in which legalism figures and logic predominates, it is largely lacking in fervor and warmth. It is only when Lincoln allows emotion the upper hand that the inspiring change from "prose" to "poetry" is felt: then the rhythm intensifies, and it is not Blackstone but the Bible that shapes the language. Still, there are times when Lincoln has a different kind of power: the famous last sentence of the Cooper Union speech, for instance, is pure platform eloquence, and entirely Lincoln's own.

All Lincoln's finest utterances, beginning with the touching farewell speech at Springfield, belong to the period of the Presidency. As Lincoln became a man of destiny, the iron entered his soul; but it was a deeper sense of the tears of things that stole into his prose. It may well be that sentiment leads us to overrate even the best passages, though no one who reads them in their context can question how moving or how thrilling they are. One may pick flaws in the second-to-last paragraph of the Second Inaugural (the rhythms are a touch mawkish, and there is one appalling rhyme); but in the last paragraph there are no flaws—it is great hortatory prose, born of a great emotion. Not only did Lincoln act under the stress of events; under that stress, he wrote; and the best of what he wrote belongs as certainly to American literature as it does to American history.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Nazism, Inc.

THE LIGHTS GO DOWN. By Erika Mann. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE ten "typical" cases of Nazi oppression which make up Miss Mann's latest book are related in the form of short stories. Miss Mann knows that most men have a natural tendency to immunize themselves from the suffering of others. Hence the problem is to implicate the reader's emotions in spite of himself. Although her literary devices are naive and the propaganda framework at all times visible beneath the cloth, the present technique is effective. Truth is made as real as fiction.

Admiring the humanity of Miss Mann's convictions one yet wonders if her oversimplified approach to the problem of Nazism is not ultimately dangerous to the very cause she serves. The final statement of this book would seem to be that Germany is dominated by a group of very evil men, a sort of nationalized Murder, Inc., who are picking on a lot of nice people like you and me. If the author is aware that the Weimar Republic failed for definite reasons or that the Allies had considerable responsibility for that failure we get no hint of it here. Instead we have a kind of idyl of babes in the woods beset by marauding wolves. Such a presentation fails in responsibility because it arouses our emotions without in any way increasing our understanding of the situation. It encourages that unreasoning simplicity of feeling which is precisely one of the basic evils of Nazism. Miss Mann should take a hint from Duff Cooper's recent speech, as brutally irrational as though it came from Goebbels's own mill, in which he declared that the Allies *are* fighting the German people. The tendency of all war-time propaganda is to simplify and dramatize issues so that there shall be no division in the emotional response. It would certainly seem to be the part of refugee propagandists like Miss Mann, who

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have a sincere love of Germany, to struggle to prevent this simplification.

The fight against Nazism requires a double focus. Being united in hatred of Hitler is not enough; there must also be a constant effort at enlightenment and self-criticism. Apparently Mr. Duff Cooper's war is not quite the same as Miss Mann's. Nor is our idea of democracy quite the same as Mr. Chamberlain's or Mr. Churchill's. Nor can we or Miss Mann approach the basic evils of fascism with quite such easy casuistry as Nevile Henderson displays in his recently published memoirs. It should certainly be apparent now that men like these had no very definite convictions about what constitutes either fascism or democracy.

O'Leary is reported to have said that there never was a cause so bad "that good men did not fight for it, and for good reasons." In the present crisis it is up to us to keep our wits and resist the luxury of blind feeling in order that the "good reasons" of both sides don't cancel themselves in universal failure.

WILLIAM GILMORE

Mr. Adler's Textbook

HOW TO READ A BOOK: THE ART OF GETTING A LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Mortimer J. Adler. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THE author of this guidebook is kind enough to exemplify his own theory by frequent outlines and cumulative summaries. He pauses somewhere in chapter nine to state the subject matter of the first six chapters:

> This book is about the nature of reading in general, the various kinds of reading, and the relation of the art of reading to the art of being taught in school and out. It considers, therefore, the serious consequences of the neglect of reading in contemporary education, suggesting as a solution that books can be substituted for living teachers if individuals can help themselves learn how to read.

That is on page 166. On page 64 he has already made the point:

> . . . we have now pretty well defined the purpose of this book. It has taken many pages to do that, but I think you can see why it would have been unintelligible if I had stated it in the first paragraph. I could have said: "This book is intended to help you develop the art of reading for understanding, not information; therefore it aims to encourage and assist you in reading the great books." But I do not think you would have known what I meant.

If this really is unintelligible without the pages of painstaking dilution of the obvious with which Mr. Adler seeks to cushion the shock of revelation for what he imagines to be "the average reader," then (in his words) "the proliferation of textbooks and lecture courses in our educational system today" has a rival as "the surest sign of our declining literacy." Mr. Adler writes as if he were addressing a particularly naive class in Freshman English, and one which meets so often that he is obliged to stretch the material for one good lecture over a far larger number of teaching hours.

Part I consists of the six chapters described above. Part II deals with "The Rules." Here are the directions for not reading fiction as if it were fact which he considers not only

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important enough to italicize, but abstruse enough to require further elucidation:

> *(1) Don't try to find a "message" in a novel, play, or poem; (2) Don't look for terms, propositions, and arguments in imaginative literature; (3) Don't criticize fiction by the standards of truth and consistency which properly apply to communications of knowledge; (4) Don't read all imaginative books as if they were the same.*

"All the obligations of a reader" finally boil down to four questions (with directions from Mr. Adler for answering them):

I. What in general is being said?
II. How in particular is it being said?
III. Is it true?
IV. What of it?

Singularly enough, at this point the author fails to show how the technique can be applied to his own book. The answers in this instance seem to be: I. This has been explained above. II. Something fairly simple is analyzed and reanalyzed until it looks, at any rate to the author, very complicated. As a matter of detail, it might be remarked that his style is not distinguished by unusual precision in the use of words or care in construction. Nevertheless, he is by no means dull. III. The rules for understanding a book seem almost self-evident; the need for their formulation at such length less so. IV. This can best be answered by those who need a textbook for use in teaching would-be teachers. There are acute remarks, especially in Chapter 5 on The Defeat of the Schools, and salutary reminders; but on the whole the book's interest for adult readers is confined to this class.

According to the book news this is not true. The wider appeal which Mr. Adler's textbook makes is doubtless due to Part III, where he considers "the great books," which is actually another subject. It is a pity that the interesting experiment at St. John's College, Annapolis, should come before the general reading public in this accidental tie-up. It deserves discussion on its own merits, and Mr. Adler, who has so little sense of proportion as to include Jacques Maritain in a list of great teachers in association with St. Augustine and William James, and Stuart Chase with Hobbes and Locke (or even with Ogden and Richards), is not a safe guide for the discussion. For Mr. Adler is a highbrow; that is, he underestimates the intelligence of other people as compared with his own.

JAMES ORRICK

In Early Issues of The Nation

Charles A. Beard's
"A Foreign Policy for America"
Reviewed by Reinhold Niebuhr

Alfred M. Bingham's
"The United States of Europe"
Reviewed by Stuart Chase

Jonathan Daniels's
"A Southerner Discovers New England"
Reviewed by Margaret Marshall

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IN BRIEF

THE WINDS OF SPRING. By Walter Havighurst. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Jan Sorenson, Swedish student of natural history, brings a young bride to Wisconsin in the 1840's, makes a home and wins the respect of his neighbors, but always prefers the study of the country's rapidly vanishing wild life to the winning of lands or money. The whirr of birds' wings in fresh, clean air gives zest to pages pleasantly unburdened with historical trappings.

OH, PROMISED LAND. By James Street. The Dial Press. $3.

This started out to be a biography of Big Sam Dale, the first Georgia "Cracker," but turned into a large-scale, thoroughly documented novel whose hero, Big Sam Dabney, fights and loves and carves out a fortune in Georgia and the Mississippi Territory between 1794 and 1817. Plenty of full-blooded action silhouetted against a background of the Creek War, the War of 1812, the slave trade, the Natchez Trace, the forging of a Southern esprit de corps as opposed to the state consciousness of Virginia and the Carolinas.

FANDANGO. By Robert Briffault. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is hardly more than a hastily written footnote to "Europa" and "Europa in Limbo," indicating that life in Spain and Austria during the last few years has been no picnic either. Quite sketchy in its account of the tribulations of Carlotta von Görlitz, and unconscionably melodramatic.

THIS LAND IS OURS. By Louis Zara. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.75.

Here is another epic of wagon wheel, squirrel rifle, buckskin shirt, Indian fighting, and the westward urge, covering the eighty years from 1755 to 1835 and the country from Philadelphia to Chicago. This one is as ambitious as any, and better than most; 775 pages of epic, if that's what you like.

JONATHAN EDWARDS: 1703-1758. By Ola Elizabeth Winslow. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Miss Winslow's biography is notable, among other things, for its detailed treatment of a sensational episode in Edwards's life—the story of the "bad book." It seems that some youngsters of Edwards's Northampton congregation had been reading, privately and with a good deal of relish, a book of instructions to midwives. Somehow Edwards got wind of the thing and demanded an investigation; but instead of assisting him, the parents of his congregation resented this pastoral interference in the private life of the community, and they expelled him. And Edwards went to Stockbridge to nurse his bitterness and preach to the Indians. Thus, as Miss Winslow shows, Edwards was addicted to lost causes in deed even as in word. For just as his theology was an attempt to check the tide of evangelism by refurbishing Calvin, so in his pulpit practice he tried to maintain the theocratic principle against the democratic one. Miss Winslow's study of this fascinating reactionary is well written and soundly documented. She has ransacked the Edwards manuscripts in the Yale Library; and besides adding to our knowledge of Edwards, she gives a good sketch of life in the old colonial parishes.

GUATEMALA, PAST AND PRESENT. By Chester Lloyd Jones. University of Minnesota Press. $5.

An encyclopedic survey, as the book jacket asserts, of "the political, economic, and social history and organization of the Central American country with the largest investment of American capital and the greatest economic development and foreign trade." Full notes, an extensive bibliography, and sixty-two photographs, maps, tables, and charts add to its value. The final chapter, If I Were Dictator, offers no solution to the problem of transition from dictatorship to popular control.

POSITIVE DEMOCRACY. By James Feibleman. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

Democracy, historically associated with the nominalism of the commercial middle class, is not logically bound up with it. Finding the philosophical basis of democracy in realistic epistemology, the author shows its affinity with the scientific stage of culture and deduces that it can transcend the class struggle—provided it substitutes the conception of property as function for the conception of property as substance; and for irrational individualistic liberalism, the identification of the individual's freest development with the furtherance of the social welfare of Peirce's unlimited community. A stimulating thesis is here very clearly set forth.

DRAMA

ALBERT BEIN, one of the younger "proletarian" playwrights, deserts realism in "Heavenly Express" (National Theater) and concerns himself with a hobo myth about a celestial train which carries dying tramps to their own special paradise. We never see the actual train, but we hear a good deal about it from a mysterious stranger who talks about "the eternal vagabond," and we also see the consternation caused among trainmen on the Sante Fé when reports of the unscheduled express come pouring in. The play got a mixed reception in the press, but there are several reasons why it seemed to me rather trivial despite the obvious earnestness of the author and the almost heroic efforts of a good cast to make it exciting. For one thing hobos are hard to idealize and their mythology seems neither very original nor very imaginative. For another it still remains true that on the stage the impossible is accepted much more easily than the improbable. I am not unwilling to believe that a heavenly express picks up hobos. But there are other things which seem just plain unlikely.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

Persia's 6,000 Years

PERSIA is a rediscovery of this generation. We already know something of its sumptuousness, but it will take a visit to the great show, "6,000 Years of Persian Art" (1 East Fifty-first Street, New York, throughout the summer), to acquaint us with this inexhaustible land. On the top floor, for example, one may visit the very cradle of civilization. Here, arranged on shelves, as if to demonstrate the varying layers of the excavations, stand pottery and utensils from Tepe Gawra, the world's oldest civilized site, dating from 4000 B. C. Again, on the first floor one whole room contains Luristan bronzes. Previously little known, these refer almost invariably to a pastoral stage in Persian development. They combine a refreshing strength with a curious friendliness toward all forms of animal life.

More sensational is the room devoted to the Achaemenid Empire and the Sasanian period. A huge black lion's paw comes from the wasted city of Persepolis; also parading warriors. Even earlier is a superb bearded king in bronze. He is accompanied by a meditative counselor, likewise in bronze. All are friendly. Even though showing traces of Assyrian and Egyptian influence, the barbarism of the one and the inhumanity of the other are absent. The Persian was always preeminently humane. His was a civilized art. Indeed, few animal sculptures have ever surpassed the so-called Laughing Horse which joyfully prances at one end of the room. Even in the later Sasanian period, particularly in the silver-relief plates, this sensitive relationship between man and beast prevails.

The Sasanian period ended with the Moslem conquest of 650 A. D. Then the Persian, always rising in defeat, assimilated the calligraphy of the conquerors and in time began to develop an art of the book. The room devoted to this development is one of the joys of the show. Early script is like bars of music. Then color ripens and the Shahnama, or Book of Kings, is produced. Finally Tamerlane is celebrated in illuminated manuscripts. Still later appears the master, Bihzad, picturing scenes of tumult, the military, or the court. His color has the richness of banners and the delicacy of bouquets. No less fastidious is the later Joseph Herding Goats.

By now the full emotion of the Persian registers itself in color. Moreover, the typical theme for poet or painter is the garden. It is his veritable Garden of Paradise. There he finds refuge from desert sun, or in imagination from the conqueror's heel. Indeed, it seems that the greater his oppression, the more sensitive and touching becomes his color, whether in manuscript paintings, in the famous sixteenth- and seventeenth-century rugs, or in the celebrated pottery.

But always the Persian returned to the garden. Even the mosque seems less typical—the prayer altar, by the way, is not to be missed. This was the pattern of his life, this the peculiar joy of his hours, and the solace of his need. A gentle source indeed. Nevertheless, the Persian impressed himself on all his conquerors from Alexander to the Arab and the destructive Genghis Khan. Is there not a meaning in this for our own time? This is not the least of the reasons for the triumph of the exhibition now presented by Dr. Arthur Upham Pope and his devoted colleagues of the Iranian Institute of America.

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RECORDS

IT IS a mystery how a man who used his extraordinary command of the resources of his medium to produce those long-winded and absurd musical embodiments of infantile and muddled philosophic pretentiousness that one hears in the "Ring" tetralogy—to say nothing of such horrors as the Ride of the Valkyries—could have been the man who used it to produce things as miraculous as the Good Friday music of "Parsifal" or the Prelude to Act 3 of "Tristan und Isolde." Columbia's delayed February record of the "Tristan" music (69805-D, $1.50) is at hand, with a performance by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Weingartner that I would like even more than I do if it were a little slower and in this way gave the music more emotional weight. To the last notes of the English horn solo Weingartner tacks on a concert ending made up of the opening measures of the piece and a concluding minor chord; and the effect is one that I do not like.

Also at hand are a few delayed March records of Columbia's. First the little set of Haydn's delightful Sonata in D (X-158, $2.50), which Ernst Victor Wolff plays on the piano with suitable sharpness and lightness in the fast movements and suitable breadth in the slow movement. Then the set of charming music by Boccherini which Françaix orchestrated colorfully, but with taste and a light hand, for the ballet "Scuola di Ballo," and which is well recorded by the London Philharmonic under Dorati (X-157, $3.50). I doubt that anyone would object to Vaughan Williams's treatment of the fine songs in his Suite, "English Folk Songs" (X-159, $2.50); but I, for one, dislike the pretentious variations which Weinberger has loaded on the song "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" (X-161, $4.50), brilliantly played and recorded by the Cleveland Orchestra under Rodzinski. Gordon Jacob's orchestration of Vaughan Williams's suite might be considered a little over-rich (the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony's performance under Barlow is good, but a little coarse in recorded sound); but the music from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" in the new Victor set (M-647, $4.50) staggers under the flood of orchestral sonorities contrived for it by Cailliet, and the mountainous crescendos of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy.

The first of Schumann's Three Romances for oboe and piano, Opus 94 (Columbia: X-160, $3.50), superbly played by Leon Goossens, I find very beautiful; the others have, for me, the feebleness of Schumann's late works. And I don't care much more for the Fantasiestücke, Opus 73 (69836-D, $1.50), well recorded by Piatigorsky.

Victor has issued the first of the three sets in which all the chorale preludes of Bach's "Orgelbüchlein" are to be recorded by E. Power Biggs on the Baroque Organ of the Germanic Museum, Harvard University. This set (M-652, $6.50) gives us Nos. 17 to 32, of which several of the finest—"Mit Fried' und Freud' ich fahr' dahin"; "Christus, der uns selig macht"; "Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stand"; "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross"; "Christ lag in Todesbanden"; "Erscheinen ist der herrlich' Tag"—are included in the Columbia set of chorale preludes recorded by Schweitzer. The sound of the organ is clearer and more brilliant on the Biggs records; but Schweitzer allows the chorale to stand out clearly from the surrounding figuration, and takes the work at a pace suitable to its emotional content; whereas all that Biggs seems able to do is to rattle off the notes—sometimes the figuration louder than the chorale, sometimes a jumble of sounds in which nothing is clearly distinguished from anything else. It is, then, to Schweitzer's performances that a person unfamiliar with the works must turn to learn not only what they mean but what they are.

Broadcasting note: Throughout Toscanini's Debussy program and the Mozart symphony a week later one heard, together with Debussy and Mozart, the faint and inescapable tweet-tweet of a jazz band on an adjacent wave-length.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Corey Reconsidered

Dear Sirs: In his attacks on Marxism in recent issues of *The Nation* Lewis Corey succeeded in setting up quite a few strawmen, which thereupon he bravely laid by the heel. Space limitations obviously make it impossible to deal adequately here with his misrepresentations of Marxian principles. Pending a fuller treatment of the subject elsewhere at a later time, I desire to offer these comments, which represent the view of the Marxian Socialist Labor Party of America:

1. By Marxism we must understand the principles logically deduced from the scientific discoveries of Karl Marx. However Marxism may be enlarged or applied, the enlargement must be a logical and harmonious extension of the fundamental principle, and the application of it may not run counter to that fundamental principle. To the extent that there are failure and deviation in these respects, we no longer deal in Marxian principles. This is elementary. Hence, if what Mr. Corey calls "degeneration" of Marxism cannot be blamed on Marx, it follows that it is not Marxism that has degenerated, but the would-be Marxists.

2. Mr. Corey's fantastic "new middle class" is an old favorite of his. Historically, by "middle class" we understand the bourgeoisie, or the capitalist class before attaining complete supremacy in society. The group loosely referred to in the more recent past as the "middle class" is simply the middle and lower layers of the capitalist class. Mr. Corey's "new middle class" is discovered to be the middle and higher layers of the working class. Being paid a wage constitutes the mark of identification of a member of the working class. Whatever appearances to the contrary may seem to indicate, this "new middle class" has no separate class existence—no interests that are fundamentally different from, or opposed to, the general interests of the working class. On this simple fact Mr. Corey's carefully constructed "people's socialism" suffers shipwreck.

3. Mr. Corey insists that the state must be made to serve the "people" as a whole, and inferentially repudiates the Marxist concept of the state as a class organ. If the state is not essentially an organ of class oppression, then what is it? The modern state rests on force as undeniably as did the state in the past. What are the army, the navy, the police, and the other agencies of "law enforcement" but so many expressions of the state's function as an instrument of coercion, of *force*—and for what purpose? To plant trees, to build dams, to preserve wild life, to regulate Sunday schools? Rubbish. The force is there to protect national and sectional class interests—*propertied class interests.*

Mr. Corey's contrasting of his "people's socialism" with what he calls "traditional socialism" (reform socialism, or the Social Democracy) is illogical. They are substantially identical. Mr. Corey's "people's socialism" is, indeed, the very essence of utopianism, and there is nothing original about it. (*Vide* Proudhon and Lassalle's "The People's State.") Mr. Corey says that we cannot go "back to Marx." From his premises he is right. He is going farther back than Marx—back to the old utopian socialism of Fourier and the utopian anarchism of Proudhon.

4. When Mr. Corey assumes that the Marxian concept of "the proletariat as the final ruling class" necessarily implies the continuation of a "ruling class" in the sense of one class suppressing a lower class, he is ignoring the fact that in becoming the "ruling class" the proletariat thereby abolishes itself as a "class." ("If the proletariat triumphs, it does not thereby become the absolute side of society, for it triumphs only by abolishing itself and its opposite. In this way both the proletariat and its conditioned opposite, private property, are done away with."—Marx.) Socialism is the classless society—it is that, or it is nothing. Where *all* rule, none rules. The industrial administration of socialism can no more become a bureaucratic ruling caste than the director of an orchestra can arbitrarily impose his will upon the orchestra he directs. Marxian socialism demands, and inevitably implies, the discarding of the political state. ("Where its organizing activity begins, where its proper aim, its soul, emerges, there socialism casts away the political hull."—Marx.) The technological executive committee of the Socialist Industrial Union Government plays the role in the orchestra of production that the director plays in the orchestra producing musical harmonies. Soviet Russia, incidentally, furnishes no proof of the failure of Marxism. It furnishes proof of treason against Marxism.

Back to Marx? Serious and understanding Marxists need not go back to him, for they have never left him. On the contrary, every important event demonstrates the genius, the scientific soundness of Marx and Marxism. It is the playboys, the dealers in "radical" literary groceries, and the charlatans generally who need to be "reconsidered," and to be relegated to the roles commensurate with their understanding of social and economic science.

They have too long been traveling on false passports.

ARNOLD PETERSEN,
National Secretary, Socialist Labor Party
New York, April 20

Memo to Justice McGeehan

Dear Sirs: In a recent case decided January 17, 1940, and appearing in a legal publication (18 New York Supplement, 2d Series, page 335), Justice John E. McGeehan said:

> . . . To proceed ex parte in this matter and in utter disregard of well-established principles of law would be the result of the "hydraulic pressure" referred to by the late Mr. Justice Holmes in writing his opinion in the case of Northern Securities *vs.* United States . . . in which he states that "great cases are called great, not by reason of their real importance in shaping the law of the future, but because of some accident of immediate overwhelming interest which appeals to the feelings and distorts the judgment. These immediate interests exercise a kind of hydraulic pressure which makes what previously was clear seem doubtful, and before which even well-settled principles of law will bend."
>
> This court must refrain from riding roughshod over American rules, precedents, and traditions, even where such practice under the prevailing circumstances might meet with popular approval, since the advantage would be illusory and ephemeral and lend weight to the suspicion that hysteria has been permitted to find refuge in an American courtroom. The court recalls and reiterates in part the forceful and pertinent language of the late Mr. Chief Justice Cardozo . . . to the effect that "a community whose judges would be willing to give it whatever law might gratify the impulse of the moment would find in the end that it had paid too high a price."

Within a few short weeks this same learned Justice was the author of the

Gandhi

and

LEWIS MUMFORD

praise

Jewish FRONTIER

●

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Letter from BOMBAY, INDIA

"I have often meant to congratulate you on the intellectual keenness and the moral probity of the Jewish Frontier; it is the one magazine of its kind that I can bear to read in these times: that I can open without the probability of being confronted with sophistry, confusion, timidity, defeatism, and moral indifference. But since reading your article on Psychoanalysis and Moral Pessimism, I should like in addition to single out that truly perspicuous essay, and to tell you how grateful I am for that understanding analysis. I only wish that a paper of the calibre of the Jewish Frontier, had a more general circulation—or that something of your spirit would by some miracle take possession of the liberal weeklies."

LEWIS MUMFORD
in a letter to Hayim Greenberg, Editor JEWISH FRONTIER

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opinion in the Bertrand Russell case. What caused Justice McGeehan to ride roughshod over American rules, precedents, and traditions in depriving Professor Russell of his right to teach? Was he prompted by some hysteria engendered by forces behind the scenes? What was the source of the hydraulic pressure that caused this erudite jurist to abandon his previously dispassionate attitude?

The public is entitled to an answer to these questions. A. F. G.

New York, April 22

Frank Navarro's Story

Dear Sirs: Frank Navarro came to the United States legally in 1925. In 1929 he married an American citizen born in Puerto Rico. The couple have four children, all American-born citizens. In 1932 the Navarro family went to Spain in search of employment. After they arrived there the Franco revolt broke out and Navarro joined the government army. In 1937 the American consul in Spain had Navarro's wife and children transported back to the United States. Navarro could not return because he is not an American citizen.

Recently Navarro's wife tied to bring him back, but he was denied admission because she was on relief. A month ago Navarro secured a job as a member of the crew of the steamship Indaucho. In Port Richmond he left the ship and tried to get to New York to see his family. He was arrested in Philadelphia and was to have been sent back to Spain on March 31, but a petition for a writ of habeas corpus obtained by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born prevented his return.

Navarro, released on his own recognizance, is now in New York with his family. The Department of Labor has granted him three weeks' time in which to arrange for his departure from this country so that he can reenter legally on the basis of his wife's citizenship. This is the only way in which Navarro's deportation can be prevented and he can remain in this country.

The expenses involved come to about $200. We appeal to the readers of *The Nation* to send a contribution immediately to the Navarro Defense Fund, Room 1505, 79 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Their immediate financial support will help save this American family. CAREY MC WILLIAMS,

Chairman, American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born

New York, April 24

Books for Southern Workers

Dear Sirs: The Southern Summer School for Workers needs more books for its library. The Southern workers who apply to the school for reading matter are eager for knowledge. Many of them live in small communities where library facilities are notoriously inadequate. We ask readers of *The Nation* to help keep the minds of these Southern workers alive and stimulated.

The chief need is for books in the field of the social sciences and for fiction, drama, and poetry with social import. Please send books to the winter office of the Southern Summer School for Workers, 437 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, or if you live in the city send a card asking that the books be called for. RITA S. HILBORN,

Chairman, Library Committee

New York, April 16

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

ACCORDING TO OUR PRIVATE TICKER THE week's Presidential market closed with sharp gains for Hull and Willkie, with Dewey strong and holding his own, Taft and Vandenberg down a few points, Wheeler still in the running, Jackson and McNutt feeble, faint signs of life in Roberts, and Garner about to flicker off the curb. Still topping the list is Roosevelt Preferred. The Hull boom gets its strength from the increasingly wide belief that if the President rejects the nomination and attempts to throw his mantle over the shoulders of another, they will be the shoulders of his Secretary of State. Despite his age and political reticence, Hull is considered a good vote-catcher. A recent Gallup poll, in fact, credits him with more strength than Roosevelt in a hypothetical contest against Taft. The theory is that Roosevelt's blessing would give him as many Democratic votes as the President himself would draw, and that his cautious, mildly conservative nature would satisfy twice as many disgruntled Republicans. The Wendell Willkie talk has lost its virgin archness and become hopefully serious. Rank-and-file Republican sentiment for Dewey has jolted the G. O. P. bosses into the conviction that if the rambunctious gang-buster is to be stopped, the job had better be intrusted to someone more appealing than Taft or Vandenberg. Willkie is the beau ideal of the "enlightened" business community and is said to have made deep inroads from Wall to La Salle Street. In an almost Munich-like pact with the White House, Vice-President Garner has agreed to call off his "Stop Roosevelt" campaign. The Roosevelt lieutenants, in return, will permit him to enjoy the status of Texas's favorite son on the first ballot—provided Roosevelt is not being nominated by acclamation before "T" is reached on the roll call.

*

AN UNNECESSARY AMOUNT OF EXCITEMENT appears to have been created by the President's proposal to merge the Air Safety Board with the Civil Aeronautics Authority and to make the reconstituted agency a bureau of the Department of Commerce. Objections were first voiced by various bodies connected with civil aviation. Their arguments boiled down to a contention that the CAA had done a supremely good job—which is not disputed—and that it was advisable to let well enough alone. Congressional critics of the Administration then jumped in and sought to raise a political issue by linking the controversy with the air-mail scandals of 1934, which occurred while the Department of Commerce still controlled civil aviation. Faced by this attack the President has struck back, charging his opponents with misrepresentation. A memorandum drawn up by the Bureau of the Budget recommending the reorganization of the CAA shows plainly that Mr. Roosevelt is not being capricious. It points out that the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938 provided for the CAA, the Air Safety Board, and an administrator. The first body was intended to exercise only quasi-legislative and judicial functions, including the prescription of safety rules; the second was charged solely with the investigation of accidents; and the administrator's office was to be purely executive. However, the act was not very clearly drafted and, in fact, assigned a number of executive duties to the CAA, which was further diverted from its proper province by the Civilian Pilot Training Act of 1939. In proposing the absorption of the Air Safety Board by the CAA, the memorandum argues that the authority charged with investigating accidents should also have power to promulgate rules to prevent them. So far as its regulatory functions are concerned, the CAA will remain independent of the Department of Commerce. On the other hand, it will receive representation in the Cabinet, and in view of the growing importance of civil aviation this seems entirely desirable.

*

THE FIASCO OF THE NORWEGIAN CAMPAIGN has brought upon the British government the sharpest attack it has encountered since the war. But Mr. Chamberlain has a catlike capacity for survival, and at the time of going to press—which is necessarily just before the House of Commons opens its debate on Norway—London dispatches suggest that he will remain in control a while longer. Over the week-end there have been many speeches from Labor and Liberal leaders calling for resig-

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nation of the government. Some newspapers which normally support Mr. Chamberlain have also been strongly critical. But there are few signs of revolt among the rank-and-file Tories, who, however much they grumble off the record, still seem unwilling to turn on their Birmingham shepherd. Rumors abound that Mr. Chamberlain may seek to appease dissatisfied public opinion by yet another reshuffle of the Cabinet. But as Al Smith once remarked, "However thin you slice it. . . ." There can be little hope of a genuine reconstruction without recognition of the small group of independent Tories who have hitherto been passed over because they refused to toe the party line. The London *Times* is urging the Labor Party to permit its leaders to join the government, but it is difficult to see how they could reconcile their attacks on Chamberlain with acceptance of office under his leadership.

*

A DISPATCH FROM MADRID TELLS US THAT Franco expects to get a credit of $86,000,000 from the United States, presumably from the Export-Import Bank. No details of the negotiations are cited, but the Franco press is loud in praise of Ambassador Weddell, who sailed last week for a "vacation" in this country. Last year, it will be recalled, Franco received a $13,500,000 cotton credit out of the money which had been appropriated for use in checking fascist influence in South America. It would be ironical indeed if the lion's share of this year's Export-Import Bank appropriation, which was designed to aid the protection of democracy in Scandinavia, should find its way to fascist Spain.

*

MEXICO SCORED AN IMPRESSIVE VICTORY in the long-drawn-out oil controversy last week when, on the eve of the publication of its reply to Secretary Hull's request for arbitration, it reached a settlement with the Sinclair interests. The agreement assures Mexico of an outlet for some $55,000,000 worth of oil over a five-year period, and thus breaks the concerted boycott through which the American oil companies have been seeking to force the Mexican government to its knees. It also gives point to the contention of Foreign Secretary Hay in his note to Secretary Hull that the issue is a domestic one capable of settlement by direct negotiation with the claimants. Secretary Hay's basic argument seems unassailable. While not denying the usefulness of arbitration as a means of settling disputes of this general character, he declares that it should not be resorted to until full use has been made of the normal domestic channels and "the existence of a denial of justice can be proved." In this case the oil companies themselves are chiefly responsible for the court's delay in appraising the value of the expropriated oil properties. The appraisal is now expected before the end of this month, and there is every reason to believe that a settlement can be reached by the end of the year, provided the remaining American companies honestly desire it.

*

A TURNING POINT IN JAPANESE-AMERICAN relations is confidently predicted in Tokyo as a result of a resumption of discussions between Foreign Minister Arita and Ambassador Grew. While the details of the preliminary conversations have not been revealed, it can be safely assumed that whatever concessions have been made have not been made by Japan. With the establishment of the Wang Ching-wei puppet regime at Nanking a month ago, Japan rejected in theory as well as in fact the basic treaty rights held by Americans in China. There is not the slightest indication that it is prepared to retreat from this position. Nor has there been any let-down in the struggle against China. Major Japanese offensive operations are reported in at least three sectors. More than a thousand Chinese civilians were killed or injured in air raids on Chungking and Kweiyang on successive days last week—the most serious raids of recent months. A year or two ago the United States was accustomed to enter vigorous protests against such raids. Today we hear no protests, and nothing is being done in Congress about the various embargo resolutions which have been up for consideration since the expiration of the trade treaty. This does not mean that the Administration has given way entirely to Japan, but it suggests that the clique in the State Department favoring appeasement has gained the upper hand. An additional factor is that some of the organizations formerly most active in urging economic sanctions against Japan are now wholly preoccupied with "keep out of war" propaganda. Doubtless this is intended to apply only to the European situation, but its net effect is to damp down sentiment for positive action in the East as well as in the West.

*

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A "RIGHT" to obtain a government contract, and common sense will approve Justice Black's decision for the Supreme Court upholding the Walsh-Healey Act. This act permits the Secretary of Labor to fix minimum wages for companies which fill government contracts. The wage rates apply only to government work. No company is compelled to bid for these contracts. The act, Justice Black said, "was not intended to be a bestowal of litigable rights upon those desirous of selling to the government; it is a self-imposed restraint. . . ." The government confines its dealings to those companies which pay decent wages. It feels that government money should not go to those who are depressing wages. The policy is for Congress, not the courts, to decide. Private businesses buy where they please. The government may now do likewise.

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IS IT LACK OF COURAGE OR OF SINCERITY that prevents Democratic leadership in the Senate from bringing up the anti-lynching bill for a vote? No bill is more certain of passage if voted upon; none is in greater danger of being buried. The Gavagan anti-lynching bill passed the House on January 10 by a vote of 252 to 131. Its companion measure, the Wagner-Capper-Van Nuys bill, was favorably reported to the Senate by the Judiciary Committee on March 25. The vote was 12 to 4. Seventy-two Senators have pledged themselves to vote for the bill if it comes up. Only forty-nine need keep their word to insure passage. Majority Leader Barkley is still hesitating in the face of a threat of filibuster. Is Democratic leadership afraid of antagonizing the Bilbos and the Connallys, even though majority opinion in the South as well as the North is in favor of the bill?

*

THE FAILURE OF UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE as now constituted to provide protection against need is graphically set forth in figures just compiled by the American Association for Social Security. During 1939 the average amount paid to unemployed workers in benefits under the Social Security Act was only $84.24, whereas an average of $633 was paid to WPA workers and of $297 to recipients of home relief. Unemployment benefits were so small that they had practically no effect in reducing the burden of relief. Although an increased number of states provided unemployment benefits last year, expenditures for general relief were actually higher than in 1938. Unemployment payments were, with a few exceptions, both too small in size and too restricted in duration to be of much aid to the real victims of unemployment. The average weekly insurance check for the country as a whole was $10.85, but this average is inflated by the inclusion of $15 and $18 payments to the few well-paid skilled workers in comparatively stable trades, who qualify for maximum benefits. Forty-four per cent of the payments for part-time unemployment were for less than $5. The meager aid given to jobless workers under the various state unemployment-compensation laws is particularly indefensible in the light of the fact that only 54 cents of every dollar collected in payroll taxes were paid out in benefits. This situation has serious economic as well as humanitarian implications, since it means that close to a half-billion dollars is being subtracted from purchasing power, over and above the amount distributed to aid the jobless.

*

IT IS WORTH RECORDING WHEN ONE HAS A good time at one's own party. The dinner last week in New York, at which *The Nation* gave its first annual award to Eleanor Roosevelt, seemed even to its sponsors a delightful and stirring celebration. The award was offered for "distinguished service in the cause of American social progress," and Mrs. Roosevelt was chosen by vote from a most appealing group of candidates. Public dinners can be dull; anniversary parties are likely to be lugubrious. This particular anniversary dinner was neither. Guests and speakers alike seemed to enjoy it, and we only regret that all *The Nation's* readers were not able to be present. We have been urged to publish the speeches, and we wish we could do so. Unhappily several of them were extemporaneous and cannot be reconstructed. Excerpts from several, however, will appear next week; so readers who missed the dinner will have a chance to share at least part of its excellent fare.

Too Little, Too Late

WHATEVER else may be said about the disastrous British defeat in Norway, it has greatly clarified the military situation and opened the way for the rapid development of the main German campaign by air and sea against the British Empire. The Germans have achieved their major aims in capturing the entire South of Norway, even if the Allies retain their hold upon Narvik. That, as Mr. Sternberg shows on page 590 of this issue, would involve a loss in iron ore which can only be partially compensated by shipments from Sweden's Baltic ports. But though this will prove a serious handicap if the war is prolonged, it may seem a small price for possession of the Norwegian airplane bases, only 330 miles from Britain, and of innumerable fjords in which submarines can hide between their raids on British shipping.

From the beginning, as Mr. Villard reported from Berlin last fall, the Germans have envisaged the conquest of England by midsummer by means of airplanes and submarines. Submarine warfare has not as yet developed as successfully as they had expected. But their confidence in their superiority in the air and in their grasp of the new technique of war has never waned. With the distance their planes have to cover cut in half, and their newly won ability to fly down both coasts of Britain, they are doubtless convinced today that, despite the difficulty they will have in transporting adequate supplies of high-grade gasoline to Norway for the use of their bombers, they will soon be in readiness to launch the great air attacks upon England which they believe will prove the final phase of the war. July 15 has been the date that German military men have mentioned as marking the completion of this enterprise.

More than that, their often-expressed belief that the day of naval power is over is bound to be tremendously reinforced by the result of the Norway adventure. One does not need to accept their statements of great losses inflicted on the British fleet to know that the Royal Navy has failed in the task that the German advance into Norway set it. Whether that failure was due to Britain's unwillingness to risk its capital ships, or whether divided counsels resulted in slowness in getting into action, the inescapable fact is that the navy has not made good Churchill's promise of four weeks ago that "all German ships in the Skagerrak and Kattegat will be sunk," and that "we are not going to allow the enemy to supply their armies across these waters with impunity." Undoubtedly the navy has inflicted great losses upon the German navy and sunk many German transports with horrifying loss of life. None the less, the German land forces in Norway have been supplied in one way or another sufficiently to carry on a successful campaign. That it was not all through the air is apparent from the fact that tanks and motor vehicles of various kinds were used in the Norwegian operations.

The Germans may also take satisfaction in the fact that Secretary Edison in Washington has now officially admitted that "for the moment" the airplane is ahead in its war with the battleship, and that therefore the entire vast battleship-building program of the American navy will have to be stopped and the plans for ships redrawn to provide better deck protection against airplane attacks. This is an amazing confession by our naval authorities, who have persistently, from the days of General Mitchell and Admiral Sims, refused to believe that the days of the battleship might be numbered.

The Germans, on the other hand, led by Göring himself, have believed for years that domination of the air is the new road to military success, an opinion in which they were fortified by their actual war experiences in aiding Franco to achieve victory in Spain. Their next move, there is some reason to believe, will be to use the Norwegian bases for extended raids on British coasts. It is the west coast which attracts them most, because they are determined to cut England off from the Atlantic trade routes. They can concentrate upon these now because English trade with Scandinavia is finished. Moreover, their objectives are also the great shipbuilding plants and merchant harbors. When they begin bombing England it will be with the particular aim of destroying the private and naval shipyards in which repairs are now being made upon damaged warships and in which the five great new battleships upon which Churchill has counted so much are being completed.

It by no means follows that this ambitious program can be carried out or that the British, fighting in their own territory in a campaign which has been clearly foreseen from the beginning, may not be able to repel the German assaults, to say nothing of counter-attacks by British and French aviators upon Germany. But to be safe and win, the British must display better brain work, greater speed, and far greater efficiency than they have demonstrated in the Norwegian episode. From the beginning they have underestimated the skill and power of their opponents, their strength in the air and their ruthlessness. The British, moreover, have failed to realize the truth of what the Germans have been saying—that the tactics and strategy of this war bear little or no relation to those of the last. It is a dangerous sign, too, that they have lately been boasting in the most un-British way of what they were going to achieve. Less than two weeks ago a semi-official British statement given to the American press men in London said that the Germans had better begin to "run for home from all their posts in Norway" because they were going to be destroyed.

Every move of the Chamberlain administration in relation to Nazi aggression has been characterized by procrastination, lack of imagination, and a preference for half-measures. Too little, and too late, will be the verdict of history on this government, and unless a stronger and abler substitute is found quickly, these words may form the epitaph of the British Empire as well.

Sequel to a Melodrama

THE Schweinhaut report to Attorney General Jackson on the FBI raids in Detroit seems an odd document. Its tone absolves and approves. Its findings—and its omissions—condemn. It shows that the FBI agents did, indeed, make these raids under terrifying circumstances, in two cases breaking down doors at 5 a. m. to effect entry. It admits that the agents acted without search warrants. It admits that in all but one case those arrested were denied the right to notify counsel. It indicates that they were held incomunicado. Though the Schweinhaut report does not say so, it is clear that basic constitutional rights were violated. Attorney General Jackson forwards the report to Senator Norris, whose protest led to the investigation. He clears the agents who took part. He says that they acted "within their instructions." Does the Attorney General approve of those instructions? We have too high an opinion of the Attorney General to believe that he does.

"The bureau's . . . work for law enforcement," the Jackson letter to Senator Norris says, "is conducted with the fundamental purpose of observing the rights of defendants." This was hardly so in Detroit. When some of the defendants objected to the lack of search warrants, agents informed them that none were needed. "It is apparent," Schweinhaut reports, with characteristic understatement, "that some of the material taken would not come within the catalogue of seizable material as outlined by the Supreme Court."

When the charges made in Detroit are compared with the findings reported to Washington, gaps appear, and the gaps are also significant. It was charged that the agents failed to tell the defendants why they were being arrested. Schweinhaut reports that the FBI agents were instructed not to discuss the facts of the case. It was charged that the FBI did not permit the accused to notify counsel. The report says the agents were instructed not to permit the defendants to make any telephone calls when arrested. In one case, the report declares, a defendant was permitted to call his lawyer. The defendants charged that they were held incomunicado. The report discloses that only two of the prisoners were allowed to make telephone calls from the FBI office from the time of their arrest at 5 a. m. until their arraignment at 3 p. m. None of them were permitted to telephone counsel. An attorney for several of the defendants called on the United States attorney in the morning but was refused permission to see them. He made the same request at the FBI office, and after a heated exchange, permission was again refused. The lawyer, according to the Schweinhaut report, was only permitted to see the defendants for about fifteen minutes, and then only in the presence of FBI agents. Yet the right to consult counsel privately has been recognized as fundamental by the Supreme Court. The report blames the chaining of the prisoners on the federal marshal who took them into custody after they were arraigned. Detroit newspapers published pictures showing the prisoners in chains before arraignment while they were in the custody of the FBI.

We hope that neither the Attorney General nor Senator Norris will be satisfied with this report. Enough has been uncovered to show that the rights of the accused were violated by the methods and manner of the raids. Whoever was responsible for the instructions in the case should not escape condemnation. The Detroit report indicates the need for the broader inquiry Senator Norris demanded and for an explanation of what reforms are expected from the newly established Neutrality Unit. In sedition and neutrality-law cases it will apparently provide some check on the activities of J. Edgar Hoover. But will it stop there?

Will the new unit have any authority to end the compilation of a Dilling-style card index of persons whose economic and political views Hoover considers dangerous? This is the kind of work done by all efficient, totalitarian secret-police departments. Will the new unit serve as a check on the recently reestablished General Intelligence Division, source of the worst abuses during the post-war hysteria of the early twenties? Will the new unit provide a check on the FBI's "plant-protection" activities? Will it give assurance that these activities are protection against espionage, not against trade unionism? Will it end the practices revealed by the Christian Front trial and the raids on Loyalist sympathizers in Detroit and New York? Can it guarantee that the FBI will not continue to tap wires, in plain violation of the Communications Act of 1934?

What the new unit will accomplish will depend largely on its personnel and the determination of the Administration. The task is a difficult one. The FBI and its director have survived one Administration after another. They are well intrenched both in Washington and in their fifty branches throughout the country. Mr. Jackson is to be commended for this new curb on G-man Hoover, but we still believe that the best way to end illegal and extralegal activities by the FBI is first to find out exactly what it has been doing. Only a Congressional investigation can do the job.

Mussolini's Timing

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ITALY can gain from going into the war only if Germany wins and wins quickly. Even then it will gain much or little depending on its own power and strategic position when victory comes. Hitler is not going to give Mussolini as free gifts pieces of territory that he can use himself. Italy will get what it can take and no more, and will keep only what it holds when the loot is divided. So Mussolini has been stepping precariously along a narrow fence. Today he acts as if he were about to jump off and join his Teutonic comrades in the great crusade against pluto-democratic tyranny. The British defeat in Norway has encouraged his belief that Germany is bound to win, and he seems inclined to assume that victory will come soon. At least his press and his spokesmen shout that belief on order. Their shouts may be only sound effect, but they may be a part of the process of preparing an unwilling people to take part in an unpopular war alongside a detested ally.

At any rate, the world is taking Fascist truculence at its own value. It would be dangerous to do otherwise. The President of the United States last week initiated a series of moves designed to buy off Italy from its apparent war-like purposes. Mr. Roosevelt consulted with the Italian Ambassador at Washington, and the American Ambassador at Rome conferred with both Mussolini and Ciano and then went to see Myron Taylor at the Vatican. Naturally no report of the talks was published, but it was hinted that the United States held out the promise of more trade and a new trade treaty if Italy would keep the peace. Mussolini is supposed to have inquired whether the United States "understood Italy's position." Ciano indicated that Italy would not go into the war immediately; some reports said not for "ten days."

The fact is, the United States, with all its power to grant or withhold economic favors, cannot offer enough to keep Italy out of the war if Hitler seems to be winning; Mussolini must be in at the kill. On the other hand he will require no bribes to stay out—however readily he may accept them—if he feels the Allies are winning or if a long war seems in prospect. For, as everyone knows, Italy cannot last out a long war without access to great quantities of oil and iron. Its stored supply of oil is supposed to be barely sufficient for a six months' struggle. And where is more to come from? Certainly not from Russia or Rumania, which cannot supply Germany with more than a fraction of its needs. Certainly not from the Americas or the Near East as long as the British fleet is intact.

It is improbable that the United States will press its case too far. For this country also has a difficult problem to face in its dealings with Italy. American interests naturally support a limitation of the area of warfare; the United States would lose its considerable Mediterranean market the day Italy declared war. On the other hand it would be short-sighted to grab at commercial advantages which might be turned into aid for Hitler; a great increase in trade with Italy would certainly augment the flood that flows through the Brenner to supply the German army. The most the President can safely offer Mussolini for continued neutrality is probably too little to affect his course decisively.

What Mussolini wants is to choose his own time to act. His press is loud with innocent astonishment at Britain's warlike moves in the Mediterranean: moving the fleet to Alexandria is a provocation; the Near Eastern army of Britain and France is a direct threat. And in a sense the Fascists are right, however insincere their surprise, for the Allies seem to have accepted at its face value Il Duce's promise of ultimate action on Hitler's side and to have made a series of anticipatory moves. Whether these moves are again "too late and too little" only time will show. But they are the only signs on the widening horizon of war that the Allied governments have anticipated any single act of any potential enemy. That they will go farther and act first themselves seems unlikely; but it is something to know—from Italian as well as Allied sources—that they are not likely to be caught off guard in the east as they have been in Norway.

In the Balkans and all around the shores of the Mediterranean the tension is acute, and every country is going through the motions of readying itself for war. Whether they would all fight in case of a German or Italian invasion is questionable. The failure of Britain and France to get sufficient help to Norway in time to save it from conquest—added to their original failure in Poland—is being studied in all the East European states. (A special dispatch to the New York *Times* from Bucharest reports that at a reception for officials, diplomats, prominent citizens, and the press at the German legation, a film showing the Nazi occupation of Copenhagen and Oslo was shown. The report concludes, "Its showing did not leave the audience unmoved." Those present must have been even more deeply stirred if they happened to recall that the famous Nazi film picturing the destruction of Poland was shown at a similar gathering in Oslo shortly before the invasion of Norway.) Fear of Germany is Hitler's best ally and may save him the trouble of fighting. Germany is draining the Southeastern states now with some success, and war might lessen rather than increase its share of their resources. But if the Germans do move south and east, Italy will move too. Italy cannot allow its ally to take control of Yugoslavia—particularly the Dalmatian coast. In this region Italy's relation to Germany is similar to Russia's in Poland; Mussolini must act, if only to get there before Hitler does.

Little is said these days about Spain. But if war moves through the Mediterranean, the importance of Spain will suddenly revive. France and Britain will realize at last that when they sold out the Loyalist government to its fascist enemies they lost an ally. Spain could have been a strong friend; it may soon become a weak but dangerous enemy. If Italy goes in, Franco will probably try to remain non-belligerent, serving his Italian boss in the same way Mussolini has served Hitler. Spain is politically and economically a dead country. Strategically it is as important as ever.

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VI. TRY TO FIND VANDENBERG

BY MILTON S. MAYER

SENATOR VANDENBERG is something like an onion. You peel off layer after layer, looking for the core. And when you've peeled him all away—by golly, there isn't any core.

Don't misunderstand me. Vandenberg is liberal (for a Republican), enlightened (for a politician), and industrious (for a Senator). But you can't find out what makes him go. Dewey and Taft have cores; you may not like them, but they're there. Vandenberg doesn't add up to anything. He cancels out.

It wouldn't matter much in ordinary times. Harding was coreless, and a little brown at the edges besides, and the country survived. Alexander Hamilton thought there would be "a constant probability of seeing the station filled by characters preeminent for ability and virtue," but this preeminence turned out to be unnecessary. Almost every President looks too small for the job beforehand, and almost all of them, inducted into a great tradition, somehow rise to the office. Few Presidents, as candidates, looked as good as Vandenberg. Most of them looked a lot worse.

But these are not ordinary times. As Senator Vandenberg, the distinguished phrase-maker, has said so often, America is at the crossroads. The world is fighting for its life. The United States, in or out of the war, is going to have to act, and act heroically. Domestically, it might as well be Arthur Vandenberg as anyone else. But foreign policy, the field in which the Executive has disproportionate power in the structure of our government, is going to demand a strong Executive. Maybe Roosevelt, with his impulse to walk upon the waters, is wrong; but Vandenberg isn't anywhere.

Just try to find him. Our great isolationist used to be a fire-eater. Away back in peaceful 1912, as editor of the Grand Rapids *Herald* he was warning everybody that "the time will never come, so long as the Republic lives, when the honor of the nation will not call for whole-hearted defense at the hands of every one of the nation's sons." By the time of Wilson's second inauguration Editor Vandenberg was all the way in: "One right yielded up only invites the loss of a second—then a third. The endless chain! Soon infringements pyramid, and assailants, encouraged by ease of unchallenged conquest, commence to plot against the life of the nation itself. Somewhere the stand must be made."

Suddenly, after the war, the editor remembered his Midwestern Republicanism and fell under the spell of Borah. He discovered that the war was not fought for "the life of the nation" but for Wall Street. He sponsored the munitions investigation with Nye and went so far out on the limb that he couldn't get back even when Detroit, the motor interests, and the Booth papers in Michigan, all favored the lifting of the arms embargo last fall. The fighting editor had become the isolationist Senator.

Last winter, when the renewal of the Japanese trade treaty of 1911 came up, Vandenberg, still talking isolation, turned interventionist. His successful resolution to abrogate the treaty was, according to Walter Lippmann, "the longest step on the road to war that the United States has taken since President Wilson announced in 1915 that the United States would hold the German government strictly accountable for its acts." Then Russia invaded Finland, and Vandenberg, following the interesting behavior of that other distinguished ex-isolationist, Herbert Hoover, demanded withdrawal of our recognition of the Soviet Union. (Of course he was strictly isolationist, as was Hoover, when Germany invaded Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Danzig, and Poland.)

What, then, does Vandenberg's foreign policy add up to? Either opportunism—if he had won the arms-embargo fight he'd have clinched the Republican nomination—or nothing.

He is and always has been a strict eighteenth-century protectionist. Even Landon and Knox have caught up with Adam Smith, but Vandenberg stands pat. Or does he? "I could make a hell of a good speech on either side of the reciprocal-trade treaties," he told me in the midst of his glorious struggle against them, "but you can't say anything for them to a farmer west of the Mississippi." It sounds like opportunism, and the man who fights free trade and at the same time squawks about the mounting pile of gold at Fort Knox is certainly either opportunistic or stupid.

Yet it is on international affairs that Vandenberg is at his most consistent. On domestic problems you can't locate him at all. He has stood squarely on both sides of every issue of the past ten years. He has been against subsidies to the farmer and for the payment of equalization fees; for the RFC and against pump-priming; for economy and against reorganization; for devaluation and against "repudiation"; for housing and against the spend-lend theory (and for and against housing); for the SEC and against marginal-trading and holding-company regulation; for tariff and loan benefits to the suffering rich and against relief benefits to the suffering poor (and for and against relief); for and against federal control of relief; for budget-balancing and at the same time for a general pension; for and against income-tax publicity; for higher surtaxes and against taxation of tax-exempt securities.

If you're groggy, think of Vandenberg. It must be terrible to get to your feet to speak against a measure and then find yourself speaking for it. But there is method in at least some of his ambivalence. Take this spinner: "I heartily believe that human rights far outweigh property rights in their value and their challenge, tempered always with the reservation that property rights are among the greatest of human rights and that you can't have the latter without the former." The average civil libertarian who has left his syntax separator at home never discovers that Vandenberg is saying that property rights outweigh human rights.

The man is canny. He gets himself the reputation of a great compromiser, a reasonable sort of fellow, and the compromise always winds up with his side taking the pot. "My ideas of 1940," he tells me, "are as different from my ideas of 1928 as black from white. In those days we were all under the inertia of the twelve fat years. The Democrats were the same as the Republicans. What the hell was the difference between John W. Davis and Calvin Coolidge?" What worries me is: what the hell is the difference between John W. Davis, Calvin Coolidge, and Arthur H. Vandenberg? His ideas change not only once every twelve years; they change once every twenty-four hours. If I knew it was unadulterated opportunism, I wouldn't be worried. I'd say that here is a tory playing the smartest politics in the country. The "we-agree-with-your-objectives-but-not-with-your-methods" gag is still the only way to beat the New Deal, and Vandenberg is the only Republican candidate who knows it.

From 1934 to 1938 the Senator from Michigan *was* the Republican Party. The only Republican from a populous state to survive the second Roosevelt landslide in 1934, he rose to the top of the party by the simple expedient of being the only man in it. And he alone among the Republicans—though he had the Old Deal Democrats with him—had the political wisdom to recognize that the best way for a little fellow to lick a big fellow is to climb on his shoulders. So Vandenberg went along with measure after measure, went along far enough to disarm the country. Then—he turned and struck. He is the "fifth column" of American politics.

It was beautiful to behold. Here was no partisan, no diehard; here was a genuine statesman who, devoted though he was to the noble objectives of the New Deal, felt himself compelled, regretfully, almost tearfully, to knife nine out of every ten New Deal measures. He had the Republican press all to himself—although papers like the Chicago *Tribune* watched him warily until they got his pitching—and he knew how to news-angle his publicity releases and to jolly the boys in the press gallery—"I'm just a newspaperman myself."

But his liberalism, like his personality and his learning, is synthetic. He sprinkles his "Ave Roosevelts" with frolicsome references to "bankruptcy" and "socialism." And sooner or later he gets around to discovering that the really meritorious moves of the New Deal are of Republican origin. When he couldn't attribute the 1936 boom to the Republicans, he ascribed it to "the inevitable cycle of resurgent trade."

The man can't be damned out of hand. He has done great permanent good in the Senate as a serious, hard-working legislator. He proposed bank-deposit insurance—over Roosevelt's objection, he says. He did an excellent subcommittee job on profit-sharing. He pushed automatic reapportionment through an unwilling Congress. He produced a compromise child-labor amendment which retains the spirit of the original and has a chance of ratification. He voted for the Norris-LaGuardia Act but against the Wagner Act, which, typically, he now calls "labor's bill of rights," and which, he now says, is, and should be, here to stay. Of course he wants to amend it to death because "society sees just as much need for protection against union dictators as against employer dictators." Back in 1915 Vandenberg, as an editor, campaigned for an almost Wagnerian "right of industrial petition." The right he asked for then was exclusively for labor. But that was 1915.

I'm afraid that if Vandenberg could be found anywhere, it would be somewhere between gray and black reaction. He obviously believes devoutly in the trickle theory of prosperity: pour it in at the top. He wants to save, or restore, or introduce something which—the old phrase-maker—he calls "the American way." Though Vandenberg the scholar sang the praises of Alexander Hamilton's fight for liberal construction, Vandenberg the statesman says the court has been packed. Though he has no open truck with Michigan politics, the evidence is abundant that he has no quarrel with the quiet, efficient, and rotten McKay machine in Grand Rapids. And—if you're still doubtful—the Chicago *Tribune* calls him "the most useful member of the United States Senate."

The reason Vandenberg seems to be a cut or two above the average statesman is that he tries so hard to be. He works slavishly as a Senator, attends Senate sessions and committee meetings conscientiously, and comes up with solid, specific proposals based on extended research. He is the most studious man in Congress, reads widely (the occupational disease of all editorial writers), and has written three little-known books on Hamilton.

He tries so awfully hard, and he just can't make it. He lacks both mental discipline and the insight indispensable to a theoretical basis for a political philosophy. Take his stand—subject, of course, to change without notice—on America's place in the world. He simply pretends that the rest of the world isn't there. As a boy he went wild over the American variation of European constitutional government, and never having heard of Aristotle, Locke, Montesquieu, Voltaire, or Rousseau, decided it was something uniquely American which had to be preserved from the contamination of Europe.

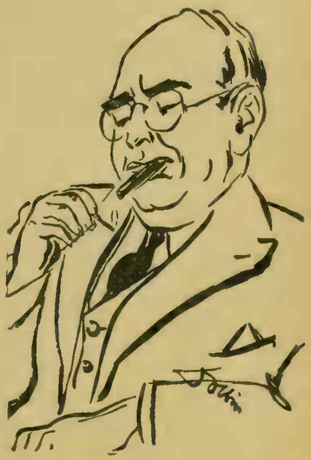
He is just as infantile on domestic policy. "Eight years of the New Deal," he tells us, "have launched certain social concepts which, in their objectives, cannot and should not be reversed." Then he discovers that the New Deal is "the most prodigal omnibus that ever rolled down the highway of American experience." And he winds up on the "we'll-do-it-better" note, because "Republicans notoriously are more practical and more efficient administrators." He just doesn't see that in a society based on piracy the men with social concepts are always the prodigals and the practical men never have social concepts.

Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg was born that way—fifty-six years ago in Grand Rapids. His father, a prosperous harness-maker, was ruined by the "Democratic" depression of 1893, and Arthur grew up to understand that the nation was saved from a fate worse than death by William McKinley and Mark Hanna. The Vandenbergs are a race of men who, though they may not have had a nickel, were brought up to revere finance capitalism and reached for their shotguns whenever James J. Hill shouted, "Inflation!"

Little Arthur had to leave the University of Michigan after he had been there a year because his health cracked under the double load of study and work. He got a job on the Grand Rapids *Herald*. The paper was bought by William Alden Smith, buccaneer and spellbinder, whose statesmanship reached its peak when, as chairman of the Senate committee investigating the Titanic disaster, he asked why the passengers didn't get into the watertight compartments. Arthur's finger-pointing, desk-thumping, pointing-with-pride, and viewing-with-alarm are all inherited from his distinguished mentor.

Smith made Arthur editor of the paper at twenty-two or twenty-three, and there he remained for twenty-five years. The state reeked with deals, particularly in utilities, and unless Arthur was a pretty poor newspaperman, and he wasn't, he knew what was going on. He became an influential Republican and a powerful campaign speaker, though he never bothered to truck with the boys in the back room. Grand Rapids and Michigan didn't interest him; the *Herald* was as pompous in its nationalism and internationalism as the New York *Times*. Michigan, for the editor, was just a springboard to Washington. When Senator Vandenberg, single-handed, kills Passamaquoddy, the Florida ship canal, and the Social Security "full reserve," the people of Michigan feel that at last they have produced a great national leader. His determination to be President is as longstanding as it is unoriginal.

Appointed to the Senate in 1928, he was returned in the election of 1934. He is and always has been dull, oratorical, and partisan, and he always conveys the impression of being interesting, profound, and patriotic. Though the smarties in Washington write him off as a bass drum, he is quick on the draw, affable, wholesomely cynical in private about his own publicity, and as attractive among men as Tom Dewey is not. Roosevelt told an audience in 1936 that if Vandenberg had been nominated that year by the Republicans, the two of them could have stumped the country together; and Roosevelt's friendship with him is matched by that of most of the men he works with, or against, in Washington. Nevertheless, he remains an uninteresting personality. In Michigan it is his prestige alone that elects him. I find people who admire him, people who trust him, people who would vote for him, but never any who feel enthusiasm for him. What he is, is an American business man, not a small one, not a big one. He booms when he talks, and he likes to sound off among fellow-business men who are impressed by his stock, not of wisdom, but of information.



Senator Vandenberg

He is beyond any doubt the best of the front runners, His fellow-Senators and the Washington press corps in informal polls agree with Farley: Vandenberg is the man to beat. Victories in Nebraska and Wisconsin would have given him the Middle West and Northwest; in view of Dewey's build-up and activity Vandenberg showed amazingly well in both primaries. He has always played the waiting game. He is waiting now, and when Dewey and Taft have burned themselves out, Vandenberg will come loping down the stretch. He profits immensely from the immaturity of Taft and Dewey. Just as Hull would pull elderly Republican votes from Dewey, so Vandenberg would pull elderly Democratic votes from, say, Jackson.

The wire-pullers in the state committees and the up-and-comers like Governor Stassen of Minnesota—and they are the boys who ought to be listened to—regard Vandenberg as far and away the strongest man for the long pull. Eastern money, which is usually listened to in Republican conventions, regards Taft as safe but unable to win, Dewey as a risk because he can be led, and Vandenberg as positively dangerous because he will lead himself no one knows where. There are Bourbons in Detroit and Grand Rapids, as well as in the East, who would take a conservative Democrat in preference to Vandenberg. They don't make the mistake of thinking he is liberal, but they don't like his straddling. They wanted him to go out and die for Old Guardism in 1934, but Vandenberg, who wanted to be reelected, talked New Dealism and squeezed through by 43,000 Detroit votes. He wants to be President, but not as badly as he wants to hold on at least to what he's got.

He is an opportunist, of course, and that is all right with the Joe Pews, but he has no positive principles to assure them that sometime, somewhere, he will take a last-ditch stand on something. He is no Hamiltonian. "Nothing appears more plausible at first sight," wrote Vandenberg's hero in the *Federalist,* "or more ill-founded upon close inspection, than a scheme of continuing the chief magistrate in office for a certain time, and then excluding him from it, either for a limited period or forever after." The patriot who now howls that a third term would be "contrary to every tradition America holds dear" said in 1910 that "if he [Theodore Roosevelt] be President again, it will be no confession of our constitutional weakness. It will be but a tribute to Roosevelt, the man, the individual, the idol. It will be no confession of the failure of our governmental methods, but . . . new evidence of the affection of a people for one who has served them honestly and well."

The Bourbons mistrust Vandenberg rightly. He will never adhere to the party for its principles, or desert it for his own. The Old Guard dies but never surrenders. Vandenberg surrenders but never dies.

Why Narvik Is Vital

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

THE smashing drive of the German expeditionary force in Norway and the precipitate retreat of the Allies to the northern tip of the country tend to overshadow one of the most important developments of the war—the grave threat to Germany's supply of iron ore. Whatever the fate of central and southern Norway, that threat exists as long as the British maintain their blockade of Narvik, the ice-free port through which in the past the bulk of Swedish iron ore has been shipped to Germany. A report that Allied planes had penetrated deep into Germany and destroyed half the Reich's armament and munition plants would arouse the public to a high pitch of excitement. Certain repercussions of the Scandinavian war, albeit invisible and unspectacular, may be tantamount to just such a raid.

Since the raw material of all armament and munitions is iron, a country's ability to manufacture necessary war supplies must suffer greatly if the domestic production of iron ore or the importation of it is hindered or stopped by the enemy. This is just what has happened to Germany as a result of the Scandinavian adventure. The Third Reich is almost entirely dependent on foreign ore. In the present war Swedish iron ore is much more important for German armament production than it was in the first World War. Even prior to 1914 Germany was not entirely self-supporting with respect to iron, but at least it had the mines of Alsace-Lorraine, and in the early days of the war it occupied the French district of Longwy-Briey with its rich iron-ore deposits. Its imports of iron ore, chiefly from Sweden, were therefore only supplementary, amounting to but one-fifth of its total requirements. By the Versailles Treaty, however, Germany was deprived of the greater part of its domestic deposits. Whereas in 1913 it mined 28,608,000 tons, its present production amounts to only 11,120,000 tons.

The actual situation is even worse than these figures indicate, for the Reich's ore is vastly inferior in iron content to the imported. Although lack of foreign exchange has led Germany to exploit even these low-grade ores, it has been compelled to import about 75 per cent of its total iron-ore requirements; in 1938 imports amounted to 21,900,000 tons. About half came from France, French colonial possessions, and Spain. The war, of course, closed all French sources to the Reich, and no iron ore reaches Germany direct from Spain. The amount shipped from Spain by way of Italy, evading the strict Allied contraband control, is negligible. Even before Scandinavia became a theater of war, Germany had forfeited about 50 per cent of its iron-ore imports, which is the equivalent of one-third of its total requirements. Normally Germany obtained from Sweden a quantity almost equal to its own production, and after the war began it strove to increase the amount. However, even while imports from Sweden were continuing undisturbed, German iron-ore production, domestic and imported, dropped about 40 per cent.

Whatever the future has in store for Scandinavia, Germany will be unable to obtain Swedish ore in quan-

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tities equaling its pre-war purchases. In 1938, the last pre-war year, 6,500,000 tons, representing more than half of Sweden's total iron-ore export, reached the Reich by way of the Norwegian port of Narvik. The remainder was shipped from Lulea and other ports on the Gulf of Bothnia without passing through British-controlled sea lanes. Now Narvik is lost to the Reich. There is a tendency in the German press to minimize the importance of the Norwegian outlet, but certain recent events contradict such assertions. Hitler valued Narvik high enough to devote almost half of his destroyer fleet to its capture, and even the battleship Scharnhorst was assigned to assist the German naval forces operating above the Arctic Circle. The British navy, in two violent encounters, wiped out the destroyers and crippled the Scharnhorst. Actual possession of the city of Narvik is not important. Whatever its future status may be, no iron ore for Germany will be loaded at its docks, for units of the British fleet blockade the West Fjord, the entrance to the port, and the harbor itself has been made dangerous by the wrecks of ships sunk in battle.

It may be asked why Germany cannot compensate for the loss of Narvik by increasing shipments of ore from the unblockaded ports of the Gulf of Bothnia. The difficulty is that Lulea, the harbor nearest to the northern mines, is closed by ice for six or seven months of the year. Gavle, a little to the north of Stockholm, is a shipping point for the iron mines of central Sweden, but these are far less productive than the deposits north of the Arctic Circle and also their ore has a low phosphoric content which makes it unsuitable for most German furnaces. Transportation of iron ore from the north by rail to ice-free ports involves a haul of 700 miles or more and many additional freight cars, which neither Sweden nor Germany is in a position to supply at short notice. Finally Narvik has been developed over a long period of years as the main outlet for Swedish iron. The Bothnian ports have been supplementary and simply do not have the facilities for handling a great increase in traffic. It seems certain, therefore, that the amount of Swedish ore going to Germany, which even prior to the Norwegian adventure had been halved owing to war conditions, will now be still further reduced, bringing total shipments to only about a quarter of the normal figure. Moreover, the distance between Narvik and Kiruna, the center of Swedish iron-ore production, is only about seventy miles. If the British remain in possession of Narvik, controlling a region close to the main Swedish mines, they will be in a position to exercise a dominant influence on Swedish production and perhaps even to oust the Germans entirely as buyers.

National Socialist propaganda makes frequent use of the assertion that in this war a "hole in the east" strips the Allied blockade of its effectiveness. This may be true with respect to certain kinds of goods but not for iron ore. If Germany's next advance is into the Balkan region, it will find there only one country, Yugoslavia, which possesses substantial quantities of iron. Even German experts commissioned to explore the economic possibilities of Yugoslavia have declared that exploitation of the iron deposits would require several years of preliminary work. At present Yugoslavia's total annual production amounts to less than Sweden's monthly exports to Germany prior to the war.

The Soviet Union offers no better prospects. Though Russia produces annually more than 30,000,000 tons of iron ore, three times as much as Germany, it needs practically the whole amount itself; only 300,000 tons, or 1 per cent of its production, was released for export before the outbreak of the present war. With the Red Army fully mobilized, Russia will find it difficult to maintain its production at the peace-time level, and at the same time intensification of armament manufacture will require increased quantities of ore. None of the recent Russo-German trade treaties mentioned the possible exportation of Russian ore to the Reich.

The weakening of Germany's war potential through loss of iron ore is subject, however, to one condition which should not be underemphasized. Germany embarked upon its war preparations many years before the outbreak of hostilities. During those years it imported sufficient quantities of iron ore to produce arms and munitions in huge quantities and even to store millions of tons not immediately needed. Its arsenals are well supplied for many months to come. In a protracted war this early advantage would gradually fade out and give place to the material superiority of the Allies. Therefore the primary condition of making the Reich feel the loss of iron ore is large-scale military action on the western front, which remains, now as before, the main theater of war. If the war drags on in the manner in which it is now conducted, the loss of iron ore will not affect Germany's war strength.

The Polish campaign was too short to cause any considerable consumption of war material. The iron requirements of aircraft production are insignificant. A small expeditionary force such as is now fighting in Norway requires comparatively small quantities of equipment. Even if a German army were sent against the Balkan countries, it would be about the size of the force employed against Poland and would thus hardly weaken the defense of the Siegfried Line. An army of one million men could be assured of an uninterrupted supply of arms and munitions from Germany's domestic production. Moreover, Germany is still able to depend on considerable reserves of scrap iron; one of the Hitler Youth's primary peace-time duties was to collect it. If absolutely necessary, the German High Command could prohibit the exportation of machines and all products made of steel and utilize all domestic iron ore for the manufacture of war supplies.

Large-scale action in the main theater of war, however, would use up a vast amount of material, much more than the total reserves now available. Experience gained during the first World War demonstrates this fact. Even then almost the entire German export trade was throttled, and all iron reserves were mobilized. And although Hohenzollern Germany, with Alsace-Lorraine and Longwy-Briey, was in a distinctly more advantageous position than Hitler's Germany, the Allies' production of war materials became visibly superior toward the end of the war. Germany's loss of 75 per cent of its iron-ore imports will enable the Allies once again to achieve superiority, but only if they force Germany to fight on the western front, employing all the forces at its disposal.

Let's Join the United States

BY MAURY MAVERICK

San Antonio, Texas, May 2

WHEN I try to talk about poll taxes north of the Mason and Dixon Line, people begin to look and talk like Fijis listening to Einstein lecture on the fifth or possibly the sixth dimension. They want to know why I was indicted; I struggle to tell them. Then they ask another irrelevant question, and I try again to explain the poll-tax laws of the Southern states. When it is all over, I have a distinct feeling that nobody quite understood what I was talking about.

Yes, I was indicted for violating the "poll-tax law." I'll tell you all about it a little later in this story; just now it is enough to say that the jury found me not guilty. But right at the start I want to say positively that I don't like to be considered a persecuted "liberal." I am a politician, and hate to lose a fight. And I have been opposed to poll taxes ever since as tax collector ten years ago I found out how rotten they were.

As for the poll-tax law, I'll unfold it as soon as I can, but for those ignorant, uncultured persons known as Yankees, and for all other non-Southerners who do not understand our peculiar, and therefore sacred, institutions, I will start by explaining what a poll tax—not a pole cat—is. Irvin Cobb came through our town during my trial and refused to acknowledge there was any difference, odor or otherwise. But Irvin was unable to give a philosophic interpretation of the black and white stripes on the pole cat.

Now to the elementary lesson for uncultured Yankees. A poll tax is a per capita levy of $1.50 to $2 on persons who possess certain alleged qualifications for the right to vote. If you don't or can't pay, you can't vote, even if you have the other qualifications. In some states the charge is cumulative: you must pay all your delinquent poll taxes before you can "qualify." They may amount to $40—more than you own, or can ever raise. If you pay, you get a "poll-tax receipt"—generally on canary-yellow or baby-pink paper. On it are a lot of facts—race, color, age, sex, residence, and so on. The original idea of the poll-tax law was to eliminate the black stripe in its entirety. In most states the law was passed within ten or twenty years after the Civil War, after the carpetbaggers had been happily run out.

Now I'm not out on a reforming tour to help the poor, persecuted black man. The truth is, I am worried about the white stripe more than the black. I say this because millions of white men have been disfranchised by the poll tax which was supposed to protect them.

Poll taxes have made it easy to steal an election. How? A political machine pays a "batch" (in Texas) or a "block" (in Virginia) of poll taxes and puts the receipts in the safe. Pays the poll taxes for whom? Sometimes for nobody; in one town in Texas some four or five thousand wholly fictitious names were added to the roll of poll-tax payers. The custom is to hold the receipts until Election Day, then give them to people meeting fairly well the description. These henchmen are thus illegally converted into "qualified voters" and are sent around to vote first in one precinct, then in another. Many a dead man, or one who never lived at all, comes to life on Election Day, voting again and again.

The political machines also pay the poll taxes of actual persons—persons who are poor and under the heel of the machine. These include the *dames de plaisir* from the red-light districts, the gentlemen who live by the ladies' occupation, dope fiends, thieves, bums, drunkards, and political hangers-on. Many racketeers also pay for batches with their own money in order to show the politician they can bring home the bacon on Election Day if the politico does right—I mean wrong.

Now in the South only from 10 to 20-odd per cent of the qualified voters vote, whereas in registration states, without a poll tax, from 60 to 70-odd per cent of the qualified voters vote. And so, by means of the middle-class vote, aided by contributions from Northern interests, with hill-billies and poor people generally excluded, the machines stay in power. "White supremacy" is the cry, and with a fear complex of black domination ruling the white voters, the results generally go the way the bosses want.

Texas, the wealthiest Southern state, has the largest proportion of its people voting of any poll-tax state—26 per cent. South Carolina has the smallest—10 per cent; in North Carolina, just across the line, where the tax has been abolished, the vote has risen to almost 70 per cent. In West Virginia, where the poll tax has been out of fashion for some time, the vote is 79.3 per cent, as shown in the 1928 and 1932 elections.

Why doesn't a Southerner pay this tax of $1.50 or $2? The answer is simple. He hasn't got it. I can show you why. The National Resources Committee recently made a study of consumer incomes in the United States. That study showed that one-third of the nation receives less than $780 a year and is unable to save anything. In fact, in the aggregate, this bottom third has an annual deficit that amounts to more than 20 per cent of the total income of the group. We also know from the Report to the President on Economic Conditions in the South that the South has more than its share of poor people. According to this report, even in the so-called prosperous year of 1929 Southern farm people received an average annual gross income of only $186. Earnings of share-croppers ranged from $38 to $87 per person—from 10 to 20 cents a day. If you must pay a poll tax of from $1.50 to $1.75, as we do in Texas, and are earning 10 cents a day, you have to work from fifteen to seventeen days to pay it.

If a mayor of a big city, a governor, corporation lawyer, or Congressman had to pay a poll tax equal to his income for half a month, it would run from $250 to $500. At that, I suppose he could pay it a lot more easily than a share-cropper can pay $1.75. More, it is against the law to borrow the money for the tax. And on top of that, the poll tax must be paid from six months to a year before the time of voting. It takes no great mathematician to figure out the results of the poll tax in the South.

Now about my being indicted. The law in Texas says that paying—that is, going to the tax-collector and paying—the poll tax of another person is a felony. Lending, giving, or advancing the money is a misdemeanor. You can buy a gun, knife, or pistol for purposes of murdering or maiming; you can also lend, give, or advance money for these purposes. But you can't give or lend any person $1.50 so that he can have his rights of citizenship.

Here is where some of the corruption enters the picture. The machine pays or "buys" poll taxes in block as I said in the beginning. But if anybody opposed to the political machine uses money even for legal purposes the poll-tax laws are used to persecute and intimidate this opposition.

I didn't "buy" any poll taxes. This is what I did do. I made a contribution of $250 to a local union with a supposed membership of 2,000 out of $1,000 contributed to me by the national union. I told the local union to use it for a poll-tax campaign, for advertising, for taking members to the tax-collector, and for other legal purposes—but not for the actual payment of poll taxes. A whole pack of indictments were returned against me, some of them for the felony of paying the poll tax of another person, some for the misdemeanor of advancing or lending the money. Since obviously I could not be guilty of both, they tried me on the felony charge.

All my enemies are not wicked people. Many are highly virtuous, conservative citizens who fear the black menace or the Pope's navy or "radicalism," or who are employed by the economic groups that exploit the South. In general they are a group out to get a Roosevelt, a Maverick, or anybody else who won't do his bit to keep the colored people, the white share-croppers, the whole lowest third down in the dirt. They are not necessarily my personal enemies. They may merely want to maintain the economic *status quo;* or they may be swayed by race prejudice; or they may be afraid to let the people have the right of suffrage. A lot of good citizens of course are for poll taxes because there have been poll taxes since they were born.

Those who know anything of the economic history of the South know that ever since the Civil War the South has been in debt to the North—that is, to the financial interests of the North. Southern resources and Southern purchasing power are being suctioned out of the South. Over 90 per cent of the country's corporate wealth is owned in the North. Financially, politically, economically, and psychologically the South is a colony of the North. Those who want to preserve the poll-tax laws want to preserve this absentee ownership.

I want to abolish the poll tax because (1) people must have the right to vote if they are ever to get their right to a decent living; (2) nobody ought to have to pay for the right to vote in a democracy; (3) a poll tax permits only a small percentage of the people to vote, and that is undemocratic; (4) it makes possible minority control by corrupt means; (5) it is troublesome, antiquated, clumsy, and unreasonable.

Now what ought to be done? Remembering the Civil War, let us Southerners be smart and abolish the poll tax ourselves before the abolitionists get us. Let's free ourselves; let's join the United States. It seems a sure shot since other areas of the country which have unrestricted suffrage are better off than the South.

Let the poll-tax requirement in national elections be abolished by federal law. I think Congress has the right to abolish it in all elections, but it is obvious that it can do it in national elections. And the abolition of a poll tax in federal elections would enfranchise millions of Southerners. Some ask what good this would do in the South, where all is settled by the democratic primary.

Well, it would establish the principle that the federal government won't make or permit undemocratic restrictions in its own elections at least—and that would be an example.

Let everybody, North, South, East, and West, join in the fight to abolish the poll tax in federal elections; let all of us Southern Americans fight to abolish it in our own states. Let us take our place in the United States as an equal among equals, with all the people partaking of democracy.

Looking Toward the Peace

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

ONE of the few really gratifying developments in recent months has been the increasing attention which is being given to the next peace. In England several important groups, political and non-political, have been at work almost since the outbreak of war on the problem of peace terms. As early as December, *Planning*, a broadsheet issued by P. E. P. (Political and Economic Planning), outlined the basis for post-war reconstruction. In this country a group of experts under the leadership of Professor Shotwell has been examining the same problem with not dissimilar results, and a special study is being undertaken by the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research. At The Hague, early in February, under the auspices of the League of Nations, a new economic body was set up which is to serve as guide in the reconstruction period.

To the average man all these activities seem utopian. The Englishman complains that they interfere with the main task of winning the war. The American is as suspicious as ever of anything that implies involvement in Europe's affairs. Yet without widespread discussion of the problems of reconstruction, a repetition of the blunders of the last peace seems inevitable. The fact that a few experts are aware of the dangers of a peace dictated by nationalistic considerations is very little protection. There were experts, too, in 1919, such as John Maynard Keynes, who accurately foresaw the dangers in the Treaty of Versailles. But their warnings were scarcely heard amid the cries for revenge of the statesmen and people of the Allied countries. Yet in the last analysis it was economic illiteracy rather than political vengeance which made the Versailles pact the war-breeding document that it was. It is true that passionate hatred for Germany led the Allied statesmen to go farther than was prudent in seeking to saddle the entire cost of the war on Germany. But this hatred could have led to even harsher political terms, such as the seizure of even more German territory, without causing as complete a breakdown as resulted from the treaty's economic errors.

These economic blunders were not one but many. Overshadowing all else was the immense burden of reparations placed upon Germany. Originally fixed at the astronomical figure of $31,400,000,000, the reparations burden was gradually reduced until it was about $8,200,000,000 under the Young plan. These demands might not have proved so impossible to fulfil if the peace treaty had not contained several other provisions designed to weaken Germany, which greatly impaired its capacity to pay. Although most of these penalties, such as restrictions on imports and the seizure of the German merchant marine, were temporary, they left permanent scars on the German economic structure. Other measures, such as the occupation of the Saar and the forced cession of Alsace-Lorraine and the colonies, also weakened the Reich economically. Similarly, the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is now generally recognized to have been an economic blunder of the first order. Equally basic was the failure of the statesmen attending the peace conferences to take some action to stem the rising tide of tariffs and other trade restrictions which the war had brought into existence. America's failure to make satisfactory adjustments on its war debts might be added as a factor contributing substantially to the lack of economic balance in the twenties.

Largely as a result of these blunders, the economic problems which will have to be faced at the end of this war are even more difficult than those which the statesmen confronted in 1919. Economic nationalism has matured into totalitarianism. Even the so-called democracies have instituted elaborate systems of restrictive controls. In quotas and in the manipulation of currencies nations have perfected instruments of economic warfare far more destructive than anything known twenty years ago. But at the same time there is general agreement among experts about the dangers of economic warfare and the way to avoid the errors of 1919. These areas of agreement are well worth detailed consideration.

There is sound reason to believe, for example, that the greatest blunder of Versailles will not be repeated. The experience with reparations was such that huge financial penalties are hardly likely to be again imposed on the vanquished. But this is not the whole story. The world may again emerge from the struggle with huge war obligations contracted under abnormal conditions.

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Should this be the case, we can only hope that the creditors will have the judgment to recall that half a loaf is better than none. The first economic principle of the peace should be that the settlement must levy no financial penalties and leave no impossible burden of international indebtedness, public or private.

Avoidance of the type of error committed in breaking up the Austro-Hungarian Empire may be still more difficult. If the Allies win a decisive victory, there will undoubtedly be pressure to divide Germany into several parts on the theory that this is the only way to protect Europe against a repetition of 1914 and 1939. Regardless of what might be said for or against such a plan politically, there can be little doubt that it would be disastrous economically. Since this fact is rather generally recognized, the chances are that the economic unity of the Reich will not be tampered with, whatever is done politically. And there are real grounds to hope that some sort of Danubian Union will be formed in Central Europe which will undo, in part at least, the damage done at St. Germain.

Even this limited advance is not likely to be achieved, however, without pressure from the United States. Yet we should not fool ourselves into thinking that the world is anxious for our advice. As a neutral, it is evident that we can obtain a voice in the councils of peace only if we are prepared to offer something of advantage. Even as a belligerent, we should have only a limited influence unless we could show that, in contrast to 1919, we were prepared to share the responsibilities of the peace. This cannot be done without a fundamental and long overdue change in popular thinking.

An offer of a general reduction in the American tariff would give us an entering wedge, though such action could hardly in itself give this country a hand in shaping the peace. The United States has, however, one thing which all countries desire—gold. It possesses nearly two-thirds of the world's supply of monetary gold. This gold is doing us no good. On the contrary, its presence here constitutes a serious economic threat: it could serve as the base for one of the most destructive inflations in America's history. And there is a danger, though probably a remote one, that if we hold on to the world's supply, gold will gradually lose its value as it ceases to be used as the medium of international exchange.

Good sense, then, would suggest that at least part of this gold be utilized for reviving international trade. As a step in this direction, the United States might offer to furnish a substantial part of the capital of a World Bank which would have as its primary function the insuring and financing of trade on more reasonable terms than could be obtained elsewhere. Such a bank might issue an international currency, backed by its gold reserves, which would greatly facilitate trade. It might also aid in the financing of post-war reconstruction.

This would be of greater value to the United States than is commonly recognized. For it might prevent a repetition of the tragic aftermath of the reconstruction period following the last war. It will be recalled that to a considerable extent the United States provided the capital and the physical material for the rehabilitation of Europe in 1919 and 1922. We have never been fully repaid for our contribution. Much of the money we advanced is frozen in uncollectible war debts. Some of the remainder is in defaulted German bonds. But though never repaid, the United States profited from the arrangement. Factories were kept busy turning out machinery and equipment for sale abroad. There were jobs enough to go around. It was only when we ceased lending abroad that our domestic problems began.

Should this war also lead to wholesale destruction—a possibility that can by no means be ruled out—the United States would again hold the key to reconstruction. Europe will again be too weakened and its economy too dislocated to provide the needed materials. Its finances will be too strained to provide all the necessary capital. The United States will presumably have a large plant capacity geared to supplying war materials to Europe. We shall once more have a choice between closing down our factories and throwing millions out of employment, or adapting our industrial plant to Europe's peace-time needs. Private capital would probably shy off from repeating the experiences of the last post-war decade. International financing might neatly avoid these difficulties and at the same time provide the foundations for a sound post-war economy. The cost of this to the United States would be: (1) the cost of overcoming the anachronistic prejudices that have shaped our commercial policy since 1919; and (2) the cost of shipping some unwanted gold from Fort Knox to, say, Basle. The advantages of the plan would be: (1) a condition of relative prosperity in this country in the post-war years; and (2) the elimination of a post-war slump arising from a top-heavy structure of international indebtedness.

As a price for this assistance in post-war rehabilitation the United States might demand that certain steps be taken toward world economic security. Many of these steps have long been recognized as being desirable in principle but have been blocked by narrow nationalistic considerations. Quotas and exchange controls, for instance, have been regularly denounced at every international conference for more than a decade. It has also been universally agreed that there should be equal access to raw materials. But the stubborn fact has remained that most trade barriers are defensive and can only be removed in a general understanding in which positive steps are taken to aid the debtor countries.

Twenty years of nationalistic legislation have greatly strengthened the drift toward economic anarchy. The Hull trade policy stands as the only important attempt on the part of a great power to stem this tide. And even in this country the efforts of Mr. Hull have been overshadowed by nationalistic developments such as the Smoot-Hawley tariff, ship subsidies, devaluation of the dollar, and President Roosevelt's sabotage of the London economic conference.

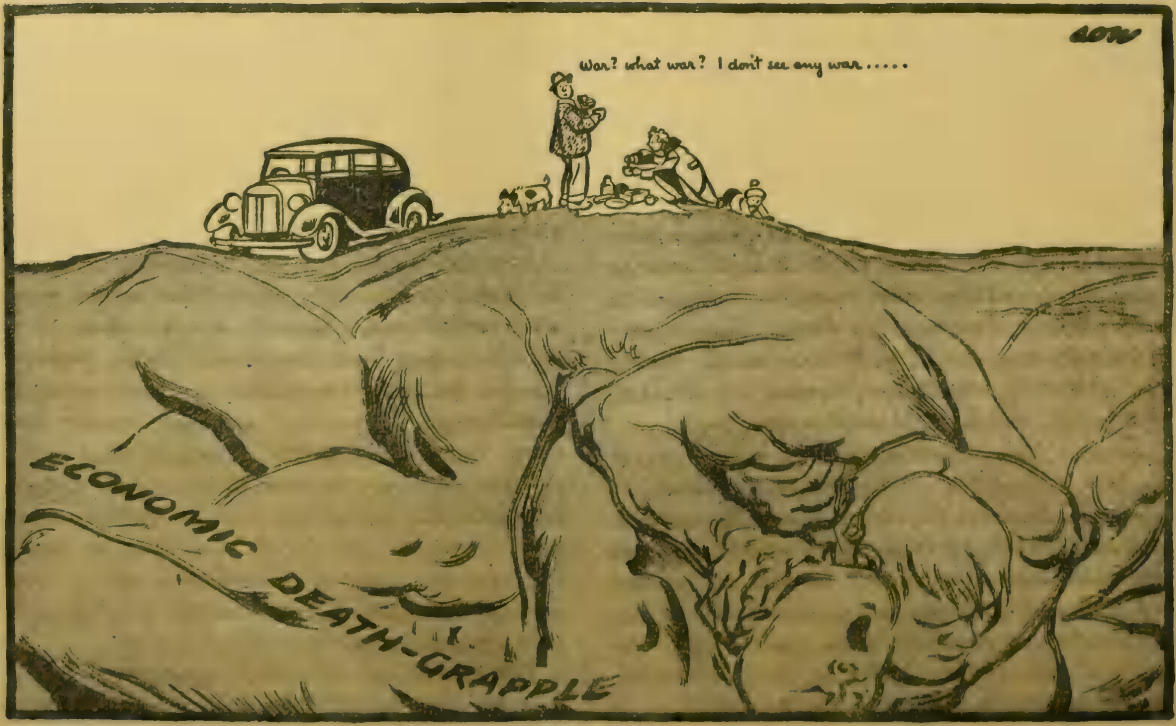
More than reciprocal trade pacts are necessary if the trend toward economic disruption is to be stopped. General agreement for the elimination of trade barriers must be obtained. But this obviously cannot be done unless the leading commercial powers, particularly the United States, take the lead. As a creditor, the United States cannot collect the obligations owed it unless it undertakes a fundamental revision of its commercial policy so as to permit a passive balance of trade. Practically speaking, this means that we, in common with Great Britain, must make trade concessions over and above those demanded of other countries.

The colonial question should be met in the same spirit. A redivision of the colonial areas of the world so that each power has a proportionate share of the world's resources is fantastic as a practical proposal. It is also cruelly contemptuous of the rights and aspirations of the peoples in the so-called backward areas. The idea that the world should be permanently divided into a few well-to-do industrial nations on one side and a much larger number of colonial and semi-colonial raw-material-producing countries on the other is dangerous and should be abandoned. Despite statements to the contrary, experience has not shown industrialization of the backward countries to be detrimental to the advanced countries. On the contrary, it has stimulated trade and raised living standards the world over.

Many of the colonial areas, such as India, the Philippines, and Korea, are presumably fully capable of self-rule. For the others, the obvious solution is an extension and perfection of the mandate system. This should be accompanied, as at present in the mandates, by guaranties of equal access to their markets and raw materials.

These steps toward a pooling and denationalization of the world's resources would work only if the economic agencies dealing in these resources were themselves subject to increased international pressures. Rapid progress was made in this direction in the years immediately preceding this war. The majority of the world's raw materials and foodstuffs have been regulated on either a European or a world basis. Control schemes or cartels have covered the production of wheat, sugar, tea, beef, timber, rubber, dyestuffs, steel, tin, zinc, oil, coke, and aluminum. While many of the schemes have had as their objective the limitation of production rather than the supplying of the world's needs, they have come to stay and might easily be diverted into more constructive channels. Creation of an international supervisory organ, possibly the new economic body set up at The Hague, would help achieve this purpose.

As a further step toward undercutting the nationalistic economic forces which make for division and conflict, the next peace conference might well arrange for international supervision of such activities as are clearly of


LOW
War? what war? I don't see any war.....
ECONOMIC DEATH-GRAPPLE

HOLIDAY

general concern. These would include transport and communications across national boundaries, postal facilities, and health work. A beginning has been made in each of these fields, but much more extensive international control would be to the advantage of all. The brilliant work done by the League of Nations Health Service in China a few years ago illustrates the very great possibilities of such a development.

None of the foregoing proposals are new. Nearly all have been accepted in principle for years. All are within the realm of practicability provided any real attempt is made to put the world's economic house in order. There remains the problem of organization, and of method. Here we have a fairly clear precedent. In contrast to the failure of the political arm of the League of Nations, the Financial Section, the Economic Intelligence Service, and the International Labor Organization, agencies established at the end of the last war to deal with economic problems, have enjoyed a conspicuous measure of success within their restricted spheres. It would seem only reasonable, then, that these agencies be expanded to take over the new activities arising from the next peace. These agencies might be supplemented by regional corporations, along the lines of our TVA, to take charge of the development of backward areas.

The technique for handling these broadened international activities has already been worked out in existing agencies. Our primary concern in the months preparatory to the peace conference should be to find the means of arousing public opinion to the necessity for American leadership and American sacrifices if the next peace is not to repeat the basic errors of the last. The time to prevent the next war is now.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Economic Defeatism

AMONG the many crimes charged daily against the New Deal by a large section of the press, that of "economic defeatism" has lately been given an especially prominent place. According to the prosecution, the Administration has been guilty of the capital offense of disturbing the American dream and of substituting for it the nightmare of a "mature economy." It has allowed its economists to broadcast a belief that our economic system has lost its dynamism, that profitable opportunities for investment have shrunk, and that, consequently, either the proportion of the national income devoted to savings must be diminished or new and unorthodox channels for capital must be developed.

Indignant editors, bankers, and Presidential hopefuls protest that such views are nonsense. How is it possible to talk of a saturation point for productive investment, they say, while at the same time you call attention to the one-third of the nation that is ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed? Thus a recent report to the American Bankers' Association by its Economic Policy Committee, headed by Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, declared: "More than half of American family incomes are still below $1,000 a year, and as long as any such condition exists we have an almost unlimited potential demand for better homes, better food, more clothing, improved housing, furnishings, and greater amounts of the services that are rendered by public utilities. We sorely need great expansion of industrial output, whether we have new expanding industries or not." Quite so, reply the New Dealers, there is an enormous market to be created by raising the standard of living of the masses, but what proposals have you for turning the potential consuming power of these millions into effective purchasing power?

Confronted by this question, the spokesmen of business retort: Give us back our lost confidence. Let Washington abandon its close regulation of industry and adopt a friendly attitude. Above all, get back to a balanced budget and cut the taxes which are breaking the backs and hearts of the wealthy and inhibiting them from investing their capital and creating new jobs. Do these things, and jobs and a rising standard of living will follow automatically.

Admittedly, the advent of an Administration in Washington prepared to adopt such a program might lead to a temporary investment boom, but unless accompanied by positive measures designed to keep purchasing power advancing step by step with productive capacity, it would quickly peter out. For, it is to be feared, business men as a whole have yet to grasp that the nature of the market to which they cater has totally changed since the nineteenth century, when capitalism, with all its sins, was certainly dynamic. If this were better understood, there would be less resentment of the description of our economy as "mature." This adjective does not imply that stagnation is inevitable, but it does indicate that the conditions of growth have altered, that instead of relying on an extensive market we must now depend on an intensive market to keep our economy progressive. The nineteenth century in America was a period of constant expansion in *Lebensraum* accompanied by inordinately rapid growth in population. Under these conditions the call for new capital investment was insistent, and, in fact, it continuously outstripped the volume of savings generated by the domestic economy. Rates of interest were high, with the result that additional capital was steadily attracted from the Old World, and particularly from Britain, whose economy had already matured in the sense that savings were in excess of profitable opportunities for investment at home. Right up to 1914 this country was still, on balance, an importer of capital, but the profits earned during World War I reversed the situation and started America off on its brief but hectic career as an international banker.

The part played in the American prosperity of the twenties by the rapid growth in foreign investments is a subject waiting to be fully explored. But there can be little doubt that had there been no such outlet for excess savings, the situation we face today would have arisen much sooner. For these foreign loans left this country in the form of goods and thus created a market for the surplus production which domestic purchasing power was unable to absorb. Thus our economy remained in balance, albeit precariously, until the 1929 crisis led to our precipitate abdication of the role of world's banker.

The best indication that, throughout the thirties, our capacity to save was outstripping the capacity of private enterprise to find new investment objectives is the steady fall in the rate of interest, indicating an excess in capital supply over demand. In 1936 and 1937 there was a brief period of investment expansion, marked by a slight rise in money rates, but it ended in a heavy accumulation of inventories—a sure sign that consumer purchasing power was unequal to the task of absorbing an increased industrial output.

It is easy to agree with Wendell Willkie that the age of invention is not past. We are not likely to suffer from a lack of new products and new and better ways of making old products. But as Dr. T. J. Kreps, economic adviser to the TNEC, pointed out recently: "If we vigorously push advances in technology and refuse to make the requisite economic adjustment we will set up grave tensions in our society." One adjustment necessary, he indicated, was a willingness on the part of industry to pass on the fruits of technological improvements. For where costs saved by the installation of a new process are wholly added to profits, there is normally a substraction of purchasing power from the pockets of displaced workers accompanied by an accretion in saving power, since profits are the main source of savings. But if purchasing power lags, there can be no profitable opportunity for the investment of these savings, and a new economic disequilibrium is created. To quote Dr. Kreps again: "No industry should even pretend to boast that it has made technical progress except as it measures progress in terms of lower prices." Only by so doing will it make a positive contribution to increased demand for goods and so open the door to new investment. No doubt this seems like economic defeatism to many business men because the implication of the argument is that capital must be content with a lower rate of return. But to me it seems that the real defeatists are those capitalists who insist they cannot function without a reward as great as in the days when savings could not keep pace with investment, and thrift was an economic as well as a moral virtue.

In the Wind

IN THE CURRENT issue of *Foreign Affairs* Dorothy Thompson writes: "The French had Jeanne D'Arc, but they burned her, and only canonized her when she had been dead a long time." On this the London *Spectator* comments: "We English have been accustomed to treat the murder as a stain on our own escutcheon, but we shall certainly be quite ready to share the discredit with our French allies."

CONSTANTINE BROWN'S story in the Washington *Star* suggesting that a British invasion of Holland was imminent aroused a good deal of criticism in the capital along the lines indicated in *The Nation* a fortnight ago. Many observers contended that the story was a Nazi plant, with Brown the innocent victim. Last week there was a sequel: Constantine Brown, Jr., a University of North Dakota freshman, went to Canada to enlist in the Canadian army.

WHEN JOHN STEINBECK'S "Grapes of Wrath" appeared, the Associated Farmers of California denounced the book and publicly tried to have it banned. Now Robert Franklin, public-relations chief of the association, is explaining that the opposition was all designed to get people to read the book and to focus attention on the migrant problem.

A LONDON business concern—run, incidentally, by a woman—bears in the corner of its stationery the legend: "Our telegraphic address is: Chastity, London." Across the first of the two words is now stamped the phrase: "Canceled for the duration."

HEADLINE IN the Boston *Evening Globe:* "Bremen Sinks Again." . . . One feature of *PM,* New York's new newspaper scheduled for June appearance, will be its lavish treatment of radio news. In general the press has minimized radio coverage, fearing that radio would ultimately injure the newspaper business. *PM* will devote several pages a day to it. . . . There has been a shake-up at the New York *Post,* with a new executive editor installed.

OSCAR AMERINGER, veteran grass-roots radical, is in New York visiting the publishers of his forthcoming biography. To intimates Ameringer confided his major grievance: luncheon engagements. Out West, he says, he never eats lunch because it makes him sleepy; here he is forced to. "If I want to see someone, he takes his notebook out right away and says—lunch tomorrow? People like to get their teeth into things here."

CAMPAIGN NEWS: Three years ago a private appeal was made to Postmaster General Farley for the issuance of a Booker T. Washington stamp. Mr. Farley wrote back that "the time was not propitious." A fortnight ago a ten-cent stamp bearing Booker T. Washington's picture was issued.

NEWEST NAZI propaganda device is the circulation of faked editions of British papers in neutral countries. A replica of the London *Standard* showed Hore-Belisha on the Bal Tabarin stage in Paris, London butcher shops without meat, a massacre of the R. A. F., and anti-Semitic mobs rioting in Britain. The photographs were almost uniformly faked or "edited." . . . Amid all the talk about war propaganda here, observers have completely overlooked what is probably the most primitive and effective type; it is appearing in pulp magazines, where all villains now are Huns.

THE HARVARD *Progressive's* current issue contains a survey of virginity at Radcliffe. Figures are furnished. . . . Senator Charles O. Andrews of Florida recently told St. Petersburg legionnaires: "I wouldn't mind seeing every Communist branded with a 'C' on his forehead."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MORE than three years ago I received a letter from an officer in the Army War College in Berlin in which he discussed the international situation. He declared among other things that German military opinion held that Germany would win the next war easily because the British had lost their virility and force; all signs of vigorous leadership by young and able Englishmen, he said, were lacking. I think this belief has been very potent in German circles. Indeed, it has been generally accepted that when Ribbentrop was ambassador in London he constantly stressed this to Hitler, reporting most unfavorably upon the brain power, energy, and ability of the men in English public life.

The events of the past few weeks have gone far to bear Ribbentrop out. From the beginning of the war there was grave doubt in England as to whether the government would be able to carry on the war effectively without being made over completely. I reported from London at the outbreak that no one gave Chamberlain more than three months. When I returned from Germany in November, however, I found that Chamberlain was actually stronger than he had been at the beginning of hostilities. None the less, having been profoundly impressed while in Germany with the strength and ability of the Nazi machine and army and their absolute determination to win the war, I felt much uneasiness at the lack of corresponding strength and fighting determination in English governmental circles. That the Norwegian fiasco will now compel a reorganization of the Cabinet appears certain. The only question is, can it be efficiently done?

There is no doubt that the only man in the Cabinet who seems to have a fighting edge comparable to the German leaders is Winston Churchill. But even he does not appear to have come out of the Norwegian mess without damage. It is true that at this distance we are perhaps judging without adequate knowledge. Superficially it looks as if the British fleet had been too slow in getting into action and, though parts of it fought magnificently, did not do harm enough to prevent the Germans from following up their surprise landings not only with reinforcements by air and sea but actually with tanks and great supplies of ammunition and equipment of all kinds. It is rumored in London that Churchill is not to blame; that he was overruled in the Cabinet and that the British fleet was held back because of the tremendous British fear of losing more capital ships.

Churchill's own utterances have not helped him. He declared, it will be remembered, when the Germans landed, that Adolf Hitler's invasion of Norway was going to prove as disastrous to him as Napoleon's invasion of Spain was to that corporal. Later on he gave assurances that the British were doing extremely well and were going to strike a terrific blow; then nothing followed but defeats. He will therefore have to do a good deal of explaining and be able to prove conclusively that he was prevented by others from smashing the German attack on Norway if he is to retain his prestige. Meanwhile uneasiness at the failure of the British to report naval losses in Norway increases. While German statements cannot be accepted at their face value, they have none the less often proved to be correct; and Norwegian and American reporters are now cabling about the destruction of British warships which they have witnessed though those losses have not been acknowledged by the British government. Still another straw is the recent announcement that the British will furnish no names of merchant ships sunk.

The alarming thing is that while it is plain that Englishmen should try to reconstitute the War Cabinet with only vigorous, able men in it, no one knows where these men are to be found. Certainly Anthony Eden is no great shakes, and the Labor Party has no outstanding leader. If it were called upon to take over the government tomorrow, it could hardly do so with any assurance that it could provide the men and the brains to take big chances and smash through to a great victory. There is also no one in the Liberal Party; Lloyd George is too old to come back, and Sir Archibald Sinclair is of medium quality.

I know it is customary for commentators like myself to say that England's lack of vigorous leaders of middle age is due to the frightful losses of the last war. But the Germans had frightful losses, too, and yet they have men of the right age who are fighting this war with dash, lightning-like strategy, and tremendous organizational ability. I do not think the fact that Britain was so slow in introducing universal military service that its most virile youths volunteered and were killed is an adequate explanation. Moreover, we are twenty-five years from the last war, long enough for many who were not old enough to fight in the last war, like Malcolm MacDonald now in the Cabinet, to grow up and reach front rank.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Waldo Frank, Pilot

CHART FOR ROUGH WATERS: OUR ROLE IN A NEW WORLD. By Waldo Frank. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.75.

DESPITE its comparative brevity Waldo Frank's book contains several theses and moves on more than one level. On the level of political analysis the book is a vigorous attack upon isolationism. On the level of cultural and religious analysis it is a carefully reasoned polemic against the whole religion of "liberalism" which arose in the eighteenth century and which, in the opinion of the author, cannot help us to understand the tragedy of our era or to find a way out of its confusion.

The political thesis can be briefly stated. Mr. Frank does not believe that we ought to become involved in the war. But he is profoundly disturbed by the efforts of isolationists to prove that Europe can go to hell without any concern of ours. Perhaps it is best to state his thesis in his own words:

> We must try . . . by every means to avoid physical involvement in war. Not because we are not in this world war; we are in it: but because we can best consolidate our values as an immediate norm of action by keeping our powder dry. This being our strategy, we should do all we can to keep the war from spreading. And that means we should take definite sides and openly and authoritatively state the hope of 90 per cent of us, from President downward, in the present conflict. The new Communist "line" of making no distinction between imperialist Britain and Nazi Germany is disgusting. You might as well say that anemia is no worse than bubonic plague because both are diseases. . . . To destroy fascism by a frontal war alone is hopeless, for the seeds of fascism are within us. Nevertheless, when fascism externalizes itself in the body of a great power, which we have allowed to fatten on our cowardice and crimes, we must actively hate it, better late than never; and help its enemies, whatever their limitations.

This seems to me sound doctrine; and it is refreshing to find it vigorously elaborated against the horde of modern idealists who seek to prove the sensitivity of their moral and political judgments by the discovery that no one comes to this struggle with "clean hands." As if anyone, individual, nation, or class, ever came to any struggle, no matter how decisive for world history, with clean hands!

Mr. Frank does not answer those who maintain that it is impossible to favor the capitalist democracies in this conflict without finally becoming ourselves involved. I do not criticize him for this omission, for the answer would have carried him beyond the purposes of his book. It is nevertheless important to meet this major argument of our isolationists. He does point out that Britain became involved in this Continental war by its vigorous efforts to stay out of it, a policy which involved British acquiescence in Nazi aggrandizement. We are still trying to prove that we are not a part of Europe, just as Britain tried to prove that it did not belong to the Continent. This policy will have the same fatal results for us as it had for Britain unless an Allied victory, to which we do not want to make any contribution, saves us. We criticize in advance the peace which the Allies will make, in the event of their victory, in order to quiet our conscience. But we haven't begun to face the question of what will become of our "democratic ideals," not to speak of our vital interests, in the event of a Nazi victory. Mr. Frank sees all this very clearly, but he has not fully developed that side of his thesis.

The analysis of modern culture is integrally related to the political analysis in Mr. Frank's book by reason of his conviction that the "cowardice" of what is still left of a democratic world is only partly prompted by the dishonest class interests of the Chamberlains and Bonnets. It is partly prompted by the rationalistic illusions of our modern liberal culture. This culture, for which the foundations were laid in the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, is, according to the author, deficient in the "tragic sense of life." It substituted "well-being" as the goal of human effort for the too otherworldly "salvation" of classical religion. But it evidently didn't measure the human problem in sufficient depth or it would not have missed "well-being" so completely. It believed in "the efficacy and autonomy of reason and the goodness of the individual will."

In its optimism and rationalism it failed to gauge the irrational vitalities which lie below the level of reason but frequently make reason their tool and slave. Mr. Frank, though a Marxist in politics, rightly places orthodox Marxism in the category of this bourgeois liberalism. It has only a provisional understanding for the subrational dynamics of life. It believes that reason is corrupted only by class interest and will function purely on the other side of the revolution.

In its individualism, modern culture begins by making the individual an end in himself and ends by losing the individual. It creates "individuals" but not "persons," according to Frank. Here he concurs in an idea developed by the great Catholic philosopher, Jacques Maritain. The individual who feels himself organically related to the whole and achieves dignity only as he becomes the bearer of values greater than himself is a "person." In other words, modern culture does not truly measure either the depths or the heights of human personality. It cannot therefore accurately gauge or anticipate the malevolence to which human conduct may sink or fully understand the mystery of human freedom.

Mr. Frank believes, in short, that modern culture has sadly strayed since it departed from the "Great Tradition." By the Great Tradition he means the prophetic elements in Hebraic and Christian faith. The optimism which was to guide it to Utopia has brought it to an abyss of evil which is beyond its comprehension. The individualism which it asserted against medieval authoritarianism has decayed into capitalistic exploitation or into Marxist collectivism, in which respect for personality can become so debased that Stalinists universally speak of their erstwhile comrades and present foes as "vermin." In expressing a very great appreciation of this frontal attack on modern culture, it may be wise to introduce a personal note and admit the appreciation comes from a theologian who is also an amateur social philosopher and is extended to a social philosopher who is also an amateur theologian. The "worldlings" may thus properly discount the appreciation. Yet they might profit by reading the book. It might shake the orthodoxy of their "liberalism." For liberalism has hardened into an orthodoxy and seeks desperately to maintain itself in defiance of all the tragic events of contemporary history, which make nonsense of its certainties.

By way of criticism it ought to be mentioned that in Mr. Frank's program of action he works out the program of a new political party which would contain all his cultural as well as political planks. This is not realistic. Despite his justified assertion that a political program which is only political is poor politics, there is no reality in the multi-planked platform of his party. Political parties express themselves against the background of a total culture, but the shift in cultural emphasis is not properly a matter for political parties. No political campaign will ever persuade modern civilization that it has strayed too far from the "Great Tradition." Something more tragic and ineluctable than political contests is necessary, though of course a new cultural orientation would ultimately express itself in the temper and the objectives of political life. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Where Marx Was Right

MARXISM: AN AUTOPSY. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THIS is another contribution to the growing critical American literature on Marxism, and one of the most interesting. Dr. Parkes's criticisms of Marxism, especially in its Communist application, are often just, shrewd, and suggestive. Yet the total effect is unsatisfactory. There is no historical approach to Marx: Dr. Parkes himself commits the orthodox Marxist error of considering Marx's ideas as if they were absolute, which in one case leads to Marxology and in the other to misunderstanding and injustice. Nor is there enough separation of Marx from Marxism. Finally, a constructive critic of Marx should remember and specify where Marx was right. While Dr. Parkes occasionally admits that Marx was right, the admission is always qualified—Marx was right but for the wrong reasons, or he made wrong deductions. Scarcely anything is left of the gigantic contribution that Marx made to the social sciences. Yet Dr. Parkes repeatedly performs a curious intellectual sleight-of-hand by accepting ideas that come from Marx and using them to criticize Marx! This book should be read; but it should be read together with Karl Korsch's recently published book, "Karl Marx," an original and brilliant restatement of the ideas of Marx that, despite its limitations, is a major effort to revaluate Marx and to decide where he was right.

Where was Marx right? The writing of history bears eloquent testimony to the influence of his ideas. Dr. Parkes admits that "the Marxist interpretation of history is, in its broad outlines, true." But he destroys the admission with carping reservations, with criticism by means of ideas that Marx himself developed, and with gibes at an economic determinism that was alien to Marx. After denying that ideas are socially conditioned, Dr. Parkes admits the truth of Marx's conclusion when he says it is necessary to "make men conscious of the *social biases and prejudices*" that shape their ideas. It is simply not true that "Marx interprets all human activity in terms of a single basic physical urge—economic needs." Indeed, so true is the opposite that Thorstein Veblen criticized Marx for his "sublimated materialism," a materialism which does not make social progress move "on the material plane of mechanical and physiological stress" but is "sublimated by the dominating presence of the human spirit." Nor was Marx wrong, as Dr. Parkes declares he was, in emphasizing, now material economic factors, and now man's own conscious activity, for that alternating emphasis is revealed by history itself. The historical crisis of our generation arose out of the movement of capitalist production, out of the series of economic changes which now press for a fundamental readjustment of institutions and ideas; but from now on man's own conscious activity must decide whether we move toward a desirable social order, with underlying economic conditions and possibilities acting simply as a limiting factor. Man makes his own history, which is nothing else than the activity of man pursuing his own ends, said Marx: but he makes it out of already existing conditions, not out of conditions chosen by himself.

Where was Marx right? The economists have resisted his influence much more than the historians. Yet Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, after a bow to orthodox prejudice, says: "Marx saw the central problem of economics in the cumulative change of economic institutions . . . and he showed how vital economic theory becomes when it is attacked from this side, especially if current processes of change are projected into the future." But nothing is granted to Marx the economist by Dr. Parkes, who apparently is not much of an economist. Thus he uncritically accepts Gardiner Means's conclusion that in the depression of the 1930's the fall in the output of goods was determined by whether or not their prices fell, although the determining factor was the cyclical behavior of goods: regardless of price, of monopoly or competition, the output of some goods necessarily falls more than that of others in a depression. On the basis of his misunderstanding of economics and of Marx, Dr. Parkes concludes: "Marx's sketch of capitalist development is, in general, valid up to the time he wrote. Unfortunately, capitalist society began to move in new directions shortly after Marx had published the first volume of 'Das Kapital.' " But those "new directions" confirm, by and large, the theoretical and institutional analyses of Marx, who emphasized the drive of capitalist production toward large-scale industry, decline of the free market and competition, monopoly and finance capital, separation of ownership from management, and economic breakdown.

Marx's labor theory of value is rejected by Dr. Parkes as a factor in price formation. But, for one thing, how can we explain the long-range downward movement of real prices except as a result of lower labor costs brought about by greater productive efficiency? The implications of surplus value and the changing composition of capital are rejected, yet Dr. Parkes writes that "the decreasing importance of labor as compared with machinery [capital] . . . decreases the proportion of the gross income of industry which is paid back to labor, and hence it tends to upset the balance between savings for capital investment and spendings on consumption goods"—Marx's own analysis and conclusion used against Marx! Dr. Parkes rejects the theory of the falling rate of profit, yet he accepts the fall in the rate of interest without realizing that the rate of interest is a function of the rate of profit: for if industry finds the interest rate too high it is because the profit rate is too low. And in general Dr. Parkes makes the besetting mistake of considering each theory by itself instead of as a link in the chain of economic causation.

The most amazing criticism of Dr. Parkes is this: "If one studies capitalism in Marxist terms, it is impossible to explain why the system functions or why crises should occur." But that is exactly what Marx does explain. For Marx starts with the accumulation of capital, the making of profits and their transformation into capital, as the dynamic "law of motion" of capitalist production. As profits are transformed into new capital investment, the economic system expands, strategic new consumer purchasing power is created, and production, consumption, and profits all move upward. It is, however, the tendency of capital accumulation to outstrip itself: investment and production increase faster than consumer purchasing power. That ill-balance eventually brings a cyclical crisis, which is overcome by renewed capital investment and expansion. Thus capitalism functions through the increasing accumulation of capital; crises are a relative interruption and limitation of accumulation. The interruption and limitation become absolute when the productive system reaches a high stage of development, when old industries are fully mechanized and new industries are slow to develop; which means that industry is now unable to absorb increasing amounts of new capital and investment demand begins to decline. The deficiency in purchasing power—which Dr. Parkes asserts was neglected by Marx but which is *one* of the links in Marx's chain of economic causation—can now be overcome only if the fall in the rate of profit is accepted, only if industry lowers investment income in favor of consuming income. Out of this situation arises the permanent crisis of capitalism. Some different emphases are now necessary; there are theories that must be reformulated and new angles to be explored, but that is wholly compatible with acceptance of Marx's basic contribution to the understanding of capitalist production. Dr. Parkes rejects that contribution, yet he accepts its major conclusions in their distorted Keynsian forms: capitalist production depends upon investment (accumulation), capital tends to yield decreasing returns (fall in the rate of profit, although Keynes limits the fall to interest), investment income must diminish and consuming income grow if industry is to operate 100 per cent.

Where was Marx right? Reject his identification of socialism with the proletariat; it still remains true that fundamental social change involves a change in class relations and class power. While he rightly rejects the absolute collectivism of orthodox Marxism, Dr. Parkes's "free market" is almost as absolute; he rejects all planning—although he insists on state action to regulate monopoly prices and the interest rate and on recognition of the worker's "property-right" right in his job—and offers a determinist faith in the economic "automatism" of the market to solve the problems of an increasingly complex economic world. A fetishism of the market is no answer to the fetishism of all-inclusive collectivism. It seems to me that a more fruitful approach is this: what measures of collectivism and planning, what element of the market, and what institutional arrangements are necessary to build a more desirable economic order that will promote greater freedom?

LEWIS COREY

The Hamlet of L. MacNeice

AUTUMN JOURNAL. By Louis MacNeice. Random House. $1.50.

AUTUMN is the time when trees cast their leaves; "Autumn Journal" is the record of a man trying to cast his past from him. But it is not so easy for a man as a tree to shed the summer, and though at the end the season has changed and in Spain he sees the white plane trees bone-naked and thinks he sees the issues plain, he is still encumbered by the past. He has made an honest and determined effort to stand forth as bare as he can in the wintry weather. He is disillusioned, but he cannot entirely discard heredity and upbringing. He is still a British oak, not a Spanish plane tree. And the oak is a tree that holds its leaves long after they are sere, discolored, dead.

The autumn which his journal covers is that of 1938. It was a time for examining everything that had brought the English to that pass where, in September of that year, there was nothing for them to do but "To squander principle in panic and self-deception," and let the Czechs go down without fighting. MacNeice feels that his having been born in Ireland gives him an edge on the sentimental English. And perhaps that is why he can put down these reactions after Mr. Chamberlain had appeased Herr Hitler:

> But once again
>   The crisis is put off and things look better
> And we feel negotiation is not vain—
>   Save my skin and damn my conscience.
> And negotiation wins,
>   If you can call it winning,
> And here we are—just as before—safe in our skins;
>   Glory to God for Munich.

But by the time he reaches Spain he wants to have done with his complacent and "cynical admission of frustration." In Spain he sees what may be the future of England. But that is a perception that cuts two ways.

> The cocks crow in Barcelona
>   Where clocks are few to strike the hour;
> Is it the heart's reveille or the sour
>   Reproach of Simon Peter?

He does not know. In the midst of remorse he has still that sense which continually afflicts him, of spiritual sloth, of desire for defeat. Spain that was once a great empire, powerful in its possessions, is now a small poor country, at the mercy of greater powers. And to be no more than Spain may be the fate of Britain. But whatever their losses, the Spanish have not lost the essential desire for life that is so much more than the mere keeping alive. And the England that passes

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before us in these pages is an England whose possessions are still many, but whose people give hardly a sign of life.

For those who have inherited a dead culture, with all its burden of living without love an existence that no one loves, to die and lie under a respectable inscription might be a solution. It is not the solution MacNeice is after, though he considers it with sympathy. When a man has repudiated his inheritance, to be or not to be is more than ever the question. The properties of "Autumn Journal" are as up to date as can be; there is not much in the poem that is not contemporary and that little is given a contemporary setting. The mood, too, may be of our time. But it has, for all that it changes, always a counterpart in one or another of Hamlet's soliloquies.

MacNeice's Hamlet is as given to self-accusation as the original. He is all hesitation and doubt; he has come, not from Wittenberg, but from Oxford, and the one advantage, as he explains, of having been to the University of Oxford is that you can never afterward "believe anything that anyone says." He wants to commit some action that will redeem his will, and yet is unable to arrive at anything in which he can whole-heartedly believe. He is as irresolute as Shakespeare's prince, but it is impossible to imagine him, even in the rashness of a moment, stabbing Mr. Chamberlain, who for him plays the part of Polonius. He can wake up knowing that "The bloody frontier converges on our beds," yet do no more about it than Hamlet did after seeing the soldiers of Fortinbras. The one act recorded of him, outside of those strictly necessary for his existence, is going down to Oxford to help win an election, which is promptly lost. He does get rid of his Ophelia, but simply by the process of letting time erase her from his mind. There is a Ghost in his cast. To be accurate, there are many ghosts in the Journal; the soldiers of the last war are brought on, hordes of ghastly apparitions; and they have their effect, which is to increase his ineffectualness. But there is one ghost who pervades the whole poem and prompts its action, and that is the buried majesty of England.

But MacNeice as Hamlet is definitely post-Prufrock and besides is a contemporary of Auden's. He has been influenced by Auden as, I have no doubt, Auden has been influenced by him. But in "Autumn Journal" MacNeice shows that he is not the same sort of poet as Auden. Auden is the poet of the tortured sensibility and at his best has an intensity that MacNeice cannot attain. MacNeice is the ordinary sensual man with an extraordinary endowment for poetic speech. When Auden falls off, he can fall very far indeed; when MacNeice fails to write poetry, he still commands a wholesome racy English. Nobody expects a poem as long as "Autumn Journal" to be all poetry; the alloy that MacNeice uses is solid, even when it seems to have been insufficiently worked. For if the speech in MacNeice is strong, the verse is frequently very weak. He pretends, whenever he has occasion to mention them, to depreciate the wisdom of the classical writers, whose works he must teach for a living. But it is probably because he has them to fall back on that, when he ceases to be a poet, he is still as sound as he is. In his approach to his material and in the shape he has given it he may have found an example in the Horace of the Satires. But it is a Horace whom he has first taken care

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to bring down to his own level. He despises pumice. For MacNeice has too much of that special post-war conception of honesty to believe it desirable to revise. That would be to return to the past.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

Revolt of Haru Matsui

RESTLESS WAVE: MY LIFE IN TWO WORLDS. By Haru Matsui. Modern Age Books. $2.50.

DRESSED in kimonos of the same color, Haru Matsui and her Elder Sister lived in the dream world of the old Japan. White petals fell from the cherry tree in the garden in spring. In winter goldfish slept at the bottom of the small pool, covered over with bamboo sticks and thick mats of dry pine needles. Daughters of a professor, they lived the life of secluded Japanese women. Elder Sister conformed and became the kind of woman she was expected to be, polite, courteous, and docile Haru Matsui rebelled.

At first her rebellion was inner. She did not understand why she should not "imitate street performers and sing undignified songs." Finaly her rebellion became active. She visited slums in Kobe. She got a job, but not without difficulty; she learned that women workers may always expect to receive lower wages than men, or none at all.

Finally she went to work for an educational magazine. Here she came in contact with the "new women," whom conventional Japanese feared and abhorred. At last her activities, innocent enough in seeming, such as attending youth meetings, brought her a visit from an intelligence officer. His threat is a mirror of the standards which ruled that first world of Haru Matsui. He said: "If you frequent such meetings, no one will want you for a bride."

In the detention cell of a police station she learned that the safe shell about her dream world was in reality fragile. With thieves and other victims of the social order she spent the night in unheated quarters, under filthy blankets. Her crime was being the acquaintance of a Japanese charged with harboring dangerous thoughts.

Here the crystal dream broke. Though Haru Matsui went back to her accustomed life, it was as a stranger. Later she would come to the United States, break with her father and relatives, live the free life of a woman in America, find love and find work to do. This work has been to lecture in behalf of China.

Such a history is as delicate as the restless wave which gives it a title. It is compounded of the elusive memories of emotion recollected, not in tranquillity, but in crisis. That old world Haru Matsui left was a world of exquisite and balanced forms—at least outwardly. But underneath the formal beauty misery seethed. To the human being not destroyed by formalism, intimations of misery were bound to come; and the human being had to act on her realization of the truth beneath ostensible beauty.

Such is the subject matter of "Restless Wave." It does not purport to be a sociological treatise or an exhaustive history of the feminist movement in Japan. In lyrical, poetic terms it tells the story of a single individual who lived at a turning-point of history and of her response to new social forces.

ELIZABETH MC CAUSLAND

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IN BRIEF

THE PLANS OF MEN. By Leonard W. Doob. Yale University Press. $3.

After a consideration of the nature of planning, the author, a member of the Yale Institute of Human Relations, analyzes the main phases of human behavior and their contributions to planning; applies his deductions to existing attempts at planning in the United States and to fascism, communism, and war; and adds a section on the problems involved in planning. The obvious jostles the tentative and controversial, but this is unavoidable in an effort to achieve a comprehensive survey.

THE BLOODY MOHAWK. By T. Wood Clarke. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

This is a well-written, popular history of the Mohawk Valley during the two centuries in which it was the scene of fierce struggles among the Indians, the Dutch, the English, the French, and finally Tories and Patriots. The author, a resident of the valley, uses his local knowledge to vivify rather than to limit his narrative and produces a book of general interest. The pleasant and largely unfamiliar illustrations deserve a word.

PEOPLE: THE QUANTITY AND QUALITY OF POPULATION. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

The former president of the Population Association of America has written a popular and witty volume concerning the lack of balance between births and deaths. Beginning with a brief biological exposition, Fairchild discusses the unparalleled growth of world population since the Industrial Revolution, defends the scientific honor of the Reverend Malthus, explains the significance of some modern techniques of population forecasting, and presents a plea for eugenics. Provisionally, Fairchild advocates a stationary world population. He agrees that overpopulation is a chief cause of war and asserts that it is easier "to hold a population in check than it is to reduce it." He is one of the few writers on demography who stress the deterrent effect of modern capitalism on population growth. It is to his great credit that he utters no warnings concerning the ultimate extinction of the white race. Fairchild is at his best in his lucid exposition of the factors influencing the future of the population of the United States. He is unsatisfactory when he enters such rarified zones as the theory of optimum population and eugenics. "People" will serve as a pleasant, but not very comprehensive, introduction to an absorbing department of the social sciences.

DRAMA

The Riddle of the Sphinx

IN THE plays of Robert Sherwood sincerity and showmanship have often engaged in an uneasy collaboration. Few if any contemporary dramatists are more persistently or more somberly aware of the maladies which afflict us, few if any more skilful in handling the tricks of the trade. It was not, therefore, unreasonable to expect that "There Shall Be No Night," his new play about the war in Finland, would turn out to be an exciting thesis melodrama more or less in the manner of "The Petrified Forest" or "Idiot's Delight." But war is no longer merely a horrible possibility in which it was difficult to believe; it has become a reality in many ways more dreadful than had been imagined; and actuality has sobered a playwright plainly too deeply concerned to contrive merely theatrical effects. The result is that the piece, as currently performed at the Alvin Theater, is palpably sincere, frequently touching, and occasionally exciting. Perhaps no other recent play dealing with any aspect of the world situation has been less blatant, less melodramatic, less prone to rise into falsetto. And yet the impact of the whole is not actually overwhelming, and one leaves the theater with the sense that the play has not really risen to the subject.

This fact is certainly not chargeable to a production characterized everywhere by the same quiet and careful sincerity which marks the writing itself. Neither is it chargeable to admirably restrained and yet vivid performances by a company which includes such fine actors as Richard Whorf and Sidney Greenstreet in secondary roles and which is headed by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Neither of the latter has ever given a more quietly effective performance than that which Mr. Lunt gives as the Nobel prize winner who cannot believe that war will come, despite his conviction that the human race is steadily losing its sanity, and that of Miss Fontanne as his gay American wife, whose heroism rises with circumstances which call it forth. Both bring to their roles an intimate human quality, with overtones of comedy which add enormously to the touching effect of the whole.

If it is not merely that we expect too much, what, then, is responsible for the fact that "There Shall Be No Night" is in some ways disappointing? One may certainly point out that its action is diffuse, that it nowhere gathers itself together in a climax, and that one is perpetually waiting for a scene which never comes, for a scene in which all latent implications will be made manifest and some new clarity given to that complex of thoughts and fears which the action has been recalling to our minds. But probably all this is the result, not of any failure of technical skill on the part of the author, but of two facts: first, that he—like all the rest of us—has nothing to say that seems adequate or has not been said before; second, that so far as the mere presentation of the situation is concerned, a playwright cannot hope to compete directly and successfully with the radio, the newspaper, and the magazine. Everyone capable of comprehending even dimly what is going on in the world has been for two years at least listening with agonized intensity to the dreadful news which has been supplied more quickly, more vividly, and more completely than news of a cumulative calamity has ever been supplied before, and no play can make the news, merely as news, more real or more vivid than it already is. Mr. Sherwood certainly fails less conspicuously than most—perhaps than any—who have tried, but even his play is less dramatic than a year of radio and newspaper.

If he fails also as a philosopher, if he fails, that is, in his attempt to make any newly revealing commentary on the situation or to draw any moral which does not seem as inadequate now as it

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did when made before, his failure is part of the general failure of civilized and reflective mankind. Near the end his scientist proclaims an optimistic faith: the noise of battle is not, as some believe, the death rattle of civilization; it is only the death rattle of the beast in man. But there is little in the course of the play to make that faith seem more convincing, and if this same scientist does carry conviction when he comments earlier on the monstrous paradox presented by a civilization which has fought death and disease with astounding and ingenious success only to blow to pieces the bodies it has preserved in life and health, he is only reiterating a conviction which few in the audience can fail to have accepted before in almost precisely the same formulation. That paradox quite possibly leads to the *reductio ad absurdum* of our entire civilization. It is the riddle of our sphinx, which perhaps we must solve or die. But no one has ever yet hinted a solution, and, indeed, the one most frequently urged in recent years has only represented the paradox in even more fantastic terms. If Mr. Sherwood could throw any really new light upon it he would be more than a playwright; he would be wiser than any other man living and possibly the saviour of the human race. But he knows only what we all know, and like the rest of us he is baffled.

For the sake of the record I might add that the play has already been the subject of excited newspaper comment, in which it is attacked as propaganda for American participation in the war. Certain incidental remarks made by the characters do seem to suggest pretty clearly that Mr. Sherwood is on that side.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

IN HANDEL'S "Israel in Egypt," given by the Dessoff Choirs at the concluding concert of the New Friends of Music, there are magnificent pages of music, which most of us heard for the first time and may never hear again unless the Dessoff Choirs can be induced to repeat the performance, or one of the record companies, by some miracle, decides to record it. And this performance—unlike the performance of Mozart's Requiem that Victor saw fit to hand down to posterity—is one that merits recording. For what made the occasion outstanding was not only the superb music but the artistic conscience that was evident in every detail of the presentation: the warmth, spirit, sensitiveness in the singing of Mr. Boepple's chorus; the technical competence and excellent musicianship of the soloists; and for once the sound of an orchestra—the little orchestra of the New Friends—playing with interest in the occasion and willingness to contribute all it had, instead of the usual sound of eighty New York Philharmonic men condescending to the occasion and putting a choral conductor in his place. I would add that the inferior portions of the work which are mere adaptations of music by other composers might well be omitted from a recorded performance—or even, for that matter, from a concert performance.

Victor's set of Roy Harris's Symphony No. 3 (M-651, $4.50) recalled to my mind a shrewd observation by Ernest Newman: "The histories and biographies ring with denunciation of an Artusi or a Hanslick for his depreciation of a Monteverdi or a Wagner; but we hear nothing of the critics who blundered even more grievously . . . but blundered in the other direction. For one first-rate work that has been underpraised, a hundred second-rate works have been overpraised; particularly is this true of today." Some of us, then, may be making fools of ourselves by thinking as little as we do of the talents and achievements of Roy Harris and his group; but so may the others who hear in this symphony "music of the bleak and barren expanses of western Kansas, of the brooding prairie night, and of the fast darknesses of the American soul. . . ." And listening to the symphony I am not afraid to take my chances. I'll take them even in the face of the fact that it has been played by Toscanini, and that Koussevitzky is said to have called it the first truly great orchestral work to be produced in America. It is the Harrisites who have talked loudest about the taste that led Toscanini to play Chasins ten years ago and Martucci and Catalani and Bach-Respighi constantly. And I have confidence in my own ability to hear greatness in music and the lack of greatness—to hear also the lack of inner musical impulse, and of any more musical ability than sheer determination needs to contrive a windy incoherence that will stand both for Roy Harris and for the bleak and barren expanses of western Kansas. In the present work, after an opening section in this synthetically unconventional and individual and inaccessible idiom that Harris has adhered to, it is interesting to hear indulgences in types of normal effectiveness—that is, in the prettiness of an idiom no less synthetically contrived out of the conventional pastoral style, and in the sure-fire impressiveness of an *ostinato* figure. The Boston Symphony plays superbly under Koussevitzky; the recording is a little too brilliant, and at one point shortly after the beginning of the second side overcut recording produces a bad rattle.

The Coolidge Quartet's performance of Beethoven's Opus 18, No. 3 (M-650, $3.50) is wholly admirable in musical feeling, phrasing, and technical finish, and is excellently recorded, but it does not attain the sheer incandescence of the two or three years older Budapest Quartet version, and the superiority of the more recent recording is inconsiderable. Tibbett, in the quieter passages of Schubert's "Die Allmacht" and "Der Wanderer," which he has recorded in English (15891, $2), sings with beauty of voice and phrasing, but in the forceful portions he is a bawling operatic baritone, and one with a worn voice. And finally Webster Booth uses his agreeable voice with good musical taste in "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous shine forth" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" (12609, $1.50).

In jazz two noteworthy Commodore records are at hand—one (529) offering Jess Stacy's solo improvisations on "You're Driving Me Crazy" and "She's Funny That Way," with Bud Freeman joining in for the middle chorus of the second tune and playing quite well; the other (531) offering an excellent performance of "I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll" and even better solo work in "Ballin' the Jack" by a small band that includes Joe Bushkin at the piano and, regrettably, George Wettling at the drums.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Pacifists in War Time

Dear Sirs: Parliament has met the problem of the conscientious objector in this war by setting up fifteen tribunals where the objector is "scrupulously tried." The New York *Times* correspondent recently reported from London that in these courts England's pacifists are permitted "to preach their gospel, to expound their theories, and to argue their freedom."

While this procedure is a great advance over the methods used in the first World War in both Great Britain and the United States, it is far from satisfactory. The National Council for Civil Liberties in London points this out in a report just received, which states that while some of the tribunals are fair-minded in their endeavor to determine whether the applicant's objections are sincere or insincere, others show a serious lack of impartiality, using trick questions and lecturing the men on the unpatriotic nature of the pacifist position.

This brings to mind the machinery set up by President Wilson in 1918 to solve the problem of what to do with our total objectors, the "absolutists" who refused to have anything to do with the military establishment. In June of that year the President issued an order offering "farm furlough" to these men and created a Board of Inquiry which traveled from cantonment to cantonment and questioned every man who professed conscientious scruples against war. Men adjudged sincere were given an opportunity to serve in the non-combatant branches—Medical Corps, Quartermaster Corps, and the Engineering Service—or to accept the farm furlough. Those who refused both were deemed law-breakers and were tried by court martial. Political objectors, men who objected to participation in the current war but who were willing to participate in a class war or revolution, were not given the opportunity to choose. They, the board ruled, were not entitled to any consideration.

The board examined nearly 3,000 men, all but 500 of whom accepted some form of non-combatant service. In these hearings, too, "trick" questions were resorted to. A stock question was: "What would you do if a burglar entered your home and attacked your wife or sister?" If the objector would resist the burglar and try to save his family he admittedly sanctioned force and was not a genuine objector. Other questions were: "What specific passage in the Bible has influenced you?" and "What church do you belong to?" An admission that he belonged to no church or recognized non-resistant sect was sufficient to cause the objector to be adjudged insincere.

It is to be hoped that the British conscientious objectors' tribunals may point the way to a real solution of the problem of the war-time pacifist. The facts that the hearings are open to the public, that the conscientious objector is entitled to counsel and may appeal to a higher tribunal, and that the judges are all civilians are worthy of special note. LUCILLE B. MILNER

New York, April 30

Secular Education in Danger

Dear Sirs: In the April 6 issue of your magazine, you commented on the McLaughlin bill, recently passed by the New York legislature. I think in all fairness to the Catholics, it should be known that they did not stand alone in their sponsorship of the bill. Many persons of the Protestant faith, of whom Dr. Robert Searle of the New York Federation of Churches was one, fought staunchly for its enactment, as did a small number of Jews.

As for the implications of the bill, it seems highly important that the people of New York City become immediately acquainted with them. It is in direct violation of the age-old American tradition of the separation of church and state. Though innocuous in appearance it paves the way for further and dangerous inroads by the church upon the public-school system. It brings into the school system a sense not of brotherly solidarity but of difference. It will fasten painful attention on any minority group—the small Catholic group in a Protestant neighborhood, the small Jewish group in a Christian neighborhood, the Negro group, and perhaps worst of all, that section of the school population whose parents prefer that they receive no sectarian education.

Aside from all these objections there is the practical administrative difficulty, which all those employed in the school system recognize and fear. A system as large as that of New York City will be completely disrupted by the attempt to regulate curriculums and hours for release, and the added clerical expense will be staggering. SARA BLOCK,

Chairman Religious Committee,
Teachers' Guild Associates

New York, May 2

Labor Service for Refugees

Dear Sirs: We wish to call the attention of your readers to the plight of German and Austrian refugees who have been given the "opportunity" of joining the French labor battalions to prove their loyalty to France. Here is a letter received by the International Relief Association (2 West 43d St., New York):

> *March 29.* I am one of a group of sixty refugees who were interned in the camp of — last September. Early in February we received orders to leave the following day to work in S—. Before our departure we were given official assurance that we were finally being enlisted in the *Prestation* (Labor Service) and that in accordance with the decree of January 13, 1940, we were to enjoy all the rights of mobilized French soldiers.
>
> For over a month now we have been working in the forest cutting down trees, at road construction, or in supply houses in the town. Despite the fact that we are working for the "national defense," we are not treated any differently than we were in the concentration camp. Indeed, we have not benefited in the least by the *Prestation* legislation, which called for military franchise, soldiers' wages, periodic leaves, tobacco, and compensation and reduction of rents for our families.
>
> Also, we suffer all the consequences of being "interned enemy aliens" especially as regards the sequestering of the meager savings that some of us had before we were interned. No doubt all personal possessions will finally be released, but our families should be able now to make use of these infinitesimal amounts. All belongings deposited in vaults, such as papers, legal documents, etc., have also been seized.
>
> Help us! Demand the application of the *Prestation* laws. The spirit of many of our comrades is breaking.

SHEBA STRUNSKY,
Executive Secretary, I. R. A.

New York, May 3

Victor's Leaflets

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of March 23 B. H. Haggin had some rather sharp things to say about the leaflets that accompany the albums of recorded music by Victor. In his opinion the leaflets are pretentious because they deal with the technical aspects of music and contain such erudite things as musical notation.

Mr. Haggin has overlooked the fact that the leaflets also contain a good deal of significant non-technical information. I have purchased a number of these Victor sets and have found the leaflets very helpful. They give me a good deal of information that interests me, and I therefore do not object to the author's going beyond this to deal with more technical points.

Finally, it seems to me that the tone of Mr. Haggin's review was totally unjustified. His last remark, though supposedly witty, had, in my opinion, no place in *The Nation.*

LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER

New York, April 28

Bow to Mr. Haggin

Dear Sirs: Too often, as I know, readers enjoy without acknowledging. For years I have been reading B. H. Haggin's column on music in your periodical. It has been an invariable pleasure to note the incorruptibility and courage of his opinions, and the intelligence and sensitiveness with which they are expressed.

In the midst of a devastatingly low standard of musical criticism in this country his articles have always stood out for me by reason of their magnificent honesty and their evidence of fine musical sensitiveness and understanding. More power to his pen!

JAMES G. HELLER

Cincinnati, May 1

Indispensable Service

Dear Sirs: The picture service of the New York Public Library is unlike any other in this country. The undersigned have found it indispensable in their profession. Over one million illustrations, photographs, and prints, filed in alphabetical order and by subject matter, have been available to us for research and reference free of charge. The material includes not only reproductions of works of art but photographs of every field of human activity. These documentary pictures are as essential to the creative artist as his colors and his clay.

Since March 1, 1940, lack of funds has made it necessary to close this collection to the public on two days of the week. In addition it has been necessary to shut down two sections of the files, the moving-picture stills and the painting files.

This picture collection has been supported by city funds since it was started. Not only should it be allowed to continue to function, but it should be aided to develop in response to the needs of the largest community of creative artists in the world. We, the undersigned, have therefore appealed to the Mayor of the City of New York and the Board of Estimate to take the necessary steps to insure the normal, full-time functioning of this very important branch of the New York Public Library.

GEORGES SCHREIBER, ADOLF DEHN, WILLIAM ZORACH, REGINALD MARSH, HUGO GELLERT, EDWARD LANING

New York, April 25

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THE NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT FORMED BY Winston Churchill is not without weak points, but it is an immense improvement on its predecessor. The War Cabinet is reduced to five men, all relieved of detailed departmental duties. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax remain, but they are offset by Clement Attlee and Arthur Greenwood representing the Labor Party, who can be counted on to support a vigorous policy. Neither Attlee nor Greenwood pretends to genius, but they command the confidence of their party, and their appointment gives Labor a real voice in the conduct of the war. A. V. Alexander, outstanding member of the Consumers' Cooperative wing of the Labor Party, goes to the Admiralty, where he served with distinction during the second Labor government. Sir Archibald Sinclair, who has led the small Liberal opposition with energy and ability, becomes Air Minister. The appointment to the War Office of Anthony Eden seems to have excited the Italians, but it fails to stir us. Far more encouraging is the naming of Herbert Morrison as Minister of Supply. He is by far the ablest administrator in the British Labor Party, and he goes to a department badly in need of an efficiency expert.

*

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA, WHILE clearly of great importance, are difficult to interpret owing to the severe restrictions under which Moscow correspondents still labor. The release of Marshal Voroshilov from the duties of Commissar of Defense and his appointment as chairman of the Defense Committee of the Council of People's Commissars are said to represent promotion. But on previous occasions the road of advancement has proved, very literally, a dead end for Soviet notables. In this connection it is worth remembering that Voroshilov is the last of the old-line Bolsheviks, a man of independent views with a strong personal following, and about the only remaining Kremlin leader who is not completely a Stalinist yes-man. His successor as head of the Red Army is Marshal Timoshenko, about whom not a great deal is known but who, it now appears, led the Polish and Finnish campaigns. Almost simultaneously with these changes in the high command came news that the system of army political commissars was being abolished. This plan for keeping the Red Army red and discouraging Bonapartism dates back to 1917. Later it was abolished, but after the purge of the generals these "eyes and ears of the Communist Party in the army" reappeared. Now once again the system is discarded as "ossified dogma." Says the *Red Star,* "War does not tolerate dilettantism." In similar vein, the organ of the Red Navy urges stronger discipline and condemns "familiarity and false democratization" between officers and men.

*

ON THE DIPLOMATIC FRONT THE U. S. S. R. IS engaged in some devious and obscure movements. The Russian press and its obedient echoes throughout the world continue to give strong support to Goebbels. But Moscow's current negotiations with Sweden and Yugoslavia seem to aim at results which, under certain circumstances, might prove positively harmful to Germany. Russia is now largely cut off from the outside world and, it is reported, unable to obtain satisfactory deliveries from the Reich. It may hope to buy from Sweden urgently needed machinery, but it will have to pay with the same kind of raw materials that Germany requires, and almost certainly its exportable surplus is insufficient to supply both. Nor is the newly signed commercial treaty with Yugoslavia likely to be popular in Berlin, for it provides for the purchase by Russia of copper, zinc, lead, and lard—all commodities desperately needed in Germany. However, these trade negotiations seem primarily a cover for political talks. There have been a number of indications recently that an attempt was being made to form a neutral bloc in the Balkans under Soviet auspices. The intention, of course, would be to warn off both belligerents, but it is plain that the most immediate threat, particularly to Yugoslavia, comes from the axis powers. The official Russian news agency has denied reports along these lines and bitterly denounced the allegation that the U. S. S. R. was pursuing a pan-Slavic policy. But, it is worth noting, the reports have been based largely on statements in the *Week,* whose

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editor, Claude Cockburn, is associated under another name with the London *Daily Worker*, and is known to have an inside track to the Russian embassy in London.

*

THE SPLIT IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES Union resulted from anti-Communist feeling raised to the boiling-point by the Nazi-Soviet pact. This feeling expressed itself in a resolution, adopted by the National Committee last February, declaring it "inappropriate" for supporters of totalitarian forms of government to be members of the staff or directing bodies of the Civil Liberties Union and specifically including Communists in that category. In accordance with the resolution the one Communist on the Board of Directors, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, was asked to resign. She refused and attacked the Union in the Communist press. Thereupon proceedings were instituted to remove her from the board on grounds of her membership in the Communist Party and her public attacks on the Union. At a hearing held by the board last week the charges against Miss Flynn were sustained against strong minority protests, and her removal was recommended to the National Committee. The intense feeling generated by the controversy has helped to obscure certain important facts. The A. C. L. U. has a perfect right to exclude Communists from its governing bodies; it has, in fact, made a practice of doing so. It was both inconsistent with this practice and unwise to reelect Miss Flynn after she became a member of the Communist Party. But she was reelected, and she has not since been even charged with behavior violating the basic principles of the Union. Since no overt act was involved it should have been possible to delay or avoid the issue rather than precipitate it at a time when popular feeling against all extreme elements is running as high as it is today. The A. C. L. U. will ride out the storm no matter what action the National Committee takes on Miss Flynn's expulsion. But the cause of civil liberties would have been better served if the storm had never been allowed to blow up.

*

THE CONSERVATIVE PRESS IS DISMAYED BY the Supreme Court's decision in the Madison Oil Trust case, and its dismay is revealing. For the effect of the decision is to restore vigor to the anti-trust laws and to make it possible for the government to enforce the free competition which the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* and papers of similar economic philosophy affect to revere. We say "affect to revere" because their comment—and the reaction in big-business circles generally—discloses the basic insincerity of their everlasting paeans to the competitive system. They have demonstrated again that they do not really want free competition. What they want is the right to stifle competition—without government interference. The oil-trust decision reverses the famous "rule of reason" by which a conservative Supreme Court in 1911 left the Sherman Anti-Trust Act a dead letter, still handy for use against labor unions but impotent to deal with big business combinations. The Supreme Court in 1911 declared that the Sherman Act merely "outlawed" unreasonable restraint of trade, and judges fresh from the practice of corporation law proceeded to decide that a great deal of restraint could still be reasonable. The court now restores the original meaning—the plain meaning—of the Sherman Act's ban on restraint of trade.

*

IF WENDELL WILLKIE IS WISE HE WILL MAKE no more speeches defending the holding company. For a striking answer to them will be provided by the trial of Howard C. Hopson and three of his closest associates in the management of the bankrupt Associated Gas and Electric system. The true bill returned by a federal jury in New York alleges that Hopson, Frederick S. Burroughs, his vice-president in charge of finance, and his attorneys conspired to defraud investors of more than $20,000,000. The attorneys are Charles M. Travis and Garrett A. Brownback of Travis, Brownback, and Paxson. Attorneys frequently supply the legal ingenuity that makes holding-company manipulations possible, but it is not often that they are indicted along with the alleged manipulators. These four men, of course, may or may not be guilty. It is sometimes difficult to draw the line in holding-company sleight-of-hand between a profitable cleverness and a clever criminality. Whatever the verdict, the trial will leave the holding company and the devices associated with it discredited in the eyes of the public. It was by means of these devices that Hopson was able to get control of $1,000,000,000 in other people's money with an infinitesimal investment of his own. It was by means of these devices that he made enormous profits from the companies he ran into bankruptcy. For several hundred thousand investors who lost their savings in the course of his manipulations the question whether Hopson and his aides are guilty or innocent in the eyes of the law is interesting but academic.

*

"WHITEWASH" WAS THE TERM APPLIED BY Senator Norris, in a four-hour speech in the Senate on May 7, to the Schweinhaut report on the FBI raids in Detroit. "It is well known," Senator Norris said, "that I am one Senator who has great confidence in the ability and courage of our Attorney General. I disagree with his whitewashing of what happened in Detroit. It is painful for me to discuss it and to disagree with one in whom I have such great confidence." The report itself was the subject of an editorial, Sequel to a Melodrama, in last week's issue of *The Nation.* Senator Norris, in one of the longest and gravest speeches of his career, declared that he felt "the methods being pursued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation are wrong and, if continued, mean the destruction of human liberty in the United States."

*

THE NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD completed its case against the Ford Motor Company by ordering the reinstatement of thirty-eight men discharged from the company's Buffalo plant in 1937 for union activity. Testimony before the board indicated that the type of pressure which was used in the Ford plant at Dallas—described in a recent issue of *The Nation*—was also applied at Buffalo. The company distributed to its employees a statement by Henry Ford himself urging the workers to avoid the unions. It brought in outside thugs in an effort to rid its plants of union men and by terroristic methods effectively prevented unionization. In the face of these facts, the company's protest that the board has infringed its right of free speech loses all meaning. The Labor Board's action represents a last-ditch defense of the minimum rights of collective bargaining, which cannot exist where there is intimidation. Company pressure backed by the use of violence in an open shop is a most obvious form of intimidation.

*

THE PRESIDENT IS PREPARING A SPECIAL message to Congress on national defense, which may have been delivered before this issue appears. It is expected that he will call for an immediate additional outlay of about $500,000,000, bringing the 1941 budget for the armed forces above $2,500,000,000. We have no doubt that increased defense preparations are necessary; although our total needs will depend greatly on the outcome of the war and can only be guessed at now. But at this moment we need more than new appropriations. We need non-partisan study of our requirements, our productive capacity, the best organization of our military forces, the use made of money already spent. Hitler is not yet headed for these shores; we have a little time to plan as well as to act. And we shall gain more time for both jobs if meanwhile we send all possible aid to the Allies.

*

IN GENERAL THE PULITZER PRIZE AWARDS this year tower over those of previous years. Compare "Grapes of Wrath" with Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's "The Yearling." Steinbeck's novel is of giant stature beside last year's choice, or the choices for several years back. William Saroyan's play, "The Time of Your Life," may appear less soberly important than Robert E. Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," but it is a work of far greater originality. The history award was uninteresting last year; this year it went to Carl Sandburg's great biography "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years." Nobody will quarrel with the technicality that transferred this work to a category in which it became eligible for a prize; biographies of Lincoln and Washington are specifically excluded from consideration, and Sandburg's volumes imperatively demanded recognition. The biography prize was a disappointment among the other excellent selections. It went to Ray Stannard Baker for the last two volumes of his eight-volume work on Woodrow Wilson. Important as this is as a documentary record, it lacks the qualities of personal interpretation and insight that are usually accepted as marks of biographical excellence. The choice of Mark Van Doren for the poetry award is especially gratifying to *The Nation,* which Mr. Van Doren served for some years as literary editor. Not since Robert Frost won the prize in 1937—as he did also in 1931 and 1924—has so sound a choice been made. In the field of journalism, the selection of Otto D. Tolischus of the New York *Times* is particularly well deserved. His dispatches have been as boldly informative as any from inside the Nazi ramparts.

*

IF ARCHIBALD MACLEISH IS RIGHT, THE scholars and writers of our day will answer to some grave indictments when future historians tell the story of the past two decades. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. MacLeish prepares the case for the prosecution: the paralysis of our men of vision in the presence of forces that must spell death to vision; their failure to cure that "condition of men's minds" which induces whole nations "to give up the long labor of liberty and to surrender their wills and their bodies and even their minds to the will of a leader"; their willingness to divide themselves into water-tight compartments of specialization the better to shirk the responsibility of defending the whole of truth and the whole of culture against the enemy. Mr. MacLeish's essay is a challenging, if bitter, document. We hope other scholars and poets will send us their comments.

*

JAMES WECHSLER, FOR TWO YEARS A VALUED member of *The Nation's* staff, has accepted a position as assistant labor editor of *PM,* New York's long-heralded, eagerly awaited afternoon newspaper. We are sorry to lose Mr. Wechsler, who in addition to his editorial activities has contributed several of the most striking articles printed in *The Nation* in the last two years, but we cannot repress a certain vicarious satisfaction in his new work. The launching of a newspaper is always an exciting project, but *PM* promises adventures of a wholly unprecedented sort. We intend, in an early issue, to publish a preview of the coming journal.

Two Worlds at Grips

AMONG the diked fields of Holland and Belgium and in the air above, two worlds are at grips in a struggle more momentous than any of those great battles of the past which earned for the region its description as "the cockpit of Europe." The fight now raging from the Zuyder Zee to the Ardennes will be one of the decisive battles of history. For there is far more at stake than the question whether Germany or Britain shall be top-dog in Europe. Many times in the last thousand years the balance of power on the Continent has shifted, but the foundations of European civilization have been left undisturbed.

Today that civilization is challenged as it has not been challenged since 732 A.D. when the Moslem hordes which had swept through North Africa and Spain were turned back at Tours after they had reached the heart of France. Had this invasion succeeded, the development of Europe would have run a totally different course, but the change would not have been more profound than that which will take place if Hitler is victorious. For the Nazis no longer bother to conceal the fact that they aim to impose their ideology on Europe and make over the Continent on a revolutionary plan. They have ceased to pretend that their only objective is the overthrow of the Versailles system or the reunion of the German people. Now they are talking of a new European union under German leadership which will obliterate "pigmy states" and put an end to "plutocracy," individualism, and democracy.

"The European center of gravity," writes the *Börsenzeitung*, "is returning to its natural center in the median axis of the Continent. Such fundamental reorganization, however, can be effected only if the present order collapses and must be coincident with a landslide that will carry with it middle-sized and small states, assign them to new places, and force them to reorientation or bury them beneath it." In the new Europe, according to Nazi political philosophers, the German master race will reign supreme, assigning to other peoples their rights and duties. A new collective supernational economy, based on an iron discipline and an authoritarian regime, will harness the labor power of inferior races for the benefit of German industry. Naturally, the colonies of Britain and France are to be keyed into this system, and beyond that, as Otto Tolischus points out in an illuminating dispatch to the New York *Times*, the exponents of the German revolution "are convinced that the economic weight of a consolidated Europe alone is too great for the rest of the world to ignore. . . . And since such a Europe would dictate its own terms of economic intercourse, the rest of the world would have to conform by adopting the same methods."

There is no longer room for doubt that the Nazis, if victorious, will pursue their totalitarian vision with the same ruthless efficiency that they are showing on the field of battle. And with the knowledge that defeat means the loss of all national independence and a future of helotry the Western states are now fighting with their backs to the wall. *Il faut en finir.*

The invasion of the Low Countries was clearly a long-planned move, and the excuse that it merely forestalled Allied aggression is hardly worth mention. Holland and Belgium had guarded their neutrality with complete sincerity, and the Dutch under German pressure had even fortified their coast against the possibility of a British attack. In any case, so long as they remained inferior in the air and on land, the Allies had every reason to respect the neutrality of the Low Countries, and that inferiority is an admitted fact. Germany, on the other hand, is now probably at its maximum relative strength. Another year of blockade would have undermined its reserves; another winter of privation would have weakened morale at home. Clearly Hitler has chosen his moment to stake all on one gigantic blow, hoping that the end of summer will see his enemies beaten to their knees. By his dual thrust into Holland and Belgium he seeks to outflank Britain and France simultaneously. Command of the Dutch coast would enable him to undertake smashing aerial attacks on Britain, perhaps paving the way for actual invasion. Control of Belgium would put him in a position to turn the Maginot Line, for the French fortifications which stretch from the Moselle to the sea are weaker than the main sector and lie in flatter and less defensible country.

No one can say what will be the outcome of this battle. The German drive carries immense weight, and the huge Nazi air force, organized with a meticulous attention to detail and utilized with pitiless ingenuity, is a deadly weapon. Against these factors must be set the addition to the Allied ranks of more than a million fresh troops, many of them well trained, and the fact that for the first time German planes are opposed to an enemy in a position to hit back and hit hard. Still more important is the stiffening effect of a sense of imminent peril on British and French morale. In Britain Parliament has spoken with its ancient authority, and Chamberlain has obeyed its voice. He has gone, not so much because the Norwegian expedition was fumbled, as because his lack of drive and real leadership threatened to lose the war as it had lost the peace. Winston Churchill is a man of entirely different caliber, who from the first has understood the nature of the Nazi revolution. He is not likely to underestimate the task before him or to allow a tenderness for vested interests to hinder the full mobilization of British resources. Time no longer permits either half-measures or facile optimism. "We have before us," said Winston Churchill in his first statement to the Commons, "many long months of struggle and suffering. I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

The "Daily Worker" Case

THE *Daily Worker,* organ of the Communist Party, and its editor, Clarence Hathaway, have been found guilty of criminal libel by a so-called "blue ribbon" jury. We believe the case merits national attention both because of the circumstances under which it was brought to trial and because of the charge involved. Ever since the Alien and Sedition laws, when Federalist judges brought charges of criminal libel against Jeffersonian editors, the dangers implicit in the practice have been recognized. The charge of criminal libel has a place in our legal system, but its use may easily be abused and the abuses endanger freedom of the press. The general recognition of these dangers explains why there have been so few convictions for criminal libel in the past. The last great case in New York City was when Theodore Roosevelt brought about the indictment of Joseph Pulitzer for criminal libel because of revelations made by the New York *World* in connection with a Panama Canal scandal. But that indictment was quashed by a federal judge—an action sustained by the Supreme Court.

The *Daily Worker* case grew out of an article it published on February 24, 1936, headed "Liggett Murdered by the Underworld for His Scavenging." William C. Dodge, Dewey's predecessor as District Attorney of Manhattan, obtained an indictment for criminal libel against the paper and its editor on December 30, 1936, but news of the indictment brought widespread protest in the press, conservative as well as liberal, and it was pigeonholed. The indictment was recently revived by District Attorney Dewey. It accused the *Daily Worker* and Hathaway of libel on two counts—one libel against the late Walter W. Liggett, the other against his widow. The paper was charged with having published a report that after Liggett's murder in Minneapolis in December, 1935, two Minnesota gangsters testified under oath that he had tried to "shake them down." The second charge against the newspaper alleged that it had said that Liggett's widow had sold her husband's body to the Republican Party. Similar criminal-libel charges were brought by Mrs. Liggett against the Minnesota *Leader,* organ of the Farmer-Labor Party, and its editor at the time, former Congressman Teigan. She demanded retractions. "Mrs. Liggett Demands Retraction. Teigan Stands Pat," was the headline on a Minnesota *Leader* story introduced in evidence at the *Daily Worker* trial. The charges against the *Leader* were never pressed. Later Mrs. Liggett sued the *Daily Worker* for libel and was awarded $2,500.

The Nation is not concerned with the verdict in the civil suit, but the criminal-libel conviction is an entirely different matter. A jury decided not merely whether the matter printed was true but also whether it was "fair comment," a concept open to various interpretations.

It is a pleasure to report that Judge John J. Freschi of the New York Supreme Court handled the case with admirable impartiality and care. But it is hard to understand the verdict in the light of the evidence and of his charge to the jury. "If the jury decides," he said, "that the words contained in the [*Daily Worker*] article did not mean that Mrs. Liggett was literally dismembering the corpse of her husband and selling it limb by limb to the Republican Party, but meant that she was making political capital of her husband's views, then you cannot find any libel of Mrs. Liggett." But the jury did find libel of Mrs. Liggett. Its verdict on that count does not make sense. Nor is the verdict much more impressive on the other. The *Daily Worker,* on appeal, will challenge the class composition of the "blue ribbon" jury panel. Twenty-two per cent of the panel came from New York's famous "silk stocking" Assembly district, none from Harlem or the East Side. The *Worker* will argue that this is of particular importance in a criminal-libel case, since New York in 1805 made the jury the judge of law as well as fact in such actions as a safeguard against the abuses of reactionary judges here and in England. The Scottsboro case was reversed on appeal because no Negroes were on the panel from which the jury was picked. Reversal will be sought on a similar plea—that working-class persons were excluded from the jury. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the case, from the national standpoint, is that it represents another instance—in a growing list—of old charges and indictments being revived for use against Communists. As such it smacks of political persecution and sets a most dangerous precedent.

America Is Not Neutral

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE horror and anger that swept through the United States when the first human bombs dropped into Holland were not born of surprise. They sprang from the realization that here at last was the start of the central conflict which would determine the fate of Europe for at least another generation, if not for Hitler's millennium. Americans felt this. And in addition they felt the uncomfortable weight of their own geographical security and their insecurity of mind. Americans are not neutral. They are passionately partisan. They want Hitler defeated. They want Britain and France to survive; the Low Countries to be saved from conquest; the conquered nations to be freed from Nazi tyranny. They want the whole system of fascist regimentation demolished. But so far they have not been willing to assume either risks or responsibilities in order to get what they want. They watch the death grapple in Europe as an audience watches a melodrama, demanding with deep emotion that the villain get his just desserts but comfortably detached from the job of seeing that he gets them. This shrinking from any active part in the drama now reaching a climax in Europe is unhealthy, a mood that in the end must create disintegration and division in minds that harbor it; because the detachment is not genuine, corresponding to inner emotions. It fights constantly against conflicting fears and scruples. Americans only pretend to be neutral. The time has come to quit pretense and say clearly just where our hopes lie and what we propose to do to make them real.

Consciously, as a matter of deliberate policy, we should do our best to save France and Britain and their invaded allies from defeat. And the only chance of doing it without ourselves going to war is through providing equipment in unstinted amounts at rates and on terms that will enable the Allies to hold out and to win. In this stage of the war by far the greatest threat to the Allied position is their inferiority in certain crucial weapons—most particularly in planes. It is reported from reliable quarters in Washington that only five out of thirty-odd plants capable of turning out fighting planes are working to fill war orders. If this is true, production should be increased as rapidly as possible.

Nor should we make our terms so onerous that they either hesitate to buy materials of war or deprive themselves of other needed goods—including food for their populations. They still have ample gold and securities—the sequestered funds of the Low Countries increase their available assets—but, as Barnet Nover points out on a later page, they have bought with deliberate restraint in order to stretch their funds as far as they can. If we really believe in the necessity of defeating Hitler and are willing to facilitate his defeat by all possible non-belligerent means, we will give credits as soon as they are required. In the meantime substitute plans, such as Mr. Nover describes, for heavy purchases of needed raw materials from the Allies will tend to lessen the financial drain on their resources by providing additional dollar exchange with which they can buy the supplies they need.

Isolationists argue that increased economic aid, far from insuring us against war, will create an enormous stake in an Allied victory; let it seem in danger of being lost, and we will plunge in to rescue it. The reverse of this argument is closer to the truth; our stake in an Allied victory comes first. It would be foolish to make commitments even in the form of goods and money if we had not already decided that victorious fascism was worse than war. Once that decision is made, the material aid we send serves the opposite purpose; it offers the one chance of saving our stake without fighting for it.

Interventionists support a different contention. If we really feel that the war against fascism in Europe is our war, they say, we have no right to buy our immunity. We should fight side by side with the armies of the Western powers and take the full consequences of our partisanship. This view seems to me unduly romantic. Our troops are not now either wanted or needed on the anti-Nazi fronts. The raising and equipping of an expeditionary force would deflect the stream of military supplies into American arsenals, crippling the Allied armies for months or even years. The very rush of events, paradoxically, makes our participation less likely and less desirable. And even if the argument for military intervention were not fantastic from a practical point of view, it is morally ineffective. The consequences of war are so devastating that no nation has a right to plunge in unless all other means of resistance have failed. It is the tragedy of Europe that peaceful means of resistance were never applied; instead, surrender was tried as a weapon. That is why Europe is at war.

The United States should learn from Europe's failure. We are strong and can choose our own course, neither allowing ourselves to be frightened into retreat nor rushing to arms. The important thing, both for our safety and our integrity, is to acknowledge just where we stand and act accordingly.

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Washington Hears the Guns

BY BARNET NOVER

Washington, May 13

HITLER'S invasion of the Low Countries last week did more than prove that the capacity of Americans to be "shocked and angered," to quote President Roosevelt's words, had not been wholly dulled by the events of the past few years. It brought about an increased measure of support both in and out of Congress for the Administration's foreign policy, a result that may have a real bearing on the election campaign. It dumped a whole series of new problems and new anxieties into the lap of the government. It undermined the opposition to a further large increase in our defense establishment. It narrowed the gap between those who might be called limited isolationists—since their isolationism is limited to Europe and does not apply to Latin America and Asia—and those who favor still greater aid to the Allies, though by measures short of war. And it brought home to a large number of Americans, as not even the invasion of Denmark and Norway had done, the disturbing if elementary fact that opposition to arson does not insure one's house against fire.

Some of these effects will undoubtedly wear off as the surprise and shock of Hitler's latest coup wear off, particularly since it seems unlikely that the German successes in Poland and Norway will be immediately duplicated in Belgium and the Netherlands. Those ardent isolationists whose first reaction to the spread of the war was to give vent to hysterical shouts of "Let's be calm" are already beginning to emerge from the storm cellars in which they took temporary refuge when bombs began dropping on Amsterdam and Brussels. Last week's clamor for a vast increase in the army and navy will probably not subside, for the war in Europe has only just begun, and the impact of that war on the United States is only now really beginning to be felt. But the subject will be given a more realistic examination than was possible in the emotional stress of the past week.

None the less, the secular trend, to borrow a term from the economists, is definitely in the direction of a neutrality that is increasingly benevolent toward the Allies, both as a means of showing disapproval of Hitler's gangster tactics and as a direct safeguard for the United States. The implementation of this attitude, however, will not be easy. For instance, take the problem of credits. Even before the Dutch and Belgian holdings in this country were added to their resources the Allies were in a position to finance all necessary purchases in this country for many months. In line with the late Chamberlain government's fiscal policy of waging the war as economically as possible, purchases have been held down. British and French purchasing agents here have been forced to operate on the assumption that the war would be long and that the Allies could take no chances of having to cut off or drastically to curtail purchases in the United States because of lack of funds. Had the available dollar holdings of the Allies been greater or had Great Britain and France been in a position to get large-scale credits in this country, such parsimony could have been avoided. But both the Johnson Act and the neutrality law stood in the way of credits.

At this late stage in the session, with Congress trying to adjourn in no more than three weeks or a month, it is very unlikely that the question of repealing the Johnson Act or modifying the neutrality law will even be brought up, although Senators King of Utah and Thomas of Oklahoma have come out in favor of immediate extension of credits to the Allies. Action which would have the same effect as lifting the ban on credits but which might not meet so much political opposition is more likely. One plan which has a considerable measure of support in the Department of State and is about to be presented to the President for his approval calls for large-scale purchases from the Allies of a great variety of raw materials, including tin, rubber, tungsten, chromium, and nickel—materials which the Allies, including the Netherlands, are in a position to supply and which, for reasons of national defense as well as for other considerations, it would be wise for the United States to store as emergency reserves. Such a move would avoid the implication inherent in any credit transaction—after what happened to the war debts—that credits are actually subsidies in disguise. With the dollars thus obtained the Allies could make additional purchases of needed supplies, including agricultural products, our surpluses of which are likely to increase as more of this country's European customers are overrun by Hitler and cut off as markets for American products. Indirectly, large-scale purchases by the United States of strategic raw materials, by reducing the available supplies of such commodities, would diminish the chances of their reaching Germany. In other words, such a plan would at one and the same time bolster the Allies' financial structure and therefore their fighting strength, provide the United States with the reserve of strategic raw materials that the army has long insisted should be built up here, reinforce the British blockade, and make possible the continued export of American manufactured products and American agricultural surpluses.

The invasion of Holland was immediately followed, somewhat to the embarrassment of the Administration, by the landing of Allied troops in the Netherlands West Indies islands of Curaçao and Aruba, 40 miles from the coast of Venezuela and 750 miles from the Panama Canal. The embarrassment did not arise out of any fear that the occupation would be construed as an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine—it was quickly pointed out that no question of any change in the sovereignty of the islands was involved or could arise—but out of fear that the example set by the Allies might be followed by the Japanese in the Dutch East Indies. To be sure, the French and British governments in announcing their action informed the Department of State that they had done so at the request of the Netherlands government and only as a temporary measure. But account is taken of the possibility that Japan might parallel this action in Southeastern Asia without seeking prior permission.

It is felt here that the danger of such an act of aggression against the Dutch colonies in the Pacific is not imminent. But the government is taking no chances. The Pacific battle fleet is being kept in the Pacific, its actual whereabouts a dark secret, and Secretary Hull has felt called upon twice in one week, the first time before the invasion of the Netherlands and the second time immediately after that event, to emphasize America's interest in the maintenance of the status quo of the Netherlands Indies.

It is feared, however, that the intensification of the fighting in Europe and its possible spread to the Mediterranean might lead Japan into temptation. The invasion of the Netherlands has thus brought the war home to the Americas and created a dangerous situation in Asia. Whatever complacency may have existed in this country about the war in Europe as not "our war" is rapidly disappearing. Nor is any compensatory relief to be had from contemplation of the prospects in this hemisphere should Hitler be victorious. The Latin American nations have taken kindly to President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy, but it is problematical whether their desire to continue the reasonably happy relations with Uncle Sam would long survive the urge to get on the bandwagon of a victorious Hitler. And the numerous and never disbanded Nazi fifth columns in Mexico and in Central and South America can always be expected to do the job required of them.

How to Invade England

BY EWALD BANSE

[*When Hitler came to power, Ewald Banse was appointed professor of military science at Brunswick Technical College. At the same time, but less openly, he became the prime mover in an organization called the German Society for Military Policy and Military Sciences. He was regarded as the leading exponent of Nazi military aims and technique, and his books "Wehrwissenschaft" and "Raum und Volk im Weltkriege" to an astonishing degree charted the course which Germany's war strategy has taken. The English translation of "Raum und Volk im Weltkriege," from which the following excerpts are taken, was published in this country in 1934 by Harcourt, Brace and Company under the title "Germany Prepares for War."*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

THE German plan of campaign [in 1914] . . . took no, or too little, account of England. It reckoned with the French army and even with England's little expeditionary force, but not with England as the mainstay of a protracted war, the organizer of the blockade which starved us out, the fountain-head of supplies. . . . Our right flank ought not only to have besieged Antwerp—we had plenty of men in Alsace-Lorraine, where they were falling over each other, in fact—but also have made straight for the coast and occupied the Belgian and still more the French Channel ports, the bases of the British expeditionary force, as far as Boulogne or better still Abbéville, which would have been quite easy to do.

Nobody thought of this, because the purely land-minded Germans took no account of the sea and sea power. Indeed, it is a question whether it was not a bad mistake in military geography to content ourselves with marching through Belgium instead of occupying Holland also, equally a neutral and our kinsman to boot. The disadvantage of this proceeding—namely, the fact that it involved a second violation of neutrality—was as nothing compared with the first violation; but the advantage was incalculable, for it would have put the whole opposite coast of England within our range, given our fleet a much longer and stronger base, which would certainly have preserved it from inactivity, and finally made the possibility of an invasion of the southeastern coast of England so immediate that the English, with practically no army, would probably have concluded a reasonable peace with all speed rather than have the country overrun by German soldiers. The military occupation of Holland, the home of a race of German traders and peasants, . . . would have presented no difficulties.

It is not too much to say that the World War became an economic war, a war of starvation, and lost the heroic character of earlier wars because the Germans failed to grasp the strategic significance of the coast of Holland, Belgium, and northern France, and made a mess of the Schlieffen plan. We can only hope that more comprehensive thought will some day lead to wiser decisions.

Even from this short survey certain important facts emerge regarding England's position from the point of view of defense. Her situation as an island just off the Atlantic coast of Europe enables her to keep an eye on it and in particular to watch over the Channel and the North Sea; it gives her, in addition, a military security enjoyed by no other country of Europe. Her economic dependence on her own, but distant, empire, which proceeds from this sense of security, is only made feasible by her possession of a big merchant fleet and a navy superior to all others. This fact alone makes England the sworn foe of any power which aims at possessing an equally large fleet. In her case, therefore, the security of the state is bound up with undisturbed maritime trade and a strong navy; none of these things is possible without the others; if but one drops out, the whole structure falls to pieces. Its two main pillars are the navy and, of course, the unswerving determination of the English people. The military upshot of this is that for England the navy is much more important than the army.

The north and west of the interior of Great Britain consist of rough, humpy mountain country of middling height, poor in soil and woods, rich in rain and moorland, and fairly easily passable owing to its many valleys; these two areas, in Scotland and in Wales, are the most thinly populated in the country. The east and south, on the other hand, as also the deepset central depression of Scotland, consists of low-lying country, partly flat and partly undulating, and only intersected by a few modest ranges of hills. This country is the scene of a surviving agricultural and grazing industry, whose products, both animal and vegetable, are few but choice. . . .

Great Britain is easily approached from the sea owing to its many bays and short but deep rivers . . . nor does its interior, apart from Scotland and Wales, present many obstacles to communication. Even the Pennine Chain in the north of England forms no barrier, being merely a sort of raised plateau covered with sheep runs. In general there are three main densely populated industrial (and shipping) areas: (1) the main axle-tree running right across the south of England from London to Cardiff, with its center of gravity in the vast London area; (2) the Midlands, an area bounded roughly by a line joining Liverpool, Birmingham, Hull, and Leeds, and containing rich deposits of coal and iron—the Midlands are the seat of the principal heavy smelting and textile industries of the country, contain a considerable proportion of its population, and are responsible for most of its foreign trade; (3) the small Lowland area in the center of Scotland, with its coal and iron deposits, its shipbuilding and other industries, which contains Glasgow and Edinburgh and almost the whole population of Scotland. . . . Any hostile threat or actual invasion must be aimed at one of these three areas and if possible against the most important one, the Midlands, which are also the principal center for the manufacture of arms.

The southeast of England . . . also deserves special attention, since it is most easily reached from the Continent and as the seat of the capital is of paramount importance politically. Southeastern England forms the northern extremity of the Paris basin, though, of course, now separated from it by the curving-in of the Channel. Consequently, its outer edge from Portsmouth to the neighborhood of the Wash is composed of Jurassic rock which forms either gently undulating depressions or grass-clad downs, toward the west with steep slopes, and is traversed by numerous rivers running lengthwise through it. It is easy to see that this Jurassic belt possesses certain physical features of which an invading army might make good use—with its front facing northwest, that is. The area behind the Jurassic belt is chalk, hard writing chalk in the higher parts, soft green sandstone in the depressions; in the middle of the chalk, however, there is superimposed—just as in the actual Paris basin—a flat tertiary layer, into which the Thames has cut its channel and in the center of which stands London. The chalk country is thus divided into two branches which fork northeast and southeast somewhere between Oxford and Salisbury; their narrow lines of hills, running in these same directions, form a second rampart facing northwest, of practical military importance and further strengthened by various rivers.

In addition to the Thames valley, southeastern England contains one other low-lying area, namely, the broad blunt peninsula formed by Norfolk and Suffolk, a relatively sparsely populated agricultural district. This region is so noticeably cut off from the rest of England, including even the southeast, by the Wash and its inland extension, the Fens (once a swamp, now converted into marshland), by the lower Thames, and by various other rivers, that it is necessarily of the greatest interest to any invading army. In fact, the Great Ouse, which flows into the Wash, and a number of streams flowing into the Blackwater estuary which are only separated from its source by a few miles make the peninsula into a regular island, which provides an invading army with safe and roomy quarters from which it can threaten

London—which is quite close and without natural defenses on that side—and also the industrial Midlands.

It is very important to form some idea of how the English character may be expected to react to a hostile invasion. The nation will certainly rush to arms as one man and with heroic obstinacy let itself be mown down in front of the line of the Ouse or the chalk and Jurassic hills, before it is forced back step by step. But it is questionable whether the English could face starvation. Physically they have been extremely pampered for centuries and would find it very hard to adjust themselves to real privation such as they never experienced during the war in spite of food cards. Some of them would no doubt patriotically endure even that, but others might throw up the game. . . . We confess that it gives us pleasure to meditate on the destruction that must sooner or later overtake this proud and seemingly invincible nation, and to think that this country, which was last conquered in 1066, will once more obey a foreign master or at any rate have to resign its rich colonial empire. The above sentences would appear monstrous, nay rank blasphemy, to every Englishman and Englishwoman in the world—if they ever saw them.

The Irresponsibles

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

HISTORY, if honest history continues to be written, will have one question to ask of our generation—people like ourselves. It will be asked of the books we have written, the carbon copies of our correspondence, the photographs of our faces, the minutes of our meetings in the famous rooms before the portraits of our spiritual begetters. The question will be this: Why did the scholars and the writers of our generation in this country, witnesses as they were to the destruction of writing and of scholarship in great areas of Europe and to the exile and the imprisonment and murder of men whose crime was scholarship and writing—witnesses also to the rise in their own country of the same destructive forces with the same impulses, the same motives, the same means—why did the scholars and the writers of our generation in America fail to oppose those forces while they could—while there was still time and still place to oppose them with the arms of scholarship and writing?

It is a question the historians will ask with interest—the gentle, detached, not altogether loving interest with which historians have always questioned the impotent spirits of the dead. Young men working in the paper rubbish of our lives, the old journals, the marginal notations, the printed works, will discover—or so they will think—that the scholars and the writers of our generation in this country had been warned of danger as men were rarely warned before. They will discover—or so they will think—that the common inherited culture of the West, by which alone our scholars and our writers lived, had been attacked in other countries with a stated and explicit purpose to destroy. They will discover that the purpose had been realized. They will discover that a similar purpose, backed by similar forces, created by similar conditions, was forming here. And it will seem to them strange—ironical and strange—that the great mass of American scholars and American writers made no effort to defend either themselves or the world by which they lived.

They will make of course the necessary reservations. They will note that societies of scholars and associations of writers adopted resolutions declaring their devotion to civilization. They will note that certain young novelists and poets, the most generous and gallant of their time, unable to endure the outrage and injustice, gave up their lives as writers and enlisted in the hopeless armies to fight brutality with force. But of those who truly faced this danger not with their bodies but with their minds, of those who fought the enemies of the intellect with the weapons of the intellect, of those who fought this danger with the weapons by which this danger could be overcome, they will record the names of very few. And they will ask their question: Why did we, scholars and writers in America in this time, we who had been warned of our danger not only by explicit threats but by explicit action, why did we not fight this danger while the weapons we used best—the weapons of ideas and words—could still be used against it?

It is not a question for which we are altogether unprepared. We have been writing out our answer for many years now in action and inaction, in words and in silence—in learned articles in the scientific journals and in controversial articles in the general magazines, in books, in blank faces after the passionate words, in bored eyes refusing to believe. The answer we have prepared, the answer we have written out for history to find, is the answer Leonardo is said to have given Michelangelo when Michelangelo blamed him for his indifference to the misfortunes of the Florentines. It is the answer of our kind at many other times and places. "Indeed," said

Leonardo, "indeed, the study of beauty has occupied my whole heart." The study of beauty, of history, of science, has occupied our whole hearts, and the misfortunes of our generation are none of our concern. They are the practical and political concern of practical and political men, but the concern of the scholar, the concern of the artist, is with other, purer, more enduring things.

This is the answer we have written down for history to find. I doubt whether it will satisfy the ironic men who come to plague us on that waterfront where Teresias was made to drink the blood and answer. I think, indeed, it will not satisfy them. For it has not satisfied ourselves. We say with great firmness and authority, speaking by our words and by our silence, that the misfortunes of our generation are economic and political misfortunes from which the scholar can safely hold himself apart. We say this with all the authority of the political scientists of the past, to whom the misfortunes of the people were always political and economic and of no concern to the poet, the pure scholar, the artist intent upon his art. We say it also with the authority of the political scientists of the present, to whom all phenomena of whatever kind are, by hypothesis, economic and political. But though we say it we do not believe it. For we have observed these misfortunes. They have been acted out for us to see. And what we have seen is this: that the misfortunes of our time are not the misfortunes the philosophers, the theorists, the political scientists have described to us. They are not the practical concern of the practical man and therefore matters of indifference to the scholar. On the contrary, it is the practical man and the practical man alone—the man whose only care is for his belly and his roof—who can safely be indifferent to these troubles. The things he lives by are not menaced. And it is precisely the scholar, the poet—the man whose care is for the structures of the intellect, the houses of the mind—whose heart is caught. For it is the scholar's goods which are in danger.

It is perhaps because we have seen this and yet refuse to see it that our minds are so confused and our counsels so bewildered. Nothing is more characteristic of the intellectuals of our generation than their failure to understand what it is that is happening to their world. And nothing explains that failure so precisely as their unwillingness to see what they have seen and to know what they do truly know. They continue to speak of the crisis of their time as though the war in Europe were that crisis—and the war, they say, is no concern of theirs. They continue to speak of the crisis as though the imperialistic maneuvers, the struggles for markets, the propaganda in the newspapers and the radio were the crisis—and the maneuvers of imperialism, the propaganda of the press, and the struggles for trade, they say, are no concern of theirs. And yet they know—they know very well because they have seen—that these things are not the crisis but merely its reflections in the mirrors of action. They know that behind the war, behind the diplomatic gestures, behind the black print on the page and the hysterical voices on the air there is something deeper and more dangerous—more dangerous to *them.* They know that it is a condition of men's minds which has produced these things—a condition which existed and exists not only in Europe but in other parts of the world as well and not least in our own country. And they know that this condition of men's minds is not a practical, a political, phenomenon of no concern to the scholar and the man of thought, but something very different.

It is not, for example, a matter of purely practical and political interest that great numbers of men in various parts of the world wish passionately and even violently to give up the long labor of liberty and to surrender their wills and their bodies and even their minds to the will of a leader, so that they may achieve at least the dignity of order, at least the dignity of obedience. It is not a matter of purely practical and political significance that whole nations of men have gladly and willingly released themselves not only from their rights as individuals but from their duties as individuals; so that they are no longer compelled to feel or to respect the individual humanity of others—or to feel or to respect the things that individual humanity has, over many centuries, created. It is not a matter of purely practical and political importance that governments which once, whatever they may have practiced, protested a respect for learning and the arts, should now permit themselves to show not only the power but, worse, far worse, the *willingness*, the *purpose,* to enslave both learning and the arts. It is not a matter of purely practical and political importance that societies which once made part of the community of Western culture should now attempt by murder and outrage and exile to root out that culture and to replace it with private and parochial sciences and private and parochial arts; so that frontiers are armed, for the first time in the history of the West, not only along the rivers and the mountains and the boundaries of nations, but across the common earth of culture, the free land that was never fenced before.

I think no honest man will say that these are matters of practical and political significance alone. I think any man who considers with coolness and without the preconceptions of the dogmas the character of the crisis of his time will admit that this crisis is in essence a cultural crisis—a revolt of certain classes, certain conditions of men against the inherited culture of the West and against all common culture—a revolt by no means limited to those nations where it has been successful. Wars we have had before—many wars; murder also: inquisition of scholars: torture of askers: suppression and mutilation of truth. But in the past these things have been done, however hypocritically, in the name of truth, in the name of humanity—even in the name of God. The forms of culture were preserved—and in the preservation of a civilization as in the preservation of an art the forms are everything. What is new and unexampled in the times we live in is *the repudiation of the forms.* What is new is a cynical brutality which considers moral self-justification unnecessary and therefore—and this is perhaps its worst indecency—dispenses even with the filthy garment of the hypocrite. To use brutality and force, not in the name of right nor in the name of God, but in the name of force alone, is to destroy the self-respect and therefore the dignity of the individual life, without which the existence of art or learning is inconceivable. To lie, not in the name of truth, but in the name of lies, is to destroy the common basis of communication without which a common culture cannot exist and a work of learning or of art becomes unintelligible.

The truth is that the disorder of our time is in its essentials a revolt against the common culture of the West. For against what but the common culture did this disorder continue to struggle in Germany long after it had overthrown the former state? There was no domestic danger for it to fear. Against what but the Western respect for the dignity of the individual was aimed the long series of outrages against the Jews? The Jews were impotent when they were subjected to the worst abuses. Against what but the Western respect for the common, the nationless, creation of the artist was aimed the destruction of the work of men like Thomas Mann? Thomas Mann had already been repudiated by his people when they accepted the government of his enemies. Against what but the Western belief in the wholeness of Western civilization was aimed the assault upon a church which was no longer a danger to any ruler and the fabrication of a paganism which needed only the blond sopranos on the ends of wires to be Wagner at his worst?

Intellectuals in America and elsewhere—writers, scientists, the men of learning—have attempted to ignore these questions. They have pretended to themselves that the burning of books, the exiling of artists, the invention of mythologies were merely incidents, after-thoughts, decorations; that the true crisis was the crisis of food, the crisis of arms, the crisis created by political forces, by economic collapse; that they had, and needed have, no truck with it. They have been wrong. These things are not incidents. They are not after-thoughts. They are the essential nature of the revolution of our age. For without this attack upon the habits of the mind, the reliances of the spirit, the revolution could not, by any possibility, have succeeded.

The revolution of our age—the revolution which has finally emerged and declared itself in action—is not the great Revolution of the Masses of which generous men once dreamed, and which other and less generous men have now so meanly and so bloodily betrayed. The Revolution of the Masses was a revolution which proposed to set up one faith against another faith, one culture against another culture: a faith in man, a faith in the power of the patterns of men's lives, against a faith in institutions and in money; a culture of the people against a culture of the exploiters of the people. The revolution which has finally and successfully emerged in action has no such faith and no such culture.

It is a revolution of negatives, a revolution of despair. It is a revolution created out of misery by dread of yet more misery, a revolution created out of disorder by terror of disorder. It is a revolution of gangs, a revolution *against.* And the enemy it must destroy is the enemy which, in all times and in all civilizations, has stood against the revolutions of the gangs—the rule of moral law, the rule of spiritual authority, the rule of intellectual truth. To establish the negative revolutions, the revolutions of which the only aim is power, the revolutions which have no means but force, it is necessary first to destroy the authority of the unseen sayings of the mind. It is necessary to destroy the things the mind has made. Caliban in the miserable and besotted swamp is the symbol of this revolution. As long as the unseen beauty in the air retains its voices and its seductive music and its stinging whips, the revolutions of the gangs are clumsy, blundering, grotesque, and foolish. They have one hope of success and only one—the destruction of the whole system of ideas, the whole respect for truth, the whole authority of excellence which places law above force, beauty above cruelty, singleness above numbers.

It is the distinction of our time—perhaps unhappily its most memorable distinction—that it and it alone has provided the formula by which this overthrow could be achieved. Only in our time has the revolution of the gangs discovered a strategy and a leadership brutal enough, cynical enough, cunning enough to destroy the entire authority of the inherited culture and thereafter to seal the doors against the searching and the asking of the scholar's mind, the artist's mind; so that the revolution of force, the revolution of despair, could flower and fulfil its possibilities.

It is to this disorder and not to some political and partisan dissension, not to some accidental economic breakdown—it is to this direct, explicit, and intentional attack upon the scholar's world and the scholar's life and the scholar's work that American scholarship has been indifferent. Or if not indifferent, then inactive; merely watchful—fearful, watchful, and inactive. And it is there that history will place its question: How could we sit back as spectators of a war against ourselves?

I think, speaking only of what I have seen myself and heard, I think it is neither lack of courage nor lack of wisdom but a different reason which has prevented our generation of intellectuals in this country from acting in its own defense. I think it is the organization of the intellectual life of our time. Specifically, I think it is this: that intellectual responsibility has been divided in our time and by division destroyed. The men of intellectual duty, those who should have been responsible for action, have divided themselves into two castes, two cults—the scholars and the writers. Neither of these accepts responsibility for the common culture or for its defense.

There was a time a century ago, two centuries ago, when men who practiced these professions would have accepted such responsibility without an instant's hesitation. A century ago the professions of the writer and the scholar were united in the single profession of the man of letters, and the man of letters was responsible in everything that touched the mind. He was a man of wholeness of purpose, of singleness of intention, a single intellectual champion, admittedly responsible for the defense of the inherited tradition, avowedly partisan of its practice. Where those who practice these several professions today divide the learned world and the creative world between them in irresponsible and neutral states, the man of letters inhabited both learning and the world of letters like an empire.

He was a man of learning whose learning was employed not for its own sake in a kind of academic narcissism but for the sake of decent living in his time. He was a writer whose writing was used not to mirror an abstract and unrelated present but to illuminate that present by placing it in just relation to its past. He was therefore and necessarily a man who admitted a responsibility for the survival and vitality of the common and accumulated experience of the mind, for this experience was to him the air he breathed, the perspective of his thinking. Learning to him was no plump pigeon carcass to be picked at for his private pleasure and his private fame but a profession practiced for the common good. Writing was not an ornament, a jewel, but a means to ends, a weapon, the most powerful of weapons, a weapon to be used. Whatever threatened learning or the ends of learning challenged the man of letters. Whatever struck at truth or closed off question or defiled an art or violated decency of thinking struck at him. And he struck back with every weapon masters of the word could find to strike with. Milton defending freedom of the mind in sentences which outlive every name of those who struck at freedom, Voltaire displaying naked to the grin of history the tyrants who were great until he made them small, Bartholomew de las Casas gentling cruel priests and brutal captains with the dreadful strokes of truth—las Casas, Milton, and Voltaire were men of letters, men who confessed an obligation to defend the disciplines of thought not in their own but in the general interest.

Had men like these been living in our time, had the intellectuals of our time been whole and loyal, it would, I think, have been impossible for the revolution of the gangs to have succeeded where success has been most dangerous—in the perversion of the judgments of the mind. Murder is not absolved of immorality by committing murder. Murder is absolved of immorality by bringing men to think that murder is not evil. This only the perversion of the mind can bring about. And the perversion of the mind is only possible when those who should be heard in its defense are silent.

They are silent in our time because there are no voices which accept responsibility for speaking. Even the unimaginable indecencies of propaganda, even the corruption of the word itself in Germany and Russia and Spain and elsewhere, even the open triumph of the lie produced no answer such as Voltaire in his generation would have given. And for this reason—that the man who could have been Voltaire, who could have been las Casas, does not live: the man of intellectual *office,* the man of intellectual *calling,* the man who *professes* letters—professes an obligation as a servant of the mind to defend the mind's integrity against every physical power—professes an obligation to defend the labors of the mind and the structures it has created and the means by which it lives, not only privately and safely in his study, not only strictly and securely in the controversies of the learned press, but publicly and at the public risk and danger of his life. He does not exist because the man of letters no longer exists. And the man of letters no longer exists because he has been driven from our world and from our time by the division of his kingdom. The single responsibility, the wholeness of function of the man of letters, has been replaced by the divided function, the mutual antagonism, the isolated irresponsibility of two figures—the scholar and the writer.

Why this substitution has come about—whether because the methods of scientific inquiry, carried over into the humanities, destroyed the loyalties and habits of the mind or for some other reason—I leave to wiser men to say. The point is that there has been a substitution. The country of the man of letters has been divided between his heirs. The country that was once the past and present brought together in the mind is now divided into past on one side, present on the other.

Past is the scholar's country; present is the writer's. The writer sees the present on the faces of the world and leaves the past to rot in its own rubbish. The scholar digs his ivory cellar in the ruins of the past and lets the present sicken as it will. A few exceptions noted here and there—men like Thomas Mann—the gulf between these countries is complete. And the historical novels fashionable at the moment, the vulgarizations of science, the digests of philosophy, only define its depth as a plank across a chasm makes the chasm deeper. That it should be necessary to throw such flimsy flights from one side to the other of the learned world shows how deeply and disastrously the split was made.

That scholarship suffers or that writing suffers by the change is not asserted. Scholarship may be more scientific: writing may be purer. Indeed, there are many who believe, and I among them, that the time we live in has produced more first-rate writers than any but the very greatest ages, and there are scholars of a scholarship as hard, as honest, as devoted as any we have known. But excellence of scholarship and writing are not now in question. What matters now is the defense of culture—the defense truly, and in the most literal terms, of civilization as men have known it for the last two thousand years. And there the substitution of the modern scholar-writer, however pure his scholarship, however excellent his writing, is a tragic and immeasurable loss. For neither the modern scholar nor the modern writer admits responsibility for this defense. They assert on the contrary, each in his particular way, an irresponsibility as complete as it is singular.

The irresponsibility of the scholar is the irresponsibility of the scientist upon whose laboratory insulation he has patterned all his work. The scholar in letters has made himself as indifferent to values, as careless of significance, as bored with meanings as the chemist. He is a refugee from consequences, an exile from the responsibilities of moral choice. His words of praise are the laboratory words—objectivity, detachment, dispassion. His pride is to be scientific, neuter, skeptical, detached—superior to final judgment or absolute belief. In his capacity as scholar the modern scholar does not occupy the present. In his capacity as scholar he loves the word—but only the word which entails no judgments, involves no decisions, accomplishes no actions. Where the man of letters of other centuries domesticated the past within the rustling of the present, making it stand among us like the meaning of a statue among trees, the modern scholar in his capacity as scholar leaves the present and returns across the past, where all the men are marble.

It is not for nothing that the modern scholar invented the Ph.D. thesis as his principal contribution to literary form. The Ph.D. thesis is the perfect image of his world. It is work done for the sake of doing work—perfectly conscientious, perfectly laborious, perfectly irresponsible. The modern scholar at his best and worst is both these things—perfectly conscientious, laborious, and competent: perfectly irresponsible for the saving of his world. He remembers how in the Civil Wars in England the scholars, devoted only to their proper tasks, founded the Royal Society. He remembers how through other wars and other dangers the scholars kept the lamp of learning lighted. He does not consider that the scholars then did other things as well as trim the lamp wicks. He does not consider either that the dangers change and can be greater. He has his work to do. He has his book to finish. He hopes the war will not destroy the manuscripts he works with. He is the pure, the perfect type of irresponsibility—the man who acts as though the fire could not burn him because he has no business with the fire. He knows, because he cannot help but know, reading his papers, talking to his friends—he knows this fire has consumed the books, the spirit, everything he lives by, flesh itself, in other countries. He knows this but he will not know. It's not his business. Whose business is it then? He will not answer even that. He has his work to do. He has his book to finish. . . .

The writer's irresponsibility is no less. Where the modern scholar escapes from the adult judgments of the mind by taking the disinterested man of science as his model, the modern writer escapes by imitation of the artist. He practices his writing as a painter does his painting. He thinks as artist, which is to say he thinks without responsibility to anything but truth of feeling. He observes as artist, which is to say that he observes with honesty and truthfulness and without comment. His devotion, as with every honest painter, is devotion to the thing observed, the actual thing, the thing without its consequences or its antecedents, naked of judgment, stripped of causes and effects. The invisible world, the intellectual world, the world of the relation of ideas, the world of judgments, of values, the world in which truth is good and lies are evil—this world has no existence for the honest artist or for the honest writer who takes the artist for his model.

He sees the world as a god sees it—without morality, without care, without judgment. People look like this. People act like that. He shows them looking, acting. It is not his business why they look so, why they act so. It is enough that he should "make them happen." If he concerns himself with motive at all he concerns himself with the "real" motive, meaning the discreditable motive which the actor conceals from himself. His most searching purpose is to find, not the truth of human action, but the low-down, the discreditable explanation which excuses him from care. The suggestion that there are things in the world—ideas, conceptions, ways of thinking—which the writer-artist should defend from attack—the suggestion above all that he was under an obligation to defend the inherited culture—would strike him as ridiculous.

Artists do not save the world. They practice art. They practice it as Goya practiced it among the cannon in Madrid. And if this war is not Napoleon in Spain but something even worse than that? They practice art. Or they put the art aside and take a rifle and go out and fight. But not *as artists*. The artist does not fight. The artist's obligations are obligations to his art. He has no others. Not even when his art itself, his chance to practice

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it, his need to live where it is practiced may be in danger. The writer-artist will write a bloody story about the expense of blood. He will present the face of agony as it has rarely been presented. But not even then will he take the weapon of his words and carry it to the barricades of intellectual warfare, to the storming of belief, the fortifying of conviction where alone this fighting can be won.

There are examples in history of civilizations made impotent by excess of culture. No one, I think, will say of us that we lost our intellectual liberties on this account. But it may well be said, and said with equally ironic emphasis, that the men of thought, the men of learning, in this country were deceived and rendered impotent by the best they knew. To the scholar impartiality, objectivity, detachment were ideal qualities he taught himself laboriously and painfully to acquire. To the writer objectivity and detachment were his writer's pride. Both subjected themselves to inconceivable restraints, endless disciplines to reach these ends. And both succeeded. Both writers and scholars freed themselves of the subjective passions, the emotional preconceptions which color conviction and judgment. Both writers and scholars freed themselves of the personal responsibility associated with personal choice. They emerged free, pure, and single into the antiseptic air of objectivity. And by that sublimation of the mind they prepared the mind's disaster.

If it is a consolation to the philosophers of earlier civilizations to know that they lost the things they loved because of the purity of their devotion, then perhaps this consolation will be ours as well. I doubt that we will profit by it or receive much praise.

From the Bill of Fare

THE NATION has been called cantankerous, a curmudgeon among journals, quick to blame, niggard of praise. Perhaps the charge is true. But when we find a chance to approve we take it, and when we praise we mean it. In this anniversary year *The Nation* decided to institute an award to be given annually for "distinguished service in the cause of American social progress." We submitted a list of candidates—all worthy of choice—to a representative group of American liberals. The selection of Eleanor Roosevelt was a natural and a happy one.

On May 1 *The Nation* awarded a bronze plaque to Mrs. Roosevelt at a dinner in her honor. More than a thousand persons filled the tables and the balcony of the ballroom at the Hotel Astor in New York. Clifton Fadiman served as toastmaster and introduced a list of speakers who managed to combine variety and substance and warmth of feeling in an unusual group of speeches. Mr. Villard reviewed *The Nation's* record, linking its present with its past, and its long-fought-for ideals with the democratic spirit that animates Mrs. Roosevelt. His remarks, both eloquent and comprehensive, were too long to include in these pages. But much of what he said is happily preserved in his article in *The Nation's* special anniversary issue, published last February 10. Some of the other speeches were extemporaneous and so cannot be reproduced, including the words of Eleanor Roosevelt in accepting the medal, and those of William Allen White. Fragments of their speeches, carried in the New York *Times*, are worth quoting:

> In a brief acceptance speech, Mrs. Roosevelt said: "I will do my best to do what is right, not with a sense of my own adequacy but with the feeling that this country must go on, that we must keep democracy and must make it mean a reality to more people." She added that "our democracy is only as good as each individual citizen is good," and that a statesman could lead only as far as each citizen allowed him to go.
>
> "We should constantly be reminded of what we owe in return for what we have," she went on, illustrating this remark with two examples, one of a refugee Austrian and another of a taxi driver who had come here as an immigrant, both of whom had "shocked" her into realizing what a debt we owe to our democratic way of life.
>
> "We must remember," she added, "that it is not for ourselves that we live—it is for an ideal; namely, not to give ourselves a better chance, but to give the people as a whole something in life worth living for, and perhaps, sometime, we may offer hope for the rest of the world."
>
> Mr. White said that it was a myth that we were operating under a two-party system, as the liberal Republicans and the conservative Democrats made our system one of four parties.
>
> "It is the illusion of every President on entering the White House," Mr. White said, "that he has a mandate. He believes he has a united party, but the united party is also a myth. By reason of the four-party system the bellyache is an occupational disease of the White House.
>
> "Let us get a Republican President next fall and, boy, will he get a real headache!"
>
> Turning to Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. White said: "My dear, I don't care if the President runs for the third or fourth term as long as he lets you run the bases, keep the score, and win the game."

Although the excerpts printed below cannot do full justice to the speeches from which they were taken, we hope they will serve to bring the spirit of the dinner for Eleanor Roosevelt to thousands of *Nation* readers who could not be present.—EDITORS THE NATION.

STUART CHASE

THE story goes that an American tourist was being shown the new subway in Moscow. His guide pointed out the frescoes on the walls, the ticket-choppers' booths, the turnstiles for passengers. After admiring all these, the tourist inquired: "What about the trains?"

Then the guide showed him the new washrooms, more turnstiles, and more frescoes. "What about the trains?" the tourist asked again.

"What about the trains?" the guide repeated angrily. "What about the trains? What about the share-croppers in Alabama?"

This story may be apocryphal, but it illustrates a familiar type of logic. We might reverse it. Suppose we showed a visiting European the Empire State Building in New York, and he inquired: "What about all the vacant space?" "Vacant space?" we might sternly reply. "Vacant space? What about the invasion of Norway?"

I'm as devoted a radio news hound as the next man. Before I accept an evening invitation I consider whether I shall have to miss Raymond Swing—another former *Nation* editor. If both Mr. Swing and Mr. Gunther are on the menu, I refuse to go out at all. But I wonder how much of this interest in the foreign news is excitement—like watching a prize fight—and so a kind of escape from pressing problems at home?

That is what I like about Mrs. Roosevelt—her interest in America. I suppose she worries about Europe like the rest of us, but she does not allow this worry to divert her attention from the home front. She goes around America, looking at America, thinking about America, talking to Americans like those same Alabama share-croppers, helping day and night with the problems of America.

Some of the European news is more breath-taking than the fights, at least to me. I try to picture the shape of the world economy after the war is over—whoever wins—and I'm dumfounded by what I see. Here is Switzerland, said to be spending a million dollars a day to defend its passes. On a per capita basis, read thirteen billions a year for the United States. Compare this with our present supposedly staggering defense expenditures of two billions or so.

If this is the case in Switzerland, it is equally bad in Turkey and the Balkans, worse in Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Italy. That is to say, every so-called neutral in Europe is spending for defense probably twice as much relatively as we are spending for *all* federal purposes.

When we come to belligerents, the figures go right off the map. Recent estimates on the floor of Parliament indicate that Britain is spending more than 50 per cent of its entire national income for war; France and Germany are spending more than 60 per cent. Equivalent expenditures for the United States would be in the neighborhood of thirty-five to forty billions! Even with heavy increases in taxes, this would leave us with an annual deficit of perhaps thirty billions. The present deficits are running around three billions, one-tenth as great. Senator Taft, Mr. Dewey, and the New York *Herald Tribune* have to be revived with smelling salts whenever they contemplate the present gap between federal outgo and income. If we were operating on the European model, could we bring them to at all?

The New Deal is supposed to be fighting a war, too, a war against depression. To do so it has spent between 5 and 10 per cent of the national income—and this in the teeth of the most dire prophecies of inflation, ruin, and grandchildren bowlegged under burdens of debt. Yet the New Deal expenditures have been primarily in the interest of houses rather than howitzers, investments in life rather than in death. Some idle money has been moved, some idle men put to work. But not enough. Our hearts are not in our war. If we taxed some of the idle funds more heavily, we could put men to work and come closer to a balanced budget. But we don't dare to. Many of us just howl about approaching bankruptcy. Mr. Dewey talks about economy in the cadences of President McKinley. It sounds poignant as one listens, but then one looks east toward Europe, or even north toward Canada, and it all seems pretty timid and childish and irrelevant. It isn't that kind of world any more.

What kind of world it is going to be I don't pretend to know. Perhaps after the shooting stops we shall find that the financial folklore of three centuries has been reversed, and that a new calculus has emerged, where men come first and money comes second. Maybe when a thing is to be done, the question will no longer be: "Where's the money coming from?" but rather: "Have we the men and the raw materials? If we have, we can do it." That at least seems to be the drift in Europe, so far as I can glimpse it through the fog.

I am glad that we have *The Nation* with us at this time. It has pierced a lot of fog in the last seventy-five years. It is comforting to know it is here to help us pierce this one. We need all the help we can get.

JOHN GUNTHER

I HAVE a rather bad habit of neglecting the newspapers every once in a while, and reading other things. Sometimes I even read the dictionary. And when I was thinking about this dinner a few hours ago, I looked up a word in my dictionary—the word "institution." What *is* an institution? I wondered. And I found out that an institution was something that had fixity, permanence, and importance. Also it's something that people like to depend on, something benevolent as a rule, something we like. And it occurred to me that tonight we are meeting together to honor *two* great American institutions: *The Nation* and Eleanor Roosevelt. Of Mrs. Roosevelt I can say very little, except to mention how deeply we all admire her. But of *The Nation* I can say a good deal. I observe several *Nation* editors looking somewhat alarmed.

Ten or eleven years ago, I remember—it must have been 1930 or thereabouts—I started to write European articles for *The Nation*. I lived in Vienna then. And I've been thinking, tonight, what a formidable, what a spectacular difference there is between the Europe we knew then, in 1930, and the blazing Europe we face today. (I've been looking over some of my old *Nation* pieces. They were about petty revolutionary movements in Rumania; they dealt with changes in the political picture in Austria which no one but an Austrian metaphysician could understand; they described what was almost a comic-opera world.) We had scarcely ever heard of Hitler in those days; if we had heard of him at all, we thought he was a rather bad Austrian joke. We thought that Mussolini, basically, was of the organ-grinder type, who made trains run on time and chased beggars off the streets. We thought of Stalin as a faithful student—or shall I say disciple—of Lenin, who would no more gobble Finns than we'd gobble grasshoppers.

In those days Mr. Chamberlain was a faintly adequate Birmingham back-bencher. General Franco was an ambitious officer somewhere in Morocco. Daladier and Reynaud were doing what all French politicians do when they're obscure—I'm not sure what that is. In those days we had never heard of the anti-Comintern pact, or the Russo-German pact, or the Siegfried Line, or the Rome-Berlin axis, or who was going to get axed by that axis. In those days we even thought there was a League of Nations. We didn't know nearly so much as we do now of the modern technique of rape and run. And if anybody had bet that ten years later the British and Germans would be fighting in Norway, with the British in the gravest possible danger, we would have called an ambulance.

It's part of the duty of serious journalism to portray changes like this, changes that have shattered the very foundations of our modern world. And it has always seemed to me that *The Nation* has performed able and very honorable work in doing so. The essence of foreign correspondence, it seems to me, is stability of judgment, plus courage. It isn't easy to work in Europe these days. There are obstacles on every side. I don't mean merely such obstacles as censorship or propaganda, which are more or less external and which can be overcome. I mean such internal obstacles as inadequate education, and prejudice, and above all the great national vice of wishful thinking. Also nowadays good reporters—like the reporters on *The Nation*—have to face the almost intolerably complex difficulties of the world itself. A good reporter has to be something like Dr. Freud, since he must be a psychologist; he must be something like Gibbon, since he is necessarily a historian; he ought to be like Max Planck, a scientist; he is like Dr. Gallup, a sounder-out of opinion; he certainly must be a politician; he may even have to be a prophet. For it's not merely a war that is going on today; it's a revolution. The world is exploding in an unpredictable series of violent uprisings and outreachings. And at such a period in history it behooves men of good-will to know what is going on. And thus journalism—the kind of journalism represented by *The Nation*—is so critically important.

MELVYN DOUGLAS

THERE is much rabble-rousing today under the slogans of liberalism and democracy. These slogans are the verbal banners flown by organizations and individuals whose ideologies are as far apart as Herbert Hoover and Earl Browder. The resulting tension is particularly evident in California. The extreme right and the extreme left seem to regard the state as a testing ground. Both sides grapple for control in their efforts to influence the voting public. It requires some measure of insight to gauge these organizations and to determine what purposes lie behind the liberal verbiage. A magazine like *The Nation* is of extreme value to us in California. It is often difficult to obtain a fair hearing for facts, as, for instance, in the case of California's migrants, and *The Nation* has been a periodical which could be depended upon to present them from a completely trustworthy and liberal point of view. At the age of seventy-five years its liberality is still sound and militant.

So too is the liberality of Eleanor Roosevelt. Very recently, during a tour of California's migrant camps, I had an excellent opportunity to see Mrs. Roosevelt in action. She knew precisely what questions to ask in order to get the information she wanted. Her eye was quick to catch the fact that the single water faucet serving a county camp was right next to the privy or that the sores covering a child's body were the result of improper food. Much more impressive, however, than her obviously trained aptitude in social research were the simplicity and warmth of her approach. Underneath the scientific observer was the human being who was profoundly vulnerable to the sufferings of thousands of her fellow-citizens.

An incident or two will illustrate. We were in one of the county camps. Mrs. Roosevelt noticed a young woman standing inside a tent pitched on the bare ground, which was still slushy from a heavy rain storm the night before. The young woman was surrounded by several children. Mrs. Roosevelt, without waiting for the formality of a presentation, stepped to the flap of the tent and asked if she might come in to look around. The woman said, "Why certainly, but we haven't had a chance to clean up yet from last night's flood and a mess of measles." Without further ado, Eleanor Roosevelt was inside the tent talking to her about the perennial problems of housekeeping and child-raising. She might for all the world have been an Oklahoma neighbor who had just landed in California, and the young Oklahoma woman must subconsciously have felt this, for not once during the whole encounter did she stop brushing her hair to make any silly obeisance to the wife of the President. There was a quiet dignity about both of them.

The functioning of Mrs. Roosevelt as a citizen sets a vivid example. It points the way for liberals. It provides a basis for hoping that the day may come when national and international legislation will be built upon the human needs of all men, women, and children rather than upon the purposes and ambitions of a few.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

THERE have been, off and on through the centuries, many attempts to "emancipate" women. These attempts were focused in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries as in a burning glass, till the fire was lighted which finally, some twenty years ago, gave women political equality. But while this struggle was going on, people of wisdom were beginning to see that political freedom is only the most obvious of the freedoms which a human being needs if he is to draw his breath in the calm of real liberty. Exactly as cramping and far harder to see and to break than political slavery is the invisible, intangible slavery of subjection to habit and social standards. Women found themselves with the right to cast a vote, but with hardly more freedom to be themselves than before—unless in the role of rebels against society. In that role freedom can always be secured, but at a price few normal human beings are willing to pay.

At this point, a critical one, Eleanor Roosevelt appeared on the American scene and began being herself, out in the open, where folks could see the process. If there ever was a case of the need producing the person, this was one! Here was a woman-citizen such as myriad American women had longed to be, deeply interested in her home, on excellent terms with her husband, but also burning with pity, with remorse, for the undeserved sufferings of the under-dog in our society. She not only stood staunchly by those members of the younger generation related to her by blood; she offered that innately decent responsibility of the mature for the young to all younger Americans. She extended the feeling of responsibility for the misfortunes of neighbors to others than the ones who happened to live in her geographical neighborhood.

The emancipation of the better qualities of American women accomplished by the example—not the exhortation—of Eleanor Roosevelt is beyond calculation. What she has done is to help American women to see life in its true proportions. She has shown that there is time in a woman's life for her duties to her personal circle as wife, mother, and grandmother, and to her country as citizen, with enough left over for enjoyment. She has proved, as Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress" proved long ago, that the lions in the way of progress are really chained to their places and incapable of harming those with the courage to walk straight forward.

FERDINAND PECORA

WHEN *The Nation* was founded in 1865, our country was entering upon the unhappy reconstruction era which followed the Civil War. Today America is facing another reconstruction period—one which presents problems far more profound than those of the post-Civil War decade. The correct answers to the questions confronting us cannot be found by recourse solely to the old formulas. Painful experiences of recent years teach us that many of them now fail to work; that they are no longer adapted to the vast changes which modern developments have wrought in industry, agriculture, finance, and commerce, or to the bewildering shifts in international relationships and contentions.

Inevitably, the soundness of decisions that we must make upon these grave issues will depend upon our ability to recognize and understand the complicated forces which swirl around us. This demands imperatively that we have a free, a fearless, and an honest press, a press keen and alert to see the truth and courageous enough to proclaim it, especially when it conflicts with a prevalent public opinion.

Those are the qualities which *The Nation* has exemplified throughout its notable career. And so, on this felicitous observance of its diamond jubilee, in congratulating *The Nation* upon its many years of exceptionally useful life, I cordially wish for it a constantly spreading influence upon the mind of America.

As for our beloved guest, her varied and ceaseless labors for the social betterment of our people have constituted her, *in fact,* our First Lady. Of her it may truly be said that she has always sought, not honors for herself, but to render devoted service to others. No wonder, then, that honors richly earned have been heaped upon her despite the natural modesty of her nature. One of these is that which we delight in conferring on her tonight—as the first recipient of *The Nation's* award—for her outstanding achievements in the field of social progress and for upholding so tirelessly the precious principles of our democracy.

FRANK KINGDON

FIRST, let me speak a fitting word of gratitude that *The Nation* has lived for seventy-five years. And second, let me say how greatly I wonder that it has. For one of the paradoxes of our American life is that those who most loudly profess their faith in rugged individualism are the ones who submit most docilely to close-knit organizations, while those who advocate social planning and social control are usually extreme individualists ready at the drop of a hat to tilt their furious pens at each other in orgies of dialectical immolation. Social nonconformity has seldom assumed the dimensions of a mass movement among us, but has made its history in a series of brilliant guerrilla campaigns fired by crusading and highly personal zeal. Yet through these apparently disconnected sorties and affrays a threat of essential congruity has run, and *The Nation* has been the consistent organ of its expression.

As an advocate of nonconformity *The Nation* is fittingly paying honor to Mrs. Roosevelt, a woman who in her time plays many parts, not the least striking of which is that of a breaker of precedents. Yet of all innovators she is the most disarming, for she insists on no originality save that of being herself. Among all her remarkable achievements I count as supreme the kind of person she has become. She has lived after her own fashion, and has proved herself so genuine a human being that few will dispute the statement that today she is the most widely beloved person in our whole national life.

In his most recent book, "Freedom and Culture," John Dewey has two sentences that stay by me almost hauntingly: "We have advanced far enough to realize that democracy is a way of life. We have yet to realize that it is a way of personal life, and one which provides a moral standard for personal conduct." What Dewey asserts, Mrs. Roosevelt exemplifies. And the result is more than a general human kindness. It attains the quality of high statesmanship.

For example, we are being confronted by masses of people torn from the soil in which their roots have been deeply driven for centuries and turned out on the highways of an inhospitable world. Some with little understanding turn away from contemplating what is happening, even feel a resentment that anyone should suggest that they have any responsibility in the matter. But to one who sees in every event the actual human beings involved, the bitter toll of chauvinism and aggression becomes something more packed with meaning than any cold statistics can display. The victims are not Finnish refugees or Polish or Czech or Jewish or Christian

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refugees, they are men and women and children hunted along cruel and bloody roads, going they know not whither, fleeing from terrors they dare not name, homeless, frightened, and without hope. Here is a picture far more disconsolate than our ordinary categories of pity and philanthropy. Seeing it with clear eyes, our honored guest belongs with those who have never let us forget the aching chaos of these hearts for whom the world has been transformed into catastrophe.

Those who answer that this is sentiment and not reality do not know the depths at which it moves. These stricken ones are symptoms of political realities of almost immeasurable magnitude. We are witnessing a kind of selective migration that is arbitrarily upsetting the equilibrium of populations established over centuries. In the presence of such a spectacle only those who feel the human pang are sensitive enough to understand the implications for our whole society. To see the refugees clearly is to recognize that their very helplessness is the indication that they are tossed by forces of revolutionary upheaval that threaten to topple our whole vaunted structure of civilization.

The creed of this contemporary revolution is nihilism. It is the great denial—denial of human rights, denial of human brotherhood, denial of human dignity, denial of the ultimate reality of life itself. It is the passion to crush and to kill. We are met here to acclaim a woman and a journal that have never ceased to proclaim the great affirmation—that life can be good, that every man, woman, and child has worth and dignity, that all human beings are one in ultimate destiny and in striving faith, that out of hope and effort the good society shall yet be born.

In the Wind

PROBABLY NO one knows the real story, but this tale of the President's intended convention strategy comes from a frequent White House visitor: F. D. R. wants Attorney General Jackson to head the ticket and will say so. If that arouses no cheers, he will press for Supreme Court Justice Douglas. Those two, this source insists, are the only men he regards as real successors. If they are rejected, he will run himself.

THE EXPECTED revival of Christian Front activity on New York streets is getting under way slowly. A few meetings are being held, and Joe McWilliams has launched a new "front" called the United Party. But it is said that most of the Front groups are awaiting the outcome of the Brooklyn trial before starting "war in earnest."

THE COMING convention of the Newspaper Guild will witness an organized attack on the present administration. The offensive is being prepared by Ferdinand Lundberg and is apparently deriving support not only in New York but in cities outside as well. The convention will be held in July.

"I AM NAIVE enough to believe," Donald J. Sterling, president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, told that body recently, "that a newspaper must have a soul, a realization that its power and influence come, not from any pressure or dictation exerted by it, but from an everyday practice of fair play." Sterling is managing editor of the Portland (Oregon) *Journal.* Shortly after this speech Senator Norris sent word to public-power advocates in Portland that he favored a public-ownership proposal on the city's municipal ballot. The *Journal's* rival, the *Oregonian,* reported Norris's announcement in a long story. The *Journal* ignored it—except for an editorial several days later denouncing Norris.

PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT: "Time should be engaged on the air for martial music and patriotic programs to overcome the apathy that makes Hitler and Stalin—and the people of the United States, too—think Canadians don't care."—Editorial in the Toronto *Globe and Mail.*

WAR NEWS: The *Radio Daily* recently ran this ad: "War Names. Now available, authentic, phonetic pronunciation list of every important city, railway center, river, and mountain in Norway.—$2. War Name Service, 110 West Forty-second Street. (Orders taken for Sweden, Denmark, and the Balkans)."

WHILE RICHARD WRIGHT'S "Native Son" has been receiving nation-wide acclaim, Communist ranks are sorely divided over the book, and debate is taking place both in private and in public. One group condemns the book on the ground that it will damage both Negroes and the C. P.; another—which seems to be dominant—is vigorously defending it. Wright is a party member—a fact which most reviews did not reveal.

THE SENSATIONAL NLRB hearings in Dallas on Ford terrorism received almost as little publicity in that city as in the rest of the country. . . . Joseph Lash, former Student Union leader, is preparing an authorized compilation of Franklin D. Roosevelt's addresses, designed to show that they reveal a consistent philosophy. . . . Nazi propaganda here is now concentrating on India.

WILLIAM HILLMAN, NBC's London reporter, made a slip over WEAF that is not likely to endear him to Italian audiences. Citing an item in *Popolo d'Italia,* he identified that journal as "Mussolini's mouth organ" and had to explain a little later that he meant "mouthpiece."

ANDRE MARTY, cabling from Moscow to the New York *Sunday Worker,* bewails the fact that "the monstrous imperialists are at one another's throats and are preparing to tear one another to pieces." When it comes to specific examples M. Marty says nothing of the Nazi assaults on Denmark, Norway, and the Low Countries, but he sadly points out that "already the Lofoten Islands and Iceland are 'under the protection' of Chamberlain, and tomorrow Greenland will be 'under Roosevelt's protection.' "

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A SAINT on earth died the other day, a man really too good for this kind of world. Of course I refer to George Lansbury, perhaps next to Gandhi the most outstanding pacifist in public life anywhere. I suppose that death was not unwelcome to him. At least he may not have wanted to carry on now in enfeebled health in a world which is so deliberately bent on self-destruction and will not read the simple and plain lesson of its war folly. It is only two years since he personally went on a mission of good-will to Hitler, Mussolini, and the heads of the French and other governments; I do not remember whether he got to Stalin or not. Yes, even Hitler received this benign and kindly old man, though Germans have been condemned to a lifetime of servitude merely for holding to Lansbury's Christian belief that the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill" applies to all times and all conditions. When I was in England last fall he was apart from the great currents of life in his country, all of which, except a small group similarly conscientiously opposed, stood behind the government in its belief that Germany can be purged of Nazism by guns and unlimited bloodshed. But he died as true to his faith as ever did a Christian martyr.

"Member of Church of England; teetotaler; non-smoker; twice in prison"—thus Lansbury described himself in "Who's Who." He went through fire during the last war years, in and out of prison, but he was one of those men whom prison could not mar or break. Once when he was on a hunger strike in jail, he wrote, a prison chaplain rebuked him "for injuring my body by voluntary starvation because it was the temple of the Holy Ghost." At once Lansbury asked him if he were a Protestant. The chaplain said that he was, whereupon Lansbury replied: "If it had not been for Latimer and Ridley allowing their temple of the Holy Ghost to be burned in defense of their faith you could not have been a Protestant at all. You would not have come into my cell to talk this nonsense to me." But not his religion or anything else could dim his sense of humor; he recalled in his Memoirs the joyous interruption "shouted at canvassers for a school-board candidate who was in favor of secular education: 'They want to rob us of our bloody religion.'" This reminds me of what Augustine Birrell once said—that "the trouble with Lansbury is that he *will* let his bleeding heart run away with his bloody head."

None the less, however much his heart ran away with his head, he was, as was once pointed out in the London *New Statesman and Nation,* "immensely shrewd in practical affairs, and a most astute political fighter." Yet he would not remain at the head of the British Labor Party when it plumped for the sanctions against Italy in connection with the invasion of Ethiopia because he thought that would be inconsistent with his devotion to the doctrine of non-violence. Nobody hooted or sneered at him when he took this position, not even the most dyed-in-the-wool reactionary Conservative. Everybody respected and honored him, and the *New Statesman and Nation* spoke the truth when it declared that "George Lansbury is the only name that is known in every town and village of Great Britain." He was so simple, straightforward, and lovable, so completely uninterested in what happened to George Lansbury, so unwilling to conceal his lack of boyhood education, his humble origin, and his years of working as an ordinary laborer that one naturally thought of him as the "purest Christian in all England."

How few examples we have had of men who were willing to sacrifice the prestige of high office and a good salary by putting conscience above preferment! Too many like Ramsay MacDonald have salved their conscience by convincing themselves that they were indispensable, that they must not leave their party in the lurch in time of national crisis. Moreover, in Lansbury's case he knew that he had to turn the party leadership over to a man who was not so able; Clement Attlee is today nothing like the leader His Majesty's Opposition should have when the nation, as Winston Churchill has just admitted, is in greater danger than ever before. But Lansbury's intellectual honesty was crystal clear. So he gave up the leadership at seventy-six, without recrimination, without bitterness, without a sign of self-pity.

Afterward he went on as full of the zest of life and as certain of the correctness of his doctrines as Gandhi himself. How can such men as these be downcast? They have only to look around to see in a crumbling world about them the justification of all they have taught and preached. True, the militarists and believers in force are on top. And more and more people, even in our own country, are ready to put their faith in armaments, believing that if a nation only has enough arms, even if it is driven to the point of bankruptcy, it is safe. The world is giving that theory its final test now. Is it any wonder that an American general said to me that no country is now rich enough or big enough to support the soldier?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

AT FIRST I felt that it was a little inappropriate for a Westerner to be reviewing a book by a Southerner about New England ("A Southerner Discovers New England." By Jonathan Daniels. The Macmillan Company, $3); but then I reflected that it was New Englander and Southerner who discovered the West, if not the Westerner, and so there was justification after all. Joseph Smith saw his visions and dug up his golden plates in upper New York State; Brigham Young had his hardheadedness from Vermont; many a Southerner fled from the ruins of sixty-one to sixty-five to the wide freedom of the cattle ranges. I know little towns in Utah with red brick houses set back on quiet lawns and bushed by dim purple lilacs which always puzzled me because in the light of the new mountain sun they looked older than they could be. It was not until I had discovered New England and the South, after a fashion, that I realized that they *were* older than they could, at first thought, be, because they had been made by men and women who remembered New England and the South, often by way of the Middle West and more than one generation.

Regionalism, like nationalism, can be bitter and narrow and fanatical when it gets mixed up with politics and economics; but the regionalism which makes Mr. Daniels publish himself a Southerner is of a quite different stripe, though he too discusses both politics and economics. In "Of Thee I Sing" Victor Moore was made to say, "In Kansas we don't understand New Yorkers, but we don't want to shoot 'em." Jonathan Daniels went to New England not only not to shoot Yankees but to understand them, and add another dimension to his regionalism.

"This journey," he says, "needed to be made." He goes on to say:

> The whole procession of the American years has been illumined—or at least inflamed—with the works of men who hastened from the North to describe the South. Unfortunately there has been scarcely any perceptible movement from the opposite direction. . . . Whatever the cause, New England was denied the corrective influences which she so steadily furnished the South.

But Mr. Daniels, for all his frankness, is an amiable avenger. His regionalism is a flavor and not a frenzy, a unifying, not a separating, element, and the reader gets from his book, not only a more revealing picture of New England than a New Englander might draw, but a conviction that only by a combination of their regional virtues can the North and South—and the West as well—defeat the regional vices that beset them. This is an old thesis, but it can bear reiteration.

Mr. Daniels's book is packed with information—he is an excellent and conscientious reporter—about the land that begins at the Merritt Parkway and ends at the top of that enormous county called Aroostook; but the South is in it, too, for contrast and commentary. Closed mills in New England speak to him of low wages in the South; New England's ubiquitous public education, of Southern illiteracy. He plays upon the irony of New England financiers bemoaning the flight of industry—and financing the flight because money must earn its interest, and then financing relief in the gutted mill towns. He tells the tragic story of the fall of Manchester under the heading of Money or Men. He does not spare the glory of Yale rising out of the New Haven slums in an excellent chapter entitled Shadow Under a Torch.

There is shrewdness in Mr. Daniels's book worthy of a New Englander; there is also gallantry—though he scorns the word—and for good measure a style compounded of intelligence, imagination, and skill. The spirit of the whole is contained in his last sentences, in which he postulates a

> destination in decency which will include North and South together. . . . The Yankees once fought a war upon the sensible proposition that this could not be one nation, half slave and half free. They were right, and they proved it. But neither can this nation be half rich and half poor. With a sharp stick behind us, uncertain and undirected in the South, we are fighting about that now. And I count it that the sensible Yankees will be on our side. This time we shall all win or lose together.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Aviation Industry

THE AVIATION BUSINESS: FROM KITTY HAWK TO WALL STREET. By Elsbeth E. Freudenthal. The Vanguard Press. $3.

IT IS a relief to pick up a book which is a relentless critique of an industry and to find that it is without any of the faults of the sensational muckraking job. Miss Freudenthal has given us a careful, accurate, and objective study of the development of the airplane business. Long a security analyst, with Wall Street experience, she devotes little space to the invention and technical progress of the airplane; rather she traces the rise of the business of manufacturing planes for war and peace and of operating them for civilian purposes. For this task her experience has well fitted her. She rehearses, of course, the shameful evils that have marked the development of this new industry by the good old competitive capitalist system, but she has largely controlled her adjectives and emotions in order to let the facts speak for themselves.

They are bad enough. Here is again the record of the wartime scandals with which, it is to be feared, the oncoming generation is unfamiliar: that we spent one billion dollars during the war to end war in our effort to supply the A. E. F. with planes and delivered only 196 "flaming coffins." Naturally Miss Freudenthal has not been able to add anything new to a record which was factually and officially established by Charles E. Hughes, now Chief Justice of the United States. It was he who recommended that the arch-offender, who is still a figure in the aviation business and still a director of the National City Bank of New York, be tried by court

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martial for conduct which Mr. Hughes and the Attorney General of the United States defined as "inexcusable," "censurable," and "reprehensible"—he was saved by that noble reformer, Newton D. Baker. The truth is that the army turned over the matter of obtaining airplanes to the big men in the aviation business, who found it impossible either to be efficient or to separate wholly their private business from that of the government.

The next phase of aviation development was that of flying high in Wall Street. Never was there a clearer case of private enterprise mulcting the public, which eagerly snapped up the stock because of the fabulous profits made by the insiders—profits wholly unwarranted by the business or its prospects. Thus, the son of the gentleman Mr. Hughes desired to court martial made an investment of $40 which three years later stood him in at a beggarly $5,500,000. Miss Freudenthal's account of the aviation industry's swinish picking of the public's pockets in Wall Street ought to be read once a month by some of our big business men who make the welkin ring with their denunciation of the New Deal. It was unbelievable overcharging and gouging by our aviation patriots which led Mr. Farley and President Roosevelt to cancel the airmail contracts. This Miss Freudenthal entirely upholds.

Several of her chapters are especially timely, notably those dealing with the international aspects of the aviation business—including interlocking directorates and the sale of American rights and inventions abroad—the present greatly expanded set-up of the companies, and our own air imperialism. No one else, I think, has covered as fully the rise of Pan-American Airways to its present monopoly of all our foreign airlines or set forth as clearly how Pan-American has been developed by government subsidies as an instrument of national policy—for extending American influence in South America, for thumbing our nose at the Japanese in the Pacific, for drumming up trade everywhere. Fortunately, since her book went to press, the Civil Aeronautics Authority has given permission to the American Export Airlines to set up a rival air service.

But the menace of interlocking directorates, of the international air-armament business, remains unchecked. We have even granted to German companies the right to manufacture American-invented airplane engines, with which they are now warring on the Allies. Our great Douglas Company and four others have had no hesitation in taking Japanese money and have licensed the Japanese to make certain aircraft or other aeronautical products now used in the destruction of China. Think of a business which actually dreads peace and anything that may lead to the establishment of a sane world order! It is not, however, because of this that Miss Freudenthal favors nationalization of the industry but because she thinks the government and its army and navy should be "masters in their own house." Private management will, she says, "pursue its own ends—profits first," regardless of quality. "The only effective method of controlling this vital arm of defense," she adds, "is through nationalization." The industry should be "developed primarily for the good of the country, not as a financial toy."

Altogether this book is a storehouse of absolutely necessary accurate information. I have but two criticisms to offer. The book could stand stylistic revision, and Miss Freudenthal

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would have strengthened her case against the business by recording more fully the extraordinary record of efficiency and technical progress of the present operating companies.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Guidebook to Literature

PREFACE TO WORLD LITERATURE. By Albert Guérard. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THE English would call this "a middle-brow book." Written for the average adult reader, with charm, in an open style, it has a kind of textbook character; but its summaries are pleasantly planned and its appendices informal. The subject of "world literature"—actually the literature of the Western World—is removed from the dryness of the full scholarly approach and served forth with good sense and good nature and without overt or concealed bigotry. Dr. Guérard has profited from the liberal tendencies in modern scholarship. He explains that there are no stiff lines between "literary periods"; and that the forms of literature, "the *genres,*" sometimes merge and coalesce with one another. He avoids simplifying into what Stephen Potter calls "the academic sandwich: classic-romantic-classic"; and has sound and interesting things to say on taste, false and would-be popular art ("kitsch"), the "social approach" to literature, and the problems of criticism. He casts a wide net; from Hesiod through Steinbeck and Ogden Nash; and because he is a civilized and unprejudiced observer, he seldom makes mistakes in emphasis.

No critic, however, who starts from the usual time-revered, time-hardened bases of "the best which has been thought and said in the world" (the Western World) can entirely escape some hair- and category-splitting on the one hand and, on the other, some myopia toward the seemingly lesser influences: those straws which not only show how the wind is to blow but, often enough, miraculously come to direct the wind. Dr. Guérard admits in an appendix, for example, the great and international influence of Baudelaire but does not develop this theme in his book. And those periods which produce nothing more challenging than a handful of lyric poems—such as the Carolinian period in England—are likely to get lost in the forward march of "great, best, decisive, epoch-making literature." Dr. Guérard has nothing to say concerning Carew, Waller, Marvell, or even Donne, although he brings in Burns and Landor. He mentions Henry James, in passing, several times, and Yeats twice, without much show of understanding the influence and importance of either. Steinbeck, who certainly belongs in the Dickens tradition, is put down as a satirist. Belonging, as he does, to the French tradition, Dr. Guérard is sound and just in his estimates of the Greek and Latin "classics" and the Gallic line of writing as a whole.

Apart from aiding the lay reader who wishes a guide to general literary "culture," the value of such a book as this is rather limited. For, although the judgments are catholic and there are no attempts at edification, this volume often slides over ground which should, at this late date, be broken up and plumbed. Nineteenth-century scholars labored in the field of comparative literature with extraordinary thorough-

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ness; it is a good thing to have their findings made available to the general reader. But what is needed at present in this field is sensitive, fearless digging into the workings of the spirit behind time, place, and phenomena, analogous to the researches made by Roger Fry in the field of graphic art. The approach should be at once rigorous, courageous, and subtle in order that real discoveries concerning the energy which breaks through "periods," "ages," national tastes, to express now one, now another archetypal pattern of human thought and feeling, may be made. It is the human energy—always unexpected in manifestation and stronger than man's barriers set up to tame it—that is important, no matter what mouthpieces it chooses. We know very little about all this, but we should be willing to learn. LOUISE BOGAN

On the Health of an Old Lady

PARLIAMENT. By W. Ivor Jennings. The Macmillan Company. $6.

FEW man-made institutions have attracted so much admiring attention—and deservedly so—as the British Parliament. It would be a fascinating study to follow its reinterpretation by each succeeding generation, from Grey and Brougham, Bagehot and Gneist, to Dicey, Redlich, and Lowell, and on to Laski and Jennings. Whatever might have been the specific emphasis of the author or of his period, the keynote was positivism, verging almost upon mythology. In our present-day disillusionment we are in a more critical mood toward the perfectibility of the political animal as evidenced by British parliamentary institutions. Dr. Jennings completed his volume before the outbreak of the present war; this writer wants to do him justice now that the war, most directly the supreme test of the British political genius, has been in progress for more than eight months.

Without exaggeration it should be stated that Dr. Jennings's volume is the standard treatise of his generation on the subject. The book should be consulted in conjunction with his previous "Cabinet Government" (1936); to supplement it a third volume, on the party system, is promised by the author. However familiar the reader may be with the subject matter he will not find the treatment dull or academic. And he will be gratified by the extremely fair and judicious disentanglement of controversial topics by the subtle mind of one of England's leading constitutional lawyers.

British parliamentarism is an elaborate and intricate political play, staged by a small élite of political technicians for their own benefit and that of the common man. For the latter it is perhaps as necessary and, in the last analysis, as unsatisfactory as that other play called administration of justice according to law. When we aim at justice we get a dose of consummate law. When we aim at democracy we get it distilled in parliamentary bottles. Observed at closer range and without the magnifying glasses of positivist justification, the British Parliament seems less to reveal political reality than to hide it. The truth is that behind this imposing façade the imponderables of the struggle for economic power are at work, although in a more sophisticated and less brutal manner than we are used to in this country. But in a way it is comforting to American students to read Dr. Jennings's cool unmasking of the pressure groups, lobbies, clubs, and backstairs intrigues in the chapter Who Makes the Law?

And yet, fascinated as the observer is by this spectacle of seemingly effortless machinery, he feels that the positivist approach—and by positivism is meant here as much a value judgment as a method of "descriptive analysis"—is not, cannot be, the last word in appraising a system which carries its fair share of responsibility for bringing the world to the present impasse. This writer, reared in admiration for the English Parliament, has devoted a good deal of his life to gaining a better understanding of the secrets of its success over more than two centuries. Nine years of Tory rule with its incomprehensible failures and shortcomings could not but create in him, and in others for that matter, the impression that political institutions must be judged by their political results. Positivism alone leaves one dissatisfied. James Bryce, in his classic treatise on "Modern Democracies" (1921), deliberately refrained from describing England because he felt that no Englishman was equal to the task of analyzing his own country critically. Perhaps it is presumptuous on the part of a foreigner to demand of an Englishman that he should see the motes in the eyes of his own country, even when they are beams for the eyes of others. But is it really true that the British Parliament is that foremost training ground for political leaders which it is always praised as being? Since 1922 this much-vaunted system of selection has produced four—and only four—Prime Ministers. Are these mediocrities, the Bonar Laws, Baldwins, MacDonalds, and Chamberlains, the best that the machinery could produce in terms of leadership? Our author states: "The result is a system of administration which . . . accords far more closely with public opinion than at any other time in the history of these islands and (it is believed) than in any other country in the world." But we still remember the unequivocal attitude of the public on the Ethiopian affair and the trickery of the 1935 elections, which, flouting public opinion, secured to the Tory rulers a new lease of office—and appeasement.

The reality behind the English pattern of parliamentary government is that a member likes his seat; if he deserts the government, dissolution of Parliament ensues, and he is not sure of reelection. True, this system is compatible with complete freedom of public opinion. But public opinion is filtered through the narrow channels of parliamentary technique, in which the egotism of the members coincides with party interest, party interest coincides with class interest, and class interest is represented as coinciding with public opinion. Thus we are told: "The result is that the British system is very far from the dictatorial system it is sometimes represented to be." Evidently there is more involved than a mere dispute about terminology. Sir Pontius Pilate may well ask, "What is democracy?" Perhaps foreigners do not know much about public opinion in this most enigmatic of peoples.

The "Mother of Parliaments" is an aged lady. This last report of an acknowledged authority testifies to her unabated vigor. The author has not noticed climacteric disturbances and retrogressions. If she survives the present crisis, the dowager may well be in for another long period of health. It would not be the first miracle accomplished by that singular phenomenon called the British Parliament.

KARL LOEWENSTEIN

Inside the Alcazar

THE BRAVE AND THE BLIND. By Michael Blankfort. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

WITH a preface as startlingly abrupt as a roll of drums Michael Blankfort raises a curtain on the siege of the Alcazar. On the night of July 20, 1936, the Civil Guard, friendly to Franco, was called into the fortress together with all the anti-red citizens in the vicinity of Toledo: men, women, children. The Civil Guard corralled a hundred Loyalist sympathizers as hostages. Franco was on his way from Morocco; the government would be overthrown in a few days, two weeks at the most.

The next morning, without electric power for radio, with all communication save incoming telephone calls cut off, approximately sixteen hundred human beings within the walls of the Alcazar inhabited an isolated world, surrounded by overwhelmingly superior forces, hammered at by artillery, bombs, rifle fire, and insistent propaganda. And the siege went on for a week, two weeks, a month—two months. The garrison, only a small portion of them regular soldiers, had ample ammunition for their rifles and their few machine-guns, but food and water dribbled away until the survivors of bombardment and disease faced a slower, more agonizing death by starvation—provided the mines being drilled under them by Loyalist sappers did not blow them sky-high first. Some deserted, some urged surrender, but Colonel Sanchez, the commandant, steeled his ruthless pride all the more firmly as the seventy-fives nibbled away at the fortress walls.

Mr. Blankfort has done a truly remarkable job: basing his main events on the historical facts of the siege, he peoples the Alcazar entirely with characters imagined by himself. Even Colonel Sanchez is a fictitious personage, though his rejection of his son's plea for surrender was suggested partly by a story told about Colonel Moscardó, the actual commandant. Nevertheless, the few dozen men and women who are brought into sharp focus have the tangible, matter-of-fact reality of next-door neighbors: their hunger, their shrinking from the whine and roar of shells, their sick longing for peace are not mere symbols; they are our hunger, our fears, our wishes.

No less remarkable is the author's unbiased portrayal of the besieged soldiers, civilians, and hostages. Though his sympathies undoubtedly lie with the Loyalists, he is not concerned, like Malraux, with whitewashing them and traducing all Insurgents. Many of the besieged sufferers do not even support Franco; they fight because they revere the traditions of the army, or because they fear the reds will destroy the church, or because—well, because they are brave and blind. Mr. Blankfort depicts without rancor even the stubborn pride of Colonel Sanchez, who committed hundreds to an almost hopeless fight without consulting them, or the fanaticism of Lieutenant Cervantes, who would calmly have sacrificed millions in furtherance of his fascist dream.

Acknowledging courage wherever he finds it, the author has splendidly distilled from his material the essence of terrible, tragic beauty, of bitterly grotesque poetry, that flows when the grapes of wrath are trampled by any aggregation of human beings willing to die for what they sincerely believe to be justice and truth. LOUIS B. SALOMON

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IN BRIEF

MARIANA. By Sally Salminen. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

The quiet but extremely lifelike story of a young woman in the Aaland Islands (between Finland and Sweden, in case you haven't been reading the papers): her dreamy years at home, marriage to a farmer, weary struggles with the unaccustomed and back-breaking labors of farm life, and final adjustment. Practically plotless, it is as homespun and convincing as a skillet or a pillowcase.

LOOK BACK ON HAPPINESS. By Knut Hamsun. Translated by Paula Wiking. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

With the curious amalgam of plodding bluntness and dreamy mysticism characteristic of many Scandinavian novels, the dean of Norwegian writers presents a portrait of a lady—a neurotic schoolmistress, twenty-seven years old, entangling herself and several men in the web of her repressions—as seen by an aging author who has not quite achieved such philosophical detachment as would enable him to observe her merely as an interesting case without feeling any of her attraction. While any number of young writers would have run the story up to seven hundred pages with no trouble at all, Mr. Hamsun tells it with compression and vigor; and the writing is permeated with a compound of Norwegian nationalism and Anglophobia that strikes an ironic note in view of the developments of the past few weeks.

CONVERT TO FREEDOM. By Eitel Wolf Dobert. Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

A post-war German who went abroad as an ardent Nazi to learn how to serve the party in the foreign field and was converted to democratic ideas of freedom writes his autobiography. Read out of the party on his return to Germany, he fled the country and is now in process of becoming an American. The book is a contribution to our understanding of the strength as well as the weakness of Germany.

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THE MAD BOOTHS OF MARYLAND. By Stanley Kimmel. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.75.

Anyone interested in the English or American stage, the Confederacy, Lincoln, or Americana in general will be rewarded by reading this story of the family which produced the greatest Shakespearean actor of his day and the assassin of Lincoln. Well written and full of information for the most part documented, it belies its catch-penny title.

YOU MIGHT LIKE SOCIALISM. By Corliss Lamont. Modern Age Books. 95 cents.

As a personal testament of a socially prominent young man who has embraced a radical social philosophy, this book is more than just an ordinary apology for socialism. It is also a confession of faith, an indictment of the type of social organization which has been extraordinarily beneficent to him, a program for a planned society, and a spirited defense of the new society evolved in the Soviet Union. Mr. Lamont is most effective in the first and last of these tasks, but his contribution in all four fields is well worth reading. The book is popularly written and should be particularly useful in jolting the mindsets of middle-class individuals whose reading horizons have been bounded by magazines like *Time* and newspapers like the Chicago *Tribune.*

HOUSING IN SCANDINAVIA: URBAN AND RURAL. By John Graham, Jr. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

Here is a non-technical account of the solution of the housing problem in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark, and a discussion of the guidance it offers for the development of public housing and resettlement in the United States. It is written from personal observation by a leading American specialist and is provided with pertinent photographs and some plans, especially of rural units. Mr. Graham gives an excellent exposition of the historical, economic, and sociological aspects of the housing problem, but his book would have had greater interest even for the layman if he had developed more fully the technical features of the Scandinavian solution.

DRAMA

Mr. Saroyan Again

FOR the third time within only a few weeks more than one year William Saroyan has tempted the theatrical fates with a play. The new piece, characteristically entitled "Love's Old Sweet Song," is being offered at the Plymouth by the Theater Guild in conjunction with Eddie Dowling, and it is not, to tell the unfortunate truth, nearly so good as either "My Heart's in the Highlands" or "The Time of Your Life." Quite possibly, however, it may enjoy more financial success than either, and that for the simple reason that audiences now know what to expect from the author. The public, usually rendered restless by what it cannot label, can classify everything in the new piece as "typical Saroyan," and if that is not very illuminating it is soothing to those who find even meaningless labels reassuring. The first-night audience at least seemed amiably disposed to expect the unexpected and to accept it.

The scene of "Love's Old Sweet Song" is Bakersfield, California, but since the plot, unlikely as this may seem, would be more difficult to summarize than that of the author's other plays, I shall indicate only that it involves—conveniently indefinite word—a lonely spinster, an itinerant vendor of a bottled panacea, and a "migratory worker" accompanied by his wife and fourteen children. I shall add that the *deus ex machina* is a Greek wrestler, comfortingly full of the milk of human kindness, at whose home all the difficulties are resolved and twelve of the fourteen children of the migratory worker organized into a medicine-show choir. Finally, just to make it all perfectly clear, I had better tell you that the other two have been recruited by a bawdy house.

To say that the piece is not nearly so good as the author's other dramatic writings is by no means to deny that it is frequently laughable. Whatever the social-minded may think of the taste involved, the satire on the Okies is funny, and the same may be said of the bits concerned with the lady photographer and the novelist who follow them about. The scene in which a subscription agent for *Time* turns a recitation of the names of its staff into a kind of rousing oration comes nearer, however, to the spirit of some of the inspired passages of "The Time of Your Life," but only once, I think, does the author write a speech actually as flavorsome as the best in the previous plays, and that is the really glorious soliloquy of the "migratory worker," who has observed for the first time that his eldest daughters have become women and blames this biological phenomenon upon the influence of the movies. As a combination of relevance, irrelevance, and pure poetry that speech is a classic.

The trouble with the piece as a whole is that it lacks the air of spontaneity which characterized the others, that by comparison with them it seems deliberate, mechanical, and trumped up, as though the author were, for the first time, frequently doing only what he thought was expected of him. Many of the incidents are devoid of that air of poetic fantasy that gives its quality to "The Time of Your Life" and suggest merely vaudeville skits or the "blackouts" in a revue. One could hardly claim strict unity of plot as one of the virtues of any of Mr. Saroyan's plays, but the others did exhibit some unity of tone and did move with a recognizable rhythm which gave a continuity to incidents logically unconnected; neither of these qualities is very apparent in "Love's Old Sweet Song," where the movement is irregular and the sequence of events at times seems merely random. Nor does the production, though it includes some admirable performances, escape contributing to the effect of disorganization. Walter Huston as the medicine vendor is ingratiating as he always is; Jessie Royce Landis as the old maid gives a performance which is both one of her best and also one of the most finely tempered that I have ever seen. But there are so many eccentric roles which are perhaps necessarily merely gagged that the whole production takes on an air which sometimes suggests a Gridiron dinner rather more than an honest theatrical performance.

In arguments about Mr. Saroyan's merit or lack of merit as a playwright it has become the custom for his admirers to attribute all the shortcomings of any individual production to the tampering of his producers, while it is equally customary for his detractors to attribute whatever excellences they are compelled to recognize to the same source. "Love's Old Sweet Song" is said to have undergone a good many changes during the staging, and these are said to have included some made at the last minute. Whether the piece is better or worse than it would have been if the author's first version had been followed I cannot pretend to know.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

WHILE records and musical events have claimed all available space in this column books have been stacking up. And readers impatient to know what I think of the book that has been on everyone's tongue will have to bear with me a little longer while I speak first of Tovey's "Essays in Musical Analysis" (Oxford University Press), the concluding volume of which has just appeared. It isn't that I underestimate the occasional shrewd perceptions and amusing performances in the book that is on everyone's tongue, but rather that the qualities of Tovey's writing make his six volumes of program notes for the Reid Orchestra concerts in Edinburgh one of the great classics in music criticism.

"My master, Parry," he writes in this last volume, "taught me to study the classics of music from point to point according to the course of each individual work." Through such examination of the works Tovey has acquired ideas of Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's, Schubert's ways of composing that differ from the generally accepted ideas—those which critics have acquired not from study of the music but from reading each other. He has discovered also that the classical forms as practiced by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert are different from the classical forms as established in general belief by the theoreticians—"the kind of pedants," as Tovey says of the Viennese musicians who criticized the opening chord-progressions of Beethoven's First Symphony, "who are not even classicists, and whose grammatical knowledge is based on no known language." And these results of his study Tovey has embodied in his writing. I mentioned a while ago the monumental essay on Schubert in the first volume of the Oxford Press "Heritage of Music," in which he cites chapter and verse in Schubert's works to disprove the constantly reiterated fallacies about Schubert; and there are countless examples of this process in "Essays in Musical Analysis." If, for example, you read the description of the form of the Mozart concerto in the booklet recently issued by the New Friends of Music to its subscribers, you should read Tovey's introductory essay on the subject and his further discussions of individual works in Volume III, in which, proceeding from point to point in the music, he corrects the ideas which compilers of handbooks of reference have copied from each other and program annotators have copied out of handbooks of reference.

Tovey acquired, in this way, knowledge enough for any manuscript-grubbing *Professor Doktor.* But operating through his knowledge are the love and enthusiasm and passionate interest and understanding for music that cause him to poke his head in among the notes of a work, that enable him to make musically significant and alive the technical minutiae he discovers, and that give color and warmth to what ordinarily would be cold pedantry. And there are additional significance and color and warmth from his interest and understanding for other things than music; from his personal warmth and high spirits; from his sharp and quick intelligence, which, as it goes along with its chief preoccupation of the moment, darts out in this direction or that at whatever fallacy or stupidity comes within range of its notice; and from the brilliant writing in which these express themselves. I am of course wrong in separating Tovey's understanding of music from his understanding of other things, from his personal warmth, his intelligence; for these are all part of his understanding of music. Cézanne's water color of some tree trunks, Walker Evans's photograph of a Birmingham mill district, the slow movement of Mozart's Concerto K. 467—each represents a sensitiveness to a medium; but involved with this sensitiveness, operating through it, crystallized finally in

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each work of art is emotional and intellectual power—what the man is in feeling, mind, character, what he has experienced, what understanding his experience has given him. And so with the critic: his understanding of each of these works of art begins with a sensitiveness to the medium; but operating through this sensitiveness as part of his understanding, his judgment, his taste, are the qualities of his own mind, feeling, character, his own experience and understanding; and it is when unusual personal qualities of this sort are involved that we are aware of unusual critical insight and taste. The qualities not only are involved in the critic's understanding but are crystallized in his own written criticism; and as against the notion of criticism as a mere parasite on art—which most of it is—there is the fact that important criticism itself has some of the characteristics of artistic expression. That is, it involves the operation of sensibility and intellect and character on its material, the art it deals with, and on its medium, the words in which it formulates itself; in the end, then, it is a type of literary expression with stylistic and aesthetic characteristics that convey qualities of feeling, mind, character precisely as painting or music does; and the term "great" may be applied to a critic—a Berlioz, a Shaw, a Tovey—in the same sense as to a painter or composer.

Tovey writes about what he finds in musical works when he studies them from point to point; and what he writes can be understood only by a reader who already knows the details that Tovey talks about or is able and willing to look them up as Tovey refers to them. The only way to learn anything about Schubert and his music is to go through the music. If one is as good as Tovey one will learn as much in this way as he did; if one is not as good as Tovey one does well to accept the guidance of what he writes about the symphonies in "Essays in Musical Analysis," and to read that essay in "The Heritage of Music" and turn to each song, each sonata, each quartet as he refers to it. To learn about Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and the rest in this way takes effort, takes time, takes the $4 for each slim volume of the "Essays"; and some may prefer to spend a couple of dollars and a couple of hours on the book that is on everyone's tongue. They won't learn anything about Schubert; but they will be amused by the anecdotal revelations of the unattractiveness of orchestral players, conductors, and American composers, among others. For myself, I'll take the music of Schubert and the wit of Tovey.

B. H. HAGGIN

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The Shape of Things

TODAY, MAY 21, AN EARLY BERLIN CABLE claims that German mechanized columns swinging sharply west have entered Abbeville at the head of the Somme estuary and hence are practically at the Channel. If this advance is confirmed and the German hold consolidated, the British and Belgian forces in Flanders will be sewed up in a gigantic pocket unable to retreat except by sea. The situation looks extremely dangerous unless the French army, which seems to have checked the drive against Paris, can gather its strength for an immediate counter-blow. The rapidity of the Nazis' drive must have left weak spots in their lines. Can General Weygand find these spots and hurl in sufficient forces with sufficient momentum to endanger the German right and compel it to pull back from the Channel? The bold decision to retire Gamelin, apostle of the defensive, and replace him with the veteran Weygand and the somber defiance of Premier Churchill's speech on Sunday are both signs of the change of mood in Britain and France. New energy and desperate determination have been born of imminent peril; we trust not too late.

*

FOR EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE changed the face of Western Europe. In these days Holland's government, its Queen, and the royal family have fled as refugees to England; its army has capitulated. Hitler has appointed Seyss-Inquart, Austria's Nazi traitor, as Reich Commissioner to govern the Netherlands. Belgium is two-thirds conquered: Brussels and Antwerp have fallen, the government has moved to Dunkirk, and the army with its Allied supporters is fighting in the extreme western corner of the country. The small provinces of Malmedy, Eupen, and Moresnet have been incorporated in the Reich. In these few days the German army has stormed and bombed a wedge into French territory through the northern extension of the Maginot line between Montmédy and Mauberge, thrusting forward well beyond St. Quentin. Holland conquered, Belgium two-thirds conquered, France invaded—all this in a week in spite of desperate, courageous resistance. Why did it happen? This can be easily told. The German armies, like the German nation, have been prepared for war, and for nothing but war. The command is unified, single-minded, animated by blazing determination. It applies the latest machinery of killing with brilliant ingenuity, not mechanically. The entire strategy is focused on two things—invasion and conquest. Tactics are geared to two ideas—power and speed.

*

THE ALLIES DID NOT EXPECT TO FACE A mechanized invasion across open country, and there is no doubt that the morale of the troops was at least temporarily shaken by the furious attacks of hundreds of dive bombers dropping their shattering projectiles and then wheeling and returning to machine-gun again and again the helpless foot soldiers. The onslaught of fast tanks breathing fire one hundred yards ahead as they charged added to the terror. All reports insist that Allied morale was wholly restored "after the first few attacks," but it is clear that the Germans gained a great initial advantage. It is reported, too, that the French command is taking strong measures to rid the army of fifth-column elements; this may refer to Nazi sympathizers in the ranks, but it may also refer to Communists, some of whom continue even at the front to regard the war as primarily an imperialist struggle. Presumably Weygand will remove such obstructions with speed and thoroughness rather than mercy. The need of prompt, unfaltering counter-attack is recognized. A war of aggressive thrusts is the only possible rebuttal to Hitler's tactics. For the Germans cannot halt. They must win or collapse.

*

IF CHARLES LINDBERGH WANTS TO PREACH American isolation, that is his privilege. But in giving the nation the benefit of his advice last week the Colonel went beyond the bounds of argument to attribute motives and assign responsibilities. It is his thesis that the danger to America comes from those guilty of "meddling with affairs abroad," and since he brands these persons ("a small minority of the American people but they

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control much of the machinery of influence and propaganda") as "elements of personal profit and foreign interest," it is not impertinent to consider the interests which the Colonel himself has been serving. For he has not always been opposed to "meddling with affairs abroad." Last fall, when there was still a strong possibility of calling off the war, Colonel Lindbergh pleaded for peace so that the "white race" could rebuild its ramparts against both "the infiltration of inferior blood" and the Asiatic hordes already "pressing toward us on the Russian border." Far from being self-sufficient, Americans were to have a real part in these "affairs abroad"; indeed, civilization itself, said the Colonel, depends "on an English fleet, a German air force, a French army, and an American nation, standing together as guardians of our common heritage, sharing strength, dividing influence." But all that brave dream was predicated on hordes of barbarism "pressing toward us on the *Russian* border." When hordes not only press on the *German* border but spill out over Western Europe to the English Channel, the Colonel reproves Americans for "this hysterical chatter of calamity." Nazi hordes, apparently, are not barbaric enough to worry Colonel Lindbergh.

*

BLUEPRINTS FOR THE 1940 PRESIDENTIAL campaign have been all but trampled into illegibility by the boots of Hitler's soldiery, and many of them will have to be scrapped. It was assumed all along, of course, that the war would have a profound bearing on the outcome of the elections, but the coming of total war has turned the whole campaign on its head. Three weeks from the date of their convention, the Republicans find themselves confronted not only with the practical certainty that they will have Roosevelt to fight again but also with a swiftly growing split in their ranks over foreign policy. Headed by Colonel Frank Knox, the party's vice-presidential candidate in 1936, great numbers of Republicans are stampeding toward the Roosevelt policy of giving all possible aid to the Allies short of entering the war. Knox himself is believed ready to accept a place in the Roosevelt Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, succeeding Charles Edison, and there is much talk of a "coalition Cabinet." Such a coalition would be tantamount to a Republican surrender in a year in which the elephant was conceded a fighting chance, and the heads of the party naturally decry ideas of this kind. But the party cannot afford to take in June a strong isolationist stand which it might well feel forced to abandon by November, and even less can it afford to have a free-for-all in Philadelphia. Along with the weird talk of coalition, therefore, looms the possibility that the hard-pressed Republicans may postpone their convention until the fall. Since Roosevelt has already expressed a desire to put off the Democratic convention, we may witness the spectacle of a campaign in which the Republican contender, worn to a frazzle by a summer of dreadful uncertainty, has six weeks to head off a man whom outstanding Republicans are even now prepared to follow.

*

CERTAIN MEMBERS OF CONGRESS APPEAR prepared to burn down the Constitution in order to get rid of Harry Bridges. A bill introduced by Congressman Leland M. Ford of California would make an alien deportable who by word or act showed himself "sympathetic with . . . associated with, or affiliated with . . . communistic individuals or organizations . . . in the interference with the good order and happiness of any local community." This was too silly even for the anti-Bridges faction, and the bill has been mercifully buried in committee. More dangerous to the Constitution is one introduced by Congressman Leonard A. Allen of Louisiana, providing specifically for the deportation of Harry Bridges. Since this is a private bill and therefore requires unanimous consent, we cannot believe that it will pass. But before this sort of thing spreads we should like to point out that there could be nothing more contrary to the Constitution. For Congress to pass a bill condemning a man to deportation is to violate separation of powers and to encroach on the judicial function. This is what is known in English law as a bill of attainder. Bills of this kind, first employed under Tudor despotism in the fifteenth century, are defined by the Encyclopedia Britannica as a "species of extrajudicial procedure, for the direct punishment of political offenses." Trial and evidence were unnecessary. Henry VIII found bills of attainder useful in getting rid of those he could not hope to convict in a court of law. Bridges has been tried and found not deportable. In case some Congressmen would like to use Henry VIII tactics, we call their attention to Subsection 3, Section 9, Article I, of the Constitution. It forbids Congress to pass a bill of attainder. The Allen bill is enough to make the Founding Fathers turn over in their graves.

*

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY, MEETING IN annual conference immediately after the formation of the new Churchill government, approved by an overwhelming majority the participation of its leaders in the Cabinet. A small section protested that the "working classes were being dragged into a conflict between rival capitalisms"—a view which Clement Attlee, now Lord Privy Seal, rejected as "claptrap" with the evident approval of the conference as a whole. The government has been rounded out with the appointment of a large number of subordinate ministers, and altogether sixteen posts have gone to the Labor Party. Ernest Bevin, able, energetic, and sometimes ruthless "boss" of the Transport Workers, Britain's largest trade union, has been chosen as Minister of Labor. Hugh Dalton, an economist, who served as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the last Labor government, will head the Ministry of Economic Warfare. An unexpected selection is that of Lord Beaverbrook to take charge of a newly created Department of Aircraft Production. One of Britain's chief press magnates, Beaverbrook until the outbreak of war was both a crusader for British isolation and a critic of the government's air policy. Now he is slated to speed up the output of planes at a time when Britain's island security is threatened as never before. In reconstructing the government Mr. Churchill has cleared out a good deal of dead wood, but he has been forced to pay several political and personal debts. The elevation of Sir Kingsley Wood, a power inside the Tory organization, was probably a necessary concession. Less easy to explain, except on the basis of long friendship, is the choice of the fascist-minded Lord Lloyd as Colonial Secretary. The appointment of an old-line imperialist, Leopold Amery, as Secretary for India is also disturbing.

*

THE REPORT THAT JAPAN IS SEEKING A truce in its three-year undeclared war against China bears the earmarks of authenticity in so far as it reflects Japanese policy. With the collapse of its recent major offensive in northern Hupeh and southern Honan, the Japanese army appears to have reached, for the moment at least, the limit of its striking power. A breathing spell would give it an opportunity to replenish its depleted reserve of munitions and permit it to consolidate its now shaky position in the chief occupied areas. A truce would also give Japan an opportunity to profit, both strategically and financially, from the European war, and thus alleviate domestic discontent. The Japanese have not forgotten the fabulous profits made in the last war. While it is not unreasonable to suppose that Japan would be willing to withdraw from a considerable portion of China in order to gain the foregoing advantages, it is difficult to see why the Chinese should accept such an offer. Chiang Kai-shek has every reason for carrying on the struggle, difficult though it may be. China's morale remains excellent; its military strength is greater than at the beginning of the war. Chungking has denied the report that informal peace talks are already under way at Hongkong, and unless new evidence is uncovered it would be well to accept this denial.

*

NO DOUBT CHARGES OF INCONSISTENCY will be leveled at the Supreme Court because of its decision upholding the 1937 Guffey Act. Two weeks before, in the Madison Oil Trust case, Justice Douglas had ruled for the court that the Sherman Act forbade combinations of business men to fix prices. In the coal case Justice Douglas handed down an opinion permitting prices to be fixed by district boards under government control. Thus the court forbids price-fixing in the one case and permits it in the other. The distinction actually is quite simple. Price-fixing by business combinations is illegal because Congress made it so in enacting the Sherman Act. Congress, in the exercise of its power over interstate commerce, can decide otherwise when and where it chooses. "What Congress has forbidden by the Sherman Act it can modify," Justice Douglas said. "It may do so by placing the machinery of price-fixing in the hands of public agencies." The conclusion to be drawn by businesses that want price-fixing is that they should obtain "Guffey acts" of their own and then gain control of the price-fixing boards. This not too attractive prospect may temper jubilation over another "liberal" decision by the Supreme Court.

*

THE SAME MAIL BRINGS US A RELEASE FROM the Civil Rights Federation in Michigan and the "free speech" briefs filed by Messrs. Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood in the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals on behalf of Henry Ford. Ford complains that the Labor Board has forbidden him to distribute leaflets among his employees urging them not to join a union. The Civil Rights Federation complains that a Dearborn ordinance restricts the distribution of leaflets in the vicinity of the Ford plant during the hours when Ford workers go to and from work, and prevents union organizers from giving them leaflets urging them to join a union. The Civil Rights Federation asks support for Councilman Clarence Doyle's campaign to repeal the ordinance. Ford, as Dearborn's largest taxpayer, is not without influence in its city government, but we do not recall that he ever objected to the leaflet ordinance or even to its predecessor, which forbade the distribution of any leaflets in Dearborn unless the City Clerk first approved their contents. To call national attention to the collapse of free speech and press in Dearborn at a time when Henry Ford is manfully protecting the Bill of Rights against the Labor Board seems a deplorable lack of tact.

*

HEARINGS ON MIGRATORY FARM LABOR now being held by the La Follette committee represent more than a humane interest in a luckless portion of our population. Small farmers, freed from feudal tenures, contributed greatly to the development of our characteristic democratic and equalitarian ways. The changes which have been taking place in rural areas, by depriving large sections of our farm population of economic freedom and security, are a serious threat to the institutions these same areas did so much to nurture. We are developing a rural proletariat, and the Russian and

Spanish examples remind us of the revolutionary and counter-revolutionary tinder that exists in landless and hungry rural masses. We can do no more at this time than point to the high lights of the testimony before the committee. More than half a million farms in this country consist of land so poor that no farmer can make a living on it no matter how hard he tries. At least 2,500,000 persons live on these pauper farms. The strange phenomenon of "farmers on relief" has made its appearance: at some time during the last seven years more than one out of every four farm families has required assistance from WPA or FSA. Equally new and strange is "unemployment on the farm": the 1937 Unemployment Census showed 1,500,000 farmers jobless. Steinbeck's Joads are a vivid symbol of a growing misery and unrest. The future of democracy in America may depend on our ability to cope with the problem they represent.

Supposing Hitler Wins

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

A GRIM game has become popular these days. It consists of thinking of all the things that will happen if Hitler wins the war. It is a game one can play by oneself, or with one's friends, or in a letter to the New York *Times,* or, if one has the luck, in an editorial column such as this.

What will happen to the United States if Hitler wins? people ask. And then they talk about Greenland and the West Indies and the Guianas. Or about navies and the possibility of long-distance invasion. Or about autarchy and foreign trade. Or about political freedom.

What will happen to the British Empire? That is another favorite starting-point. And they discuss India and Singapore and Hongkong. Or the position of the dominions and the relations between Canada and the United States. Or the British fleet.

Less commonly the game is played about Europe. What will happen to Europe if Hitler conquers Europe? Hitler has been conquering Europe for years, and the game has become almost tiresome. The answers have already been made—in Spain and Czechoslovakia and Poland. But in these last few days and nights I have found myself stating over again the questions and the too obvious answers in terms of England and of France, especially of England.

I play the game with small pieces. I think about people, and ways of considering and doing things. About Chamberlain, for instance, and Bonnet. What will happen to them if Hitler wins? And I decide immediately. Both of them will be put in concentration camps. That they are reactionaries won't help them. Their past services to the Nazis won't save them. In the end they turned against the bearers of the New Europe and so they must be crushed. (I remember Schuschnigg; where is Schuschnigg now?) Of course they may be spared if they bow to the logic of fascist conquest (I remember Hacha and Sirovy) and help to rule according to the Nazi pattern. Chamberlain won't do that, I decide. He is too stubborn. But Bonnet might serve the Nazis; I rather imagine he will.

I think about many other leaders. Churchill will be killed. The Nazis will kill him and then announce that he was accidentally shot while trying to escape. But nobody will believe that lie. The Labor men will be killed or buried in concentration camps, those who cannot escape. I'm not sure about the Communists. Hitler will be afraid of them in spite of their services during the present struggle; but he will be afraid of Russia, too. I think he will preserve the Communists, and watch them.

I think about the governments of Britain and France. Hitler, I decide, will permit them to be "independent." That will mean that they will be run by approved English and French fascists and that the parliaments will be suppressed in both countries. Mosley deserves the job of Top Fascist in England, but if he gets it he won't hold it long. He is too proud and self-willed. Hitler will soon replace him with a man who will better understand Britain's future role.

I think a lot about other organizations in France and Britain; in Britain particularly. It is a country that loves committees and societies. Bird-lovers and people interested in the Balkans; birth-controllers and vegetarians; all the groups that insert notices in the *New Statesman and Nation;* they will go, because they will not fit in an England that fits in the New Europe. More still I think about the French and British labor organizations, and the British-Labor Party most of all. They will dissolve with the liquidation of their leaders. And I realize, suddenly, as I consider their end, how much of England is encompassed, for me, in the stodgy, ineffective, compromising, and generally decent democracy of the British Labor Party.

I think about the schools and universities of France and Britain, teaching ways of thinking that can have no meaning if Hitler wins. I think about Huxley and Hogben and Bernal. I think about the press—the vivid, venal press of France; the solid, free journals of England. I think of the weeklies—the *New Statesman and Nation,* bold and honest and effective; the *Spectator,* that should be dull and stuffy because it is conservative, but manages to be brilliant. I think of the *Countryman;* I try to imagine the *Countryman* in Hitler's England. It would run articles on Diplomacy and Boar Shooting. I think of the end of the great free press of Britain . . .

And the books and the art, the authors and the painters. Will Shaw be preserved in some fascist museum for his childish sins against democracy? Wells may escape to America. James Joyce will die in France. Malraux will die fighting.

Will all the books be burned? Will Western learning and Western thought crumble in the flames of a thousand bonfires in the squares of France and England? Probably not. The Nazis have a nice eye for the commercial value of forbidden things. They burn samples, not collections. The literature of France and Britain and their forbidden art are not as likely to be destroyed as they are to be locked up. Learning and beauty will become museum pieces, and the museum will be closed to the public.

I think about the Jews of Britain and France, and of all Europe . . .

But the game at last becomes unbearable. It is not possible for the sane mind long to contemplate the end of sanity. These things must not happen. That they can happen and indeed may happen is not an answer that we know how to tolerate.

Essentials of Defense

PROOF of the falsity of the statement that neither the war nor its outcome was any concern of ours has been provided once and for all by the spontaneous alarm felt throughout the country as soon as it was realized that a rapid Allied defeat was by no means impossible. Had fortunes on the western front been reversed, we would have experienced no tremors. No Allied triumph would have stirred us into a reexamination of our own defenses. But the prospect of a Nazi domination of Europe conjures up in our minds such visions of immediate and tangible dangers to vital American interests that we accept almost unanimously the grim necessity of adding huge amounts to already heavy defense expenditures.

The first moral to be drawn is plain: even though we do not enter the war, common sense demands that everything possible be done to bolster the western front by making available to the Allies food, raw materials, and the products of our industries. For this reason, the outstanding sentence in the President's message on defense last week was his request to Congress not "to take any action which would in any way hamper or delay the delivery of American-made planes to foreign nations which have ordered them or seek to purchase more planes."

Subject to this all-important proviso, Mr. Roosevelt asked for immediate appropriations and authorizations totaling $1,182,000,000, and Congress, accepting his estimate of the situation, went to work with unparalleled haste to carry out his wishes. Much as *The Nation* dislikes the thought of diverting useful resources to so unproductive a task as rearmament, it agrees with the President that our defense policy must take into account the dangers arising from the new turn of events in Europe. At the same time, it is necessary to point out that there is a great deal more to defense than the mere appropriation of large sums of money. If this is to be spent wisely, a far greater degree of correlation in the direction of our armed forces than has yet been achieved is absolutely essential.

To begin with, there is need for much greater precision about the lines we are going to defend. There could be no attack on these shores unless an enemy had first established naval and air bases within striking distance. But as Mr. Roosevelt made clear in his message, the increased range of modern planes has greatly enlarged the area which our defense plans must take into consideration. The general principle that we are vitally concerned with the integrity of any state in the Western Hemisphere is perhaps sufficiently established, and it can almost be taken for granted that we would not permit a potential enemy to gain a foothold in any of the Caribbean islands. But what about Bermuda, Iceland, the Azores, and the Cape Verde Islands? How far are we prepared to go to prevent such territories from being converted into bases which might be used against the Americas? And to what extent are we willing to defend trade routes which connect us with sources of vital raw materials? These are questions which demand answers before we can decide the amounts and types of armament needed. Nor can such questions be left to military and naval officers, for they involve matters of high policy which are the responsibility of the government as a whole.

For this reason we are sorry that Mr. Roosevelt has cold-shouldered proposals for a bi-partisan committee on national defense. There is a real need for such a body, which should be headed by the President himself, both to pass on major strategic objectives and to provide for the coordination of the different services and for the efficient organization of supplies. In order to provide the necessary technical advice a general-defense staff, representing both army and navy, is also essential. We should heed the lesson of Great Britain's experience in keeping its defense services in too watertight compartments.

Another field in which a greater degree of coordination is desirable is that of procurement of supplies, especially aircraft. Under the stimulus of Allied orders the productive capacity of the industry has expanded considerably and is now estimated at about 12,000 units a year. But actual production at the present time is at the rate of only about 5,000 units, and while some plants are fully employed, others are half idle. If we are to raise production rapidly to anything like the 50,000 annual capacity at which Mr. Roosevelt says we should aim, a high degree of cooperation within the industry will be necessary. It will be essential to select a small number of types and to devote one or more plants completely to each type. Only in this way can the benefits of mass production become available. Concentration of this kind implies willingness on the part of the various aircraft manufacturing companies to make sub-contracting agreements with one another. It would be the task of a coordinator of aircraft supply to promote such agreements, to make sure that there was a steady flow of tools, parts, and materials, and to enlarge bottle-necks which threaten to slow up production.

These matters, while highly important, are technical and should not prove beyond the industrial genius of this country. But if our defenses are to be put on a really efficient basis, it is even more vital to promote unity and the cooperative spirit between the different elements in the nation on whose labors success depends. It is disturbing, therefore, to find that the present emergency is being seized on in some quarters as a handy argument for modifying or even destroying safeguards which the workers have belatedly won under the New Deal. There are voices calling for amendment of the wage-hour law and the Walsh-Healey Act, and for drastic economies at the expense of the WPA. The same voices declare that the rapid increase in production required for defense can only be provided by full reliance on private enterprise. That may be so, though we have found that in building the navy, private enterprise has lost few opportunities of skinning the Treasury. However, we ought not to permit the protection of the workers to be diminished while making possible the enlargement of profits. We shall not build our defenses by adding to social injustice. Rather, while mending our ramparts against external foes, we must diligently work to eradicate the causes of social tension which threaten our democracy from within.

White-Collar Salaries

THOUGH the wages of workers in industry have been rather thoroughly investigated, comparatively little has been known until recently about the salary scales of white-collar workers. To a large extent this lack of information has been the result of employer policies. Wage schedules such as exist for manual workers are rarely found, and many employers have sought to conceal the essentially capricious basis on which salaries are fixed by a policy of strict secrecy about the compensation of individuals. The rule has not always been rigidly enforced, but white-collar employees are usually reticent about discussing their salaries.

The unfortunate results are clearly demonstrated in the survey of salaries in the book-publishing industry just released by the Book and Magazine Guild—the first such ever made. All of the thirty-six firms covered by the report are located in New York, where salaries are well above the average. The survey reveals tremendous variation not only between firms, but for a given type of work within a single establishment. There seem to be no accepted standards for beginning salaries, increases, advancement, or bonuses. Stock and shipping clerks vary from $12 to $28 a week; switchboard operators receive from $14 to $30 a week; and assistants in the production, advertising, and editorial departments get from $18 to $70 a week. Beginning salaries for stenographers vary from $17 to $32. The situation with regard to increases seems little short of chaotic. Some employees after from five to eight years' service receive little more than the lowest beginning salary paid any employee. Only one-third of those who have been employed by the same firm five years or more have received increases of more than $10 a week. Practically a third of all the employees have never received a raise, or have had their wages cut. Some of these discrepancies may be accounted for by differences in individual ability, but in many instances no such explanation seems possible.

Although presumably the white-collar workers in the publishing firms are better trained and are at least as efficient in their jobs as manual workers in the printing trades, their salaries fall far below the wages paid union printers. As against an average salary of $26.94 for employees in the editorial, business, and advertising offices, the New York union scale is $54.48 a week for compositors, $64.32 for electrotypers, and $64.80 for pressmen. Part of this difference may be accounted for by discrimination against women, since four-fifths of the employees of the publishing houses are women. The extent of this discrimination may be seen from the fact that the average salary for men editors, editorial assistants, and proofreaders is $47.22 a week, while the average for women in the same category is only $26.17. Men tend in general to occupy the more responsible positions and to be favored in advancement. But even for the same work, women's average salaries are materially lower than those of men.

It may also be that office employees of publishing houses, despite their superior training, are expected to be content with lower wages than printers and typesetters because of the prestige of their positions and the vague chance of advancing to executive positions that pay somewhat better than the top posts open to workers in the printing trades. But the difference in compensation is probably due chiefly to the differing strength of unionization in the two fields. Printers have long been well organized and have succeeded not only in achieving a high wage scale but in bringing about standardized conditions. In contrast, the publishing industry remains relatively unorganized despite the Book and Magazine Guild's success in signing contracts with some sixteen individual firms.

Although the specific findings of the Book and Magazine Guild's study are applicable only to a fairly restricted industry, there is no reason to believe that the employees of publishing houses are paid less, or are more unfairly treated, than hundreds of thousands of office workers throughout the country. Further studies of this kind are badly needed as a step toward improving the status of white-collar employees in every field.

British Labor Expects. . .

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, May 17, by Cable

THE Labor Party conference was almost unanimous in its decision to enter the Churchill government. It had, indeed, no moral alternative. The gravity of the crisis and the responsibility it bore for the defeat of Mr. Chamberlain made its full partnership inescapable. The personnel of the government is not from a Labor standpoint all that it might be. A price has always to be paid for coalitions. But Hoare has gone, Simon is permanently sidetracked, Chamberlain is bound hand and foot in the War Cabinet by men who are against appeasement in any shape or form. The three pivotal economic positions in the Ministry are held by Labor. Behind their occupants is the solid support of the trade unions. These are gains of an immense kind. They mean that Labor dominates the economic organization for the conduct of the war. That is not all. Attlee and Greenwood are aware that the conference stands firmly by its Socialist principles both in the domestic and the international field. They will be expected to press with all their strength for the acceptance of those principles; they will be judged by the degree to which they succeed in securing their application.

Labor expects an agreement with India. It expects a new approach to the problem of Soviet relations. It expects a wholesale reorganization of the economic front on the bases, one, of a full use of man power under full national control and, two, of rigorous equality of sacrifice in the real meaning of the term. It expects to see large-scale social reforms *during the war*—in public health and education and in the treatment of the aged and of soldiers and their dependents. It expects to see full preparation for immense reconstruction after the armistice.

These things must begin now. They are part of the capacity to show that the new government can enlist the whole spirit of the nation for the defeat of Hitler. They are the proof that Labor, as a full partner, can recover the dynamic spirit of democracy. The peace aims of the party stand. It is for a full victory. Hitlerism must be unmistakably defeated. But there must be no peace of revenge. There must be an end to the sovereignty of the state. There must be a new world order which, by making aggression impossible, makes the struggle for armaments unnecessary. The party is clear that the coalition government continues only as long as it accepts these purposes—as a government representative of a nation united for victory. That capacity ceases when victory is won, or the moment that any of the essential principles of the Labor movement are denied by the non-Socialist members of the government. The Labor Party would have destroyed any claim to the respect of the nation had it refused responsibility in this historic moment. It is not merely that the nation is fighting for its life; it is, as the conference said, that the alternative to victory is the reduction of France and Britain to the position of slave states under the heel of Hitler. British public opinion has called upon Labor to share in these decisions upon which our fate depends. By helping to organize victory now it has a great opportunity to win power for socialism once the victory is won. And though we shall pass through grim hours in the next month, we know that in the end victory will be ours. Out of that victory we shall take the power to start building the first democratic socialist state in the modern world.

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Defense Harmony

BY CHARLES MALCOLMSON

Washington, May 21

NOT since the honeymoon of 1933 has there been such an outburst of acclaim and activity on Capitol Hill as followed President Roosevelt's request for $1,182,000,000 in emergency defense funds. Timed to perfection, the President's message caught the legislators staggering from the impact of the Nazi invasion of the Low Countries, and their almost unanimous reaction was a resolve to prove that democracy could do a little blitzkrieging of its own. For a while the leaders were even talking of rushing the whole program through in forty-eight hours; they later compromised on a streamlined "regular order" that has kept committees and subcommittees stepping all over one another in their haste to approve various sections of the program. As a result, if the $896,000,000 in appropriations and $286,000,000 in authorizations have not been voted and sent to the White House by the time this is in print, they will be on their way very shortly.

The President plans to attack the problem of expanding our national-defense facilities on four fronts by (1) purchasing equipment for an army of 1,000,000 men, (2) replacing outmoded military and naval material, (3) increasing munitions production, (4) vastly stepping up armament, particularly airplane, manufacture. To expedite this last he requested a special $200,000,000 appropriation to be expended at his discretion, explaining only that the money is to be used largely for "increasing production of airplanes and anti-aircraft guns and the training of additional personnel for these weapons." The badly demoralized Republicans and isolationists have been hoping vaguely to stir up opposition to this "blank check" proviso, but even the most sanguine expect their protests to be brushed aside. There is plenty of precedent for such a request anyway, Congress in 1917 having voted Woodrow Wilson a similar fund.

The President placed great emphasis upon the need for rapid expansion of airplane production and expressed the hope that the industry could be "geared up to the ability to turn out at least 50,000 planes a year." There is no doubt this goal can be reached under his plan to establish inland a score or more plane factories with government financing. The question is, how soon? Our top production right now is about 12,000 planes a year. The most rational estimate is that a good eighteen months will be needed to double it, making November, 1941, the earliest deadline for a production rate of 25,000 to 30,000 planes per year. Some private aviation experts here, however, insist that with government help and assembly-line methods the 50,000-per-year rate can be attained by January, 1942.

Two extremely significant legislative by-products have resulted from the President's program. The first is the serious consideration being given the demand, put in the form of a resolution by Senator Lodge, that a bipartisan Congressional committee explore the whole subject of national defense. The second is a proposal, advanced by Senator Walsh and indorsed by leaders at both ends of the Capitol, that during the emergency Congress relax the provisions of certain "restrictive" legislation, notably the Walsh-Healey Act and the wage-hour law. The demand for an investigation of our national-defense program and of the army and navy bureaucracy has been getting up steam for some time. At the moment the Administration is looking pointedly in the other direction, but there is a chance that just such an inquiry will be undertaken. There are a thousand questions which should be answered, such as why the army has only *one* ninety-millimeter anti-aircraft gun and only a handful of less effective types, or why the navy has stubbornly refused to adopt high-pressure steam boilers. And Congress only recently has come to suspect that the new Garand semi-automatic rifle isn't all it has been supposed.

Equally serious is the threatened sabotage, under the guise of war emergency, of most of the New Deal's labor legislation. Congressional leaders are looking favorably upon the suggestion that the hours limitations in the Walsh-Healey and wage-hour laws be relaxed in the interest of production speed-up. Incidentally, the same shipbuilding interests which initiated these proposals in testimony before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee also advocated "removal" of restrictions in both the Vinson-Trammel Act—limiting profits to 10 per cent—and the Wagner Act. While there is no immediate danger that Congress will go to quite such lengths during its current case of war jitters, unquestionably the President's program has supplied reactionaries with an excuse for renewing their assault on labor legislation.

At the same time, the centering of Congressional attention on national defense has served one good purpose: it has greatly relieved pressure for passage of other measures, notably the Walter-Logan bill and the NLRB amendments. Except for the emergency relief bill, which goes to the Senate this week just as the President requested it—$975,000,000 for WPA over an eight-month period—there now appears to be a good chance that no other major legislation will be enacted by Congress this session. (Also excepted, of course, are the army and navy supply bills, which are being revised to include portions of the emergency defense program.)

The Walter-Logan bill, aimed—in the words of Congressman Gene Cox—to "get" the Labor Board, the Wage-Hour Division, and the SEC, has run up against solid Senate opposition that promises to defeat it. The measure faces a Presidential veto, anyway. House reactionaries have about given up on the Wagner Act amendments, both those proposed by the Smith committee and the "milder" Norton version. They fear, not without reason, a repetition of the fiasco which followed House consideration of the Barden wage-hour amendments a few weeks ago. These were tangled up with so many "fly-paper" amendments that the House joyfully sent the resultant mess back to committee. Liberal forces are plotting precisely the same tactics in the event the Smith or Norton bill reaches the floor; and with the Republicans inclined to wash their hands of the whole business, any real effort to force the issue is unlikely.

Hatch Bill No. 2 is still buried in the House Judiciary Committee, where Chairman Sumners, despite the prod of a discharge petition, intends to sit on it as long as possible. There are some ironic touches to this situation. The President, who was dead against Hatch Bill No. 1, strongly favors the companion piece. So do the Republican leadership in Congress and a sizable block of Democrats. But both national chairmen, John Hamilton and Jim Farley, are vigorously and actively opposed. The most effective opposition comes, however, from the bloc of Southern Democrats who, oozing political high-mindedness, last year denounced the President for his failure to back Hatch Bill No. 1. The shoe, transferred to the other foot, is pinching. There is still a fifty-fifty chance that the measure will go through.

The one good laugh of a pretty lugubrious session is being supplied by the House didos over the housing bill. This is the measure that passed the Senate last year with provision for $800,000,000 in USHA loans, only to have a combination of Republicans and Southern Democrats—the latter headed by breast-beating Gene Cox—block House consideration. Now a compromise has been effected to swing the farm bloc into line—a $500,000,000 program with $200,000,000 devoted to rural projects—and overnight Georgia's Gene has become a wild-eyed booster of federal housing. He has even offered to lead the floor fight for the compromise measure. The other day when Republicans accused Housing Administrator Nathan Straus of lobbying in Capitol corridors for the bill, Cox leaped to his feet bursting with outraged dignity. "I'll have you know," he bellowed at the flabbergasted hecklers across the aisle, "that Mr. Straus has every right to be here. In fact, he is here at my invitation!"

Murder Monopoly

I. THE INSIDE STORY OF A CRIME TRUST

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

AGAINST a background of violence, sensation, and sadism—all tending to obscure its real import—Brooklyn's District Attorney, William O'Dwyer, has run to earth a criminal network which puts in the shade the great racketeering organizations of a generation ago. "Murder, Inc.," is journalese for the ring, and the name is an inspiration; it shows that to some extent at least the press has caught the meaning of Mr. O'Dwyer's discovery: that crime, like business, has outgrown the forms of rugged individualism and moved on to the greater glories of monopoly. Confessions by leaders of Murder, Inc.—its own name for itself is "the Combination"—show that it is a nation-wide, highly organized business which operates major rackets from coast to coast, trains its personnel, has its own code of conduct, and kills on contract. It is a grotesque caricature of American big business, and its ramifications are almost as manifold: labor unions, politics, and industry all covertly recognize the racketeer as a functionary of American society—though they may not be aware of the extent to which his activities center in Murder, Inc.

Today it is almost impossible for a gangster, big or small, to conduct an independent racket. Whether he runs a policy game which nets him millions or a peanut machine which brings him in $30 a week, he can work his racket only with the permission of the Combination. The leaders grant each racketeer his territory, just as an automobile manufacturer grants a dealer his territory. If a racketeer leaves New York for Chicago, he can set up in business only with the consent of the Chicago leader of Murder, Inc. Similarly, no murder can be committed without the okay of the boss of the zone. The boss even reserves the right to choose the killers.

The killings—and they are numbered by the score—are by-products of widespread business operations involving millions of dollars. The Combination exercises control over gambling, prostitution, the illicit traffic in narcotics, the policy game, bootlegging, and the loan-shark racket, to cite its outstanding spheres of influence. By sheer force it also dominates certain trade-union locals, and has a financial stake in various night clubs and cabarets. It operates certain legitimate enterprises and muscles in on others, where it exacts tribute from business men by threats or use of violence. Through its control of slot machines it collects pennies and nickels even from the schoolchildren of the nation. And not least, through its connection with corrupt political machines, it plays an important and sinister role in urban politics. The Combination even has its own banking and credit system designed to lend racketeers money—at an exorbitant rate—with which to start in business. It protects the member racketeer against unauthorized rivals and punishes him when he violates the laws of Murder, Inc. The punishment is usually a violent and horrible death.

At the moment public attention is centered on the first trial which has come out of O'Dwyer's investigations. The defendants, Harry (Happy) Maione and Frank (the Dasher) Abbandando, are charged with killing a fellow-gangster named George Rudnick in 1937. The victim was wiped out because he had turned police informer. According to the prosecution, the defendants strangled Rudnick with a rope, perforated his head and other parts of his body with sixty-three jabs of an icepick, and, to make sure, bashed in his skull with a meat-chopper. Technically the trial is concerned with only one killing, but it is merely the opening gun against Murder, Inc. So far the prosecutor's investigations have shed light on fifty-six hitherto unsolved murders in New York, and he has leads, he told me, which will uncover the bodies of scores of men whose murders were not even recorded on the police blotters. He believes Murder, Inc., can explain the mysterious disappearance of Peter Panto, progressive waterfront union organizer, and of many other members of the waterfront union.

Although his work has just got under way, O'Dwyer has already forged links between various branches of Murder, Inc., in New York. He has related the Combination to Lepke and Gurrah's racketeering in the garment and fur industries, flour trucking, the bakery trade, and narcotics; to the gambling, bootlegging, extortion, and trucking rackets headed by Charles (Bug) Siegel and Meyer Lansky; to the prostitution, policy, loan-shark, and narcotic rackets of the Bronx heirs of Dutch Schultz, whose mob continues to do business as part of Murder, Inc.; and to the various criminal and political activities of the Brooklyn underworld headed by Albert Anastasia and Joe Adonis. From New York the lines lead to other cities and other big shots: to the Purple Gang of Detroit; to Frank Nitti, former aide of Al Capone, who now runs the rackets in Chicago and Miami; to Frank Costello, boss of the New Orleans underworld; and finally to Dutch Goldberg of California, who is believed to be the biggest shot of them all.

Much of the information which enabled O'Dwyer to piece together the pattern of social decay that is Murder, Inc., has come from Abe (Kid Twist) Reles, now state's witness in the case against Maione and Abbandando. This slight, kinky-haired, brown-eyed gangster, with the flat nose, low wrinkled forehead, and heavy lips, began his criminal career in 1920, at the age of thirteen, as a professional racketeer of the prohibition era. He has been arrested forty-three times on every charge ranging from juvenile delinquency and disorderly conduct to murder (no less than five times), and in the course of the present trial has confessed to eighteen murders, six of which he calmly described on the witness stand. In all but five arrests Reles went scot free.

He is known in Brownsville as a cruel, sadistic slugger. His voice is harsh; the words come rapidly; the language is clipped, full of that underworld argot in which money is "sugar," confessing is "singing," and lending at high rates of interest is "shylocking." Behind this lingo are a shrewd, predatory mind and a strange rationale. Reles considers himself and his associates cool, calculating business men operating a vast enterprise.

"The Combination," he boasted to O'Dwyer, "is operated like the Lehman banks. It is practically one organization and spreads all over the country." Reles compares Murder, Inc., to a "tree with all its branches branched out," and in a less idyllic mood to the "airplane trust." He emphasizes that it extends from coast to coast, with headquarters in cities like New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Detroit, and Los Angeles. In the entire United States there are hundreds of thousands of people in the Combination, and in the five boroughs of New York alone there are several thousands. According to Reles, the nation-wide crime syndicate is an outgrowth of the fierce competition in the alcohol racket during the era of needled beer and bathtub gin. "There was no price regulation," Reles told O'Dwyer. "The rule was, I'll do you and you'll do me." Profits ran into the millions, and that was bound to create war. Prohibition gang shootings are now part of American legend, like the predatory excursions and killings of the frontier cattle rustlers. Reles looks back on that era with horror, but for other reasons than the public. He feels that machine-gun competition was in the long run unprofitable for the racketeer.

"Nobody cared how he moved around," he said. "I looked to kill you and you looked to kill me. Somebody did something out of the way and got shot, and then his friends went gunning for the man who did the killing, and *he* got shot. There was no sense in that. So the leaders of the mob said, Why not stop this crazy competition and go out and make money instead? So six or seven of the leaders got together and said, 'Boys, what's the use of fighting each other? Let's put our heads together, all of us, so that there can't be a meeting without one another.' That's how they all got together, to make no fighting."

Reles claims that the crime trust was from the beginning organized on a nation-wide basis. Modern means of communication and transportation made this logical. The syndicate developed its own hierarchy. Gradations in income, power, and authority were based on original accumulations of capital. When prohibition went out, the gangs had to seek other sources of income—race tracks, cabarets, gambling joints, bordels, policy games, the corrupt sections of the labor movement, the fur and poultry industries, the trucking business. Everywhere the mobs "muscled in" and chiseled off "a piece."

The ordinary small-time mobster was in no position to muscle in. In crime, as in other modern enterprises, the day of the small entrepreneur was over. He might have "brains" as Reles put it, but "he didn't have a chance because he didn't have a dime." He needed capital or credit to start a racket. Failing that, he was forced to become a "worker" for wages, employed by the bigger racketeers. That is how the hierarchy started. In the prohibition era Tim Murphy, a witty Chicago labor racketeer, used to say that Smith and Wesson made all men equal. Now the racketeer with the money had the last word.

A gangster who wanted to run his own racket had to borrow money. He would go, let us say, to Henry (Dutch) Goldberg. During prohibition, Dutch had done quite well running beer; he had wiped out rivals and piled up millions. After the great show was over, he invested some of his money in legitimate distilleries. He also became, according to Reles, head of the Broadway syndicate known as the Big Six. Dutch Goldberg has a police record in New York of four convictions for grand larceny and manslaughter and has served time in Elmira and Sing Sing.

Secure in his millions, Dutch acted as banker for other racketeers; he financed gangsters who started various legitimate and illegitimate enterprises, and received in return a big slice of the racket. In the credit system of the crime trust Reles sees the operation of a natural law. "If you haven't got any money," he remarked philosophically to District Attorney O'Dwyer, "you can't go any place. So the main thing is, you must have money." It was this credit system which first gave wealthy racketeers like Dutch Goldberg, Frank Nitti, and Joe Adonis their leadership in the crime trust. After that, rule was maintained by rigid organization and discipline, with murder the ultimate instrument of control.

As Reles describes it, the racketeers in each zone are governed by an "inner circle" of overlords whose decisions are law. These are the big shots who direct the various "business" enterprises, arrange murders, and acquire heavy bank accounts. Below them are "vice-presidents," like Happy Maione, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, who is to be tried separately for the Rudnick murder, and Abe Reles. The word "mob" is no longer used to designate the rank and file. They are now "troops" or, less glamorously, "punks," in the employ of the top men. Big shots operate in terms of profits—all the traffic will bear. Secondary leaders and punks work for wages. Reles emphatically denies that Murder, Inc., triggermen have committed murder for as little as $5. "That's just newspaper stuff," he says indignantly. "You don't get paid for that kind of work. When you kill, it's duty. When you work in a shop, and the boss wants you to do something, he doesn't say, 'I'll give you five or ten dollars.' He is paying you a salary, and you've got to do what he tells you." Similarly, the triggerman is on the pay roll of the Combination; any work he does is "part of the routine."

The salaries of Murder, Inc., employees vary from $100 to $250 a week. In addition, some of them are given small rackets of their own: running slot machines or collecting tribute from storekeepers and pool parlors. If the income from these is small, the "trooper" may keep it all: if it runs into real money, he has to kick back part of the take to gangsters higher up. Salaries are paid regularly all the year round, according to Reles, and all the boys make a "good living."

That is the optimistic view natural to a foreman; he resents any implication that his men are underpaid. "Punks" like Pretty Levine and Duke Maffetore, now caught in the O'Dwyer net, tell another story. They say that "troopers" make little money. They are often broke; they are compelled to borrow at fantastic interest rates from the syndicate; and they commit murders for as little as $5, or even for coffee and cake. They have no choice, because once they are in the gang they can't quit. And Reles admits that nine times out of ten when a mobster wants to quit he is killed. The widow is not told what happened to her husband, though she may learn about it from the newspapers. However, she receives his salary as long as his gang is making money. This is Murder, Inc.'s own form of life insurance.

In his confession Reles has insisted that the Combination is a "business" outfit, an economic syndicate whose main object is not murder but money. The murder is incidental to the struggle for money, just as in the moral world wars may be incidental to the struggle for markets. Since Murder, Inc., obtains its money by illegal means, it must purge rivals, code violators, and renegades by illegal means. Under the laws of the community this is murder; from the viewpoint of the crime trust it is just execution.

The economic setup of Murder, Inc., apes big business; its "troops" ape the military machine; its internal justice fantastically mimics our official courts. Charged with violating mob law, a gangster may under certain circumstances demand and obtain a trial by his peers. Here the leaders are judges, and various gangsters appear as prosecutors, witnesses, and "lawyers" for the defense. On several occasions, Reles will tell you proudly, he appeared as counsel for fellow-gangsters on trial before a Murder, Inc., court. He has a flair for legal jargon; he has had plenty of opportunity to hear it in the forty-three times that he has been brought into the official courts. He has defended fellow-gangsters by arguing, "This ain't admissible evidence," or "There ain't no corroboration for this."

Verdicts of Murder, Inc., courts and executions ordered by its leaders are accepted without question by the membership. Loyalty to the group transcends all friendships, all blood ties. The big shots may inform a gangster: "Your brother was a rat; we had to shoot him." The gangster, knowing what is best for him, accepts his brother's execution in silence. Fifteen years ago Louis Capone's own gang killed his brother. Louis, no relation to Al Capone but a powerful figure in the Brooklyn underworld, has known this all along and has done nothing about it. It all happened within accepted mob regulations.

The crime trust, Reles insists, never commits murders out of passion, excitement, jealousy, personal revenge, or any of the usual motives which prompt private, unorganized murder. It kills impersonally, and solely for business considerations. Even business rivalry, he adds, is not the usual motive, unless "somebody gets too balky or somebody steps right on top of you." No gangster may kill on his own initiative; every murder must be ordered by the leaders at the top, and it must serve the welfare of the organization.

A murder by the crime trust can be arranged only by one of the big shots. An ordinary citizen cannot hire Murder, Inc., to do away with someone he does not like. You may, of course, approach a minor triggerman with a proposition to bump off someone for $5,000. But if he did that, Murder, Inc., would kill him. Such a triggerman, Reles says, is not safe to have around. Any member of the mob who would dare to kill on his own initiative or for his own profit would be executed. "Suppose," Reles says, "I come to a triggerman on my own hook and give him $5,000 to rub out someone I don't like. What's to stop him from taking $10,000 from someone else to rub me out?" The crime trust insists that murder must be a business matter, organized by the chiefs in conference and carried out in a disciplined way. "It's real business all the way through," Reles explains. "It just happens to be that kind of business, but nobody is allowed to kill from personal grievance. There's got to be a good business reason, and the top men of the Combination must give their okay."

In support of this contention, Reles gives examples of "good business reasons." George Rudnick, whom Happy Maione and Frank Abbandando are accused of having removed from this earth, had turned police informer—a simple instance of cause and effect. Willie Weber, the policy racketeer, rated death because he bucked the Combination's attempt to organize the policy racket along trust lines. All other policy men entered the Combination. They had one boss, Lucky Luciano; they all turned in their profits to him, and he paid them a salary. Weber held out for the old laissez faire system; he kept his own policy bank and insisted on continuing in business for himself. The Combination decided to execute him. Weber turned out to be tough; he escaped death, though they managed to blow his shoulder off with shotguns. Pittsburgh Phil Strauss was bitter about the failure to rub out Weber. It was a great financial loss to the Brooklyn mob. Under the verbal contract with Luciano the killing of Weber would have given them 50 per cent of his policy racket—perhaps a million dollars clear.

Another clear case cited by Reles was that of Walter Sage. The boys liked Sage. "He was like one of us," Reles explained, "hanging around the corners of East New York making a living this way and that." Pittsburgh Phil staked him to the peanut-machine racket on a percentage basis. But Sage disappointed everybody. He doublecrossed his patron and ran away with Strauss's share of the profits. Accordingly his friend Big Gangi was detailed to visit him in Sullivan County. Later handsome, green-eyed Pretty Levine, an unfeeling triggerman, was sent up to meet the boys. They took the unsuspecting Sage for a pleasure trip through the woods in a 1937 Oldsmobile sedan. Without warning Big Gangi and Pretty Levine stabbed Sage with an icepick fifty-four times, tied a slot machine around the corpse, and threw it into Swan Lake. "There's the motive," Reles added, "when you have no respect."

Under syndicate rules it is "illegal" to kill a man outside your own territory. If New York wants a man rubbed out and he escapes to St. Louis, the job must be done through the St. Louis branch. The St. Louis leaders must give their okay and choose the killers. For strategic reasons they may call in triggermen from out of town, "so the man who will be killed won't know them," Reles explains, "and they can put him on the spot. You go to St. Louis and you don't know a thing about the man you are going to kill or why he is being killed. When you get there, you are told what to do."

Often the killer has to read the newspaper to find out whom he has executed. Then he goes into hiding, usually in Detroit. There is a special fund to take care of him, to cover his living expenses in hiding, to defend him if he is caught. Every branch of Murder, Inc., contributes to it.

Reles insists that any murder committed in the United States which has not been solved within a reasonable length of time is a murder committed by the Combination. It has got to be, he says; a private killing is broken sooner or later by the police, usually within six months or a year. If a killing remains unsolved for five or ten years, you may be sure it was the work of Murder, Inc.

[This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Freeman on Murder, Inc. Further revelations will appear in an early issue.]

Men Who Would Be President

VII. TAFT FOR SAFETY

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

TWO facts about the Presidential candidacy of Robert Alphonso Taft are significant. One is that the inner leaders, who own and run the G. O. P., are privately predicting that either the Ohioan or a dark horse will win the nomination. The other is that although few of them know him well, and none are excited about him, all are sure he is absolutely safe. The last words tell the whole story of the rise and potency of the Taft boom.

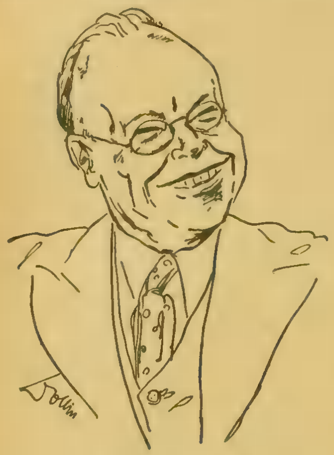
Robert Alphonso Taft is no glamour boy. He is scraggly bald, bespectacled, and a careless dresser, with a voice like a crow's caw and a personality that chills on sight. But he has the one essential ingredient of a winning Republican aspirant—irreproachable safeness. He was safe locally in Cincinnati, he was safe in state matters as a member of the Ohio Legislature, and he has been 100 per cent safe as a United States Senator. To the Joe Pews, the Charley Hilleses, the Ernie Weirs, the du Ponts, the Hoovers, and the other moguls of the Republican Party, that counts above all else. Personally Taft may not stir them, but his unblemished tory record moves them to the core. Of all the candidates seriously in the running, he has the record most after their own hearts. They know where Taft stands, and it is just where they want him to stand, unreservedly and imperturbably on their side.

That is why with them it is either Taft or a dark horse, like Governor Bricker—Joe Pew's secret first love—or Justice Owen J. Roberts or the smart little House floor leader, Joe Martin. On the basis of the "form chart" Taft should make it. He will go to the barrier at Philadelphia on the inside rail, with more pledged and hidden delegate strength than Dewey and with the backing of some of the most powerful chiefs in the G. O. P. But with all these advantages he still may not get the nomination. It has happened in the past that others just as favorably placed have fallen by the wayside on the home stretch. On the final lap there are several tough hurdles that may trip Taft—one in the region below the Mason and Dixon Line.

Taft managers claim most of the Southern delegates, and it is significant that the claim is not seriously disputed by the rival camps. Now as any novice in politics knows, Southern delegates have frequently been put in the category of a cash-and-carry commodity. Taftites hotly deny that their prized Southern booty was obtained by other than legitimate means, but tucked away in the effusive *Life* profile several months ago—which Dave Ingalls, Taft's manager and cousin, liked so well that he sent out scores of telegrams calling attention to it—was this very interesting observation: "So far the funds have been enough to meet the peculiar requirements of Republican campaigning in several Southern states." Peculiar is not what the politicians call it.

The hectic 1920 convention in Chicago offered proof that Southern delegates can be as much a liability as an asset. Under certain conditions, such as the heat of a Senate campaign-fund investigation, they have a marked explosive propensity. And the Democratic majority on the investigating committee now functioning is decidedly rarin' to go. It can be taken for granted that the boys would love nothing better than to prepare some juicy headline material at the expense of a leading G. O. P. candidate. And certain not disinterested Republicans apparently feel the same way—to judge from pointed hints that have been quietly dropped in the ears of committee members. Taft campaign managers vigorously assert that they are not at all concerned and would welcome an inquiry.

In mental equipment Taft is by far the ablest of the active Republican candidates. He also is the most forthright and the only one who has had the courage and honesty to take a stand on specific issues. He is an unrelieved tory; a corporation and utility lawyer who if elected will administer the affairs of the nation rigorously from that viewpoint. And he makes no bones about it. In a speech in Philadelphia recently he laid his cards bluntly on the table. "There is only one solution for the nation's ills," he said, "and that is to repeal a large part of the laws authorizing the regulation of agriculture, commerce, and industry, and in those laws which must remain, prescribe definite standards to which the regulators must conform." He also denounced the New Deal for imposing taxes "not to raise money but to attempt a redistribution of wealth," and castigated the AAA, the Wage-Hour administration, the National Labor Relations Board, the Housing Authority, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and reciprocal trade treaties. Ultra-reactionary certainly. You may not like it, but at least you know where he stands—which is a lot more than can be said about his fellow Republican candidates, whose outpourings have been chiefly sonorous generalities mixed with glittering hokum. Whatever his views, Taft has courage and ability. In these respects he is no Harding, or Coolidge, or Hoover. By all odds he is the most competent old-line Republican who has sought the Presidency in many years.


Robert A. Taft

Intellectually and temperamentally Taft is his mother's son. Because in her day President's wives were seen and not heard, Mrs. William Howard Taft—née Helen Herron, daughter of a prominent Cincinnati corporation attorney—never emerged publicly in her true character. But those who know her are aware that she was a very clever, ambitious woman and the driving force behind her huge, amiable, lazy husband. Bob Taft has his mother's resolution and narrow but keen intellect. Charlie, the younger son, who is liberally inclined, is more like his genial father.

Like his mother, Robert Taft's wife is a woman of force and ambition who has been a definite asset in his public career. The daughter of President Taft's Solicitor General, Martha Bowers Taft is an effective political campaigner and glad-hander. To her husband's annoyance she is frequently compared to Eleanor Roosevelt. Intrinsically they have little in common. Eleanor Roosevelt is a person of wide sympathies, deep understanding, and great moral and intellectual courage. Martha Taft is a charming woman with a flair for politics.

Up to his entrance into politics Bob Taft's career followed the usual pattern for a serious-minded scion of a wealthy family. He prepared for college at the Taft School at Watertown, Connecticut, founded by his scholarly uncle; from there he went to Yale, his father's alma mater; he took his law degree at Harvard. Light is thrown on his capacity by the fact that he led his classes in college, was editor-in-chief of the *Harvard Law Review*, and passed the Ohio bar examination with top honors. Writing about him recently in a reminiscent vein, Howard Vincent O'Brien, columnist of the Chicago *Daily News*, painted this picture of Taft in college days:

> Myself a college classmate of Robert Taft, I am struck by the difference between his position as an undergraduate and that of F. D. R. Few, if any, of Roosevelt's classmates at Harvard ever dreamed of his attaining a great place in the world. But by Taft's classmates at Yale it was taken for granted that he would always be somebody.
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> . . . I cannot recall that he ever did anything outstanding, such as being prom chairman, or captain of the football team, or editing the *Lit*. . . . His one pre-eminence was in studies. He was always at the head of the class. Strangely enough, however, his scholarship never excited the disrespect that college students usually give it. One reason, I suppose, was that he was never a "greasy grind," never honeyed up to teachers, never paraded his erudition, and was never above helping a weaker vessel.
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> He is definitely "conservative." I think he is even a little narrow. . . . I don't think he understands the common man as well as F. D. R. does, but I think he can learn.

Refusing several attractive offers from New York law firms, Taft chose to serve his apprenticeship with Maxwell and Ramsey, leading corporation lawyers in his home town. Later, with his brother Charlie and several friends, he set up his own firm, which with the aid of the family's name and extensive business interests rapidly grew to be one of the largest and most successful in Cincinnati.

Defective eyesight kept Taft out of military service during the World War. But he served as assistant general counsel of the Hoover Food Administration and in that post began a friendship with the Great Engineer that still flourishes. For tactical reasons Hoover is keeping silent regarding Taft's candidacy, but the Ohioan is his first choice—after himself. Hoover still harbors a burning desire for another try, and the latest inside word is that if Taft is stopped, Hoover and Bricker, whose support of Taft is only skin deep, have a secret understanding to attempt a blitz-stampede for a Hoover-Bricker ticket.

Taft's first sortie into politics was in 1920, when he was elected to the Assembly of the Ohio Legislature. He served in the chamber until 1926, rising to be Republican floor leader in 1925 and speaker during his final year. He also served one term in the state Senate, from 1930 to 1932. He was defeated for reelection although another Republican senatorial candidate from the same district won handily—a fact that is not recalled in his official campaign literature or in the laudatory sketches that have appeared in the last few months in the big national weeklies. This omission points to one of the tenderest spots of Taft's candidacy—the often-heard charge that he is a poor vote-getter. Taft managers and press agents have gone to great pains to refute this. Practically every statement, handout, and article emanating from their typewriters or inspired by them contains some reference designed to offset this suspicion. Alice Longworth's extraordinary effusion in the *Saturday Evening Post* several weeks ago was "angled" entirely to deal with this matter.

Mrs. Longworth and the other Taft tooters make much of his decisive defeat of Democratic Senator Robert Bulkley, bearing down heavily on the fact that while Ohio went Democratic by over 600,000 in 1936, Taft retired Bulkley by 170,000. That is true, but it is far from the whole story. Taft won the G. O. P. nomination by only 70,000 votes, after what his opponent loudly charged was a spending orgy; the official records show that more than $250,000 was spent for Taft in the primary. Also, up to the last few weeks of the campaign most of the press reports rated his rival as the probable winner of the nomination. In the election contest Taft couldn't have asked for a weaker opponent. Besides being a bungling campaigner, Bulkley had a record that was impossible to defend. He was neither a New Dealer nor a conservative. He had taken pokes at labor, had talked economy and budget balancing, had been all over the map during the great court-reform battle, and had voted to lift the undivided-profits tax. Yet despite his many handicaps he defeated Taft overwhelmingly in the big industrial center of the state; Taft owed his election to the small-town and rural vote, which in Ohio is traditionally Republican in normal election years.

When referring to his career in the Ohio Legislature, Taft press agents never fail to emphasize his talents as a taxation authority. According to his official campaign biography, he "revised the entire tax system of Ohio." It is significant, however, that no details of this revision are ever given. The record shows that it was embodied in a so-called Classified Tax Act, under which personal property, such as stocks and bonds, is assessed at lower rates than real estate. He also sponsored legislation requiring towns and cities to set up budget systems which would compel them to limit their expenditures. Carefully omitted from the blurbs are these additional facts: During his first term he backed the Republican governor in proroguing the Legislature—the first time in the history of the state that the legislative branch was forcibly adjourned. He voted to appropriate $62,521 for coal companies as payment for fuel which an investigation of the previous Republican regime had disclosed had been bought at excessive prices. When Governor Donahey, a Democrat, vetoed the appropriation, Taft voted to override the veto. He strenuously fought a bill placing gas production and distribution under the state utilities commission as a move toward reducing rates. He vigorously supported a bill changing the method of assessing franchise taxes on local corporations. In vetoing this measure Donahey denounced it as designed to save corporations at least $1,500,000 a year. Taft led the fight to override the veto.

On the other side of the ledger stands Taft's excellent record on civil-liberty issues. He voted for a bill requiring the Klan and other secret organizations to file their officer and membership lists with the state, against a Klan-sponsored bill requiring reading of the Bible in public schools, and for an investigation of telephone rates. In this last he may have had a personal interest since the Taft family owns the Cincinnati Telephone Company, the largest independent in the country, and the probe was understood to be aimed at the Bell system. On the few labor questions that came up during his terms Taft also had a good record. He voted for a bill to establish minimum wages for women and minors in industry, for a constitutional amendment liberalizing the workmen's compensation system, and for outlawing "yellow-dog" contracts. This measure was fiercely opposed by industrial interests, but Taft went squarely down the line in support of it.

His part in the great reform battle that freed Cincinnati from one of the most corrupt political machines in the country and his 100 per cent reactionary record in the United States Senate are the two most important things left unmentioned in the flood of Taft propaganda. For decades Cincinnati had been ruled by a succession of notorious Republican bosses. Finally conditions became so bad that leading business men joined with labor, liberals, and other civic-minded groups in a rousing revolt that smashed the machine and set up a city-manager form of government. One of the leaders of the movement was Charles Taft, who still holds office as a reform councilman. Fighting him tooth and nail in behalf of the foul Republican organization was Robert Alphonso Taft. Bob Taft's apologists, when the issue is raised, insist that he was not against the clean-up, but that he wanted to accomplish the same thing by reform within the G. O. P. The Scripps-Howard Cincinnati *Post*, however, militant champion of the reform movement, was recently moved to this vehement protest at the blurbs in the slick-paper magazines:

> A decent respect for truth forces the *Post* to take issue with *Life Magazine's* amazing interpretation of Robert Taft's position during the fight for honest government in Cincinnati a decade and a half ago. . . . One paragraph is devoted to this phase of Robert Taft's career, as follows: "Meanwhile he had begun to be active in the Cincinnati Republican organization. At the start the organization was extremely malodorous, but fortunately

> for his future ambitions he always remained a regular Republican. His brother Charlie was a leader of the Republican City Charterites, who bolted the party, joined with the Democrats to start a city-charter movement, and set up a city-manager government in Cincinnati. Bob Taft, more conservative, helped to write the city charter but would not join Charlie Taft's bolt. Instead, he stayed on in the organization, helped to clean it up. . . . "
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> The purpose of this paragraph is to make it appear that Robert Taft was at heart a reformer but that he chose the method of working from within the Republican machine. The truth is that Robert Taft was a bitter enemy of the municipal-reform movement in Cincinnati and that he campaigned actively against the adoption of the charter amendments in 1924 which gave the city the P. R.-elected small council and city-manager administration.
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> It was nearly two years after these basic amendments . . . were adopted that Mr. Taft was named (July, 1926) a member of a board to make further revisions and incorporate them in a new charter. . . . As to "reforming" the Republican Party from within, the record showed last fall that twenty-one of the twenty-six G. O. P. ward chairmen in the city were politicians taught by Rud Hynicka, the heir of the notorious George B. Cox. The "reformation" apparently has not been completed at this writing. The *Post* said during Mr. Taft's campaign for the United States Senate: "Robert Taft turned his face to the dead past; his first love and his first loyalty were given to party and he did not swerve from that narrow allegiance to take up the people's cause even while an angered citizenry smashed the party machine to give Cincinnati a decent government and a place of honor instead of shame among American cities."

Neither Taft, his managers, nor his apologists have yet answered this ringing challenge. The reason is obvious. They can't.

Nor can they talk away his equally reactionary record in the United States Senate. The only thing that can be said for it is that it has been consistent—Taft has voted the way he has talked. He has talked economy and budget balancing and has consistently voted against relief, farm, housing, and other Administration measures. He has denounced the TVA, Bonneville, and the other great power projects and voted to shut off their funds. He has assailed the SEC, the NLRB, and the Wage-Hour Division and has voted to slash their appropriations. His only important deviation from an anti-New Deal line has been in foreign affairs. In the neutrality fight last fall he supported the President's bill to repeal the arms embargo. On the other hand he battled hard for traditional Republican tariff protection by opposing renewal of the reciprocal-trade law.

This is the record of the man who a month from now may be the chosen standard bearer of his party at a time when the country is facing one of the most crucial periods in its history.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Blitzkrieg in Wall Street

A FEW weeks ago Robert Laffan, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, gave the following recipe for confidence:

> What the stock market probably needs to sustain it or improve it, taking a short or day-to-day view, is freedom from fear of any sudden change in the complexion of things abroad, *a war active enough to stimulate the exports upon which present hopes are built, yet not decisive enough to indicate an early end to the war. And, of course, a war in which the position of the Allies is never quite jeopardized.* On top of that, what the market needs, according to the Street's own testimony, is a favorable outcome for domestic politics. (My italics.)

This may sound cynical, but recent events have shown it to be extremely shrewd. For while the war in Europe has taken a turn active enough to excite any munitioneer, the terrific power of the Nazi drive has unquestionably placed the Allies in a position of jeopardy. This, in turn, has jarred American complacency about the "inevitability" of a final Allied victory and led to really serious consideration of the possible effects on the interests of this country of a Hitlerian triumph in Europe. The obvious repercussions of this change in attitude on domestic politics are hardly conducive to "a favorable outcome" in the eyes of Wall Street.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the surge of Hitler's legions across the Low Countries brought on a wave of liquidation in the stock market. "War babies" and "peace babies," capital-goods and consumer-goods stocks, all shared in the débâcle. Commodity markets were also hit by a tornado of selling, with wheat dropping the full ten-cent limit permitted by trading regulations on two days in succession.

When the market atmosphere is supercharged with emotion, cold fact is always at a heavy discount. Hence, in the past week rather important indications of an improvement in the general business situation have been almost ignored. There has been, however, a sharp rise in the rate of steel operations to 70 per cent of capacity, and a sudden jump in the price of steel scrap is regarded as indicative of even further expansion. Other leading heavy industries, such as chemicals, which showed few signs of recession during the winter, are maintaining or improving their position. Residential construction is continuing to forge ahead of last year, and car loadings are gaining.

To what extent is the domestic picture likely to be distorted by Hitler's latest aggressions? On the debit side must be placed the loss of one and probably two important markets. Holland and Belgium are small, highly industrialized countries which consume considerable quantities of American goods, particularly farm products. In 1939 purchases from the United States of these two countries (including Luxemburg) totaled $161,000,000. By far the most important items were wheat, corn, cotton, and soy beans, and the destruction of these markets undoubtedly influenced last week's fall in commodities. Appreciable amounts of oil, automobiles, and machinery are also sold to the Low Countries in normal times. Against these losses, perhaps, can be set some probable gains in American exports to countries hitherto supplied by Belgium and Holland. Latin American importers who have been customers for Belgian steel and glass, for Dutch radios and farm machinery, may now place orders here. But, it must be remembered, Latin America has also lost a good market and its buying power will be so much less.

The destruction of the Low Countries as a source of supplies and the new intensity of military operations will increase the dependence of Britain and France on American resources. Both countries consumed large quantities of Belgian and Luxemburg steel, for instance, with the result that, in the past few days, they have been compelled to place large orders with American producers. In addition, the enormous wastage involved in battle operations on the scale now taking place is certain to lead the Allies to speed up their purchases of planes and trucks, and will probably lead to a large demand for shells and explosives, for which only comparatively small orders have been given so far. The oil companies, also, may begin to reap the war profits they have missed hitherto owing to the fact that military consumption has not offset the fall in rationed civilian consumption. Now the fierce pitch of aerial warfare, coupled with the closing of the Mediterranean, through which Britain and France imported oil from the Near East, suggests a rising demand for American oil.

On top of this prospective expansion in war-goods production there comes the stepping up of our own defense preparations, promising a large quantity of new business for shipbuilders, plane manufacturers, machine-tool makers, steel mills, and a large number of other industries. Hence a cold-blooded review of the situation does not indicate many sound reasons for liquidating stocks, always assuming that the war is not going to end rapidly in the defeat of the Allies. But there's the rub. The isolationism so marked in Wall Street since the beginning of the war, like so much of the isolationism in other quarters, has all along depended on an unspoken major premise—the certainty of final Allied victory. That premise has been as badly battered as the Belgian defenses in the past week, and in its place has arisen an alarming query: What will be the effect of a German victory, of a Nazification of Europe and its colonies, on American life, politics, and business?

To attempt even a tentative answer to this question would require a long article and would take this department far beyond its proper scope. But it is clear that our economy would to a large extent have to be made over. We should, almost certainly, proceed to rearm on a scale that would make even our present defense expenditure look like small change. The traditional basis of our foreign trade would vanish, and we should have to adapt it to comply with the requirements of totalitarian states in a position, perhaps, to control our sources of raw materials. Probably we should be driven to construct at a revolutionary tempo an autarchic system of our own, with devastating effects on our standard of living and the consequent development of far more dangerous social tensions than exist at present. If thoughts like these are beginning dimly to appear in the minds of those whose decisions animate the stock tickers, we need look no farther for the lack of confidence shaking Wall Street.

In the Wind

TOM DEWEY is in danger of receiving the Bund's indorsement of his Presidential candidacy. Bund leaders are solemnly discussing the move because of Dewey's recent isolationist stand. The only obstacle, they say, is the Kuhn conviction; and a promise of a pardon would fix that.

MOST NEWSPAPERS carried a detailed account of the Daughters of the Depression parley in Washington, held to dramatize the unemployment crisis. The publicity given to the affair was stimulated by Mrs. Roosevelt's presence. From Washington sources we learn that several prominent New Dealers, not including F. D. R., urged her—in vain—to shun the conference because it was accused of being "red."

BEFORE THE recent dinner of foreign correspondents in New York speakers were asked to submit thumbnail sketches of themselves. W. H. Auden replied: "In the course of the last fortnight I have heard myself described as a Communist, a Trotskyite, a Roman Catholic, and as one sent over by the British government to prevent there being another Rupert Brooke. As far as I know, none of these statements are correct."

SEVERAL IMPORTANT trade-union leaders who have frequently been accused of "Stalinism" may be denounced by the C. P. soon. The break will occur if and when John L. Lewis abandons third-party talk and returns to the New Deal fold, a move expected by most labor observers. It is felt that in the present setting third-party plans are out. Many leaders sympathetic to the Communists accept that verdict and will follow Lewis. The C. P. won't.

DURING A recent editorial conference in the *PM* offices a loud crash was heard, as if someone had fallen through the roof. George Lyon, *PM's* managing editor, a former Scripps-Howard executive, looked up and remarked, "It's Roy Howard."

THE NEW YORK *Daily Worker* last week lauded John Strachey as one of a "staunch group of sincere fighters against war." The editors seem to have been unaware of a letter Strachey wrote three weeks ago to the *New Statesman and Nation*, saying: "Every line written in the *Daily Worker* [British] drives me to the conclusion that those controlling the *Daily Worker* are prepared, for the sake of what they consider to be the interests of the Soviet Union, to give way to Hitler to any extent. . . . So long as that remains the case I . . . can have nothing to do with them . . . however much I agree with them as to the general character of the war."

IN ITALY, so anti-Fascists say, where there are ten Italians there are ten Fascists; where there is one Italian, there isn't any Fascist.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WALTER LIPPMANN has got the jitters again. More than three years ago, when it looked as if war was near in Europe, he declared that, if it came, the only way we could safeguard our neutrality would be to mobilize three million men at once and set them down on our shores. With incredible naivete and the lack of realism that is so often astonishing in this man who has been for so many years writing for the press, he actually set forth (see my Issues and Men of January 16, 1936) that this would be the surest way to prevent the rise of a great war party in the United States, demanding war as did Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood in 1915-17, and the surest way to keep us out of war. It never occurred to him that an army of three million men, after it had made all the sacrifice of drilling for months and months, would be just crazy to get going and do something.

Now Walter Lippmann declares that our duty to America requires us to prepare to make over our state according to the Hitler model, especially if the Allies are defeated. Of course he does not use those words, and if he reads these of mine he will say that he never said anything of the kind. Yet what he calls for is none the less exactly that. This is what he actually wrote:

> Isolated in a world that envies us and despises us, we too shall have to become a nation in arms. We too shall have to have conscription; we too shall have to regiment capital and labor in order that we may be able to build the ships and the airplanes, and the guns and cannon without which we shall be harassed and intimidated, threatened and blackmailed by the coalition on both sides of us.

He elaborated further in these words:

> The next thing to do is to adopt a program of national defense of vastly greater scope than that which is now in operation. The experience of Great Britain should be a lesson to us that it is not enough to appropriate money to buy what the existing facilities can supply: it is necessary to create new shipyards, new airplane factories, new plants for the production of guns and other implements of war. There is needed a larger investment of new capital: it is not safe to let the aircraft industry, for example, wait for its expansion upon subsidies from the Allies.

Precisely. I have done him no injustice. Carry out this program, plus universal military conscription and the complete reorganization of American industrial life to make it part of the American military machine, as German industry has been made part of the German military machine, and you have the totally militarized state which can only lead to Fascism or National Socialism. What he wants America to do in order to protect our democracy is to undertake the very way of life which is most inimical to the continuance of republican institutions. If we take his advice we shall destroy democracy in order to defend it, destroy it by injecting into its veins the very poison which has proved fatal to it in so many countries abroad.

I find myself wondering whether Walter Lippmann would not admit that I am right, that the remedy may be as bad as the evil of conquest by the dictators, or lead in the last analysis to the same end, and say that he prefers to take the risk. I find many people caught in this dilemma. The minute the total war began they too cried out that we must arm at once, at all costs. They too forgot all their horror over Franklin Roosevelt's unbalanced budget, their bitter indignation that he was anxious to lift the debt limit still higher. And when I asked them what they were planning to do to safeguard democracy, they admitted the weight of argument on my side but added helplessly: "But what else can we do?"

Of course if Walter Lippmann had anything really to contribute to the defense problem of the United States except mere emotion and an incredible ignorance of military affairs, he would have recommended that we keep cool and quiet and ascertain why it is that we have no defense policy and that therefore our expenditures bear no relationship to any military program, and why we do not tell our army and navy what to defend and how to do it. He could then have pointed out (1) that the primary defense question for the United States, one that is still unsettled, is whether we are only to defend our shores or are to make ready to fight abroad; (2) that all our military expenditures are unintelligent, wasteful, uncoordinated, and often misdirected; (3) that there are the gravest faults in the organization of the War and Navy departments, and that they fail to cooperate adequately and will not function in war time. Why, he might have asked, is it possible for Major General Arnold to have told Senator Lodge that only one hundred of our thousands of airplanes are today fit to go into action in Europe? Just raising these questions and seeking the answers would have contributed more to a sane defense policy than all the wild words he has penned so far. But now that the President has come to this position, he will be the more certain he is right.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Crime

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

Envy the mad killer, who lies in the ditch and grieves,
Hearing the horns on the highway, and the tires scream;
He tries to remember, and tries, but he cannot seem
To remember what it was he buried under the leaves.

By the steamed lagoon, near the carnivorous orchid,
Pirates hide treasure, and mark the place with a skull,
Then lose the map, and roar in pubs with a skinful,
In Devon or Barbados; but remember what they hid.

And what is hid? But he is too tired to ask it.
An old woman, mumbling her gums like incertitude?
The proud stranger who asked the match by the park wood?
Or the child who crossed the park every day with the lunch-basket?

He cannot say, nor formulate the delicious
And smooth convolution of terror, like whipped cream,
Nor the mouth, rounded and white for the lyric scream
Which he never heard, though he still tries, nodding and serious.

His treasure: for years down streets of contempt and trouble,
Hugged under his coat, among sharp elbows and rows
Of eyes hieratic like foetuses in jars.
Or he nursed it unwitting, like a child asleep with a bauble.

Happiness: what the heart wants. That is its fond
Definition, and wants only the peace in God's eye.
Our flame bends in that draft; and that is why
He clutched at the object bright on the bottom of the murky pond.

Peace, all he asked: past despair and past the uncouth
Violation, he grasped at the fleeting hem, though in error;
Nor gestured before the mind's sycophant mirror,
Nor made the refusal and spat from the secret side of his mouth.

Though a tree for you is a tree, and in the long
Dark no sibilant tumor inside your enormous
Head, though no walls confer in the still house,
Nor the eyes of pictures protrude, like a snail's, each on its prong,

Yet envy him, for what he buried is buried
By the culvert there, till the boy with air-gun
In spring, with the violet, comes; nor is ever known
To go on any vacations with him, lend money, break bread.

And envy him, for though the seasons stutter
Past pulse in the yellow throat of the field-lark,
Still memory drips, like a pipe in the cellar-dark,
And in its hole, as when the earth wakes to the vernal shudder,
The cold heart heaves like a toad, and lifts its brow
With that bright jewel you have no use for now;
While still confused, despised with the attic junk, the letter
Names your name, and mourns under the dry rafter.

My Son

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

Let him go and dishonor his sister,
Stride on and molest the reasonless love
Of his brother, and reach impossible mills
To grind his strength into an essence
Of faith and indefatigable ills.

Not now assail the hot and fevered
Tents of his thinking. He will yet defeat
His father, and burn his mother's feet,
Obeying a call that shot from the dark,
Leaving him defiant in the street.

Sometime he may chance upon love or power
And stand tilted before their pluming seas,
Letting his hands fall on slack thighs,
Caring no more for all that destroys
The endless pennants he flings to the skies.

Must he start at that hour to thread humbly
The sinews and arteries of every man
He slew together again? While his strength ruffles thin,
Must he again and again put out his hand to feel
Earth already drawn like a sheet to his chin?

Better to carry him in on a door ripped sadly
From its hinges, put him among zinnias and find
A chair to echo his creaking. Till then, old men,
Muffle your cacklings. I shall let him go where only
His muscles' destruction can temper him again.

[*These poems were selected for* The Nation *by John Berryman.*]

American Foreign Policy

A FOREIGN POLICY FOR AMERICA. By Charles A. Beard. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

ISOLATED AMERICA. By Raymond Leslie Buell. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE simultaneous publication of two books on foreign policy by such authors as Charles A. Beard and Raymond Leslie Buell whets the appetite for a great debate on foreign policy. One might suspect, in fact, that some national committee had been at work to pick the two best men to present contrasting opinions on the most serious issue now before the American people. But the debate doesn't come off. Mr. Buell is there with an exhaustive analysis of what isolation would mean in economic, political, and military terms. But Mr. Beard does not join the issue. He is content to deal with the problem in terms of tradition. He seeks to prove, I think successfully, that isolationism, or in his terms "continentalism," is the settled policy of the American people, one from which they have been periodically beguiled but to which they return perennially as to a safe harbor. He assumes of course that it is a good policy for America, but he does not go out of his way to prove it. He does not consider whether it is a good policy for the world but seems to have a slightly uneasy conscience about this omission, for he closes his book with a curious final sentence-paragraph which stands completely alone without an argument to support it. The sentence is: "This policy [continentalism] followed by the United States would favor, not hinder, the coming of peace to other nations of the world."

The thesis of Professor Beard's book is that two villains, "imperialism" and "internationalism," have tried to tempt America from the path of true innocence. Admiral Mahan and Theodore Roosevelt were the symbols of the imperialistic forces, and Woodrow Wilson was the final and most perfect expression of the impulse toward internationalism. "The original policy of continentalism was framed by the founders of the American Republic," who were "experienced, active, and effective statesmen." This basic policy was twice violated, but with the passage of the Neutrality Act in 1935 America returned to its original tradition. Even the amended act of 1939 "was thoroughly continentalist in letter and spirit, although it gave peace advocates all the pleasure they could derive from the sale of instruments of war to belligerents who could buy."

Mr. Beard holds the "governing élite" responsible for turning the "American nation away from its continental center of gravity"—one is left in some confusion about the identity of this "governing élite." He declares that the "idea of imperial expansion was not the business man's dream"; rather business men "were 'dragooned' into it by politicians." The forces behind internationalism are identified as "an intelligentsia large, educated, vocal, and ingenious and politicians unable or afraid to grapple with the domestic crisis." According to his thesis such "continentalists" as Thomas Dewey and Senator Vandenberg, and for that matter the whole Republican Party, represent the resurgence of popular forces who have recaptured the citadels of national safety from the élite. Something is wrong in this picture.

Mr. Beard has no great difficulty in proving the futility of a great deal of our internationalism. The heroes of the Kellogg Peace Pact are perfect subjects for his satirical observations. Nor it is difficult to point to the present international situation as proof of the failure of this internationalism. "Nearly every evil that was inconceivable in internationalist ideology in 1919 came to pass within the span of twenty years." Mr. Beard is willing to leave the question of the cause of this failure undecided. Perhaps internationalism was based upon "misconceptions respecting the nature and propensities of men and of nations." Perhaps the internationalists had merely "not adopted the correct approach to the goal they had set before themselves." The first explanation suggests that all attempts at international order are futile. The second explanation might prompt the elaboration of a more effective approach to the problem. But evidently Mr. Beard does not consider a choice between these two explanations necessary, since in any event tradition has determined the orthodoxy of our continentalist foreign policy.

It is to Mr. Beard's credit that he does not obscure the moral indifferentism which his policy involves. He declares that it is the duty of "public officials, especially the President and the Secretary of State, speaking in the name of the whole nation, to abstain from denouncing or abusing foreign states, good or bad, with whom diplomatic relations are maintained." He is quite right that a consistent policy of isolationism would involve just such an attitude, and it would be well in this hour, in which we face one of the greatest tragedies of European history, if Mr. Beard's less astute fellow-isolationists were able to understand and admit the moral implications of their position.

Mr. Buell does not seek to deny the isolationism of the Founding Fathers, though he casts some doubt upon its consistency. But he rightly doubts its relevance for our own day. His book is a closely reasoned and fully documented account of the power of America in an interdependent world and of the problems America would face in an anarchic world. He does not deny the failure of our excursions into "internationalism" since the World War. He attributes this failure to our divided mind. We had on the one hand a strong impulse to participate in a more decent world organization and, more recently, to stem the tide of authoritarian politics and the economics of *Autarkie.* But the isolationist impulses of our youth remained as vestigial remnants in our foreign policy and were reinforced by the comparative security of our continental position and of our economic power. "As a result of this unresolved conflict, the foreign policy of the United States has been full of inconsistencies and hesitations, which inevitably had an unsettling effect upon the world situation." In the world community America is a giant with infantile obsessions.

This divided mind revealed itself very clearly at the London Economic Conference, which we wrecked. "We adopted nationalistic methods of recovery as did every other power, trying to profit at the expense of others." While "Cordell Hull continues to preach the necessity of world order and understanding, his own country gives only lip-service to principles which it may yet openly repudiate." We lectured the world on the need of disarmament, but we refused to participate in any scheme of collective security which might make disarmament feasible. Several times we were driven very close to the minimal responsibility of promising to consult with other nations in the case of aggression, but in the end we always repudiated even such minimal obligations. We would not support "cooperative action in support of the anti-war pact of the Nine-Power Treaty," but the renunciation of the trade agreement with Japan was popular among us, and "it would not be difficult for some cynics to believe that the American people would support an old-fashioned war with Japan rather than participate in a system of international sanctions." Mr. Buell might have added that we are ready to spend untold billions defending ourselves against triumphant Nazism but are not willing to prevent its triumph.

Our divided mind revealed itself as recently as the invasion of Finland. The Senate came within three votes of abrogating our relations with Russia, but we would not give the Finns effective aid lest it might involve us in war. Our President satisfies the conscience of one-half of the nation by roundly denouncing the dictators while he is prevented by the apprehensions of the other half from doing anything in particular.

But this criticism is not the main purpose of Mr. Buell's book. Positively he seeks to prove that it is impossible for America to be prosperous in an impoverished world or healthy in an anarchic one. The barter system which fascist nations are introducing into world economy will seriously affect our economic life. We cannot even use our power to prevent such a system from spreading to South America and to establish a "continental" economy of self-sufficiency of our own, for we cannot absorb the surpluses of South America and cannot dispense with the rubber and other raw products of Africa and Asia. We imagine that we can prevent by a cash policy the kind of problem in which our credits to the Allies in the World War involved us. But as a consequence of our present policy we shall probably accumulate about "twenty-five billion dollars' worth of gold for which we have no domestic use. We lost ten billion dollars invested in the inter-Allied debt in the first World War; as a result of the second we may lose the larger part of twenty-five billion dollars' worth of gold. No doubt we shall again denounce the foreigner for such a result." Incidentally that gold would give us a tremendous opportunity to establish a stable international-currency scheme after the war; but we shall probably shy away from the risks and obligations of such an enterprise.

In terms of domestic politics Mr. Buell believes, I think rightly, that failure to take a positive attitude toward the preservation of democratic values "runs the risk of undermining the moral basis of our democracy." With no common faith to hold us together we shall have to seek unity and ward off the disintegrating force of warring creeds among us by coercive means. That will land us in fascism. In foreign politics the impulse to protect our continent in a warring and anarchic world will land us in a gigantic navalism. In economic life even our comparatively high self-sufficiency will not prevent the deterioration of our living standards if we seek, or are forced, to live on our own resources.

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sibility on the part of America. Mr. Buell, unlike Mr. Streit, makes careful distinctions between problems which Europe alone must solve and those which concern the world. He does not involve America in Europe as if America were a European nation. Yet he knows that Europe cannot solve its problems alone. His carefully worked-out plan of regional and more general federations is admirably conceived.

Unfortunately the whole of it is based upon the assumption that the Germans will fail. By so much he adopts the isolationist creed and expects us to help only in the rebuilding of Europe. The tragic events of recent days tend to invalidate this whole assumption. The Nazis may conquer Europe while we make plans for its rehabilitation after an Allied victory.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Money-Changer in the Temple

SHRINE OF THE SILVER DOLLAR. By John L. Spivak. Modern Age Books. $2.

TO JOHN L. SPIVAK journalism is the joy of discovering someone else's social-security number. But it is also a weapon, and Spivak chooses his victims with discrimination. In these pages the high priest of a political faith emerges as a small-town manipulator of other people's money. Spivak has explored the Coughlin financial network more thoroughly than any previous investigator, and some of his findings are reported to be the basis of federal inquiry. Coughlin's cynical bookkeeping, as interpreted by Spivak, is not unique; is in an imitation of practices in that business world which the priest so piously abuses. While some of Spivak's disclosures, such as the record of Coughlin's Wall Street adventures, are not entirely new, a good many represent fresh discovery, and the documentation is impressive. Coughlin, as Spivak shows in detail, collected funds for the non-political Radio League of the Little Flower and used them for the very political National Union for Social Justice. He converted his high-sounding Social Justice Poor Society into a prosaic holding company for the magazine *Social Justice.* While decrying the wickedness of corporate capitalism, he even tried to evade the unemployment-insurance laws designed to protect his own employees. There are, Spivak asserts, irregularities in the statement of ownership filed by *Social Justice;* and in a host of other ways expediency governs financial affairs at the Royal Oak palace of worship. Although church officials in Detroit are notoriously hostile to Coughlin—for personal as well as political reasons—they have skilfully avoided any head-on collision with him. Spivak interviewed one of the archdiocese's officials and heard the official case for nonintervention. It is not too convincing.

If the details are frequently minor and tortuous, the cumulative picture of Coughlin as a business man is important. But some major mysteries remain unsolved. While he unfolds Coughlin's talents as budget-balancer, Spivak is unable to show conclusively that Coughlin is financed by some very worldly agents as well as by the "pennies of the poor." Spivak records the links between the Christian Front street brawlers and the Nazis, but he is unable to identify Coughlin's immediate brain trust or to uncover decisive proof of the priest's collusion with the Nazis—except the clues which appear in

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his speeches. Spivak's inability to throw any startling light on Coughlin's inner circles is testimony to the secrecy in which "the mad monk of the shrine of the silver dollar"—as some of his less worshipful neighbors call him—shrouds his activities.

There is a more serious limit to the value of these revelations. Spivak writes like a detective with a social conscience; and detective stories rarely depict characters in their full dimensions. It is important to see Coughlin in the drab garments of a finagler who has a lawyer. But it is just as misleading to see him as no more than "Silver Charlie" as to see him as the "microphonic apostle"—Coughlin's description of himself. Coughlin's categorical imperative is not, I suspect, the quest for gold; no one has presented evidence to show that he has used publicly collected funds for private luxury. There are deeper power drives in the man which can explain the hypnotic effect he wields over the lonely and the underprivileged. The nation has been flooded with embryo führers trying to make a living out of fascism, but Coughlin has politically outlived most of them. I fear that most of his followers, if they read Spivak's exposé—which they won't—would write off the financial tricks as political genius. After all, the Shrine itself resembles a gilded automat, with slots on every side where the faithful can deposit nickels for one of the priest's many "funds"; but those who come to pray remain to pay. Coughlin's real crimes are far more serious than those Spivak has revealed, and far less susceptible of reprisal. His rhetoric is the triumph of half-truth and falsehood; and the invocation of postal laws against him is a puny sort of reply. Spivak has explained how *Social Justice* is financed. That is worth knowing. But it does not explain why *Social Justice* is read, and why Tommy Gallagher hawks it on the streets.

JAMES WECHSLER

Profile of a Period

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS: PROFILE OF AN INTERLUDE BETWEEN TWO WARS. By Janet Flanner. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THE title of this book is misleading and its subtitle still more so. It is a heterogeneous collection of magazine articles about personalities, beginning with Queen Mary and ending with Hitler. In between come William Bullitt, Picasso, Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe), the late Coty, Stravinsky, Lily Pons, the late Isadora Duncan, the late Edith Wharton, Elsa Maxwell, four dressmakers, seven prominent criminals, two spies, and the late M. Deibler, executioner. Apart from the criminals and Deibler, only four of these—Coty, Lily Pons, Gabrielle Chanel, and Paul Poiret—are French, and all but three are or were survivors of the period before the last war and, if still alive, are advanced in age. Chanel would seem to be one of the youngest if, as the author says, she is in her late forties. In that case she must have been in her teens when she first opened a hat shop in Paris and, according to Miss Flanner, she had previously had one at Deauville. Miss Flanner is tactful. She rarely mentions a date in her pieces about living women.

Cohen-Portheim, who knew Paris as few of his countrymen since Heinrich Heine have known it, said in one of his

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books that the question in the first decade after the last war was whether Paris would remain the intellectual capital of the world or become an international Luna Park. Miss Flanner's strangely assorted gallery of portraits is not representative of Paris even when, thanks to the foreign invasion, it was in danger of becoming an international Luna Park. Even then the real Paris was still there, and it was not the frivolous and pretentious cosmopolitan roundabout that Miss Flanner seems to have known.

The author's statement in her introduction that Picasso, Stravinsky, Proust, and James Joyce were in the twenties "the biggest forces that France possessed" is absurd. Very few Frenchmen have ever read a word of James Joyce. The French translation of "Ulysses" had a comparatively small sale, and what sale it had was mainly due to the fact that the book had been forbidden in England on the ground that it was obscene. Even Proust, the only Frenchman among Miss Flanner's Big Four, has many more followers in England than in France, as is natural. With all his great qualities, he is all by himself in a backwater off the main stream of French literary tradition, and his un-French style derives perhaps to some extent from Walter Pater and certainly from George Meredith, some of whose books he translated into French and whom he considered the greatest English novelist of the nineteenth century.

Miss Flanner goes on to say that "around and between" her Big Four "arose" certain "locals." One of these locals, if you please, is André Gide, probably the greatest of living writers of French and certainly one of the most original, who, if I am not mistaken, was born in 1869 and who made his name in the nineties with the publication of "La Porte Etroite." Miss Flanner puts him in the same category and generation as Cocteau and the *surréalistes!* She has taken too seriously the intellectual snobs and poseurs who flourished in the twenties in the cafes of Montparnasse but are now rapidly becoming extinct. She does not mention any of the men who have come to the front in French literature since the last war, such as Jules Romains and Roger Martin du Gard.

Indeed, Miss Flanner seems to know less about French literature than about dressmakers and international hostesses. For example, she says that in 1921, when she went to live in Paris, "the first volumes of the dying Proust's 'Du Coté de chez Swann' were appearing." Proust wrote only one volume with that title, the first of a series called "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," and it was published in 1913. Incidentally, Robert de Montesquiou—how Miss Flanner's omission of the particle would have annoyed him!—was the original not of Swann, as Miss Flanner supposes, but of Charlus.

Nevertheless, although the book does not justify its titles—still less the extravagant claims made in the publisher's blurb—it is a brilliant piece of journalism. Miss Flanner's portraits are very amusing and often delightfully malicious. That of Mr. Bullitt is, in my opinion, one of the best. The article on Hitler, originally published in 1936, shows that Miss Flanner at that time saw farther than many of her contemporaries. The part of the book that pleased me most is that dealing with celebrated crimes, which is first-rate descriptive reporting and extremely interesting. I am not so sure as Miss Flanner is that Stavisky was murdered by the police. She does not appear to have realized that the Stavisky scandal was exploited by certain politicians for party ends.

ROBERT DELL

Soviet Economy

TWO SYSTEMS: SOCIALIST ECONOMY AND CAPITALIST ECONOMY. By Eugene Varga. International Publishers. $2.50.

EUGENE VARGA is not only a "former professor of economics at the University of Budapest," as the book cover states, but the leading economic expert of the Comintern. His book was written in 1937, and although a postscript was added in July, 1939, nothing hints at a possible change in the Communist concepts put forward in periods preceding the Russo-German pact. Certain sections of the book might now be rather embarrassing for the author—for instance, his outline of "capitalist exploitation with precapitalist methods" in the present partner's country.

The major objective of the book is to show that everything is splendid in Soviet Russia, whereas everything is wretched everywhere else. A remarkable number of statistical data are employed in comparing the development of the material forces of production, labor and market conditions, the progress of agriculture, and the like in the Soviet Union with the trends in capitalist countries. Mr. Varga sees an unprecedented improvement of the living standards of both workers and peasants in the Soviet Union, while exploitation and impoverishment in the other countries steadily increase. Moreover, the Soviet Union, in his view, is the only existing true democracy and a sworn foe of national oppression.

Those sections of the book which show how the utilization of both labor and capital in the Western countries lags behind the available resources are worth reading, though Mr. Varga's statistical evidence also often lags behind his theoretical assertions. The material on the Soviet Union employs largely "percentage statistics" and other inconclusive methods, and very rarely takes into account such factors as efficiency or quality of production, housing conditions, or the transport bottleneck. This, however, may be the fault of Russian statistics rather than of Mr. Varga. The book teems with quotations, Stalin's speeches being a preferred source. Certain sections of the book are fairly objective, while others are written in the usual propagandist slang of the Comintern.

In accordance with Lenin and Stalin, Mr. Varga considers the Soviet system not a perfect communism but "socialism," or a preliminary phase of communism, with public ownership being achieved but the class struggle still going on. It can of course be objected that the usual conception of socialism is a different one, and that neither public ownership, nor increased production, nor abolition of unemployment appears in itself to be a sufficient yardstick of socialism—see the Nazi economy or even the war economy of Western countries; moreover, the growth of production during the industrialization of a backward country has almost everywhere been rapid, and it is even arguable whether an increased pace of capital accumulation is necessarily an advantage.

ALBERT LAUTERBACH

IN BRIEF

COCKPIT OF THE REVOLUTION: THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE IN NEW JERSEY. By Leonard Lundin. Princeton University Press. $3.75.

In his Introduction to Mr. Lundin's book (Volume II in the Princeton History of New Jersey) Professor T. J. Wertenbaker writes, "Local in scope, his volume is national in its implications." But important as is the military history of the region, it is not allowed to obscure the picture of the locality. Following Beard, the author shows the economic motives behind the political divisions.

THE END OF THE ARMISTICE. By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed and Ward. $2.

This arrangement of essays and passages written at various dates between 1933 and Chesterton's death in 1936 and dealing with Hitlerism and attendant problems is really, for all its denunciation of Prussianism, a glorification of war. Starting his syllogism with a conclusion nobody now denies, shifting the middle term unobtrusively, casually alluding to a questionable premise as though it were an established link in an accepted argument, the author gives us what must be the best bad logic since the original sophists

DRAMA

A SERIES of very pretty little sets for "Romeo and Juliet" has been built upon the revolving stage of the Fifty-first Street Theater. That, however, is just about all that can said in favor of the new production. Even these pretty little sets are quite evidently hard to act in, and the two stars somehow manage to make Shakespeare's lyric tragedy seem a foolish and feeble play. Vivien Leigh is merely amiably inadequate—like a schoolgirl who has been majoring in elocution; Laurence Olivier is unfortunately a good deal worse than that. His voice is so cultured and polite that it carries the faint suggestion of a lisp; his strange posturings in tights are so deliberate and so exhibitionistic as to be almost indecent. His conception of the role—if conception it can be called—seems that of a ballet dancer, for he leaps continually about the stage and tops off every important speech either by some sort of pirouette or by extending his arms high above his head in a gesture which is not a lifting of the hands to heaven but a sort of voluptuous stretch. In fact, his whole performance suggests a star-crossed lover rather less than it suggests a young Tom in a bed of catnip. There have been times when I have agreed with those who maintained that any production of Shakespeare in which the lines could be heard was better than no production at all, but if I have ever expressed any such opinion in print it is hereby retracted.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

The Genius of Mexico

IT CANNOT constitute the equivalent of a trip to Mexico, a visit to the Modern Museum and its brilliant summer exhibition of Twenty Centuries of Mexican Art. The masks and sculptures, feather-mosaics and paintings, textiles, gold and silver ornaments, lacquer work, and pottery composing the vast, rich, bewildering display are morsels detached from the natural conditions from which they sprang—the temples, churches, and houses that formed their background, the figures and habits of the people whose representations they are; and it precisely is through its gift of the ability to perceive relations between works of art and the totality of the milieu that travel provides its priceless experiences. Especially the southern baroque art appears to disadvantage in the museum, being insufficiently strong in point of form to impose itself without the framework of the ornate churches. Still, one may doubt whether a mere trip to Mexico, even the most observant, could afford a view of the sublime, the gay and terrifying art of Mexico in its last two thousand years more inclusive than the one given by this authoritative and systematic show. Many spaces as well as centuries are covered by the exhibits. Effectively the directors have disposed sundry of their items on miniature terra-cotta terraces suggestive of temple steps; others among tiny models of the Mayan pyramids or in settings of photographs of ecclesiastical architecture. Comprehensively they have represented the three great realms of art which, various in value and style but conceivably the expressions of one spirit and one strain or soil, have revealed Mexico's aesthetic gift or genius to the world.

Of these, the earliest and most important is that unequaled find of the research which of late years has drawn a new, profounder past about the race. It is the art of pre-Columbian America: its representatives fill the museum's ground floor and overflow into its sculpture garden. Several high, shadowy cultures speak in it: the gentlest, most archaic in the realistic clay effigies exhibiting a grasp of human peculiarities oftentimes humorous, sometimes beautiful, as in the young Hauxtec goddess of limestone. Somewhat younger appear to be the sculptural masks, stone yokes, palms in jade, obsidian, basalt generally called Totonac and notable for their noble, tranquil beauty of proportion and sensitive modeling. They are portions of a hieratic art, adjusting naturalistic detail to decorative motives; apparently a means of holding converse with sullen tropical gods and placating them in the interests of tribe survival. The monumental art stamped with the horror of death mainly is Aztec and mournfully fascinating at an hour when a new Aztec empire has risen on the banks of the Rhine. Yet much else of this pre-Columbian art reflects a lust to grasp and know the mystery of life-and-death. Still, what overwhelms is the splendor of the sculptural designs and abstractions. These Amerindian cultures left us art equal to the greatest.

Representatives of the second of the three realms honoring Mexico occupy most of Story II: they are examples of the polychrome religious statuary, the altarpieces, silver monstrances and chasubles, and the portrait-painting of the viceregal period which plunged the conquered land "headlong into Western civilization." Like the Mexican baroque or churrigeuresque architecture, the definitely baroque expressions in this group are both softer and more outlandishly opulent than their European models. The "barbaric pearl and gold" makes one feel the prosperity of the church and the luxury of the great families in this land of maize and mines—also the imagination and religious feeling of the Indians.

As for the third of the realms: it is not the modern mural and easel painting up on the third floor. Certainly these Mexican murals are more vigorous than our own. Orozco's line often has power, and easel pictures such as Fernando Castillo's and Rufino Tamayo's possess grace of color and design. The section as a whole none the less disconcerts with a feeling of effort and inflation. No, the third of the important realms is that of the folk art: the bright fiesta masks, carnival gimcracks, boxes, platters, lacquer work of the mestizos and Indians profusely flanking the colonial and "modern" exhibits. Frequently manifesting a skilful craftsmanship, these objects have an enormous gaiety—and a ferocity—quite their own. To their order must be added two happy groups of paintings. One of them is the group representative of the primitive painting which flourished after the liberation from Spain had broken the European tradition. This work is delicate and unaffected in design and feeling: one of its masters, José Maria Estrada, must be considered a great portraitist. As for the other happy group, it is that of the free and imaginative crayons and washes of the schoolchildren coached in our own time by Best-Maugard. PAUL ROSENFELD

MUSIC

IN THE quiet opening phrases of the Brahms B-flat Piano Concerto my ears detect saccharine—which is to say that in spite of the quiet there is excess in the feeling; and in spite of the quiet there is also straining for impressiveness. But at least though it is excessive the feeling is genuine; though there is straining for effect the passage is quiet. This passage, however, is broken into by agitated phrases from the piano, which for all their noise mean absolutely nothing—so that there is no reason for them either in themselves or in relation to what preceded. And this wholly arbitrary succession of attempts now at one artificially contrived effect now at another is what one hears in the entire movement; this combination of saccharine and bombast is what one hears in the rest of the work, and again in the C minor Symphony; and it was a whole evening of bombast and saccharine that Toscanini offered at his Carnegie Hall concert with the N. B. C. Symphony.

At this concert, moreover, one heard that quiet opening measure of the orchestra, which should continue with quiet figuration from the piano, continue instead with Horowitz's heavily struck, widely spaced low b-flats in figuration which picked up speed and tapered off to *piano.* And this distention and overemphasis one continued to hear in almost every phrase that he played until the last movement. It was a sort of stylistic elephantiasis which appeared to be Horowitz's way of measuring up to the big music he was playing. And to someone for whom, as for Mr. Downes, the work is "the greatest of piano concertos" the performance would indicate "impressively [Horowitz's] growth as interpreter." But I cannot imagine anything worse for the actual weaknesses of the work than this exaggeration of them, this piling of excess on excess. And one result was that in place of the extraordinary beauty of sound that Horowitz produces from the piano there was, in the first two movements, the harsh, jangling sound of all this pounding and crashing.

Nor did the thick, heavy orchestration of the two works permit Toscanini to produce, except for a few moments, the beauty of orchestral sound and texture that one would have heard if he had played music more worthy of the talents and energies that were wasted that evening. Some day Toscanini may forget about Brahms long enough to play the concertos of Mozart, and may forget about his relatives, his friends, his friends' relatives long enough to play these concertos with musicians as great as himself—with a Schnabel, a Szigeti.

The significance a piece of music has for us depends on how its sounds are brought into relation to one another in time and force; and it is in this respect that performances differ and that the differences may be important. There are works—Schubert's great C major Symphony is one of them—whose significance may be heightened and made more impressive by the performance of a Toscanini but cannot be destroyed by the performance of a Frederick Stock. So one may hear in the new Columbia set of this symphony made by Stock with his Chicago orchestra (M-403, $11), which in addition offers recording that is poorly balanced, excessively reverberant, and in other ways unattractive (and surfaces are annoying again). This is the poorest of the three versions of the work that are now available; and the best, I think, is still the Victor set made by Boult with the B. B. C. Symphony four or five years ago, which is also a little cheaper.

On the other hand, I know from Schnabel's performances the extraordinary significance that is in Beethoven's "Diabelli" Variations; but if I had had to judge by Egon Petri's performance at his recent recital I would have thought the work was an interminable bore. I stayed to hear Petri play the first two of Chopin's Etudes Opus 10; and what I heard in each was a tremendous bravura flourish at the beginning, followed by fussy nuances of pace that made things easier but apparently not easy enough for mere perfection in the difficult chromatic passages of No. 2. I have heard Petri do better: he played as a better musician in the National Orchestral Association's performances of Mozart's Concerto K. 537 and Beethoven's No. 5—though not as a musician of consistently good taste in the Mozart, nor as a great musician in the Beethoven; he has recorded some fine performances of Beethoven sonatas; and he does a brilliant virtuoso job in the trashy Liszt-Busoni Spanish Rhapsody, which he has recorded for Columbia with the Minneapolis Symphony under Mitropoulos (X-163, $4.50). This is the sort of music to which Mitropoulos's explosively dynamic style appears to be suited. Recording is excellent.

The Metronome All-Star Nine are excellent in the ensembles of "All-Star Strut" (Columbia 35389), and there are fine short solos by Stacy, Jack Teagarden, and a few of the others, but the rapid succession of these solo bits makes the record unsatisfying. There are also good solos in the Benny Carter "Sleep" and "Slow Freight" (Vocalion 5399). And enjoyable for a moment or two, but tedious for two sides, is the Basie piano style backed by the rest of the superb Basie rhythm section in "Dupree Blues" and "Red Wagon" (Decca 3071).

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the London School of Economics, delivered one of the principal addresses at the recent Bournemouth conference of the British Labor Party.

CHARLES MALCOLMSON is a Washington newspaperman formerly on the staff of the Philadelphia *Record.*

JOSEPH FREEMAN was for many years on the staff of the *New Masses.* He is author of "The Soviet Worker" and "An American Testament."

RORERT S. ALLEN is coauthor with Drew Pearson of the syndicated column Washington Merry-Go-Round.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, has written many articles for *The Nation* concerned with the conflict of morals and politics.

Letters to the Editors

Puerto Rico Pays

Dear Sirs: To your recent articles on Puerto Rico I should like to append this footnote to bring into the picture factors which will have a decisive influence on the destiny of the Island. No visitor to Puerto Rico can help noticing the activity in the harbor of San Juan. The airport at Isla Grande and the dredging and construction projects are plainly visible as the ship points its prow into Morro channel. Probably it occurs to few tourists to ask who is paying for it all. In these days of easy money for all kinds of projects, perhaps they take it for granted that some alphabetical agency in Washington is undertaking the construction of a modern Gibraltar here.

No one is happier than I to see San Juan coming back to something like its former self. From Drake in 1597 to Sampson in 1898 many have tried to capture the city, but none have succeeded. Yet enemy fleets could not leave that fortress behind and operate freely in the Caribbean. Some of us interested in national defense have been wondering for years when the army and navy would wake up and see what the Spaniards saw as early as 1533—that Puerto Rico is the key to the defense of the Western Hemisphere.

But leaving history aside, who is paying for the new defensive grandeur of Puerto Rico? The report of Governor Blanton Winship for the year ending June 30, 1939, says:

> The Insular contributions to the national defense program in Puerto Rico have been very substantial. Among them are: (1) Authorization by the Legislature of the cession if Isla Grande and adjoining reclaimed lands in Miraflores Bay, in San Juan Harbor, to the federal government for use as a naval base and for other naval purposes—value of this land is estimated at $10,000,000; (2) dredging San Juan harbor to provide a channel and anchorage base deep enough for heavy war craft; (3) construction of a runway nearly a mile long for planes at Isla Grande, and similar runways on Mona Island, Culebra Island, Vieques Island, and at other points in Puerto Rico; (4) construction of a large modern graving dock at San Juan. . . .

Governor Winship pointed with pride to this accomplishment. The War and Navy departments pat the Island politicians on the back. If the people of Puerto Rico share this satisfaction, it is at a price.

When the air base at Pensacola needs new runways or when the submarine base at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, needs dredging, the War and Navy departments do not ask the state of Florida or the state of New Hampshire to pay for it. And if they did, the governors of Florida and New Hampshire would certainly object to the unwarranted taxation of their people to raise money for such purposes, which should be paid for by the country as a whole. But the people of these states elect their governors. A governor of Puerto Rico appointed by the President of the United States is there not to take care of the interests of the island but, or so their duty has been interpreted by certain incumbents, by hook or crook to spend the Island's meager revenues on projects which to the Puerto Rican mean nothing.

Only one-third of the Puerto Rican budget is devoted to education. I wish you would ask Mr. Ickes what proportion is being spent for national defense. And ask the Puerto Rican Commissioner of the Interior how much extra money he is spending to widen insular roads so that anti-aircraft batteries and their trucks may have no difficulties in negotiating the curves. How much more will the maintenance of those roads cost after they have been subjected to the extra heavy traffic of military activities? The Governor forgot to thank the Puerto Ricans for that.

Admittedly the increased garrisons will benefit the Island by spending their pay there, but why not recruit there the men needed for those units? That would have been a great help—economically by taking hundreds of men off the relief rolls; culturally by giving them the opportunities for self-education that the army and navy have to offer.

RODOLFO O. RIVERA

Durham, N. C., May 14

Peace Lovers vs. War Lovers

Dear Sirs: I have often read Mr. Villard's articles with approval, but the one in your issue of May 11 is in my opinion sheer hypocrisy. I can tell him some reasons why Great Britain is not prosecuting the war with the "strength and ability of the Nazi machine," with the "dash, lightning-like strategy, and tremendous organizational ability" of the Germans. It is because the nation has been weakened by peace talk such as Mr. Villard advocates and by a belief in the League of Nations. It is because it had a Labor government which did absolutely nothing in preparation for war. It is because it has been under a Chamberlain-Tory-fascist government which has been friendly to Hitler.

It is certainly not consistent or reasonable for a man to preach peace and then profess such admiration for the efficiency of the dogs of war, to educate a nation to love peace and then expect it to fight a wild cat with the ferocity of a cave man, to expect a peace-loving nation to go into war with the stomach of a people who have been taught to love and glorify war. Let us at least be honest, and admire either the effects of a love of peace on a nation or the effects of a love of war, and not profess one and applaud the other.

ETHEL E. MIST

Windsor Locks, Conn., May 16

A "Must" Book

Dear Sirs: Your reviewer's description, in your May 4 issue, of Erika Mann's recent and important book, "The Lights Go Down," as a "kind of idyl of babes in the woods beset by marauding wolves" comes as a shock. Miss Mann presents a poignant and powerful picture of the effect of Nazism on all the people of Germany. Aristotle defined art as the expression of the general through the particular. Miss Mann, recognizing that generalized statistics bring home nothing to the reader, has chosen the method of art but first used painstaking scholarship to gather her facts.

This, I submit, is a "must" book. Anyone who is willing to open his eyes and his mind to the dreadful impact of Nazism on all the peoples in Germany should by all means read this book. It is not propaganda. It does not concern the Jews. It pulls up the curtain on Nazi Germany and shows the dreadful facts behind that curtain.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

New York, May 17

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 150 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · JUNE 1, 1940 NUMBER 22

The Shape of Things

THE TOLERANCE SHOWN IN BRITAIN SINCE the beginning of the war for various pacifist and pro-Nazi groups has come to an end. Revelations of the active treachery of fascist bodies in Holland have made imperative preventive measures which, unhappily, are bound to affect the innocent as well as the guilty. Clearly, a majority of the Germans now being interned in Britain are genuine refugees with every interest in the defeat of Hitler. But the Nazis have not scrupled to introduce their own agents under the guise of refugees, often with identity papers taken from men they have murdered in their concentration camps. More important is the action taken in the past week against domestic enemies, including Sir Oswald Mosley and his British Union of Fascists. This party has made little headway with its propaganda, but it has recruited some thousands of members, including a considerable number of out-and-out gangsters prepared to go to any lengths to turn Britain into a fascist country. Further measures have also been taken both in England and Eire to check the I. R. A., which now appears to be directly allied with Berlin. Another important arrest is that of Archibald Ramsay, M.P., a well-connected landowner, an active anti-Semite, and a vociferous rooter for Franco. So far the only action taken against the Communist Party has been the arrest of one leading member and the ban on a demonstration —which suggests that even in this grave hour the government is not yielding to panic. Communist propaganda is irritating but has cut little ice. Nor are party members likely to give direct aid to Hitler by way of espionage or sabotage. Full-fledged treachery is apt to hide behind more respectable and patriotic fronts than communism.

*

THREATENED BY INVASION AND FACED BY the possibility of a military defeat which would leave them impoverished and enslaved, the British people have grimly accepted a suspension of their liberties. The Emergency Powers Defense Act has been loosely described here as a measure of dictatorship for Premier Churchill. But the extraordinary powers it confers have been granted, not to a single person, but to a government representative of all major parties. Moreover, they have been granted by a Parliament which retains the right to question, to criticize, and to overthrow the government. Hence it is unnecessary to assume that Britain has abandoned democracy forever. If defeat comes, there can be little doubt that permanent dictatorship will be the British lot, but if the present acute danger is overcome, we have good reason to suppose that restoration of liberties will follow. The special powers enabling the government to conscript labor and property are all the more necessary now because under the Chamberlain government production had been allowed to fall far behind the tempo demanded by total war. According to the London *Economist,* planning was frequently confined to the final stages of production with little coordination of the equally vital sub-contracting industries. Moreover, only the most elementary steps had been taken to mobilize Britain's large reserves of labor. Yet it is in the factories that the war will be lost or won. It is hardly logical to conscript lives for the battlefields while leaving the home front to hit-or-miss methods of organization.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S SUNDAY NIGHT FIRESIDE talk on national defense did two things extremely well. It dispelled several persistent myths about the present state of our military establishment, and it effectively quashed the hopes of reactionaries that the new defense program could be used as a means of liquidating the New Deal. Taken as a whole the speech was a moving and convincing presentation of the position of America in the world and of the measures necessary to strengthen that position. But the President omitted one major theme that should in our opinion have been stressed. He said nothing at all about the urgent need of speeding up and multiplying our aid to the Allies. An American defense program cannot be realistically considered apart from the outcome of the war in Europe. If the Allies win, our problem is wholly different from that which will face us in the event of a Nazi victory. If the Allies win, the magnitude and tempo of our defense measures can

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be enormously decreased: we shall have one coast to defend instead of two; the protection of the southern half of the hemisphere will be less difficult and less urgent; Canada will continue as a vast safety zone instead of becoming an exposed frontier; our trade will not be threatened with totalitarian methods of attack. All other considerations aside, an Allied victory will be worth many billions to the United States in battleships and tanks and bombers. The President should have explained clearly to the whole country that aid to the Allies is more than an altruistic expression of sympathy for the victims of Nazi aggression; it is an integral part of a program of American defense—the first and most important emergency measure in such a program.

*

THE BELIEF THAT SHEER SELF-INTEREST should persuade this country to help the Allies in every way possible "short of war" is beginning to spread. The Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, organized by William Allen White, has attracted support from influential citizens of all shades of political opinion. They agree that "the time has come when the United States should throw its economic and moral weight on the side of the nations of Western Europe." The question of how effective aid can be rendered is, however, a difficult one, for time is of the essence in the present acute danger of the Allies. Thus lifting the ban on credit or even the free gift of planes would be of little use until aircraft production is further increased. The latest authoritative figures place at 2,300 the number of planes actually delivered to the Allies since the outbreak of the war. But these are deliveries on this side of the ocean, and there is reason to believe that shortage of freight space has delayed shipments to Europe. This problem too will not be solved by credit. Nevertheless, we believe that the Johnson Act ought to be repealed if only by way of encouraging the Allies and removing their fear of exhausting dollar resources. In this connection we note that the latest Gallup poll now records a 51 per cent vote in favor of selling aircraft on credit. Probably an even larger proportion would be willing to make loans available for food supplies. The millions of refugees and the devastation of some of the most productive land of France have created a grave new problem. Large-scale assistance in this direction from an America burdened with surplus crops would be sensible as well as humane.

*

THE $1,120,000,000 RELIEF BILL PASSED BY the House last week was, despite two good amendments, even worse than last year's outrageous measure. Heed was given to the President's plea for elimination of the clause limiting to $50,000 the federal contribution to any WPA project. The provision in the present law requiring unpaid furloughs of WPA workers who have been employed eighteen months was modified by exempting heads of families forty-five years of age or older. But the remaining reactionary features of the present law were retained. The ban on theater projects remains, as does the clause discriminating against aliens. Stampeded by the current "fifth column" hysteria, the House went even farther and attached an amendment requiring all WPA employees to submit affidavits that they are members of neither the Communist Party nor the German-American Bund. The dangerous implications of this amendment can hardly be exaggerated. Denial of relief to aliens is thoroughly inhumane, but when this restriction is extended to Americans belonging to minority groups not in themselves illegal it strikes at the very heart of the Bill of Rights. We trust that the Senate will perform the function for which it was created and protect the country against the hasty action of the House.

*

THE APPOINTMENT OF SUMNER T. PIKE TO the SEC, succeeding Commissioner George C. Matthews, has received the blessing of Wall Street, but a blessing faintly tinged with suspicion. Mr. Pike fits almost exactly the specifications of investment bankers and utility magnates. He is a "practical" business man with wide experience both in Wall Street and in the oil industry. He has been a member of the famous utility-engineering firm of Stone and Webster and a vice-president of Case, Pomeroy, one of the most respected houses in the Street. Yet some of the comments in the financial columns betray a slight uneasiness because Mr. Pike's appointment is known to be approved not only by Leon Henderson but by that horrendous team of Corcoran and Cohen. Conversely, this fact is reassuring to liberals, to whom Mr. Pike's background does not, by itself, constitute a recommendation. During the past year the new commissioner has been assisting Harry Hopkins as a "dollar-a-year" man, and since February he has been representing the Department of Commerce on the TNEC. In this work he has impressed his colleagues by his independence and open-mindedness. There is an old adage about poachers turned gamekeepers, the truth of which, we hope, will be confirmed in this instance.

*

IN RELIGIOUS AS IN LABOR CASES THE requirement of a police permit for otherwise lawful activities is easily abused and may become a means of censorship and suppression. It is on these grounds—similar to those in the Jersey City case—that Justice Roberts for a unanimous Supreme Court has reversed the conviction of three members of Jehovah's Witnesses. They had been found guilty under a Connecticut law of soliciting funds for religious purposes in New Haven without a permit and playing before Roman Catholics a phonograph record attacking their church. On the first count Justice Roberts said it would be an interference with religious liberty to permit a state authority to define what is a religious cause and to make the solicitation of funds for a religious purpose dependent on the grant of a license by such authority. On the second count the court made it clear that it was upholding only the right to persuade, not a right to incite breaches of the peace. It found "no assault or threatening of bodily harm, no truculent bearing, no intentional discourtesy, no personal abuse . . . only an effort to persuade a willing listener to buy a book . . . in the interest of what Cantwell [the Jehovah's Witness preacher], however misguided others may think him, conceived to be true religion." The truth is not safe where government may decide what is error.

*

JOHN STRACHEY'S DECISION TO SEVER relations with the Communists is more than just another casualty among the fellow-travelers. His popularizations of Communist doctrine have been a major educational force for the party, and if he was not a blood brother in the fraternity he served as a valuable liaison between the comrades and the outside world. Faithful to the traditional delicacy of *Daily Workers* everywhere, the British Communist organ has rushed into print with the tardy revelation that Strachey was something of a rotter all along, but whether or not his going is a loss to the party is less important than the reasons for the break. Strachey still maintains the anti-war position which he has held since hostilities began, and in his criticism of the Communists, which appears in the *New Statesman and Nation* of April 27, he agrees substantially with them "as to the general character of the war." In doing so, it seems to us, he refutes the *Worker's* innuendo that his attack is motivated by considerations of personal safety. Strachey believes that the Communists have moved from opposition to the "imperialist war" to a definite interest in a German victory; that they are prepared "for the sake of what they consider the interest of the Soviet Union, to give way to Hitler to any extent." In their reply the editors of the *Worker* deny all bias with that Communist objectivity that equates the British seizure of Iceland with the German seizure of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg. But, they point out, "working-class fighters must judge the line of fight and where to strike the hardest blows. Ours are directed against the enemy nearest to us, Chamberlain and Co." That may be good Lenin and Liebknecht, as the comrades say it is, but they should not be outraged if the "enemy nearest to them" treats them as effective allies of Hitler and Co.

IMMEDIATE JAPANESE ENTRY INTO THE WAR on the side of Germany is being demanded by numerous fascist groups in Tokyo. Supported by a considerable section of the press, the powerful East Asia Construction League, headed by Admiral Suetsugu, former Home Secretary, has urged the government to abandon its policy of neutrality and "take its place with the totalitarians." The drive gained impetus when Germany announced early last week that it was not interested in the East Indies problem. This the Japanese extremists have interpreted as a "blank power of attorney" giving Japan a free hand in the East. It is doubtful, however, whether Japan is strong enough to launch an attack on the East Indies while deeply involved in China. Consequently we may expect further efforts to obtain a truce, or even a peace agreement, with China. The chief barrier to Japanese expansion in the South Seas at the expense of the Western powers, apart from involvement in China, is admittedly the United States. Although this country has made no threats and issued no clear statement of policy covering that area, the presence of the American fleet in the western Pacific speaks the language which Japan understands best.

Britain's Peril

SINCE their drive to the Channel, the Nazis have been smacking their lips audibly over the prospect of invading and devastating England. At Calais, where the straits are little more than twenty miles wide, they can see the white cliffs of Dover; and from this point their fast bombers can reach London in a bare half-hour. Little wonder that they should be hoping to succeed where Napoleon failed, armed as they are with weapons of which he never dreamed. Nevertheless, even if the German army succeeds in defeating the Allied forces bottled up in Flanders, it is still likely to find the task of invading England a formidable one.

It may be that the present loud talk is mainly propaganda intended to encourage defeatism in Britain and to curb the dispatch of reinforcements to France. If Weygand's attempt to cut the Nazi corridor fails, the logical next step for the Germans would be to turn south again in an effort to capture Paris and force France to make a separate peace. They would then be able to command the whole Channel, increasing their chances of landing an army in England and, in any case, placing them in a position to subject the island kingdom to long-distance siege.

As long as the British navy survives—and it is still very far from being put out of commission—the landing of an expeditionary force in decisive numbers on British shores presents a problem which even German military efficiency and daring may be unable to solve. It is true that, with German bombers based on the French coast and with the possibility of mounting heavy guns near Calais, the Straits of Dover have become a dangerous spot for warships. Probably British battleships and large cruisers will have to be kept away, but in any case their principal job is to guard the wider expanses of the North Sea. In the narrow waters of the Channel the watch will be maintained by swift destroyers, motor torpedo-boats (which are not a German monopoly), and submarines. In addition, Nazi transports heading for the British coast would be exposed to mine fields, air attack, and coastal batteries. Unless, therefore, the Germans can establish absolute air supremacy and destroy all of Britain's southern ports and shore defenses it is difficult to see how the proposed invasion is to be carried out. Rear Admiral Yates Sterling, writing in the New York *Times,* points out that an expeditionary force using Channel harbors could only employ comparatively light vessels. To ferry across an army of half a million and its equipment would require an armada of 500 ships, which would have to be assembled, loaded, sailed, and unloaded while all the time subject to fierce attack.

It is expected, of course, that an attempt would be made to support such an invasion with an advance force of parachute troops. But this form of attack has lost its element of surprise, and it is questionable if it can score more than minor successes unless it can depend on large numbers of fifth columnists. In Holland the Nazis had organized many thousands of their own nationals, and they had the support of a comparatively numerous Dutch fascist party. In Britain, at best, they could count on far smaller contingents, and the precautionary measures now being taken will probably deprive them of all but a handful of auxiliaries.

The fact that the danger of an early invasion may be exaggerated does not mean, however, that Britain's position has not some very perilous aspects. For although the Germans may not be able to cross the Channel themselves, they are well placed to hinder or possibly even forbid its use to merchant shipping. This would still be true even if they were driven out of the Channel ports as long as they hold Holland. Consequently the value of the port of London, which handles far more of Britain's sea-borne trade than any other center, is gravely diminished. The possibility of this development has long been foreseen, and several years ago the government was urged to develop and enlarge western ports which are less vulnerable. Unfortunately, there is reason to believe that little heed was taken of these warnings, and now that a large part of Britain's vital foreign trade will have to be concentrated at Bristol, Cardiff, Liverpool, and some minor west-coast ports, congestion and delay are certain to ensue. As long as the Irish Sea and the approaches from the Atlantic can be kept comparatively free from submarines and bombers, this need not prove fatal. But the enhanced importance of the west coast serves to explain the growing anxiety about the position of Ireland. If with the aid of the I. R. A., which has the makings of a really formidable fifth column, the Nazis could establish air and submarine bases in Ireland, Britain would be invested on all sides.

Under these circumstances supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials might begin to run low, and if at the same time massive air attacks were launched on Britain's crowded cities, a real danger of demoralization and disorganization might develop. Competent observers feel that many people in Britain do not even yet take the perils of the bomber sufficiently seriously. Up to now the country has experienced only minor raids, chiefly on well-defended naval bases. The defense has yet to be subjected to devastating attacks of the kind which left Rotterdam in ruins, and until these occur, it will not have been thoroughly tested. But it is persistent, large-scale air raids, made perhaps simultaneously from Norway on Scotland and from Holland on London and the Midlands, that are Britain's most immediate peril—air raids which would strike at ports, air fields, railroad centers, factories, and, incidentally if not deliberately, at congested centers of population. If by such means Britain's economic life and internal communications could be hamstrung, then the danger of invasion would become a reality.

Twofold Defense Needed

THE people of the United States need two defense programs, one to build up our army, navy, and air force, the other to protect social and economic reform legislation in the process. For it is clear that big business sees the new defense program as an excellent excuse and a favorable opportunity for the revision—the revision into impotence—of New Deal reforms. It was good to hear the President, in his fireside talk on Sunday night, take cognizance of the trend and express his determination to combat it. While Mr. Roosevelt intimated that he would not look with too friendly an eye on strikes that interfered with the defense program, he also made it clear that under no circumstances would he permit relaxing of the wage-hour law or the Walsh-Healey Act in the name of national defense, and he pointedly referred to the legal provisions protecting collective bargaining. The best way to prevent strike interference with defense needs is to enforce strict observance of the rights of labor in industries working on armament orders, particularly in the aviation industry, which has none too good a labor record.

Not only the wage-hour law and the Walsh-Healey Act are targets of the current campaign to ditch reform in the name of defense. Free enterprise is being called the best national defense, and the slogan is designed to bring about nothing less than repeal or emasculation of the whole range of New Deal reforms. That freedom of enterprise is part of the national well-being on which our defense depends is true, but the propagandistic use of the phrase is another example of the benefits to be reaped by giving a bad dog a good name. For the aim of the campaign is not to preserve true freedom of enterprise but to repeal legislation which has sought to protect a genuine free enterprise from the operations of the financial and industrial brigand. Speeches at the meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board held last week in New York indicate that those running this campaign are confusing freedom of enterprise with freedom of exploitation.

Virgil Jordan, president of the Conference Board, said that New Deal policies had weakened the nation's ability to meet the crisis. One wonders whether the nation would have been in a stronger position had we elected a Hoover instead of a Roosevelt in 1932 to let the jobless go hungry and malefactors of great wealth go unpunished. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., of General Motors, thought the defense program ought to be placed in the hands of "those possessing the technical knowledge and experience to assume such a great responsibility unencumbered by the demoralizing influence of political considerations." We don't know what that means, but we hope it does not mean that big business ought not to be hampered by labor or profit restrictions in the defense program. The history of past defense programs is a history of shameless profiteering at the nation's expense. Defense will be weakened, not strengthened, by removing the safeguards that protect the public as worker, consumer, investor, and taxpayer.

The extent of the strengthen-defense-by-ditching-reform program was indicated by John K. Starkweather, chairman of the Federal Legislation Committee of the Investment Bankers' Association. In his address before the Conference Board Starkweather cited not only the wage-hour law but high-income and corporate taxation, the Holding Company Act, and "indirect interference with bank investments," as examples of interference with enterprise.

"At last," says the *Financial Reporter*, the security dealers' weekly, "the day of reckoning has arrived!" It feels that our national defense has been weakened by "the actions and efforts of a brazen handful of embryonic young barristers bent upon obstructionist persecution and juvenile witch-hunting . . . goaded onward by the President." It wants to get back to the good old days when an investment banker "did not have to become criminally liable for every possible mistake of reputable technical advisers." These are the terms in which Wall Street is thinking. We are glad that the President spoke out firmly and unequivocally and made it clear that these are not the terms on which our defense program is being conceived. It is not its Insulls and its Girdlers that make a nation strong, but a contented people with a decent standard of living.

Let in the Refugees!

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

SLOWLY American isolationism crumbles in the heat of the struggle in France and Belgium. Understanding is coming to take the place of complacency and detachment. In some quarters, high and low, panic is threatening to overwhelm understanding. But panic is nothing more than an unfortunate by-product of a necessary reaction. Women who waste time forming rifle clubs to deal with parachutists, legislators and local officials who propose laws to penalize aliens—these form the hysterical fringe. America had to wake up. Even now it is stirring itself too slowly to be of much use in helping to prevent immeasurable catastrophe in Europe. But the new mood of awareness is growing, and the Administration should take advantage of it.

What can we do to help the Allies resist Hitler?

We can send planes and guns and even ships—but planes most of all. We can provide credit for their purchase, or we can give them away if the Allies come short of funds or hesitate to place orders. We can offer some of our own equipment, as Senator Pepper proposed, if our factories are unable to turn out new machines fast enough. We can provide ships if Allied ships are insufficient to get the goods over there in quantities and in time. We can do all this, and we should—now.

But we can do one other great service, and I wish Mr. Roosevelt would give the idea his personal support. We can lower our immigration restrictions and take in refugees from Holland and Belgium and France and the other invaded and occupied countries.

Today millions of people are struggling along bomb-swept roads in a desperate, hopeless attempt to keep ahead of the invaders. The very machines of Allied defense are bogged down in this sluggish stream of terrified human beings, moving blindly away from danger, facing danger as they move. On foot, in cars and carts, and on crowded trains, often under the harrying attack of Nazi planes, they seek refuge—refuge where none is to be found. France has taken in hundreds of thousands from the Low Countries, but in the midst of its own struggle for life it cannot possibly provide shelter and food for everyone; it cannot even provide safety.

In case of Allied victory most of these people will go home. Their villages may be no more than a heap of stones, but with the endless patience of their kind they will again build up their lives and their houses, and existence will somehow go on. Even if the invaders should stay, many of the refugees would return to their homes, eager to cling to what they have as long as the guns are silent and a living can be made. But others will never dare go back to face a regime that neither forgives opposition nor tolerates resistance. The opponents of fascism and its appointed victims—trade unionists, Socialists, Free Masons, Jews—will have to keep out of reach until Hitlerism is destroyed. Still others will simply be stranded without homes or possessions. Thousands of children have been orphaned.

Where shall they go? France and Britain, whatever the fortunes of war, cannot support a population of refugees. Even today French people are themselves refugees from the occupied parts of France.

The United States can help by sending millions of dollars and shiploads of clothing and food to the victims of Hitler's invasions. But it can help far more by permitting large-scale immigration from all the invaded countries. The barriers should be leveled except for persons who are properly under suspicion as undesirables. Or, if Congress flinches from such wholesale relief, the combined quotas from each country for the next five years should be admitted at once. Or temporary visas should be granted, good for the duration of the war; when the war is ended, the fate of the immigrants can be decided according to the fate of their countries.

Fear of a "fifth column" should not deter the United States from opening its doors to the refugees. That fear is already being used as a handy excuse for promoting dubious measures of protection. It is a bitter irony that men like Dies and Reynolds should stand up in the Senate and propose fascist-inspired laws in the name of protecting the country from foreign agents and subversive elements. Dies wants an additional appropriation of $100,000 to finance a study of "fifth-column activities." Will this cover the activities of his own reactionary supporters and friends, such men as the pro-Franco Merwin K. Hart, or Charles Coughlin, or the anti-Semite James True? Representative Dies also wants to reduce the present immigration quotas by one-third and for five years admit only husbands, wives, and minor children of American citizens. Perhaps he is afraid of the dilution of our population by a horde of European anti-fascists.

Senator Bridges has introduced a bill to prohibit aliens from buying or possessing any sort of weapon. Representative Thomas of New Jersey, one of the solidest reactionaries in the lower house, has attacked Attorney General Jackson as a notorious coddler of aliens and has demanded that the FBI be removed from the corrupting influence of the Department of Justice so that it can do its work of uncovering sedition without radical interference.

It would be foolish to assume that no danger of fascist penetration exists in the United States. Events in Europe have only dramatized the known activities of the followers of Hitler and Mussolini. We have our fifth columns. And the first place to look for them is among the well-established, well-heeled, anti-New Deal supporters of Dies, Coughlin and Company. They form the most obvious and the most dangerous fifth column in the United States.

Aliens, too, may smuggle in fascist ideas and plots. To meet this danger more effectively the President has ordered the transfer of the Immigration Service from the Department of Labor to the Department of Justice. The move may be a wise one, and it is reassuring to learn that the service will henceforth be under the direct supervision of Francis Biddle, a sound liberal. Let us by all means strain out such aliens or deport them if their behavior is suspicious, but let us not visit on the innocent victims of fascism the sins of the tyrants from whom they have fled. Now is the time to prove that the right of asylum is not dead in the United States.

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While Rome Squirms

BY JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN THE past few weeks anxious eyes have been fixed on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia. For it was there, in the fall of 1935, that the Duce announced the invasion of Ethiopia; it was there, in May, 1936, that he proclaimed the empire; and it was there, three years later, that he triumphantly announced the entrance of Italian troops into Barcelona and the imminent collapse of the Spanish republic. It was there too that Mussolini, on September 23, 1939, addressing the leaders of the Tenth Legion of Bologna, promised the Italian people coming decisions of historic importance. From that day on the stage at Rome was carefully set, with all totalitarian Italy's well-known dramatic skill, to keep the attention of the Italian people at fever pitch. Meanwhile, from another, less spectacular balcony, the Italian dictator safely watched the development of the conflict in France.

Since the war has passed from the first phase of propaganda combat and isolated encounters at sea and in the air to actual invasion, Mussolini's tactics have been twofold: a controlled press, always skirting the limits of non-belligerence, keeps the Italian people in a constant state of effervescence while the Duce attempts to find out to what extent the claims of the German High Command are confirmed by the facts. On the surface, especially since the meeting at the Brenner Pass, he seems to have definite knowledge of the precise moment for Italy's entry into the war. And yet—even last week when everything seemed to indicate that war was a question of hours—the balcony of great pronouncements remained as empty as if it were part of an uninhabited palace. The Duce will appear on it suddenly if and when the tremendous offensive of the new French command proves futile.

This indecision is justified. First of all, Mussolini is too much of a realist not to know that it is one thing to conquer the Allies decisively every morning in the Italian press and quite another to face them on a battlefield while they are still capable of vigorous resistance. In the second place, he knows better than anyone else the danger to Italy of a protracted war. Bottled up in the Mediterranean by British command of the Suez Canal and the Straits of Gibraltar, Italy is already experiencing a serious shortage of materials and has been obliged to ration sugar and coffee and to place severe restrictions on the use of its meager coal reserves. Moreover, there is the problem of the army. As soon as the war put an end to the Munich honeymoon, during which a mere threat or a gesture of bravado was sufficient to assure success, Mussolini was forced to take account of disturbing deficiencies in Italian military preparation. Those vulnerable spots partly motivated the "changing of the guard" which followed. Among those relieved of duty were the Ministers of War, Pariani and Valle, whose optimistic reports on the military situation did not stand up under the Duce's inspection.

With dangerous shortages in military equipment and with an economy which by sheer force of imagination and perseverence has just managed to survive without attaining the hoped-for autarchy, the reluctance of a section of Italian public opinion to being dragged into the war on the side of Germany is easy to understand. The "changing of the guard" had for another of its aims the silencing of this opposition. Outstanding fascists, militants imbued with the *squadrista* spirit, were removed from leadership in the party. The housecleaning has been carried down into the ranks, too. Many old functionaries of local organizations have disappeared from the political and trade-union scene. The systematic purge of the last six months has removed, it is hoped, all obstacles that might crop up when the Duce makes the supreme decision. But the Vatican organ *Osservatore Romano,* that pro-Ally "foreign newspaper," as Roberto Farinacci, editor of *Il Regime Fascista,* has labeled it, is growing in popularity.

To assure himself a share of the booty, when a division is made either around a treaty table or by Hitler's dictate, Mussolini needs a short war. From the beginning he has not abandoned the illusion of such a possibility. The most important fact that emerged from his conversations with Sumner Welles, as reported by authoritative European newspapers, was Mussolini's conviction that the war should be a short one and that the Western powers would have to resign themselves to an early compromise peace. A "white peace" has not disappeared from his speculations even when he has seemed most ready to intervene. In the judgment of his most devoted party leaders, the two ideas are complementary. Thus the *Telegrafo,* Count Ciano's newspaper, reported on March 21:

> The Duce has his ideas on the reorganization of Europe and would be very content if they could be realized peacefully. But the Duce is also head of a great empire and has a high concept of the prestige and dignity of his country. He knows that there are terrible epochs in the history of the world when the only language is that of cannon and when it is useless to try to intervene in any other manner.

Amid the maze of contradictory desires that determine

Italian policy the factor which in my opinion will resolve the question of Italy's entry into the war—and determine the moment as well—is German pressure. All the arrogance of the Fascist policy cannot disguise Italy's fundamental dependence on the Reich. Commenting on the Berlin-Rome military pact, the historian Gaetano Salvemini aptly enough wrote: "A permanent and unconditional alliance of this type between a country of 90,000,000 inhabitants and a country of 44,000,000 is not a treaty of alliance but a bond of vassalage."

Il Duce

Until now Germany has had little interest in Italy's possible military intervention. By the simple continued threat of entry into the war Italy has been able to immobilize a good part of the Allied forces in the Mediterranean. And it provides good ports of transit for materials which Germany could not receive directly—iron and mercury from Spain, for example. But the situation can change at any moment if the German army is stopped in France and the war tends to drag out; or if Hitler believes that Italian action in the Mediterranean can deliver the *coup de grâce* to English resistance; or if Mussolini feels that a German victory without Italian aid would place him in a subordinate role with respect to the victor and substantially diminish his share in the redivision of spoils.

If Italy enters the war no one can reproach the Allies for not having courted Mussolini up to the last moment. From 1938, when the Anglo-Italian pact was signed, "the essence of which"—I am not quoting any red spokesman, but the London *Economist* of November 19, 1938—"is that Great Britain condones Italy's destruction, by unjust and lawless force of arms, of the independence of Republican Spain," up to a few days ago, when François Charles-Roux, French ambassador to the Vatican, was selected to replace Alexis Leger as General Secretary of the Quai d'Orsay, no effort has been spared in courting the favor of the Duce. At the same time that the exuberant Italian journalist, Signor Coppola, was accusing France and England of having "preferred a war of attrition to a war by arms, a currency war to a blood war, a war of usury to a war of soldiers," the French censors were carefully deleting even the mildest references to Rome by Pertinax or de Kerillis. In one of his first addresses as Prime Minister, Paul Reynaud on April 20 declared that various offers had been transmitted to Rome before and since the beginning of the war, and that although it had not yet received a favorable reply, France remained disposed to exchange views with Italy regarding the possibility of an acceptable solution of the problem of the needs and legitimate interests of the peoples bordering the Mediterranean. Mussolini's response was to replace the more temperate Baron Attolici, Italian ambassador to Berlin, by Dino Alfieri, fanatical supporter of the military pact, whose paramount ambition is to precipitate his country's entry into the war.

Faced with a conciliatory attitude on the part of the Allies, intransigent Fascist Italy has drawn up an imposing list of grievances. The principle of equality in the Mediterranean does not interest Mussolini. Italy seeks hegemony, conceives the Mediterranean as *mare nostrum.* And it is precisely in the Mediterranean that Mussolini is reserving for himself the definite blow. If he enters the war, it is not his army that he will expect to win new laurels. The efficiency of the Italian army has been put to the test in Ethiopia and in Spain. In Ethiopia incendiary bombs and mustard gas accounted for the victory. The natives, half naked and without gas masks, dared Mussolini's aviators to come down to earth and "fight like men." General de Bono himself, the conqueror of Ethiopia, admits this in his Memoirs: "Of important engagements," he writes, "we had none; much less anything that might be called a battle." In Spain, at Guadalajara, if the Republican command had been able to throw two more divisions of fresh reserves into the battle it would have driven the Italians all the way to Burgos. The Italians fought in Catalonia against an army which on January 5, 1939, the date of the fall of Borjas Blancas, had only 37,000 rifles for a quarter of a million men, according to the figures of the Republican General Staff.

Should Italy become a belligerent, it will be its speedy vessels and its aviation, rather than the army, that will prove particularly dangerous in the Mediterranean, thanks to the policy of "non-intervention." It is well known that during the Spanish war the Balearic Islands were, to all purposes, an Italian possession. They continue to be so today. Last week General Kindelán was named governor general of the Balearic Islands. During the war he was nominally in command of rebel aviation. Actually he took his orders from the Italian expeditionary forces. Today no boats other than those of Italy and Germany touch at the Balearics. The naval and air bases of the islands are of superior strength. In "The Defense of Britain" Captain Liddell Hart, British expert on military affairs, wrote:

> The mere possibility that air and naval bases on the eastern seaboard of Spain and in the Balearic Islands might be available for our opponents' use seriously

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complicates the problem of maintaining our traffic through, or even our forces in, the Mediterranean.

In the first World War Gibraltar lay thousands of miles away from the nearest enemy airdromes. Today it is dangerously close to Italian bases, and from the airdrome of Los Barrios, north of Algeciras, planes can take off and bomb Gibraltar in less time than is necessary to sound the air-raid sirens. Four airdromes between Ceuta and Tetuan are only a few minutes' flying distance from the Rock. Still more important, guns have been installed by the Germans in Spanish territory on both sides of the strait.

If Italy goes into the war, Spain will not necessarily enter with it. In the assignment of functions to the various totalitarian countries, Spain serves only as a paper pledge on the part of Italy. Spain's non-belligerence, that is, fictitious neutrality, will be as useful to Germany and Italy as any direct intervention, for its airplane and submarine bases will continue to be at the service of those two countries.

Time will tell whether the Allies' policy of appeasement will next be directed toward Spain. A London cable to the New York *Times* on May 24 reported the "great joy" with which Madrid received the projected appointment of that subtle apostle of appeasement Sir Samuel Hoare as British ambassador in Madrid.

British loans are a further indication that such an attempt is in the wind. It will be a sheer waste of time. It would be simpler to make out the check directly to Mussolini or Hitler—or both.

The End of Christy Tucker

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

CHRISTY TUCKER rode into the plantation town muleback late in the afternoon, whistling all the way. He had been hewing new pickets for the fence around his house all morning, and he was feeling good for having got so much done. He did not have a chance to go to the plantation town very often, and when he could go he did not lose any time in getting there.

He tied up the mule at the hitching racks behind the row of stores, and the first thing he noticed was the way the other Negroes out there did not seem anxious to speak to him. Christy had been on friendly terms with all the colored people on the plantation ever since he and his wife had moved there three months before, and he could not understand why they pretended not to see him.

He walked slowly down the road toward the plantation office wondering why nobody spoke to him.

After he had gone a little farther he met Froggy Miller. He caught Froggy by the arm before Froggy could dodge him.

"What's the matter with you folks today?" he said. Froggy Miller lived only a mile from his house in a straight line across the cotton field, and he knew Froggy better than anyone else on the plantation. "What's the matter, anyway, Froggy?"

Froggy, a big six-foot Negro with close-cropped hair, moved away.

He grabbed Froggy by the arm and shook him.

"Now, look here!" Christy said, getting worried. "Why do you and everybody else act so strange?"

"Mr. Lee Crossman sent for you, didn't he?" Froggy said.

"Sure, he sent for me," Christy said. "I reckon he wants to talk to me about the farming. But what's that got to do with—"

Before he could finish, the other Negro had pulled away from him and walked hurriedly up the road.

Without wasting any more time Christy ran toward the plantation office to find out what the trouble was.

The plantation bookkeeper, Hendricks, and Lee Crossman's younger brother, Morgan, were sitting in the front office with their feet on the window sill when he ran inside. Hendricks got up when he saw Christy and went through the door into the rear room. While the bookkeeper was in the other room, Morgan Crossman stared sullenly at the Negro.

"Come here, you," Hendricks said, coming back through the door.

Christy turned around and saw Lee Crossman, the owner and boss of the plantation, standing in the doorway.

"Yes, sir," Christy said.

Lee Crossman was dressed in heavy gray riding breeches and tan shirt, and he wore black boots that laced to his knees. He stood aside while Christy walked into the back room, and closed the door on the outside. Christy walked to the middle of the room and stood there waiting for Lee Crossman.

Christy had moved to the Crossman plantation the first of the year, about three months before. It was the first time he had ever been in Georgia, and he had grown to like it better than Alabama, where he had always lived. He and his wife had decided to come to Georgia because they had heard that the land there was better for share-cropping cotton. Christy said he could not be satisfied merely making a living; he wanted to get ahead in life.

Lee Crossman still had not come, and Christy sat down in one of the chairs. He had no more than seated himself when the door opened. He jumped to his feet.

"Howdy, Mr. Lee," he said, smiling. "I've had a good chance to look at the land, and I'd like to be furnished with another mule and a gang plow. I figure I can raise twice as much cotton on that kind of land with a gang plow, because it's about the best I ever saw. There's not a rock or stump on it, and it's as clear of bushes as the palm of my hand. I haven't even found a gully anywhere on it. If you'll furnish me with another mule and a gang plow, I'll raise more cotton for you than any two share-croppers on your plantation."

Lee Crossman listened until he had finished, and then he slammed the door shut and strode across the room.

"I sent for you, nigger," he said. "You didn't send for me, did you?"

"That's right, Mr. Lee," he said. "You sent for me."

"Then keep your black face shut until I tell you to open it."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said, backing across the room until he found himself against the wall. Lee Crossman sat down in a chair and glared at him. "Yes, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said again.

"You're one of these biggety niggers, ain't you?" Lee said. "Where'd you come from, anyway? You ain't a Georgia nigger, are you?"

"No, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said, shaking his head. "I was born and raised in Alabama."

"Didn't they teach you any better than this in Alabama?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee."

"Then why did you come over here to Georgia and start acting so biggety?"

"I don't know, Mr. Lee."

Christy wiped his face with the palm of his hand and wondered what Lee Crossman was angry with him about. He began to understand why the other Negroes had gone out of their way to keep from talking to him. They knew he had been sent for, and that meant he had done something that displeased Lee Crossman. They could not afford to be seen talking to anyone who was in disfavor with the plantation owner and boss.

"Have you got a radio?" Lee asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where'd you get it?"

"I bought it on time."

"Where'd you get money to pay on it?"

"I had a little, and my wife raises chickens."

"Why didn't you buy it at the plantation store?"

"I made a better bargain at the other place. I got it a little cheaper."

"Niggers who live on my plantation buy what they need at the plantation store," Lee said.

"I didn't want to go into debt to you, Mr. Lee," Christy said. "I wanted to come out ahead when the accounts are settled at the end of the year."

Lee Crossman leaned back in the chair, crossed his legs, and took out his pocketknife. He began cleaning his fingernails.

There was silence in the room for several minutes. Christy leaned against the wall.

"Stand up straight, nigger!" Lee shouted at him.

"Yes, sir," Christy said, jumping erect.

"Did you split up some of my wood to hew pickets for the fence around the house where you live?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee."

"Why didn't you ask me if I wanted you to do it?"

"I figured the fence needed some new pickets to take the place of some that had rotted, and because I'm living in the house I went ahead and did it."

"You act mighty big, don't you?" Lee said. "You act like you own my house and land, don't you? You act like you think you're as good as a white man, don't you?"

"No, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy protested. "I don't try to act any of those ways. I just naturally like to hustle and get things done, that's all. I just can't be satisfied unless I'm fixing a fence or cutting wood or picking cotton, or something. I just naturally like to get things done."

"Do you know what we do with biggety niggers like you in Georgia?"

"No, sir."

"We teach them to mind their own business and stay in their place."

Lee Crossman got up and crossed the room to the closet. He jerked the door open and reached inside. When he turned around, he was holding a long leather strap that had been studded with heavy brass bands. He came back across the room, slapping the strap around his boot-tops.

"Who told your wife she could raise chickens on my plantation?" he said to Christy.

"Nobody told her, Mr. Lee," Christy said. "We didn't think you'd mind. There'd be plenty of yard around the house for them, and I built a little hen house."

"Stop arguing with me, nigger!"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't want chickens scratching up crops on this plantation."

"Yes, sir," Christy said.

"Where did you get money to pay on a radio?"

"I snared a few rabbits and skinned them, and then I sold their hides for a little money."

"I don't want no rabbits touched on my plantation," Lee said.

He shook out the heavy strap and cracked it against his boots.

"Why haven't you got anything down on the books in the plantation store?" Lee asked.

"I just don't like to go into debt," Christy said. "I want to come out ahead when the accounts are settled at the end of the year."

"That's my business whether you come out owing or owed at the end of the year," Lee said.

Christy nodded his head in acceptance.

"Take off that shirt and drop your pants and get down on your knees straddle that crack," the white man said.

Christy looked at him in fear and anger.

"What are you going to do to me, Mr. Lee?"

"I'll show you what I'm going to do," he replied. "Take off that shirt and pants and get down there like I told you."

Christy backed away.

"Mr. Lee. I can't let you beat me like that. No, sir, Mr. Lee. I can't let you do that to me. I just can't!"

"You black-skinned, back-talking coon, you!" Lee shouted, his face turning crimson with anger.

He struck Christy with the heavy, brass-studded strap. Christy backed out of reach, and when Lee struck him the second time, the Negro caught the strap and held on to it. Lee glared at him and then tried to jerk it away.

"Mr. Lee, I haven't done anything except catch a few rabbits and raise a few chickens and things like that," Christy protested. "I didn't mean any harm at all. I thought you'd be pleased if I put some new pickets in your fence."

"Shut your mouth and get that shirt and pants off like I told you," he said, angrier than ever. "And turn that strap loose before I blast it loose from you."

Christy stayed where he was and held on to the strap with all his might. Lee was so angry he could not speak after that. He ran to the closet and got his pistol. He swung around and fired it at Christy three times. Christy released his grip on the strap and sank to the floor.

Lee's brother, Morgan, and the bookkeeper, Hendricks, came running into the back room.

"What happened, Lee?" his brother asked, seeing Christy Tucker lying on the floor.

"That nigger threatened me," Lee said, blowing hard. He walked to the closet and tossed the pistol on the shelf. "You and Hendricks heard him threaten to kill me. I had to shoot him down to protect my own life."

They left the back room and went into the front office. Several clerks from the plantation store ran in and wanted to know what all the shooting was about.

"Just a biggety nigger," Lee said, washing his hands at the sink. "He was that Alabama nigger that came over here two or three months ago. I sent for him this morning to ask him what he meant by putting new pickets in the fence around his house without asking me first. When I got him in here, he threatened me. He was a bad nigger."

The clerks went back to the plantation store, and Hendricks sat down at his books.

"Open the back door," Lee told his brother, "and let those niggers out in the back see what happens when one of them gets as biggety as that coon from Alabama got."

His brother opened the back door. When he looked outside into the road there was not a Negro in sight. The only living thing out there was the mule on which Christy Tucker had ridden to town.

Miracle in Concrete

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Grand Coulee, Washington, May 15

THE morning fog lifts like a curtain in the granite canyon of the Columbia River and reveals the most massive concrete escarpment in the world stretching from cliff to cliff. It is nearly a mile long and as thick as two city blocks at the base. Already it towers thirty stories above bedrock, and soon it will be higher. Its bulk is three times that of the Great Pyramid; it contains enough concrete to pave a roadway around the globe. Behind it there is filling up an enormous reservoir that will be almost as long as Lake Ontario.

This is the Grand Coulee Dam, started in 1934 and to be finished by the end of this year. To dedicate Grand Coulee is one of the President's principal ambitions. As far back as 1920, when he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he said at Spokane after his Pullman car had paralleled the route of Lewis and Clark down the Columbia:

> Coming through today on the train has made me think pretty deeply. When you cross the Mountain States and that portion of the Coast States that lies well back from the ocean, you are impressed by those great stretches of physical territory, just land, territory now practically unused but destined some day to contain the homes of thousands and hundreds of thousands of citizens like us, a territory to be developed by the nation and for the nation. As we were coming down the river today, I could not help thinking, as everyone does, of all that water running down unchecked to the sea.

Grand Coulee Dam will irrigate and reclaim 1,200,000 acres of land. This is an area equal in size to the whole state of Delaware. It is not much less than the acreage of all the farms in New Jersey. Several months ago, in an address to the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy, the President said:

> I have read a book; it is called "The Grapes of Wrath," and there are 500,000 Americans who live in the covers of that book. I would like to see the Columbia Basin devoted to the care of the 500,000 people represented in "The Grapes of Wrath."
>
> Up in the state of Washington we are spending a great many millions to harness the Columbia River, for a great dam up there which will pump the water up on to a huge area of land capable of providing a living for 500,000 people, irrigated land, today a desert, which can be made a garden with the process of modern science.

Twenty-five years ago George W. Norris, Senator from Nebraska, stood beside a little creek cascading to the Columbia and asked a native of a nearby village why the power was not used. The reply came with finality: "Jim Hill owns all the power sites. We don't have much to say about 'em." No railway magnate owns all the power sites now. Soon, over the brink of the Grand Coulee spillway will crash a sheet of water with five times the volume and nearly three times the height of Niagara Falls. This shattering drop in the nation's second-largest river will generate annually 10,708,000,000 kilowatt-hours of power, an amount equal to one-fourth of all the hydroelectric power produced in the United States in 1938. So much "juice" will be turned out that the twin powerhouses, each as big as a skyscraper and packing more than twice the force of Muscle Shoals, will have to be run by remote control lest the operators be electrocuted.

Ranchers and settlers on the dry mesas are wiring their houses and cabins; they will be able to buy electricity for $2.50 a hundred kilowatt-hours. New industries, desperately needed in a frontier region that imports 75 per cent of its manufactured goods, are also expected to take advantage of the lowest commercial power rates in America. Already aluminum and steel factories are being built along the Columbia near Bonneville. Seattle and Portland business men, who regularly denounce the President, admit that his dams are saving the Northwest and will give it an industrial foundation to replace the lumber industry.

Not all Grand Coulee's fabulous supply of power will brighten farmhouses and move the wheels of factories. Five of the eighteen generators will operate a dozen stupendous pumps, one of which could pump enough water for New York City. Each pump can lift fifty tons of water a second. And here is what the pumps will do. Grand Coulee Dam will raise the level of the Columbia River approximately 355 feet. The pumps will hoist part of the river another 250 feet, through great tunnels and conduits, from which it will flow into a deep chasm a mile wide and from twenty-five to thirty miles in length. This chasm, with walls as precipitous as the front of a safe, is the Grand Coulee of the Columbia River. It was carved ages ago when the river was diverted from its course by the Pleistocene ice sheet. The dam and pumps will duplicate the job the ice sheet did.

From the Grand Coulee the water will be coasted on to 1,200,000 acres of land which needs only irrigation to grow peas, beans, pears, prunes, potatoes, celery, onions, alfalfa, and the other crops that mantle the green valleys of the Northwest. This land will not be monopolized by great corporate farms such as dominate agriculture in California, nor will it be scarred by the feudalism of tenant farming. It will be tilled by families working their own land. For Congress has passed a law limiting land ownership at Grand Coulee to eighty acres a family; a single man can retain only half that much. The considerable portion of the region now held by private owners and in old Northern Pacific land grants will have to be sold at the price fixed by government appraisers. Any land held beyond the amount allowed will not be cut in on the irrigation system and will stay in its present virtually worthless condition.

The total cost of the Grand Coulee project will be $394,500,000. In this the principal elements are $99,960,000 for the spillway dam, $61,500,000 for the hydroelectric plant, $129,220,000 for the vast network of irrigation ditches and canals, $29,540,000 for the pumping system, and $11,330,000 for preparing the enormous reservoir in the prehistoric river bed. Other items on the expense side of the ledger are for preservation of the Chinook salmon runs, and for transmission lines, field offices, and land surveys.

The surveys are under way now. Every foot of the 1,200,000 acres is being classified as to contour, value, ownership, soil content, and crop possibilities. It is the most extensive land survey ever undertaken. President Roosevelt has made up his mind that the Coulee area, which he considers a "Promised Land," shall not be colonized carelessly. The National Resources Committee is at work studying where schools, hospitals, sewer systems, railroad yards, and warehouses should be located. Twenty-five thousand families cultivating fertile soil can support a large urban population. The towns near Grand Coulee will expand; other towns will spring up. The Resources Committee is trying to find out the opportunities for people with special training and abilities—doctors, nurses, school teachers, printers, lawyers, ministers, electricians, mechanics. Perhaps in this modern Canaan in the Northwest some of the highly skilled refugees from Europe may get a chance to participate in American life.

Forty years ago some of the Coulee lands were homesteaded or bought from the railroad. That was before anyone realized that the rich alluvial plain left behind by the glacial sheets did not get enough rainfall. The settlers dry-farmed successfully for a few years. By that time they had used all the moisture held in the soil. Their land caked and hardened. Sagebrush encroached on the wheat. Many of the settlers moved on. Some lost their farms to banks and mortgage companies; others went to Seattle and Spokane to start over again, but still clung to their deeds and titles. These people are coming back now and forming irrigation districts which will buy water from the federal government. The votes creating the districts indicate that local sentiment is in favor of this program of small, owner-operated farms: at Wheeler 178 were for the district and 10 against; at Shragg 143 for and 9 against; at Drumheller 26 for and 11 against; at Pasco 228 for and 8 against.

The Grand Coulee project is one of the New Deal's principal political assets along the Pacific seaboard, and Republican approval of the undertaking now is not fooling many people. More than twenty years ago Rufus Woods of the Wenatchee *World* wrote an editorial proposing a mammoth dam to irrigate the arid land and develop the water power of the Columbia Basin. Three Republican Presidents gave lip-service to the idea—and did nothing. In his 1932 campaign Mr. Roosevelt said he would do something about the Columbia River region, and he kept his promise. Western voters know how to compare words with deeds. The state of Washington has not elected a Republican Governor, Senator, or Representative since Grand Coulee was begun.

The anti-New Deal San Francisco *Argonaut* says of Grand Coulee, "The Pacific Coast may be confident that in the future it will have occasion to point with pride to a new 'land of plenty' here in its midst." Yet there are some questions, of course. What will the colossal dam do to the valuable and important salmon runs in the Columbia River? Is it logical for the government to spend millions for this new farm area in the West while it spends other millions to restrict agricultural production elsewhere? The late Paul Y. Anderson asked the President this question in 1937 and received no conclusive answer. And what about the Dust Bowl nomads whom Roosevelt wants to settle at Grand Coulee? They are penniless. How can they get farm equipment, lumber, seeds, and other necessities?

The salmon are in jeopardy; of that there is no doubt, although all kinds of elaborate apparatus have been constructed for fish conservation. The Department of the Interior resolves the paradox of irrigation in one region and crop control in another with the statement that the most troublesome surpluses are in corn, cotton, and wheat and that the Grand Coulee region will produce garden vegetables, fruits, and fodder. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has observed also that probably most of the crops will be consumed in the area rather than raised for the market. And the government will stretch its credit resources to the limit in an effort to give the neediest migrants an opportunity to settle in new farm homes. Other reclamation projects have required that each colonist possess $2,000. At Grand Coulee this sum can be made up from FSA loans, old equipment, automobiles, and furniture.

Despite all doubts and reservations, men of many faiths have stood on the granite crags above the huge dam and said, "This makes sense." The Pacific Northwest is the final frontier, the last refuge for people now living on exhausted soil in the Middle West, for men and women crowded in the tenements of the Atlantic coast. Major Roy Bessey of the Northwest Regional Planning Commission says that "with a reasonable development program, from 1,000,000 to 2,500,000 additional people could readily be absorbed in the region within a generation. Migration toward the region during recent years seems to indicate that the population increase may approach the higher figure." Of no other part of continental United States may this be said, and Grand Coulee is the principal feature of "the reasonable development program." The Columbia has three times as much potential hydroelectric power as any other river in America. Above its swift reaches is a great sweep of land that needs only water to replace sagebrush with orchards. The river twists through the Cascade Range and into the core of the Inland Empire. With dams and locks it could become a navigable waterway instead of a rapid-studded chute. Why not develop all these resources for men and women who must find a place to go?

The late William E. Borah, for many years the most illustrious figure of the Columbia Basin, once said, "The Northwest cannot pay the freight both ways and continue to live and prosper." A "colonial empire" for the East, it ships out its raw materials and buys back finished products. Perhaps the biggest chunk of power in the world will help develop mills and factories so that the Northwest's raw materials can be processed there instead of being shipped across the country.

Dusk settles on the Columbia like a curtain dropping back. The tumble-down farmhouses which the settlers abandoned long ago lose shape in the twilight. But at the great dam ten thousand lights are turned on. Work goes forward night and day. This is a defense of democracy, too—as important as new destroyers and bombing planes. Perhaps this frowning wall of concrete will be the most enduring monument to Franklin Roosevelt's Administration. That jackhammer man down in the chasm, wiping his forehead in the glare of the searchlights as he drills a tunnel through the cliffs for the water that will make a million acres bloom—perhaps he is doing more to protect America from foreign ideologies than the man who rivets a dreadnought's mast or prepares a torpedo for the open sea.

On "The Irresponsibles"

[*Because of the importance of the issue raised by Archibald MacLeish in his article The Irresponsibles published in* The Nation *two weeks ago, and the wide interest it aroused, we are herewith publishing a number of comments by scholars and writers. Others will be printed in future issues.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

MAX LERNER

Professor of Political Science, Williams College

MY COMMENT on Archibald MacLeish's deeply felt and eloquent article must take the form of what the lawyers call a plea in confession and avoidance. Most of the scholars and writers of America deserve richly the drubbing they get from Mr. MacLeish. But if they have been irresponsible, the responsibility for that is not wholly, in fact not principally, theirs. And why?

Is it not because the defense of our inherited culture has up to now been carried on as part of the defense of our inherited economic and social system? The scholars have been encouraged and in many instances even coerced to choose pure science as their model because otherwise their scholarship, if it were really put into a form which would reach the people, would be dangerous. And the writers have been encouraged and even coerced to take pure art as their model because otherwise their writing, if it really took sides and manned the intellectual barricades, would be dangerous. Dangerous, I say in both cases, to the established order of a corporate capitalism. Mr. MacLeish might easily have broadened his indictment. In all fields we have sent experts out into the world without a knowledge of values, and we have sent philosophers without a grounding in social fact. This cleavage is not just the result, as Mr. MacLeish surmised, of the natural process of specialization. It is, as Thorstein Veblen long ago pointed out in his book on "The Higher Learning in America," a consequence of the tenacious defense of corporate capitalism by the men who have controlled our universities, our press, our research foundations.

I want to make it clear that I regard the present tendency, represented not only by Mr. MacLeish but also by Lewis Mumford and Waldo Frank and others, to put the primary blame and responsibility for our present chaos upon the intellectuals as not wholly without merit. It is true that our intellectuals have failed. Nevertheless, I do not consider that this analysis reaches to the core of the problem of world chaos today. Mr. MacLeish speaks of Hitlerism as a "revolution against." He is in the main right, although I believe that he, as well as Rauschning and others who speak of the revolution of nihilism, do not make enough allowance for the fact that to many millions of people it is poverty and insecurity that represent the real nihilisms. For them even Hitlerism has an affirmative psychological appeal. Even a "revolution against," if it is to succeed, must have deep roots in a preceding social chaos. And Hitler's revolution has these roots. Hitler's revolution is only the outward expression of more basic revolutionary forces at work in the world today. These revolutionary forces proceed from the incapacity that world capitalism displayed in organizing world peace after the last war; from the impossibility of making the political nation-state a valid economic unit without heroic economic change; from the failure of most nations, including America and the Allies, to respond to the imperatives of planning which alone, under today's conditions, can mean survival in either peace or war. Above all, these revolutionary forces proceed from the failure of the democracies to refashion their economic and social institutions so as to bring them into line with the democratic creed and into line with the basic drives in men.

In short, if the intellectuals failed, their failure happened long before the rise of Hitlerism as a world movement, and long before their failure to recognize the threat that Nazism carries for all cultures. It was the basic failure to see that the incapacity of the democracies to change our social system by democratic and humane methods would necessarily leave the field open to the brutal changes of totalitarianism.

And the blame for this earlier failure, if we are at this late date to play the game of apportioning blame, must lie not only with the writers and scholars but with those other men who have held positions of power in our economic and political world. No matter how greatly we exhort them, writers and scholars cannot by themselves defend or change social institutions. Mr. MacLeish mentions Thomas Mann, yet the possession of a Thomas Mann by Germany did not change the course of events there. Mr. MacLeish talks of our having split in two the earlier man of letters; yet the one country where the man of letters has continued into the modern time—France—has also not been exempted from the common doom. Mr. MacLeish mentions Milton and Voltaire. Yet both of them were effective because their courage and their vision as men of letters were linked with the rising energies of new classes to a common fight against old classes and dying cultures. The writer's power to defend and change cultures is never great unless it is similarly linked with expansive and not merely with defensive forces in a culture.

What this means is that if we are to meet the "revolution against" represented by Hitlerism we must do so militantly and aggressively, with a revolutionary democratic force that challenges Hitler's revolutionary totalitarianism, with a revolutionary affirmative force that challenges Hitler's revolutionary nihilism. We cannot do this merely by defending our culture and our intellectual freedom. If we restrict ourselves to defense, we have three-quarters lost the battle already. Scholars, writers, and men of letters alike must today not only defend our system; they must also help transform it. In transforming it, the writer can have an important role. But let us not overestimate that role, and let us not ignore the fact that it will be frustrate unless it is linked with revolutionary social energies in labor, in the professions, in responsible business groups, in science, in politics.

KENNETH B. MURDOCK

Professor of English, Harvard University

ANY CANDID observer must agree with most of what Mr. MacLeish says of the "irresponsibility" of many scholars and writers, and of the peril which this irresponsibility involves. But he neglects, it seems to me, a major reason for the futility of the scholar. It is not the scholar's interest in the past or his concern with a special scientific problem that most often makes him impotent, nor is it the separation between the writer and the devotee of learning—a separation perhaps inevitable if the whole range of knowledge indispensable for the support of our civilization is to be mastered. Far more serious is the rift between scholar and teacher. Most scholars now are academics in institutions where the privilege of teaching is committed to them. Too often they have neither interest nor skill in teaching. If they have not, their study of the past, often the richest source of inspiration for defenders of true culture, their zeal for relatively objective tests of truth, which should be the best weapons against the irrational violence of champions of deceit, their pursuit of the learning that may make life more decent and defy most effectively those who would leave it no hope of decency are useless; not because scholarship is useless or its methods devitalizing, but because the scholar does not carry to others the inspiration, the zeal, and the sense of values that he brings to his specifically scholarly task.

The future must depend largely on those whom the scholar is supposed to educate; if he teaches badly or irresponsibly, his case is lost; if he teaches well, determined to prove the superiority of truth over lies, reason over unreason, emotion grounded in intellectual conviction over emotion born of falsehood and blood-lust, no ivory tower can contain him. From his pupils will come new scholars and teachers and writers, and his work will be the reserve of material without which even the greatest man of letters must be helpless when he fights those who parade false history, false science, and false faith, as truth.

WALDO FRANK

Author of "A Chart for Rough Waters"

IT IS encouraging that a poet of the wide appeal of Archibald MacLeish enters the battle which a too small number of American authors has waged on the common attitudes of our intellectual life. Mr. MacLeish is stirred by our writers' and scholars' impotence and seeming inertia before the night of Europe, whose shadows spread to our own shores. But Mr. MacLeish stops at symptoms, and thereby reveals that the disease is deeper than he is conscious, for one of the basic causes of the threatening chaos is our obsession with symptoms, our indifference to fundamentals—a lethal habit at this time of cultural revolution in which human history is making a turn more dangerous (and promising) than any since Western history began.

I do not believe with Mr. MacLeish that the sin of our writers has been their aloofness, their refusal of responsibility, their unconcern, or their division of labor between past and present—with an abyss between. The writers who rushed to the Bolshevik bandwagon were not aloof, not refusing to reinterpret the past with all the "scholarship" at their command: nor the liberals and socialists. The trouble was both deeper and more simple. *They did not know enough;* their method of knowing was false; therefore their measures of reality for the present, from which they drew the materials of their books, and for the past, which they studied to forge a happier future, failed them in the issues of action.

The analogies of Mr. MacLeish reveal the same case. He suggests a relationship between our modern writers' attitude and Leonardo's, whose "study of beauty occupied his whole heart"; not realizing that the Italian inherited and implicitly accepted an organic culture which made what he meant by beauty cogent to his life, whereas our writers and their publics have deliberately denied—and not known how to replace—the roots of that organic culture. He wants modern men of letters like Las Casas and Voltaire. But Las Casas fought for the ideal values of a commonly accepted culture-religion against its betrayers (who did it lip-service). Voltaire on the other hand was one of the progenitors of *our* chaos, in that like ourselves he worshiped certain laudable end-fruits of the same culture-religion, yet neglected or attacked the roots in vision and intuition whence those fruits drew life. In such vagueness of analogy and fact there are confusions which Mr. MacLeish might have avoided by asking: What is *our* culture? Have our writers and their public an *implicit* religion?

Other symptoms he records should lead to similar questions. "Caliban is conquering!" he says. But to Shakespeare, Caliban was a futile fellow, beneath Prospero and his ally, Ariel. What has happened to our Prosperos to reverse the position? Why? "The country of the man of letters," he deplores, "has been divided between his heirs," the poet and the scholar. Does he not see that this "country" has been *shrunken?* Donne and Newton also divided it. But such former masters shared a whole coterminous with all human energy and aspiration. Our writing men too have a "whole"; but it is shriveled and a fragment; it does not touch the quick and deep of experience, and thereby leaves the fertilizing of the fields of action to the anti-poets, the anti-philosophers, the anti-persons—true creators and hierophants of the Hitlers.

The intellectuals who these past years have pontificated on letters, art, politics, past, present, future, from the shut booth of vulgar Marxism or the dustbins of empirical rationalism (our modern religion), have not disdained wholes, responsibility in social action. Their fatal fault has been that their "whole" was only a part; wherefore their methods and programs for conditioning life creatively of course went wrong. *A part which acts as if it were the whole:* there is the modern tragedy in a phrase. It is the program of fascism. But it also characterizes the religions of liberal, pragmatist, Marxist, transcendental Christian—all of whom had to play their preparatory role before the fascist could come on the scene to "mop up."

Mr. MacLeish scores the defeatist mood of our intellectuals in accepting material forces as the sole history makers. But what in our culture brought about this suicidal doctrine? We must study the sources and *dynamics* of our values to understand what has made the progressive nations, from France to Sweden, so futile, fumbling, and unvigilant beside fascist energy and efficiency. It is not accident that Ramsay

MacDonald and Léon Blum were weaklings while Göring built his air armada: and that our own President betrayed his conscience and intelligence in refusing legal help to Spain in that crucial hour before the fall of Barcelona, when both French and British labor were ready to follow his lead, and our fate was perhaps sealed for generations. "The disorder of our time," says Mr. MacLeish, "is a revolt against the common culture of the West." Of course! But what if *we,* the proud moderns, were the first who revolted? What went wrong with the grandiose programs of Renaissance and Reformation? We all know by now that the greatest nations in spiritual, intellectual, and technical heritage—and we among them—stood by while Hitler fattened on our cowardice and crimes. The urgent question is, Why? While our intellectuals grow elegiac in the defense of culture, how did they become, and *why do they continue to be,* the betrayers of that culture? Until Mr. MacLeish helps to define our calamity by asking such questions I fear that his eloquent and noble lament belongs to the rhetoric now being drowned in Europe by the roar of the Heinkels.

I am fully aware that I lack space here for a single definition. The sin of our writers seems to me: first, ignorance of and consequent impotence against the evils of our own reality—ignorance issuing from our vicious, implicit, almost universal "religion," empirical rationalism; and, second, confusion and despair as they saw their protests and their "desperate remedies" fail to halt the tailspin of our world into war—a prevalent despair now expressing itself in isolationism and silence. It is not quite too late, *if we realize that we have been in this war—and shirking it—from the beginning.* Let us humbly, from our past defeats, move to a reconsideration of all the values and terms which Mr. MacLeish takes for granted. That would be a creative revolution in American letters, and a hint of dawn in a world which must now seek dawn in America or nowhere.

HANS KOHN

Professor of History, Smith College

MR. MACLEISH'S stirring comments about the responsibility of scholars and writers for the present catastrophe were long needed. The responsibility lies not, however, with scholars and writers alone; it lies as heavily with educators, leaders of youth, and politicians, who were unable or did not wish to understand the fundamental nature of the great moral and spiritual counter-revolution which was going on.

I believe that the source of the evil from which Western civilization seems likely to perish in an astonishingly swift collapse is deeper than the division of scholars from writers. It is rather a general indifference to, or contempt of, moral values, a complacent belief in economic and social factors as the prime motivation in man's life. This moral and mental confusion, developing already before the first World War and forcefully promoted by the "debunkers" of the post-war period, has turned socialists into isolationists and has led men to affirm that they do not see any difference between the governments and aims of the British and French and those of the fascist countries. After taking this position they were driven, by a certain uneasiness of their minds, to justify themselves by stressing all possible faults of the democracies and by whitewashing the acts of the fascists, thus dulling all sense of morality and of moral distinctions. They closed their minds to an understanding of the true implications of the tremendous revolution against all moral values which is fascism, and thereby destroyed the possibility of any effective resistance to fascism. They thus, unwittingly, precipitated the destruction of the foundations on which their own world rested. A future historian will triumphantly relate that the rise of the new millennium of which the fascists speak was made possible by the fact that the defenders of the pre-fascist civilization, with nothing more urgent to do than to quarrel among themselves, failed to face unitedly and understandingly the common threat to all the values they cherished.

WALDO LELAND

Director of the American Council of Learned Societies

WHAT ANSWER is to be made to Archibald MacLeish's challenge to "the irresponsibles"? Not one but many answers will be offered, and perhaps no one of them, nor all of them together, will soon answer it. Many reservations might be made, as Mr. MacLeish himself suggests. Perhaps he has not done justice to the countless exhortations of scholars, scientists, and educators these last ten years, denouncing the evil that was growing on the earth and warning us of its fatal consequences. Perhaps he does not realize how much earnest, even desperate, effort has been devoted to the study of the social, economic, political, and spiritual problems of mankind, in the hope of reducing if not of solving them. I think that he does not sufficiently take into account the part that scholars and scientists, especially those of the United States, have had since 1920 in the endeavor to bring about a new era of mutual understanding and cooperation among the intellectuals of the world. He may not appreciate the acuteness of their distress as they have seen colleagues persuaded, or more often terrorized, into, apparently at least, abandoning the ideals of intellectual and spiritual freedom and submitting to the dictates and perversities of relentless authority.

But the fact remains, and there is not much satisfaction in deceiving ourselves, that we have failed; at least at the present moment we seem to have failed. For if we had succeeded, the world would now be a better place in which to live, instead of which it is a far worse place than it was twenty years ago. Why have we failed? Where does the blame lie?

Archibald MacLeish thinks that the fault lies in "the organization of the intellectual life of our time"; in the fact, as he sees it, "that intellectual responsibility has been divided . . . and by division destroyed." Is there not much truth in this diagnosis? I think there is.

As we look about us we see scholars who feel acutely that much is wrong, blaming the scientists, or the educators—especially the educators. They are loath to admit that they have a responsibility beyond their own research; the scientists also decline responsibility beyond their own investigations and discoveries; the educators, divided among themselves as to their aims and their methods, blame each other, or unite in blaming the scholars and the scientists. Is it strange, therefore, that amid this confusion of disclaimers and recriminations, evil flourishes and reaches monstrous proportions? Is it strange that those who are confused, or weary, or disgusted, turn to authority and seek to "achieve at least . . . the dignity of obedience"?

PERRY MILLER

Associate Professor of History and Literature, Harvard University

I CANNOT speak for the writers, and I speak for scholars only in so far as I myself aspire to be one. I think MacLeish is not correct when he says, or implies, that the crisis was not primarily a crisis of food, of arms, created by political forces and economic collapse; but however it was created, it is indeed a revolution against the common culture of the West. MacLeish is right that in the face of the crisis the scholars and writers stand hopelessly divided and the scholars paralyzed. He is right when he says that the Ph.D. thesis is the perfect image of the scholar's world, and his description of the thesis is wholly accurate.

The conception of the scholar as one who cultivates objectivity, detachment, dispassion arose at a time when those virtues were something to be fought for; they promised hope not for scholars alone but for all mankind. There was a grand and militant faith behind them, and there was, it might be said, something to be dispassionate *against*. MacLeish forgets that in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the scholars were fighting for objectivity against enemies that also were threatening the common culture of the West. And to a fair degree they won. They won because society wanted them to win, wanted it strongly enough to back them up. Then, when they had won, the tension out of which had emerged the ideal of objectivity passed away, or seemed to pass, and the idea remained—remained for a thousand reasons, but most notably because more people wanted to be educated than ever before, and so there were more jobs for educators, and educators must be scholars.

The more it became an affair of jobs and the less an affair of objectivity—for the sake of truth alone—the more the Ph.D. flourished. Most men in America do not write a Ph.D. thesis for the sake of the work, they do it to get a job; they don't write learned articles in unreadable trade journals for the work itself, they write them to get promotions. MacLeish distinguishes between the practical man who can be indifferent to these troubles and the scholar who should not be indifferent. But the fact is, the scholar has become, by and large, a practical man. And like other practical men he finds the reign of liberalism, the lack of corporate responsibility, the freedom to do what he will and as he will, comfortable. He has forgotten that he came into being because there was a function for him in society, and he will not remember until society reminds him. As yet society has exerted no pressure upon him sufficient to stimulate his imagination and to make him grasp what it has a right to demand of him. The few with broader vision are met by their colleagues with spoken or implied rebukes for having deserted the citadel of the fraternity, their precious freedom from partisanship. What these colleagues really mean is what any American business man means: "Let me alone. I am doing a profitable business and I do not want to be disturbed until I have to be."

JOSEPH FREEMAN

Author and Former Editor of the New Masses

AFTER THE first World War, Julien Benda accused the clerks of treason, lashed writers for abandoning their true office and submitting mind and will to their governments. Then Romain Rolland proposed his International of the Mind to safeguard the autonomy of the intellect against the organized force of states, classes, and parties. Finally there came Henri Barbusse's "Clarté," frankly partisan, openly serving a struggle for the future. This set the pattern for similar groups throughout the world.

For some reason history did not always consult the writers and scholars, either singly or in groups. Now and then it took surprising turns. But at least the pattern set by Barbusse had one practical advantage. It did not assume that men of letters are gods, priests, prophets, or miracle men who by isolated moral fiat or the splendor of their vision can determine the fate of mankind.

It is a long, long time since anyone has seen an ivory tower. Writers have been anything but irresponsible about the vital issues of our age. Both as men and as men of letters, the best of them have spoken and acted persistently and passionately on the right side of the great struggle; and they have certainly done their best to oppose evil with all the arms of scholarship and writing at their command.

Mr. MacLeish's grave indictment, therefore, involves not the irresponsibility of the writer but his incapacity to prevent the moral consequences of a civilization's decay. Whose the blame? True, modern science and industry have brought division and specialization into every field, literature and learning included. But imagine blaming the wars and famines of our time on the Ph.D. thesis!

Suppose the universal literary genius should appear, the man of letters pure and whole, who has eaten both of the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life, and can therefore know and create at the same time. Could he, by magic incantation, halt the sea and start it rolling again at will? Voltaire was a genius, a great political pamphleteer, an adept at intrigue, a speculator, a prophet, and an opportunist. For all his contributions to the French Revolution, would you say it was he and his fellow-writers who unleashed it? Milton, a far nobler man and writer, was in the ranks of a political movement, a member of a revolutionary government, an active partisan of a great dictator who dissolved Parliament, butchered the Irish, imposed a new and more democratic order with fire and sword. Were Milton's poems and pamphlets responsible for Cromwell's regime? More likely "Paradise Lost" and the Protectorate were two aspects of the same profound social change.

If writers are to be true to their office, they must begin by surrendering the illusion that their words have the magic power to govern the course of events. It was not our words which loosed murder in the world nor is it our visions which can halt it. We can, however, try to understand the real forces which govern events and ideas, and we can communicate this understanding to some of those who are misled by unscrupulous men in power, whether these be men of action or men of words.

What Mr. MacLeish wants—what we all want—is not only a world of security and peace but also the enhancement of the human spirit in all its potential freedom, dignity, and creative force. That must be the work of an entire civilization. It will require the writer to take part in the realm of practical affairs. It may also require him to reconsider the relationship of all aspiration to the reality with which it must come to terms. Perhaps some of the values most vital to scholar, writer, and reader cannot, in any culture, be found in the practical world but only in imaginative learning and art; and perhaps it is by keeping the aspiration alive and clear that literature, as such, becomes a practical force.

WILLARD THORP

Associate Professor of English, Princeton University

I CAN only agree with what Mr. MacLeish says in The Irresponsibles and regret the situation which he sets forth. There may be some point, if we can hope to amend that situation, in looking further into the causes which have produced it. I should like to suggest two subsidiary reasons why American scholars feel themselves justified in their irresponsibility—which they designate by such sanctified terms as "scholarly aloofness," "dispassionateness," and "devotion to permanent values."

In the first place, the American scholar, especially in the private institutions of learning, is not master in his own house. Our private universities are controlled by trustees or overseers, a system of government handed down from colonial days, which is now altogether antiquated and ridiculous. It is tacitly assumed by trustees and faculty members alike that no group of feckless scholars is capable of governing its own concerns, whether that entails the safe investment of funds or decisions on educational policy.

The scholar, thus refused, and then presently not desiring, the full responsibility for the destiny of his smaller world, rationalizes his position. That responsibility, he argues, would be a needless burden. His larger responsibility is to the scholarly ideal, to ultimate truth. All he asks is to be let alone to pursue that ideal with an incorruptible devotion. To yield to the exigencies of one's time would be to admit one's corruption.

As Mr. MacLeish implies, the scholar in letters is trained to irresponsibility by the Ph.D. process to which almost anyone who hopes to succeed in the profession must now subject himself. There was a time when it was possible for critics to hold professorial chairs in literature. This is no longer true, save in rare instances. There is now one road to success; the graduate seminar, the Ph.D. oral, the published article, the research project, the monograph, the paper read at the meeting of the learned society, are the milestones along the road. This elaborate process of achievement has developed into a ritual, the faithful performance of which becomes all-important and brings a sense of accomplishment.

A part of the ritual prescribes the proper attitude the scholar must take toward the author he has chosen for a lifetime's investigation. He has been trained to avoid passing judgment on the ideas of Milton or Dryden or Johnson; it is his function to set them forth but not to treat them as if they were contemporary with him or to try to determine their present validity. He prefers to neglect, for a more lofty pursuit, that portion of his author's career which was turned toward the world of his time. He produces a picture of Arnold or Wordsworth which is an image of himself. In this picture Arnold, the highly serious poet, becomes a vastly more valuable person than the author of "Culture and Anarchy."

In the Wind

BEFORE HIS recent speech on American foreign policy Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh held a series of private conferences with William R. Castle, former Under Secretary of State. One of Herbert Hoover's representatives also participated in the discussions. They met in New York.

ALTHOUGH ITS burial won't be officially announced for some time, the La Follette Anti-Labor-Spy bill is dead. There may be further talk about it at this session, but it will probably never reach a House vote. "National defense" excitement killed it.

JOE McWILLIAMS, leader of the Christian Mobilizers, will be a candidate for Congress this fall. He is running in New York's Eighteenth Congressional District, which includes Yorkville. It will be New York's first election campaign on an anti-Semitic program.

THE MILWAUKEE *JOURNAL* recently carried this Associated Press dispatch: "James H. R. Cromwell, United States minister to Canada, announced Monday that he would resign his post May 21." The dispatch was headlined (by mistake) "Public Improvement Promised."

WHEN THE documentary anti-war film "Lights Out in Europe" was shown in Boston, censors approved it with one qualification. All scenes showing corpses had to be eliminated at Sunday presentations.

A PUBLICITY MAN'S nightmare was exemplified by the closing of Ernest Hemingway's play, "The Fifth Column." With the phrase "fifth column" splashed over every newspaper, it looked as if the play would have an indefinite life. But Franchot Tone had a bad throat.

IN THE Harvard Law School announcement of courses for 1939-40 this item appeared: "International Law (omitted 1939-40)."

WHILE THEY aren't saying so publicly, relief officials see the armament program as a virtual—if temporary—end to their headaches. One Washington official has privately estimated that seven million potential relief clients will be taken care of by the program.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE President's speech to Congress was undoubtedly the most brilliant piece of political strategy and the most adroit use of a given situation that have ever been seen in this country. Franklin Roosevelt has a veritable genius for timing, for seizing upon an event and exploiting it to the full for his administrative or political purposes. He accurately sensed the horror and alarm in the public mind at the developments in Holland, Belgium, and France and achieved what he wanted with the maximum of speed and ease. No President was ever applauded more warmly by Congress, or more overwhelmingly supported.

When all this is said, however, it does not follow that the President was fair in his presentation of the situation or that the program which he asked for can be executed in a short period and without a terrific burden of expense. Indeed, I think his speech was in many ways a typical Rooseveltian performance—embarking the country on a huge economic program before the proposal had been thought through. It came very close, through its half-truths, to misleading the public. I am not accusing him of any deliberate deception, or of insincerity. Far from it. I have reason to know that he is worried greatly by the fear of foreign invasion and that he has been in this frame of mind for some time past. None the less, many of the things he said are likely to arouse false hopes about what can be done to defend the country; they also misrepresent the actual danger of an invasion from overseas.

Take, for example, his statements as to the time it takes to fly from once-distant points to the United States. He said that it is only six hours by air from the fjords of Greenland to New England and that modern planes starting from the Cape Verde Islands can be over Brazil in seven hours. Those are true statements; individual aviators can unquestionably do this. But they have left in the mind of the reading public the idea that great masses of planes could come over at any moment from these distant places, bomb us, and then go back. That, of course, is not the case. The Germans are fighting like mad to obtain air bases in Holland and France which will be only twenty or fifty miles from England. They have found that even with their advanced aviation they cannot effectively bomb England from the more distant German bases. And what is equally important, only a year or so ago Admiral Leahy, then the head of our navy, testified that the fortification of Guam would be no menace to Japan because no bombers then existent could fly from Guam to Japan—750 miles.

What the President forgot to tell the country is that when a squadron of bombers leaves its base it leaves behind it hangars, machine shops, great depots of bombs and machine-gun ammunition, supplies of the highest-grade octane gasoline, a ground force of thirty men to every pilot, and a spare pilot for every machine. In other words, an air base must be practically a small town, if the bombing squadron is of any size. The Germans are reported to be changing their plane engines after each long flight and actually doing it in the phenomenal time of five minutes—this on the statement made to me by an American who timed such a change in Berlin last August. Obviously, to establish an air base like this takes a large number of laborers in addition to the skilled mechanics, and if the base is overseas there must be a number of steamships in service to transport all the necessary material. The establishment of any such base would not only take time; it would require so much open preparation that it could not be concealed in any country in South or Central America. These are some of the things that Mr. Roosevelt forgot to tell the American people when he led them to believe that bombers could fly up here from Mexico in two or three hours. Nor did he point out that if a few sporadic bombers came over this country they could achieve no worth-while military objective, though unquestionably they might kill and destroy.

Only a year ago a high official in Washington told me that if Hitler pressed a button on his desk, 1,500 German bombers could be in Rio de Janeiro next day. I repeated this to some experts and they declared it preposterous. If the official had stopped to consider how many landing fields there were in Rio de Janeiro he never would have made such a statement. Of course he overlooked the fact that there are no aviation shops, no trained ground forces, no reserve engines or machine tools, and not many mechanics in the city. In this he displayed the same superficiality of thought of which the President has been guilty. Finally, I think the President ought to have told the public what Captain Whiting, a lifelong naval flier, said to the New England Aviation Conference at Hartford on May 18—namely, that if 10,000 of the 50,000 planes asked for should be awarded to the navy, no fewer than 300,000 ground men and 20,000 pilots would be needed, which is considerably more than twice the number of officers and men now in the navy for its every purpose. In short, 50,000 planes will mean 1,600,000 pilots and ground men!

THE WHOLE OF HOUSMAN

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

IN 1894 A. E. Housman, having been given a manuscript of his brother's poems to read, sent that prolific author a minutely detailed criticism that included the following sentences:

> What makes many of your poems more obscure than they need be is that you do not put yourself in the reader's place and consider how, and at what stage, that man of sorrows is to find out what it is all about. You are behind the scenes and know all the data; but he knows only what you tell him. It appears . . . that in writing that precious croon you had in your head some meaning of which you did not suffer to escape one drop into what you wrote: you treat us as Nebuchadnezzar did the Chaldeans, and expect us to find out the dream as well as the interpretation.

The irony here requires no italics. Two years later Housman published the book that sped his fame through the English-speaking world. "A Shropshire Lad" caught the pathos of its generation; its accents of loss and regret are fixed in the consciousness of all modern readers, and its croon has been judged sufficiently precious; but the grimly disciplined poignance that forms its claim and appeal to the world, though sometimes quavering toward intimacy or revelation, remained to the end of Housman's life masked and inscrutable.

That inscrutability was the mark and habit of his character. By the age of thirty-seven he had set his back implacably on the vivacity of spirit that had once made him the gayest member of his family. He had weathered the crushing blow of failure in Greats at Oxford; he had fallen under the "heavy change" that made him a stranger to his relatives. Ten years of drudging service in the Patent Office had passed like a slow purgatory, varied only by solitary labor under the gas lamps of the British Museum, where he won the mastery of classical texts that was rewarded in 1892 by the Latin professorship at the University of London. Long before he reached the middle of his road, Housman had withdrawn into the secret fastness of his nature. Robinson alone among modern poets offers a comparable figure of mute austerity; Conrad's abrupt check to intimacy or confidence in his personal writings becomes almost genial by contrast. "Can you get him to talk? I can't!" cried Robert Bridges on one occasion; and when Housman was told that Wilfrid Blunt, speaking in his diaries of a visit from the poet, had said, "He would, I think, be quite silent if he were allowed to be," he answered, "That is absolutely true."

Silence is the initial condition of Housman's poetry *, as it was the token of a painful diminution of personality that befell him at the outset of adult life. His verse was set from the beginning, by an almost violent mandate, in a fixed and deliberate mold. It offers no characteristic modern pattern of growth, experiment, and discovery. Only Hardy's shows as undeviating an identity from first to last. His distance from the great poets of tragedy or pessimism—agonized, rebellious, impressionable—is great: not only from Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Villon, for whom he expressed a distaste, or from Heine, whose continuous influence brought so little of the German's critical wit and exhilaration into his lyrics, or from Arnold and Hardy, whom he admired above all his contemporaries, but from Pascal and Leopardi, those two stricken witnesses of the dark abyss and the frightening heavens, whom he "studied with admiration" and whose anguished vision and starlit shudders are sometimes caught in his own finest songs. Beyond any of these brothers in darkness he stifled his agony before the mystery and fatality of life. His lyrics speak from the threshold of silence itself. Had their discipline become as absolute as the one he imposed on his practical emotions, his poems would have receded wholly into the reserve that marked Housman's outward character.

That discipline was as final as any poet, short of the defeat of his gifts, could make it. Housman's first problem as a lyrist was to perfect a form and language exactly expressive of the extreme mandate of will he imposed on his sensibility. He once admitted Heine, Shakespeare's songs, and the Border ballads as his models but was "surprised" at the imputation of Latin and Greek influences. But these cannot be slighted. Housman's whole temper, recognizing its suspension between an active poetic impulse and a willed surrender of it, between an instinctive fervor for life and a tragic denial of its value, sharpens toward irony, seeks resolution in the ambiguity of epigram, and tends to express the ingrowth of its forces and the tension of its faculties in a salient virtue of the Latin lyric style—its integrity of structure, its verbal and tonal unity, its delicate stasis of form. What it gave him—as did the Elizabethans, among whom he once called Jonson his master—were the interlocking balances and inversions of phrase, the distributed reference in nouns and pronouns, the hovering ambiguity of particles, the reflexive dependence of verbs and subjects that give his stanzas their tightness and pith. Had he coerced a purely modern and explicit English into these structures he would have produced a language continuously—instead of intermittently—stilted. But here one of his strongest sympathies came to his rescue—his love of folk speech. The aphoristic tang and irony of peasant idiom, grafted to the sophistication of the Horatian style, relaxed his temper, freed it from formulated stiffness and cliché, and gave Housman his true and single medium as a poet—a verse style marked by a

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* "The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman." Henry Holt and Company. $3.

subtle irony of tragic suggestion, a tensile integrity of phrasing, a sense of haunting human appeals playing against the grim inexorability of law. In that medium, rising above the inertness of a formula and the desperate repression of his impulses, he wrote his finest poems.

These, now that his work stands complete, no longer appear in some of his most quoted lyrics, those that cast his thought into the inflexibly didactic form that is always the bane of a negative temperament. The lesser Housman, the one most vulnerable to parody, imitation, and personal attack, is seen wherever his lyric style hardens into such inflexibility and his pessimism into the hortatory despair that becomes by inversion sentimental. Originally, it appears, Housman had an extremely uncertain taste in words and meters. He was fond of the singsong lilt or chant used in rather tawdry and superficial poems like Atys, The Land of Biscay, and "Far known to sea and shore." Of Atys ("Lydians, lords of Hermus river, Sifters of the golden loam") he once said that he was so fond of the rhythm that he always doubted the merit of any poem in which he succumbed to its attraction. He came to guard himself from that music as he guarded his emotional impulses from the appeals of common life and friendship. At both ends of his narrow lyric range, as at both ends of his emotional character, he exercised a ruthless vigilance: here from the spontaneity of feelings that had to be canceled, there from the violence of a censorship so strong that it could end not merely in silence but in emotional paralysis and the logic of suicide. Recoiling from instinctive music or feeling, he produced poems of an opposite extreme: of a deadly and inverted romanticism, of a pessimism so imperative and bare of realistic qualities that they produce a repellent travesty of his talent. Here the Latinized concentration bristles with guards to emotion, and starkness of vision becomes as cloying as the lines in which he rings changes on the ale, the lads, the night, the noose, and the gallows to the point of comic surfeit. It appears at its worst in "Think no more, lad," The Welsh Marches, "Say, lads, have you things to do," "Others I am not the first," "The laws of God," "Yonder see the morning blink," The Immortal Part, and The Culprit. The authentic part of his talent demanded escape from confines as laming as these, and it is only when he gives some voice to the instinctive delight of his senses, to memories of lost youth, or to responses to nature, that he arrives at the finer sincerity of "With rue my heart," On Wenlock Edge, "Far in a western brookland," and The Merry Guide. He succeeds best of all when the repressed emotion becomes externalized, released from an iron-clad vigilance, adopts a dramatic mask or situation, and so takes on the life and pathos of genuine lyric realism: when, in Bredon Hill, Hughley Steeple, "Is my team plowing," "To an athlete," "I to my perils," "In valleys green and still," and "With seed the sowers scatter," he resolves the hostilities of his nature to their finest delicacy and harmony, avoids both the curt asperity and the occasional Aeschylean pomp of which he was capable, and contributes exquisite poems to the English lyric tradition.

They succeed, moreover, in revealing and relaxing the enigmatic nature of the man who wrote them and in dissolving the contradiction that gave him his quality as a character. They make credible the tyrant of Latin texts who could flay rivals or sycophants alive, yet who led a life of painful loneliness and who, given evidences of affection, described their effect as "almost overwhelming"; the solitary who called himself a Cyrenaic but who favored Epicureans above Stoics; the critic who disliked democracy and defended slavery but who protested the tyranny of the laws of God and man and pleaded for the felon taken to prison "for the color of his hair"; the man who enjoyed bitterness and kept notebooks carefully indexing his vituperations but who saw himself in T. E. Lawrence's words as stricken by "a craving to be liked—so strong and nervous that . . . the terror of failure in an effort so important made me shrink from trying"; the recluse who was contemptuous of comfort and flattery but who told a young American admirer, "Certainly I have never regretted the publication of my poems. The reputation which they brought me, though it gives me no lively pleasure, is something like a mattress interposed between me and the hard ground."

He was complex obviously and an eccentric certainly, a personality of laming deficiencies and self-persecuting logic; a lyric artist of the most limited order. He lends himself almost naively to J. Bronowski's attack (in "The Poet's Defense") as a victim of inverted sentiment from whose "welter of standards" little emerges but a cancelation of feelings almost antiphonal in regularity and as a self-belittler who took evasive refuge in negations of life, of emotion, of the nature and meaning of poetry itself. Housman's admirers have done him the disservice of blind adulation; his detractors, with the added cooperation of his own perverseness and inconsistency of temperament, will go to inevitable extremes. There are even severer measures of his stature. The cry of despair has sounded in modern poetry, as in ancient, with an anguish but also with an illumination that Housman seldom or never attains. "Wer wenn ich schriee, hörte mich denn aus der Engel Ordnungen?" "Selfwrung, selfstrung, sheathe- and shelterless, thoughts against thoughts in groans grind." "I must lie down where all the ladders start In the foul rag-and-bone shop of my heart." "L'Irréparable ronge avec sa dent maudite Notre âme." Of the protest, intensity, and courage of these castings down of spirit he dared little, and his loss in range and force of character is inevitable.

Yet as we now see Housman in his full stature, as the obscurity of his temperament begins to wane, so also the exacerbation of his emotion and his evasion of responsible feeling begin to take on the alleviation of what at its best becomes a subtle and ennobling lyric dignity, a mastery of selfhood and of style that surmounts the imposed denials of his life and the implacable tragedy he saw there but, having seen and faced it, refused to disguise from himself. What that tragedy was is too much a part of the complex of his nature and his poems to bear crude expression, but this much he makes unmistakable: it was his realization that he was destined to live a life deprived of human love. That fact, implicit everywhere, is written clearly enough into the poems on pages 28, 66, 68, 114, 187, 221, and 233. Whatever irresolution exists in his book is a reflection of the contradiction imposed on his faculties by nature itself; the pervading frustration resulted from an intelligence that permitted no blinkers before the fact. But concealed in Housman's nature, masked by his forbidding exterior and his scholarly isolation, existed the true stuff of the poet, once free and impulsive but surviving even its later curtailment, and he was strong enough to make of that conflict the strength and charm of his poems. The science and realism that permit us to see the errors or defects of men also impose the responsibility of understanding them. Outside his poems Housman made that understanding difficult enough, and even inside his verse the slightest comparison with Baudelaire and Hopkins, Yeats and Rilke, immediately gives the measure of his lower station. Yet if he ate of the shadow so long that he became something of the shadow of a man, he at least refused to lapse into sullen silence over the whole wretched business of existence. His endurance was the sign of his character, and the lyrics he wrested from grief and discipline are the mark of his true, if minor, genius. He is one of the most complete instances in literature of the man determined to live by will alone, and his lyrics too often reveal what the discipline of will does to a poet. Yet the discipline was real, and its reward came when his suppressed forces broke from him in the form of an exact and exquisite art. It saved him from languor and annihilation, and in the complete book of his songs, standing between the perils of sense and insistence of death, are the lyrics that hold their permanent beauty. They sufficiently redeem his title as a poet and bring to mind what his friend A. C. Benson once said in assaying the talent of Edward Fitzgerald, a fellow-sharer with Housman of the melancholy shadows of life:

> The process of estimating the character even of the best of men must be of the nature of addition and subtraction. It is the final total that is our main concern. . . . There can be little question on which side the balance lies. We may regret the want of strenuousness, the overdeveloped sensibility, which led him to live constantly in the pathos of the past, the pain of the contemplation of perishable sweetness. But we may be thankful . . . that the long, quiet years were not misspent which produced, if so rarely, delicate flowers of genius. To enrich the world with one imperishable poem, to make music of some of the saddest and darkest doubts that haunt the mind of man—this is what many far busier and more concentrated lives fail to do. . . . To touch despair with beauty—this is to bear a part in the work of consoling men, of reconciling fate, of enlightening doom, of interpreting the vast and awful mind of God. Truth itself can do no more than hint at the larger hope.

After the Peace

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By Alfred M. Bingham. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

THE continent of Europe like a great magnet has been drawing our attention since the conference in Munich. With the invasion of the Low Countries it is difficult to think of anything else. Yet the news which comes to us is bent by censorship, distorted by propaganda, rewoven by commentators. We have had few dependable facts about Europe for a long time—the best proof of which is the erroneous conclusions we formed about the defense of Finland, the defense of Norway, and the internal weakness of Germany. We have been misled by oratorical contrasts between the slave psychology of the totalitarians and the superior initiative of free men. Lately, however, the slaves have been showing most of the initiative.

From these mountains of information and misinformation we build our generalizations. In making them each one adds a cartload of his own previous prejudices and fixed ideas. The result is an edifice of abstractions wonderful to behold. An analogy which comes to my mind is that of a very tall lighthouse, pierced with a multitude of windows and bathed in drifting fog. At every window is an American, seeing something which no one else sees in quite the same way. Each window represents a picture of Europe.

Here is the picture of Hitler the monster, moving to devour the planet. If he is not stopped, we shall all be engulfed. Here, at a different level, is the picture of the old, old struggle for power in Europe, with Germany making another bid for dominance and Britain and France trying again to thwart it, while Italy and Russia wait to see which way the cat is going to jump. Hitler becomes only an incident in an ancient and bloody game. Here is the picture of an ideological clash between two systems, one called totalitarianism, the other democracy. Here is the picture of European man at last overcome by his machines. Spengler once looked through this window and wrote "The Decline of the West." Here is a picture which frames a complete blank, leading the onlooker to the conclusion that there is nothing in Europe worthy of attention by the United States. There are many more windows giving equally contradictory results. Dorothy Thompson is shouting out of one; Hamilton Fish out of another directly opposite.

The sad thing is that no window gives an adequate world picture. We haven't the facts upon which to base competent generalizations. What do we know, for instance, about the real relations between the governments of Russia and Germany, Russia and Italy, Germany and Italy? Most of us lack the mental techniques to order the facts if we had them. Our logical processes are distorted by a primitive language structure and by emotion. There is something going on over there too huge and cloudy for us to grasp.

There is one outlook, well toward the top of the tower, at which I sometimes sit and peer and which Alfred Bingham seems to have frequented as he wrote "The United States of Europe." What we glimpse through the clouds is this: Technology has tended to forge a unified economy in Europe, as it has in North America. Both continents are bound together internally by a network of power lines, railways, highways, waterways. In North America the technological realities are permitted relative freedom of action by our political organization. In Europe, on the other hand, the technological structure is frustrated by the political structure. Five great powers wrestle for supremacy within this limited, interlocked area, knocking over a score of lesser sovereignties as they struggle.

A political structure which was workable, if not altogether happy, in the pre-power, pre-bombing-plane age, is no longer workable. Its nemesis has come. It had to come. Somehow, the people of Europe must reorganize their political life to give passage to the flow of food, raw materials, and energy, or they must go down into the pit. The balance-of-power

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formula is no longer tenable. Rival armed sovereign states are no longer tenable. As a federated continent they might fight with other continents and survive, but when they fight among themselves, it becomes in effect a civil war in which they bomb, blast, and shatter their own subsistence. From this window, the German attack on the Low Countries seems as self-destructive as an armed assault by New York on Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Whichever side wins this war, it must establish a workable federation of the continent, or Europe will become an abode of cave men. It cannot be long held together by sheer force of arms and squads of secret police. It is impossible to operate a high-energy economy on that basis. A federation designed by the Allies would undoubtedly be better than one designed by the Germans. But God help both sides if no design is made at all.

Mr. Bingham has given careful attention to a practical design. Here it is in barest outline:

1. The power of European national states to make war on each other must be ended. Therefore all the great powers must disarm and join a United States of Europe. The smaller nations will come in automatically, including those in North Africa and the Near East. Russia need not join.
2. There must be a federal air force, army, and navy to maintain the peace of the continent.
3. There should be a Colonial Administration to supervise all colonies held by European nations and provide ready access to raw materials by all members. The mandate technique of the League of Nations can be helpful here.
4. The federal government shall have power to balance the Continental economy by undertaking public works, by tariff controls, by supervision of railways, posts, telephone, telegraph, radio, rivers and harbors, and commercial flying. It shall work toward the establishment of a unified currency.
5. The federal government shall have the power to tax its member states.
6. Machinery must be set up to protect national minorities, to provide for easy migration with property intact, and to insure against persecution. Complete civil liberties will not be possible at the beginning.
7. The federation should have a Department of Foreign Relations to deal with countries outside Europe, and might well experiment with three legislative bodies: one representing cultural groups—Slavs, Scandinavians, etc.; one representing member states; one representing population—"all possessing certain drawbacks."

Mr. Bingham is well aware of the difficulties, and the unknown variables, in this program. He does not offer a rigid formula, but rather a tentative and exploratory one. His long residence abroad makes him especially wary of hard-and-fast rules. Taking the available facts into consideration, he says in effect: "Is this not the place where the argument can begin?" It strikes me as the best foundation for further discussion I have yet seen—far superior to Mr. Streit's complicated geography. Europe is a unit now, though most Europeans are unaware of the fact. Our author goes on to explore the possibilities of a world union arising out of a federated Europe, Russia, Asia, and a federation of the Americas. This sounds remoter than ever today, and he admits it will not come tomorrow.

Mr. Bingham's approach is shrewd, realistic, hard-boiled, yet charged with humanity. He has been called an isolationist—that curious label without a living referent. Yet what he is trying to do is to find a formula by which the people of Europe may some day save themselves. I think that this is probably more helpful than joining the current civil war and seeing how many of them we can kill.

STUART CHASE

History of the German Army

THE GERMAN ARMY. By Herbert Rosinski. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MR. ROSINSKI'S book is not, as its title might imply, a study of the Nazi army, but a brief history of the standing armies of Germany from the earliest times, with special reference to the social status of the German officer since the rise of Prussia. So large a field could, of course, be only superficially surveyed in this compass, but Mr. Rosinski, who has been a lecturer in the Berlin War Office and at German military and naval academies and was a founder of the German Society of Military Sciences, brings complete competence to this, his first book to appear in English. He is now connected with the British Department of Information. Nearly half of the volume deals with the World War and the post-war period. It stops, however, before the present struggle, which is the more regrettable since Mr. Rosinski's opinion about the functioning of the Hitler army would be of special value at this crucial hour.

In discussing German defeat in the World War, Mr. Rosinski lays the chief responsibility at the door, not of the second Moltke, who so gravely weakened the Schlieffen plan, but of Moltke's successor, General von Falkenhayn, who failed to resume the offensive after the Marne. The German army had for generations been trained to rapid mobile warfare. When the Schlieffen plan failed through no fault of its author, Von Falkenhayn threw the army machine permanently out of gear, on September 15, 1914, by assuming the defensive. A fresh advance before the lines were frozen into an immobility of four years was by no means beyond possibility. Mr. Rosinski quotes the very able Field Marshal Haeseler—who was too old to take the field in 1914—as saying that the trench warfare would never have come to pass "if we had not been led by such deplorable incompetence."

As for Ludendorff, Mr. Rosinski speaks of his "blind fanaticism, primitive outlook, his coarseness of thought, and massive materialism, painfully evident where he tries to deal with spiritual forces." Considered Schlieffen's "most brilliant pupil," Ludendorff could carry out the principles of his master in Russia, but failed wholly when he had to try to adapt himself to the war of immobility on the western front. Mr. Rosinski declares that Hindenburg's and Ludendorff's interference in political affairs invariably produced results opposite to those sought.

Discussing the present service, Mr. Rosinski admirably brings out that under the republic the efforts to deceive the Allies and evade the Treaty of Versailles created an atmosphere of deceit and intrigue in the army itself. "The officer," he says, "was taught that it was his duty to deceive not only the enemy but his own government." Whether this persists under Hitler's regime, Mr. Rosinski does not say. If it does, it is bound to be a factor of great importance in the event that things begin to go wrong in the face of a powerful enemy.

Mr. Rosinski describes succinctly and accurately the undercover struggle that has been going on, and still continues, between the Nazis and the army, and shows how the former have almost invariably outplayed the slower-witted military. Engrossed in the hasty building of a huge army, the military leaders, Mr. Rosinski says, failed to realize that their concentration on that task prevented them from dealing adequately with the political situation and handicapped them in their incessant underground struggle with the Nazi leaders.

Two important points brought out by Mr. Rosinski are, first, that the mass increase of the army has destroyed the old homogeneity and extraordinary efficiency of the little Reichswehr of the republic; and, second, that in its worship of the new idea of a "total war," with total mobilization of the whole country and its resources, the army has abandoned all its previous theories in favor of the creation of "a purely mechanical centralized control." Mr. Rosinski quotes a "leading person" as saying to him in 1936: "Among our elder staff officers the idea of being prepared for every emergency has developed such fantastic notions of the supplies needed that, if these gentlemen had their way, within three years the whole of Germany would be nothing but a gigantic munition dump, with a single private left to guard it!" It would not be difficult to show that we are well on the same road in the War Department in Washington.

Unfortunately, Mr. Rosinski's book is badly translated and inefficiently edited and is without an index. Why must such publishers send out a sloppy book? It does not help, for example, to read on one page that Clausewitz's first publication was "more than a hundred years ago" and five pages farther on that it was "more than sixty years ago."

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Never the Life

MARGARET FULLER: WHETSTONE OF GENIUS. By Mason Wade. The Viking Press. $3.50.

"YOU might not always have been sympathetic with her," Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt once remarked on Margaret Fuller, and this has always seemed a delicate phrase. Coming, indeed, from a source of compassion in itself both international and seasonless, undeterred neither by climate nor custom, wind, storm, nor dark of night, this is perhaps a most magnificent stipulation. And despite the efforts of a series of noted commentators from Emerson and Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," down through Katharine Anthony, Margaret Bell, and now Mr. Wade himself, it is still problematical whether we are sympathetic with Margaret Fuller even most of the time. Pretentious if noble, arrogant if emancipated, radical but romantic, with her "habit" of castigating her friends (and others), her apparent monopoly of genius, her "mountainous me" and brain fevers, Margaret Fuller fulfilled Martineau's description of a gorgeous pedant. Was it a role worth playing? "With the intellect I always have, always shall, overcome," Margaret herself confessed; "but . . . the life, the life! O, my God! shall the life never be sweet?"

By and large, I'd say, it never really was, though Mr. Wade tries to make it so. Scholarly, intelligent, his study builds up the most generous portrait possible of this tragic career, and in a curious way that is the trouble with it. Perhaps a less tolerant account might have given us a more acute picture. Like our country, Margaret Fuller was probably more often wrong than right, but right or wrong she was always Margaret Fuller, and this sense of her vitality which marked Katharine Anthony's biography in 1920 is lacking here, so that the older study still seems to me actually a better human history. Miss Anthony's work was of course avowedly "psychological" (what biography can afford not to be?), while Mr. Wade eschews what he terms "the first wave of literary Freudianism." Is there much of a distinction? "The vision of the trampling horses," says Miss Anthony about Margaret's adolescent conflicts, "is an erotic fantasy common among hysterical maidens." "The trampling horses," says Mr. Wade, "which commonly figure in the dreams of adolescent girls and hysterical women, suggest that Margaret was sexually precocious. . . . " The "second wave" hasn't changed very much, though Mr. Wade seems to have a Freudian—or at least a literary—resistance to accepting the groundwork provided him.

This is understandable to be sure, and while we often complain that our neighbors don't really listen to us, it might make us uneasy if they really did. Since 1920, moreover, there has been much revaluation of Margaret Fuller's period, and Mr. Wade does give us a solider and integrated study of the Transcendental movements and offshoots surrounding his heroine—the sections on Margaret's Conversations, the *Dial,* and Hawthorne are excellent. And viewing transcendentalism through the eyes of Margaret Fuller herself throws a new and valuable, if less flattering, light upon some of its manifestations. Through her, indeed, its self-consciousness becomes clearer, its literary origins, its evasions and essentially sterile individualism, its seeking of the good life much too strongly ever to achieve it. Reading the pages of Van Wyck Brooks, Odell Shepard, and Mr. Wade, one cannot help feeling the attraction of this brief and haunted cultural flowering. But it is equally impossible not to feel its remoteness from that "cotton-spinning, dollar-hunting, canting and shrieking, very wretched generation" which just then was opening up a continent while these folk discussed divination versus experience. MAXWELL GEISMAR

Granville Hicks in 2040

THE FIRST TO AWAKEN. By Granville Hicks with Richard M. Bennett. Modern Age Books. $2.50.

WHAT will the world be like a hundred years from now? Always a fascinating speculation, it has sired such fictional accounts as Poe's "Mellonta Tauta," Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Morris's "News from Nowhere," Wells's "Time Machine" and "Things to Come," Huxley's "Brave New World"—to say nothing of Buck Rogers—and now "The First to Awaken." Mr. Hicks's inter-century traveler, a typical middle-class, middle-aged New Englander, put to sleep in a secret vault in 1940, wakes up in 2040 to view a Norman Bel Geddes landscape, streamlined, mechanized, inhabited by a super-society of happy, healthy, peaceful, thoroughly rational human beings (they don't even ask him to indorse a cigarette or run for President). They owe their contentment to elaborate social planning from which they derive all the economic advantages of regimentation without sacrificing any of the priceless benefits of individual freedom—a state, needless to say, which ought to satisfy anybody. Unfortunately, books like this almost inevitably fall into the pattern of question and answer, like a minstrel team, and even though Mr. Hicks enlivens his pages with drawings by his collaborator, sprightly allusions to people and events of our own time, and an apparatus of pseudo-scholarly footnotes, the tempo of the story lags somewhat: the Elysian social structure of 2040 and the history of the intervening years sound none too plausible, and the gadgets, for the most part, are not sensational enough to vie with disintegrator pistols or interplanetary rocket-ships. Nevertheless, reading about 2040 *à la* Hicks is incomparably more reassuring than reading about 1940 as the newspapers see it (censored at the source). Incidentally, newspapers are virtually eliminated in 2040. LOUIS B. SALOMON

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3753 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

RECORDS

ONE turns to Smetana's String Quartet "From My Life" not for the impact of greatness but for the charm and loveliness of its flow of Czech-flavored melody, the piquancy of its Czech rhythms. Columbia's new set (M-405, $6) offers a performance by the Curtis String Quartet that is admirable in its warmth and spirit, and that is well recorded. The group also reveals technical competence in such matters as tone, intonation, precision; but what one encounters in the Victor set of Dvorak's Sextet Opus 48 (M-661, $8) is the sheer incandescence of the Budapest Quartet and its two assisting players. This work, however, is not equal to the Smetana Quartet or to the best of Dvorak himself.

To the existing versions of Beethoven's beautiful Sonata Opus 24 for violin and piano Columbia adds another (M-404, $5). Taken by itself this performance by Jeno Lener and Louis Kentner is very fine; comparing it with the Busch-Serkin performance I find that while Lener's tone is more beautiful than Busch's there is more brightness and life in the sound of Serkin's piano than in the sound of Kentner's; moreover in the Busch-Serkin performance—and also in the Goldberg-Kraus—I find a greater suavity of style, which I prefer for this work; and outstanding, finally, in the Busch-Serkin performance is the unanimity of feeling and execution of another great ensemble team.

The music from Handel's "Alcina" recorded for Columbia by Weingartner with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (X-164, $3.50) includes most of the Ballet Music—some of it charming—that Mengelberg recorded with the New York Philharmonic years ago, and also the Dream Music, now recorded for the first time, and some of it strikingly imaginative. The performance is excellent, the recording good, if not quite as fine as in the recent Weingartner sets of Handel *concerti grossi.*

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On a Columbia single (69841-D, $1.50) is Gieseking's superb performance of "L'Ile joyeuse," which for me is not one of Debussy's best works, but which amounts to infinitely more than his "Pagodes" on the reverse side. The performances are excellently recorded, except for the *pianissimo* g-sharp octaves in the bass at the top of page 11 of "L'Ile joyeuse," which are not recorded at all. The Concerto for harpsichord and organ by Soler, an obscure eighteenth-century composer, on another single (69842-D, $1.50), I find quite uninteresting; the performance by Gerlin and Pierront and the recording are good. As for the single of Stravinsky's "Baiser de la fée," it arrived broken.

Victor's outstanding orchestral release for May, I would say, is the record of Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 1 (15945, $2). This is not the best of the "Leonore" overtures, but it has wonderful moments—or at any rate moments that are wonderful in Toscanini's marvelous performance. Agreeably surprised by the unusually fine recording that Victor had achieved I glanced at the label to get the number and discovered that Toscanini had made the record not, as I had assumed, with the N. B. C. Symphony during his recent Beethoven cycle but with the B. B. C. Symphony in London.

As for Koussevitzky's set of Schumann's Symphony No. 1 (M-655, $8), the weakness of Schumann's symphonies that one reads about constantly is his ineffective and faulty use of the orchestra, so that what should be prominent is often obscured, what should be brilliant is often dull, and so on. This has led conductors to make changes in the orchestration; and it provided Frederick Stock, many years ago, with the excuse for not merely distributing the musical substance of the Symphony No. 3 among different orchestral instruments but changing the substance itself—adding measures, introducing new counterpoint, substituting a new coda at the end, altering rhythms, displacing accents—in all as presumptuous and tasteless a job as any that Stokowski has been guilty of. But this weakness of Schumann has been exaggerated: Toscanini has shown repeatedly that without changing anything in the score a skilful conductor can make everything stand out clearly and sound well; and Koussevitzky shows this in his performance of the Symphony No. 1. And the ineffective scoring of the musical substance is not very important compared with the inferiority of the musical ideas themselves, which is what really makes Schumann's symphonies inferior to his songs and works for piano. The Symphony No. 1 has a beautiful slow movement and fine moments in other movements; but no amount of excellence in performance—and Koussevitzky's performance has a great amount—can conceal the feebleness of the rest. The recording is a little over-brilliant and reverberant in the way many Boston Symphony recordings are.

I mentioned recently the bad rattle on the second side of the Victor set of Roy Harris's Symphony No. 3. This rattle was the distortion I had said previously was to be heard on the second side of the Victor set of "La Mer"; and I should have mentioned that it was to be heard also in the slow movement of the Haydn sonata played by Ernst Victor Wolff on Columbia, and in the H. M. V. recording, issued here by Victor, of Schubert's A major Sonata played by Schnabel. The technical people I asked about this said it was due to the overcutting they showed me on the records: the cutting needle of the recording apparatus had swung too far laterally. This would not happen, they said, if the companies recorded at a low volume level and depended on amplification by the phonograph to step the volume up. It would not happen if they recorded in this way for electrical phonographs and at a high volume level for the large number of acoustic phonographs that are still in use and that are incapable of stepping volume up or down. It does happen because the companies produce one record for both acoustic and electrical reproduction.

B. H. HAGGIN

[CORRECTION: In the article entitled Don Sturzo's Liberal Catholicism, by G. A. Borgese, in *The Nation* of April 27, a sentence which should have read, "A society with justice and freedom cannot but be a society of intellectual criticism without a field reserved to authoritarianism or totalitarianism of any kind," appeared through a printer's error with the "but" omitted.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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Letters to the Editors

Fifth-Column Experts

Dear Sirs: The appointment of the former Austrian Bundeschancellor Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart as governor of the Netherlands is highly interesting if one knows the fifth-column background. For many years Dr. Seyss-Inquart has been very intimate with one of the leading Nazis in the Netherlands—Dr. Rost van Tonningen, chief deputy of the "Führer" of the Dutch Nazis, Anton Mussert, and editor of the Dutch Nazi journal *Nationale Dagblad.* The circle around Dr. van Tonningen and Anton Mussert has played an important role as a fifth column in the Netherlands.

The new governor, Dr. Seyss Inquart, worked with Dr. van Tonningen for many years in Vienna, where the latter was League of Nations controller for Austrian finances until 1936. The finance dictator van Tonningen and the secret Nazi Seyss-Inquart often had conferences concerning the Austrian Anschluss. Their discussions were sometimes shared by Dr. Franz von Papen, fifth-column "expert" since his work in the United States in the first World War. After the annexation of Austria Hitler appointed Dr. Seyss-Inquart, first, Bundeschancellor, later German Minister Without Portfolio, in appreciation of his "merits." After the occupation of Poland he was made deputy governor of the occupied area.

Van Tonningen came to Berlin immediately after his dismissal as finance controller for the League of Nations in 1936. There he had many conferences with the Nazi leaders before beginning his fifth-column work in his Dutch homeland, and even after. He will probably soon be allotted a more important role in the Netherlands under the Nazi regime—as "reward for his merits."

R. M. W. KEMPNER,
Formerly Legal Adviser,
Police Department, Berlin

Philadelphia, Pa., May 22

Civil Disobedience and the Indian Army

Dear Sirs: The usually well-informed *Nation* was grievously in error in stating in its issue of April 27: "In preparation for the showdown over civil disobedience practically all native Indian troops have been moved out of the country." The native Indian army, exclusive of white troops, at full war strength, totals approximately 250,000 men, of which at the present time less than 80,000 are serving outside India. The Indian police forces, totaling roughly 35,000 men, of whom less than 3,000 are white officers and sergeants, cannot be sent "out of the country" under any circumstances. During the last civil-disobedience campaign native police forces, led by white officers, were largely used to subdue rioters, and although "brutal repression," to use your own term, is largely a matter of opinion, there was little bloodshed or organized terrorism. Troops of the Indian army were not used for this purpose for the simple reason that such troops are invariably composed of races inimical to the Hindu majority, such as Sikhs, Dogras, Punjabis, Pathans, and others, whose delight in cracking a few Hindu heads would not have added to the growth of peace and order in India or facilitated the task of responsible British officials, some of whom, I can assure you, are genuinely anxious to aid a decent and fair measure of self-government in that country.

GEOFFREY A. BALDWIN

San Francisco, Cal., May 21

Mr. Haggin Explains

Dear Sirs: A man who in effect accuses me of carelessness and unfairness in my treatment of Victor's leaflets, as Lawrence K. Rosinger did recently, may be expected to give what I wrote about them the careful reading that constitutes the minimum of fairness to me. With such careful reading he would have seen that what I referred to as "vastly more pretentious" was not technical discussions and musical notations but the technical discussions and musical notation with which I said the writer of the leaflets made a pretense of knowledge and actually revealed ignorance.

If I did not point out that some of the other material was pretentious in the same sense, this was not because I overlooked it but because I had only limited space which I preferred to use for what I considered most important. It is the work of art itself that is important, not any historical facts about it; and it does not matter to me, therefore, what interesting facts the reader is told about the composer and his period if he is told things about the music that will mislead or confuse him as he listens to it. For this reason I did speak of the non-technical statement about the "rhapsodic exultation" in the slow movement of Schubert's Quintet Opus 163—a statement which may be significant to Mr. Rosinger but which attributes a wrong significance to the music.

Perhaps Mr. Rosinger will now understand why my tone was so sharp. I wasn't being witty in that last remark; I was being angry; and anger for good cause has a place in *The Nation.*

New York, May 11 B. H. HAGGIN

Good Writing

Dear Sirs: Will you please convey to Keith Hutchison for me my congratulations on his constant clarity and good, simple writing. He makes the subject of money, which I believe most of us find dull or complicated or both, alive and understandable.

I particularly enjoyed and was enlightened by his review of J. M. Keynes's book in the issue of May 4. He seems to understand the difference between clear writing and oversimplification. LOWELL BREADY

Santa Cruz, Cal., May 20

Pacifists Against Society

Dear Sirs: In reply to the letter in your May 11 issue from Lucille B. Milner about pacifists in war time, I should like to say that for pacifists to fuss about whether they are going to be fairly treated is contrary to the whole idea of pacifism. The pacifist, by opposing methods of force and violence, becomes the open and declared foe of the state in war time. He refuses to support the law of the land. If, on top of this, he also expects to be well treated, he is reversing the admonition to love your enemy and demanding that his enemies love him. In other words, he is asking that they live up to *his* principles, which they have, at least for the time being, renounced.

Why should the pacifist's opponents tolerate or try to understand his point of view when they have abandoned the peaceful means of settling disputes on which the pacifist insists? How can the pacifist expect the belligerents to play ball with him under such circumstances? The two camps, belligerent and pacifist, simply don't talk the same language. When war comes and violence is legally and socially sanctioned, the pacifist is in the position of a minority that seeks to obstruct, defy, break, or possibly resist the law.

The pacifist in war time refuses to abide by majority rule. He puts his own law, the law of his conscience, above the law of his country. He pits himself against society. He will not defend his country by means of violence even when his country's flag may be in danger. Therefore it is easy to understand how those who are willing to fight and give their lives for patriotic reasons, or who otherwise uphold war, can regard pacifists as traitors and anarchists.

For the pacifist to hope that when the emotions of his countrymen are aroused by war fever and when his country is engaged in what it regards as a just and imperative crusade, people are going to take much trouble to listen to his views or to sympathize with his plight strikes one as incredibly naive. Of course, the pacifist attitude isn't going to be understood in war time. It is barely tolerated even now. Naturally pacifists will be condemned and perhaps persecuted. In the obituaries of George Lansbury I have seen his Peace Pledge Union described as the "defeatist arm of Britain's 'fifth colunm.' " Pacifists in England are being rounded up by Scotland Yard now. Those who oppose the war are liable to fines and seven years' penal servitude. England has been more lenient to its conscientious objectors than other countries; so we need not go into how they are dealt with in France and elsewhere. The point is that to be a pacifist nowadays is hardly to be in tune with the spirit of the times. And for this failure to keep in step with the crowd the pacifist must be prepared to pay the penalty.

ANNE E. MOFFETT

Atlantic City, N. J., May 17

Sidewalk Sketch

Dear Sirs: I am a girl thirteen years old, and would like to tell you about a recent experience with a member of the New York police force.

Upon leaving the circus on its opening night, I overheard a man saying something about a strike of the "roughnecks"—later I found that there were pickets which I hadn't seen—so I went up to a fat, rosy-cheeked cop and asked him how long the circus people had been on strike and what they were striking about.

With a sneer he replied in a thick Irish brogue: "A red, hey?" "Not quite," I said, somewhat shocked by his sudden outburst, "I only wanted to—" "What are you then? Only a dirty red would want to know that." I was furious and was just about to say "Only a member of the Christian front would say that," but my companion tugged at my arm and we walked away. Maybe there should be a closer check-up of the New York police force—not by Martin Dies.

KATHERINE WEISS

New York, May 8

Medals for Civilians

Dear Sirs: In the press within the past few weeks two items have taken my attention. First, Eleanor Roosevelt, writing of the banquet at which *The Nation* presented her with an award, mentioned that William Allen White was present and said some very interesting things which she would carry home to the President. The second was a small item saying that the President had presented the Congressional Medal of Honor to George M. Cohan for writing "Over There" and another patriotic song during World War I.

I am all for honoring George Cohan, but why has this Congressional Medal not been awarded more frequently to men and women in civilian life who have made real contributions to American life and culture? Why not an award of the Congressional Medal to William Allen White? Or to that peerless First Lady of All Time—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt?

At least we might put our leading citizens on an equality with the army, navy, and marines when it comes to awarding this highest decoration an American can receive—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

C. R. BODEN

Hollywood, Cal., May 18

Mr. Mayer Was Right

Dear Sirs: Arthur Mayer was perfectly right in his Who Wants Good Movies? in your issue of April 20. Another diehard and myself poopoohed older and wiser heads, and produced "The Fight for Peace" a couple of years ago. While the critics raved, audiences were notable by their absence on the few occasions when we could get dates. Our distributor is ashamed to report the grosses, or maybe he can't afford the stamps, but it is well under $5,000. The picture cost three times that.

HERBERT L. BREGSTEIN

Hollywood, Cal., May 12

Willard Gibbs's Life

Dear Sirs: I am at work on a biography of Willard Gibbs, the American physicist, and I shall be grateful for any material that will contribute to a clearer knowledge of his life and times—recollections, letters, photographs, and the like.

Please address all communications to me at Doubleday, Doran and Company, 14 West Forty-ninth Street, New York City.

MURIEL RUKEYSER

New York, May 16

Henry Mussey's Letters

Dear Sirs: I am making a collection of the letters of Henry Raymond Mussey. I would appreciate it if you or any of your readers having letters from him or anything written by him would send them to me in care of the Wellesley College Library, Wellesley, Massachusetts. All originals will be copied and returned if requested.

VIRGINIA MUSSEY

Wellesley, Mass., May 20

CONTRIBUTORS

JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO, before he became Spain's war-time Foreign Minister, was one of Europe's outstanding newspapermen.

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP UP WITH THE defense measures tumbling through Congress or emerging from the President's study. Up to the hour of going to press, the score for the past week was as follows: Senate and House appropriated $15,000,000 to start work on a third set of locks for the Panama Canal. Both houses approved a bill to increase naval strength by 11 per cent and provide the navy with 10,000 planes manned by 16,000 pilots. The President stepped up the $3,300,000,000 arms program by another billion dollars; the whole vast measure is, of course, still under consideration. Two financial bills were introduced in the House: one to raise the debt limit to $48,000,000,000 and another to increase taxes by $656,000,000 annually for the next five years. This proposal is discussed by Keith Hutchison in Everybody's Business on page 708. The President has further indicated that he will urge a 10 per cent slash in all government spending not connected with defense. An advisory council, comparable to the War Industries Board of the last war, was appointed by the President to supervise the economic defense program. The most controversial event of the week was the President's request for authority to call the National Guard and army reserve into active service if necessary to "safeguard neutrality" and bolster the national defense. This met resistance arising from a feeling that such powers should not be handed to the President unless the need for them is fully explained. If a situation exists that makes military action seem imminent or even possible in the near future, the President should tell the people and Congress what it is. If he cannot tell, he should say so and explain why.

*

THE BOMBING OF PARIS ALMOST CERTAINLY preludes a new and even more dreadful phase of the war. The Germans claim they were attacking air fields, but forced by the defense to fly at tremendous heights, they scattered their missiles over a wide area, killing many civilians. Inevitably the Allies will retaliate on military objectives near German cities, with similar results. Reports from Berlin suggest that the Paris raid is preliminary to a new major offensive against the French lines along the Somme and Aisne, which may be accompanied by Italy's entry into the war and an attack on France through the Alpine passes. But the Flanders pocket has not yet been cleared up, and Allied troops are still holding Dunkirk. It seems clear that a large part of the armies which, a week ago, the Germans claimed were completely trapped have been evacuated. Moreover, Allied morale has been restored by the dogged success with which the British and French troops fought their way out of an impossible position, after their left flank had been exposed by Leopold's surrender. The evacuation also shows that the British navy is neither sunk nor helpless but a force very much to be reckoned with should the Germans attempt to invade Britain.

*

ALTHOUGH ITALY HAD NOT ENTERED THE war at the hour of going to press, it seems unlikely that the fateful step will be much longer delayed. During the past week a series of measures have been taken which admit no other interpretation. Blackouts have been put into effect in the industrial cities of northern Italy; negotiations with Britain for lessening blockade restrictions have been canceled; Italian children have been called home from strategic Greek islands in the Mediterranean; the 1942 World's Fair in Rome has been indefinitely postponed. Mobilization is reported to be virtually complete. It now appears that, at the outset at least, the Italian attack will be directed primarily against France and England, though there is a chance that Greece will be taken into "protective" custody. Tension between Italy and Yugoslavia has been materially reduced, possibly because of the sudden and decisive improvement in Soviet-Yugoslav relations. Hungary, which a few weeks ago seemed likely to be involved, suspended mobilization after a conference with Premier Molotov in Moscow. Another factor quieting the Balkans has been the weakening of Allied influence as a result of the setback suffered by Britain and France in Belgium. Bowing to the inevitable, Rumania replaced its pro-Ally Foreign

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Minister, Grigore Gafencu, by Ion Gigurtu, who is openly sympathetic to Germany. Turkey remains the one country having territory in Southeastern Europe which can definitely be counted on to oppose Axis penetration.

*

REPORTS OF FIFTH-COLUMN ACTIVITIES IN Latin America have suddenly cropped up on all sides. A great deal has been written in the past two years about German trade and cultural penetration in South America. It now appears that in addition to their annoying but legitimate activities some of the German groups, particularly those in Brazil, Uruguay, and Chile, are highly organized on a semi-military basis. Pressure is being brought by the Gestapo in several of these countries to line up Germans whose zeal for the Nazi cause is in doubt. Parades by Nazi sympathizers are reported from Chile and Ecuador. German air lines continue to operate in Brazil, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Bolivia, and parts of Argentina. Sensational reports have also come from Colombia and Mexico. Appraisal of these charges of subversive activity is difficult because the situation differs widely in the various Latin American countries. At one extreme we have such reports as those from Mexico, which, as Harry Block maintains elsewhere in this issue, may be strongly colored by propagandistic efforts by the oil companies to discredit the Cárdenas regime on the eve of a general election. The correspondents making these allegations have been called before Mexican authorities and challenged to provide evidence to substantiate their charges. At the other extreme are Brazil, with its compact German minority of two million, and Uruguay, with its effective, though much smaller, German organization. While it is easy to exaggerate the threat of these Nazi activities to our security, they cannot be disregarded.

*

THE CONSTITUTION IS BEING TRAMPLED ON in Congressional agitation over possible alien "fifth columnists," and some very odd people are ostensibly trying to hamstring the Trojan horse. One of them is Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, who has not been noticeably anti-Nazi in the past. Reynolds has amended the La Follette civil-liberties bill to forbid the employment of more than 10 per cent of aliens in any industry engaged in interstate commerce. We hope the House will excise this nonsense before passing the bill. If the House doesn't, the Supreme Court will. Just before the last war Arizona passed a law that in all business enterprises in the state employing more than five persons at least 80 per cent of the personnel must be citizens. The law was declared unconstitutional in 1915, and Chief Justice Hughes, then an associate justice, said for the court, "It requires no argument to show that the right to work for a living in the common occupations of the community is of the very essence of the personal liberty and opportunity that it was the purpose of the [Fourteenth] Amendment to secure. The discrimination is against aliens as such in competition with citizens in the described range of enterprises, and in our opinion it clearly falls under the condemnation of the fundamental law."

*

GEORGIA, WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE HAD THE worst attack of anti-alien hysteria, has an Attorney General, Ellis Arnall, who has asked all the state's Senators and Congressmen to amend the Constitution in order to remove its protection from aliens. Why not just remove the Bill of Rights altogether? The reality of a fifth-column menace has been demonstrated by European experience, but its exaggeration and abuse may themselves become a weapon of fifth-column subversion. Some of those talking loudest about the fifth column seem to be our own potential Quislings. Louis F. Post's famous "deportations delirium" after the last war disclosed the extent to which apparent attacks on aliens may be turned into attacks on the rights of citizens. During the Alien and Sedition Law excitement in 1798 James Madison raised his voice in effective protest against attacks on the alien. We suggest that Governor Rivers of Georgia, who seems bent on driving all aliens out of his state, Governor James of Pennsylvania, and other overheated super-patriots have a look at the speeches Madison made in Congress at the time. Madison was not a fifth columnist, although suspiciously friendly to the French Revolution. He was only the father of that subversive document, the Constitution of the United States.

*

"NOW I KNOW HOW QUEZON FEELS," SAID Mayor LaGuardia at one minute after midnight on June 2, when he embarked on the country's greatest experiment in municipal socialism by taking over the B.-M. T. subway and bus lines for the city of New York. The other privately operated rapid-transit system, the Interborough, will be taken over on June 12. By his cryptic remark the Mayor meant that, like Quezon and Philippine independence, having obtained the subway lines he wasn't sure he wanted them. His uneasiness is no product of a neurotic imagination. New York's great banking interests and newspapers, which pawed the air frantically when the Mayor wanted to build a $45,000,000 light plant, were strangely enthusiastic over his plan to bring the privately operated rapid-transit lines under public ownership. The reason for their enthusiasm was that the private lines were losing more and more money as a result of rising labor costs and increasing competition from New York's newest subway system, the publicly owned Independent line. The price paid for the private lines is about $180,000,000 more than the cold-blooded stock market thought them worth, and the principal benefit to the public of this experiment in public ownership will be a higher subway fare.

*

NATIONAL DEFENSE, THE THIRD-TERM ISSUE, and personal rivalries have combined to bring to a boil the seething pot of organized labor. Within the past few weeks Sidney Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers and David Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers celebrated their twenty-fifth and fortieth anniversaries, respectively. In both cases the conventions were made the occasion for sharp criticism of John L. Lewis's leadership of the C. I. O., pleas for genuine efforts toward peace with the A. F. of L., and expressions of boundless enthusiasm for a third helping of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The differences were largely of degree. Dubinsky charged C. I. O. leaders with full responsibility for failure to patch up the quarrel and brought the I. L. G. W. U. almost to the point of returning to the A. F. of L. fold. Officially what keeps him still from the Green pastures is the failure of the Federation to clean out its racketeers and its autocratic suspension of dissenting affiliates. Beyond these excellent reasons, however, lies Mr. Dubinsky's distaste at the prospect of finding himself cheek by jowl with some of the Republican hierarchs of the A. F. of L. at a time when his union is passionate about keeping the New Deal in office. And there are those who see in his hesitancy the added consideration that perhaps changes are pending in the control of the C. I. O. that might make it worth his while to look before he leaps.

*

CERTAIN IT IS THAT JOHN L. LEWIS'S STOCK has slumped badly of recent weeks. His prediction of an "ignominious defeat" for Roosevelt should he try for a third term, his dark hints of a third party, his extreme isolationist position, and his opposition to the defense plans of the Administration—all have met with the sourest possible reception in the numerically greatest units of his organization. Lewis's loss has been Hillman's gain, and the Amalgamated chief reached a peak of prestige last week when Roosevelt appointed him as labor's sole representative on his Advisory Commission on National Defense. Hillman's new position may explain his urgent plea for peace in the labor movement, but he is not likely to achieve more success than Lewis unless the Federation, stung to the quick by the appointment, is given a place in the Presidential councils. As for his grip on the C. I. O., much will depend on the special meeting of the executive board which is being held as we go to press. Numerically, Hillman has the membership, but with each union entitled to one representative on the board, Lewis still has the votes.

Saving the Front Line

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE rush of Hitler's legions to the Channel; the threatened invasion of England; the imminent drive toward Paris—these are making American policy. For beyond these horrifying realities lies the much more menacing possibility of a total German victory with consequences for the United States which can still only be guessed at. Even the isolationists go no farther, these days, than to decry "hysteria" and insist that Germany can never physically attack this continent. They no longer argue the doctrine of American economic or political immunity. We all know that a Nazi victory will mean either American submission to German domination of world trade or a stubborn, solitary resistance, backed by economic and military weapons as mighty and ruthless as those of triumphant fascism. Neither prospect pleases; but no one doubts we shall choose the second.

In fact we have already chosen. We shall resist. We will not be *gleichgeschaltet* without a struggle, and we have the resources for a mighty struggle. So much is settled already. Our decision is implicit in a succession of requests from the President answered by swift enactments in Congress. In a headlong rush we are attempting to make up for lost time and lost money. We are repenting of our complacence. In our eagerness to prepare for what may happen we are already committing many foolish acts which will have to be rescinded. Taken together, however, the defense measures passed by Congress and others still under consideration represent a united American determination to resist with all possible weapons the threat to our future.

But the primary step in defending America against the consequences of a Nazi victory is neither a vast arms program nor measures to stamp out fifth columnists, real or imagined. The first step is to prevent a Nazi victory if it is still possible. At this moment France and Britain are defending a line that is, in a sense both actual and immediate, our own front line. If that line holds, many of our frantic enactments of the past week can be repealed or modified. If it is lost, those measures will serve only as a foretaste of what is to come.

In the last four years democracy has lost several crucial front lines. One was in Spain. That was handed to the fascist enemy by the British and French, with the United States as an active accessory. Another was in Czechoslovakia. That was handed to the enemy by the British and French without interference from the United States, unless the President's unheeded appeals for peace can be rated as protests. Since September of 1939 the line has moved westward, country by country. And the British and French have learned the hateful lesson that fascism cannot be held off by surrendering to fascism.

Perhaps they have learned it too late. That we do not yet know. We only know that they learned it late enough to imperil their own national existence, to make their present defense a struggle against final extinction.

So far the United States has only half learned the lesson. We were shocked by the betrayal of Spain and Czechoslovakia—a majority of us, at least—but only as we might be shocked by the murder of an innocent man. Only a few Americans recognized it as an attack on our own safety, a threat to the future of democracy in this land and in our own time. We were much more shocked by the successive swift conquests of Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, with all those conquests revealed of fascist preparation and penetration, of democratic unreadiness and demoralization.

Today we are both shocked and frightened by the spectacle of Britain and France at bay, retreating slowly, face to the enemy. We are frightened enough to scramble toward a state of preparedness in this country. But isn't it obvious, and shouldn't it be understood, that the present front line against fascism is now held by France and Britain with the support of their empires? Criminally and tragically, they refused help to the nations that held the line before them. Shall we, criminally and tragically, refuse help to France and Britain? If we do, we shall deserve the fate that Hitler's victory promises.

We are selling planes and guns for French and British cash; we are sending them in foreign ships. But only a few so far, and too slowly. We still haggle over terms and watchfully guard the letter if not the spirit of our neutrality law. Instead of looking upon arms for the Allies as arms for our own defense, we wonder how much of our production can be spared for Allied orders.

But powerful forces are beginning to realize the imminent need of far greater and speedier aid. The President himself sees the alternative clearly, and has said that necessary war goods for France and Britain should take precedence even over American army orders. Wendell Willkie in one of his most effective political speeches said, "If Britain and France lick Hitler now, we may be saved billions of dollars, billions of tons of armaments, billions of hours of wasted effort and unfruitful work." The isolationist chorus in the colleges has been offset by some realistic pronouncements from officials and teachers and even from students. And several organized groups, notably the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, headed by William Allen White, are crystallizing sentiment and focusing it on the proper authorities in Washington.

On the pages which follow, *The Nation* analyzes specific proposals for immediate measures to aid the anti-Hitler forces. Such proposals are urgent. They cannot be delayed while Congress debates future foreign policy or even the size of the army and navy. They are the first step in an American defense program.

What America Can Do

PLANES

IN THE moving accounts of the Battle of Flanders given to American correspondents by the battered survivors, there is a recurring theme: if only we had more planes, more guns, more tanks, but particularly more planes. Man for man these Allied soldiers believe they were a good match for the Nazis, and their orderly retreat, under conditions which would have excused demoralization among the best troops, proves that they are not boasting. But there is no doubt about the superior weight of the German equipment, and that superiority remains even though the fighting of the past three weeks may have reduced somewhat the Nazis' edge in the air.

Recognizing, as we do, that the Allies are manning a front-line trench between us and danger, we ought to ask whether we are doing everything in our power to help them hold that position. Time is Hitler's enemy. In a year or eighteen months our industry may be geared up to the point of providing Britain and France with an overwhelming margin in material; but that may be too late. The vital need is for deliveries now, when every additional plane in hand is worth six in an uncertain future.

We are indebted to Elspeth Freudenthal, author of a recently published book, "The Aviation Business: From Kitty Hawk to Wall Street," for some cold statistical facts about shipments of aviation material from this country to the Allies. Very large figures have filled the headlines, but these refer to orders. Deliveries are another matter. Actually orders have been placed for 7,700 planes of all types, of which roughly 2,000 have been delivered. But this second figure includes shipments made a considerable time before the war started; during the eight months from September, 1939, to April, 1940, only 832 planes and 1,300 engines have been dispatched to Britain, France, and Canada. This is not a very impressive showing when we consider that the capacity of our aviation industry has been doubled in the past year and is now upward of 10,000 war planes annually. However, only about 60 per cent of that capacity is employed, and the rate of output is about 500 units a month, with prospects of an increase to 700 later in the year. Assuming an average delivery of 350 machines monthly to the Allies, it will take more than sixteen months to work off current orders.

We shall not attempt to blame anyone for this state of affairs. As intricate an industry as aviation cannot be changed from a peace footing to a war footing overnight even if its needs are given complete priority over those of all other forms of production. There are bottle-necks to be overcome in machine tools, in labor, in materials, and in engines; and there are difficulties caused by lack of standardization. If production could be concentrated on a half-dozen types, as it is in Germany today, a far higher output could be achieved.

It has been reported from time to time that delays have resulted from hesitancy in placing orders on the part of the Allied Purchasing Commission. We have reason to believe that there is little truth in this charge, but, in some instances, negotiations may have been unduly protracted by the difficulty of agreeing on terms. For in accepting Allied orders American aviation manufacturers have not only made certain of handsome profits but have also sought to exclude all risks. Thus the Allies have advanced capital funds for the expansion of the three main engine companies. In the case of the Pratt-Whitney and Curtiss-Wright concerns this took the form of a premium of $3,500 a motor on each of 6,000 ordered by France. As large airplane engines cost from $12,000 to $15,000, it can be seen that this added very appreciably to costs.

The reluctance of the War Department to release certain late types of aircraft also seems to have caused some delay. Its objections finally yielded to Presidential intervention, but the army was able to insist on terms which, according to the *Wall Street Journal* of April 3, mean that the Allies "must pay not only the development costs on the units they buy but must pay the development costs on the improved models to be built later for the army." In other words, while we are still hoping that the Allies will save us from the necessity of fighting Hitler, we are charging them handsomely for the privilege.

The President has declared that nothing done to expand our air fleet should be allowed to hinder deliveries to the Allies. But beyond that we ought to see whether a way cannot be found to make available a worth-while reinforcement of machines from government reserves. In the development of our own air service the most immediate need is for training planes; until we have more pilots, large numbers of new bombers and fighters will be of little use. Could we not therefore turn in to the manufacturers some hundreds of war planes which they could resell to the Allies? These might not be the latest types, but in the present crisis any serviceable machines would be welcome on the other side. This is the proposal which has been put forward by Senator Pepper of Florida. We hope Congress will act on it as a matter of urgency.

CREDITS

THE GERMAN successes of the past two months have serious economic as well as military implications for the Allies. The little countries which have been overrun or cut off were leading sources of supply. From Scandinavia and Holland, Britain purchased large quantities of meat and dairy produce. Imports of steel from Belgium, chemicals from Norway, and timber products from Sweden and Finland had great economic and military importance. Now the Allies must try to make up for their loss elsewhere, and much of the business will come here.

Allied resources in the United States are still large, but the burden on them must inevitably be greatly increased by these developments. At the same time the collapse in Wall Street has reduced the value of securities owned by the Allies by 20 per cent or more, while making their liquidation more difficult. Under these circumstances the repeal of the Johnson Act and of the ban on credits in the Neutrality Act has become a matter on which quick action ought to be taken. For the Allies would then be able to pledge the securities they control and wait for the better market which is likely to come unless Germany carries its campaign to a victorious conclusion this summer.

There is no need here to review once again the old arguments for and against giving credit to a belligerent. Hitler's sweep across the Low Countries and into northern France has forced us to face the fact that we have a definite, selfish, material stake in Allied victory quite aside from the question of whether we "invest" in it or not. We now know that if France and Britain are overcome, we shall, at best, have to devote a huge part of our resources to defense; at worst we shall be compelled to fight for democratic existence alone. Even if we freely give billions to the Allies, that is likely to prove a cheap price.

It may be said, of course, that this is not a matter of immediate urgency: Why not wait until the Allies' funds are exhausted and then reconsider the matter? But so long as the prohibition on credit holds, the Allies must proceed on the assumption that their own resources will have to suffice, however long drawn out the war may prove. They will be forced to be niggardly in their buying, to forego essentials in order to make certain of absolute necessities. The present state of the war is far too critical to permit such a policy to be pursued with safety, and we shall be shortsighted about our own interests if we insist that they follow it.

REFUGEES

THE EXISTENCE of five million war refugees—women, children, and old people—presents a responsibility and an opportunity that America cannot evade. In the last war the United States earned the gratitude of the entire world by feeding and caring for millions of civilian victims of the conflict. Today the suffering is far more widespread. The millions who fled from the path of the Nazi juggernaut as it rolled across the Netherlands, Belgium, and northern France seek shelter in a country already overcrowded with persons in a similar plight. For the last year France has been caring for more than 150,000 Spanish refugees. In recent months it has received tens of thousands from regions bordering on the Maginot Line. Even in normal times it is inconceivable that a country the size of France could shoulder this burden alone. In war time, with its entire male population mobilized and fighting for the nation's existence, it cannot begin to care for these people. Hundreds of thousands may starve unless aid comes from abroad.

And this may be just the beginning. Even if the present Allied lines hold firm, millions of additional civilians will in all probability seek refuge from Nazi air attacks. Another Nazi break-through would swell the total to tens of millions. In that case an emergency would arise such as the world has never seen. The lives of untold numbers would depend on immediate, almost superhuman action on the part of the American people.

It is not necessary to bring this horde of unfortunates to the United States. By far the greater part of them can best be cared for in France and England, provided food, clothing, and other necessities can be sent to them. The Red Cross has made a brave start by boosting the quota of its war-relief drive from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000. But obviously much more will be needed, and needed quickly. Food, clothing, medical supplies are required—not merely money. It happens that the United States government has in its warehouses a vast amount of wheat and cotton, together with other agricultural surplus products. Is it unreasonable to ask that Congress, which is spending billions on emergency defense measures, ship part of these surpluses to Europe for immediate civilian relief? In addition, it should make a cash appropriation of at least $100,000,000 for the purchase and shipment of supplies not found in the government warehouses.

Supplies and money may salve our consciences, but they will not meet the entire problem. Among the refugees are many thousands who cannot be cared for in Europe. An invasion of England or a further invasion of France, necessitating the evacuation of cities like London and Paris, will not only increase the number of refugees but will cut down the area in which they will be safe from dive-bombers and machine-gun fire. And among them are many—such as the Spanish and anti-fascist German refugees—for whom there is no haven in Europe. There are also tens of thousands of children for whom no decent provision can be made in the midst of war. Simple humanity demands that at least some of these be given temporary shelter in the United States.

In saying this, we recognize that the opposition to the admission of refugees is probably greater today, in some quarters, than ever before. Many sincere, generous persons have been so frightened by the stories of fifth-column activities in the Netherlands and Norway that they are afraid to let in aliens, however desperate their need; another group still fears that refugees will take the jobs of good Americans. Both of these fears are legitimate, but we can take steps to protect ourselves against such real dangers as exist without closing our doors on the innocent victims of the Nazi terror. The Department of Justice has ways of dealing with genuine fifth-column elements, and already has the power to eliminate any dubious refugees who may seek entrance. As far as unemployment is concerned, it should be recognized that the greater number of persons needing aid are women, children, and older persons—potential consumers, not producers. A few may be employable, and these might be admitted frankly on a relief basis; individuals or organizations would be required to assume responsibility for their support during the war. German refugees, who have little hope of ever returning to their native land, would obviously have to be excepted.

The established quotas are much too small to allow the entrance of any significant number of aliens during this crisis. Instead of attempting revision at this time, Congress should recognize the emergency and make provision for the admission of a large number under the sponsorship of private relief organizations such as the Red Cross. A minimum of 100,000 should be admitted on a temporary basis, in addition to those who may enter under the quotas. The cost of bringing 100,000 refugees here and caring for them would be little to pay for the preservation of those humanitarian traditions which represent Americanism at its best.

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Mr. Jackson's Dilemma

BY CHARLES MALCOLMSON

Washington, June 3

DESPITE the recent shift of political tides, the unhappiest man in Washington these days is not a Republican. He is Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, upon whom has been thrust the task of defending the Bill of Rights from the gravest dangers that have threatened it since 1918. A thankless task it is, too, for the Attorney General must winnow from the genuine threats against our American democracy the alien-baiting and the other forms of minority oppression that are prejudicial to our American concept of civil liberties.

To one as sensitive to the delicacy of such distinctions as Bob Jackson, the separation of spy, sabotage, and fifth-column activities from perfectly legal but perhaps unpopular expressions of opinion by our political minorities presents tremendous problems. (Twenty-two years ago, the young city attorney of Jamestown, New York, stood fast against war hysteria and refused to adopt extremist proposals.) Perhaps the one encouraging aspect of the situation is the fact that Jackson is fully aware of the pitfalls before him but is nevertheless determined to steer a middle course. He knows he is going to be subject to bitter criticism from both patrioteers and libertarians, and he knows that—whatever his decisions may be—they will not add to his political or personal popularity. With equal realism he admits that the 3,600,000 aliens legally in the United States and the estimated 100,000 illegally here face harassment, discrimination, and persecution even with the Attorney General looking out for them.

Jackson was not consulted beforehand on the transfer of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization from the Labor to the Justice Department and was not anxious to add its problems to his already monumental woes. But he is now convinced that the move has three marked advantages: (1) it coordinates the "internal" elements of the national defense program; (2) it permits a thorough reorganization of a bureau which has long allowed immigrants to be victimized; and (3) it gives aliens more adequate protection against extremist measures taken by state and local authorities. All three contentions are debatable, of course; particularly so since the Attorney General himself is the victim of interference from the White House, which the FBI's John Edgar Hoover now visits regularly for an approving pat on the head.

Jackson's present plans call for a complete housecleaning of the bureau by Solicitor General Francis Biddle, whose liberal record is not to be ignored, and its establishment on an equal footing with the FBI and the Bureau of Prisons. Furthermore, unless President Roosevelt again intervenes, Mr. Hoover, who has long been itching to get his hands on the agency and who is suspected of no little responsibility for the transfer, will not have a part in the new set-up. The rest is not so cheerful. Jackson is genuinely convinced that registration—which includes photographs and fingerprints of aliens—is not only inevitable but desirable. This has long been the practice in Europe and, Jackson believes, may be the solution of the civil-liberties problems involved. Whether a federal registration law would actually forestall or counteract the vicious anti-alien legislation proposed in Congress and some of the Southern states is, however, extremely doubtful.

A flood of such proposals is already pouring into the Congressional hopper. Last week the Senate passed the La Follette civil-liberties bill by a vote of forty-seven to twenty, thereby reaching a new low in legislative hypocrisy. The original measure was intended to outlaw labor spies and professional strike-breakers, but amendments attached by Senator Reynolds of North Carolina would make it a criminal offense—subject to $10,000 fine and five years' imprisonment—for employers in interstate commerce to give more than one job in ten to aliens or to hire Communists or Bundists at all. (Characteristically, the Senate exempted sugar-beet growers and other agriculturalists so that they could employ cheap Mexican labor.) Reynolds has also introduced a resolution calling for a special Senate investigation of those fifth columnists who may, by some miracle, escape the Dies committee. Chairman Dies, not to be outdone, wants another $100,000 to continue his work. Congressman Celler of New York is seeking to legalize FBI wiretapping in the face of two Supreme Court rulings prohibiting the practice; and Dies wants to outlaw the Communist Party and the Bund.

Fortunately the distorted La Follette bill has met obstacles in the House, where it has been shelved by the Labor Committee; but there is no assurance that the alien-registration measure indorsed by Jackson will have the same happy effect upon the other noxious proposals. In its present mood Congress is likely to pass anything labeled "for national defense."

Where the Attorney General faces his most pressing problem, however, is in counteracting the fifth-column scare. With state authorities calling on all aliens to register "or else," and with even the Hobos of America pledging themselves to be on the lookout for "fifth-column stuff," Jackson has been more than just remiss about informing the public as to the true facts of the situation. These are that the Department of Justice—as well as the Army and Navy Intelligence Corps—knows the names, habitats, and activities of all the important foreign spies and saboteurs now in the United States. If so inclined, the federal government could tomorrow pick up every foreign agent of importance now at large. What is more, federal officials have been keeping these agents under surveillance for months, if not years, and in a majority of cases prefer to continue this course. After all, it is better to keep watch on a spy or saboteur than to take him out of circulation and have to worry about his successor.

Privately, the Justice Department regards the mysterious fifth columnists as far less dangerous than current activities to repulse them. Jackson points out that for Trojan horse activities to be effective three elements must combine—paid foreign agents, a sympathetic group within our borders, and national indifference—and that there is no immediate threat of such a combination. It is too bad he was not so frank in his official announcement calling upon the citizenry to report "acts, threats, or evidences of sabotage, espionage, or other disloyal activities"—to which the response was immediate and frightening: the New York office of the FBI received 120 "complaints" within twenty-four hours, and vigilante groups, including 200,000 volunteer firemen along the Atlantic coast and female rifle clubs in half a dozen states, mushroomed overnight.

Actually, as the Attorney General is the first to admit, the danger which the country faces from parachutists and iron filings in airplane motors is not so great as that overhanging citizens and aliens with crew haircuts or "foreign accents." The latter, of course, is Jackson's major problem, one which he fortunately recognizes. His promise—and it comes from a man as sincerely devoted to civil liberties as anyone in the nation—is that he will not countenance any invasion of civil rights if he can prevent it. The unfortunate part is that he may not be able to prevent it.

Here Comes "PM"

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

THE amazing thing about *PM*, New York's forthcoming afternoon tabloid, is that it is based on the ideas of people who said it could never be done. For despite the advance publicity given to such new manufacturing gadgets as frozen ink and a revolving color scheme, *PM* represents first of all a revolt against the prevailing modes of American journalism. It refutes the long-established credo: papers with advertising can't be honest and papers without advertising can't exist. *PM* will be a liberal, mass-circulation newspaper, but unlike its predecessors that have died aborning or been driven from their chosen course, it will not attempt to exist on the sufferance of reactionary forces. It has kicked over the controls that keep newspapers from attaining ideal journalistic excellence and social objectivity. In order not to be influenced by advertisers, *PM* will carry no paid advertising; in order not to be controlled by wealthy backers, it has accepted aid from no one who was unwilling to waive from the start all prerogatives in the formation of editorial policy. If there is reason to fear that even these safeguards may in the end prove insufficient, it is at least true that at the outset the editors are able to work with a feeling of responsibility only to themselves and to their readers.

Two weeks before the scheduled appearance of *PM* the air is still thick with the rumors that have surrounded it since the days when it was a mysterious venture known simply as Publications Research, but the facts are to be had for the investigation. The paper has been financed, on the terms of stockholder non-intervention, to the extent of $1,500,000. The legal guaranty of management control is a five-year employment contract between the twenty directors representing the preferred stock and Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, the former Time, Inc., executive who is *PM's* founder, editor, and publisher. The contract, which has been accompanied by $500,000 worth of insurance on Ingersoll's life as investment protection, gives him "complete, absolute, and exclusive power to formulate the editorial, advertising, circulation, production, and promotion policies."

Under Ingersoll's direction a staff of well over one hundred business and editorial workers is now on the job. Housed in a three-story brick and stucco factory in downtown Brooklyn, which will gradually be transformed into modern, permanent editorial offices, they are producing trial issues daily, systematizing the division of labor, and discussing such all-important problems as whether to get final baseball scores into the last edition. Barring last-minute obstacles, the first regular issue of *PM*, a neat package of thirty-two pages, smaller and squarer than a regular tabloid, will be on the streets in the forenoon of June 18.

Journalistically, *PM* is not so much a complete innovation as a new combination of patterns and techniques developed and tested elsewhere. Ingersoll, whose personality will be reflected in every comma of the new paper, has been managing editor of the *New Yorker* and *Fortune*, publisher of *Time*, and supervisor of *Life* in its pre-publication stages. From talking with him and reading his early prospectuses and memorandums, one gathers that he is leaning heavily on his experience with those four publications in designing his own paper. Although he insists that *PM* will not be written in "Time-style," its writers are being trained to present details according to a theory of interest and relevance that is almost the sum of *Time's* method. "In *PM*," Ingersoll has written, "the murder will not take place in 'Number 2614 Amsterdam Avenue' but 'in a six-story brick tenement house in upper Amsterdam Avenue (Number 2614), the ground floor of which is shared by a German delicatessen and a Polish newsdealer.'" *PM's* departmental system, its search for human interest in routine stories, its use of pictures "to tell a story, not merely to illustrate it," its exploitation of news in literature and the arts—all these have been seen before, though they have not been used widely or all in combination in daily journalism.

Aside from better and livelier writing, *PM's* handling of orthodox news will be marked by the use of common sense in space allotment. The news will first be assigned to one of the usual departments—local, national, foreign, business, sports, and the like. The editor of the department will then decide, in consultation with the city desk, whether the story is to be told in words or pictures. If pictures are used, the job is one for artists, photographers, map and chart makers, morgue researchers, and caption writers. If words are to be the medium, the piece will be studied for further classification within the department.

According to its significance for the reader, a story will be handled in one of four ways. Prominently placed in each section will be an article by its editor bringing together in a running account all the developments of the day in his field. News covered in orthodox stories will of course be mentioned in this column, but it will also be a receptacle for stray items and follow-ups that ordinarily get lost at the bottom of end pages; the effort will be to corral in one article the news that other papers distribute through five or six. In addition, each section will have two columns of random marginalia: For the Record and File and Forget. The first will carry important news of little interest; the second, interesting news of little importance. In the national news section, for example, For the Record might report a prominent Senator's indorsement of a Presidential aspirant, while File and Forget would announce the engagement of the daughter of the Governor of Ohio to the star outfielder

Who's Who on "PM"

The following is a partial list of persons on *PM's* editorial staff, with their former affiliations:

Editor and Publisher—Ralph Ingersoll, *Time*
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National News Editor—Forbes Parkhill, Denver *Post*
Foreign News Editor—Robert Neville, *Time*
Chief of Washington Bureau—Kenneth Crawford, New York *Post, The Nation*
Press Editor—Hodding Carter, Delta (Mississippi) *Star-Times*
City Editor—Wesley Price, *American Magazine*
Labor Editor—Leo Huberman, author of "We the People" and "The Labor Spy Racket"
Business News Editor—Nathaniel Keith, *Wall Street Journal*
Special Assignment Photographer — Margaret Bourke-White, *Life*
Art Director—T. M. Cleland, designer of *Fortune*
Art Editor—Charles Tudor, *Life*
Picture Editor—William McCleery, *Life*
Photo Manager—Harry Baker, International News Service
Drama Editor—Louis Kronenberger, *Time*
Music Editor—Henry W. Simon, Teachers College
Radio Editor—John T. McManus, *Time*
Movie Editor—Cecelia Ager, *Variety*
Art Critic—Irene Sacartoff
Sports Editor—Joseph F. Cummiskey
News for Living Editor—Elizabeth Hawes, author of "Fashion Is Spinach"
Advertising Digest—Otho J. Hicks, National Retail Dry Goods Association
"Presearch" Editor—Tom Davin, *Cosmopolitan*
Assistant departmental editors, staff writers, and artists include: Duncan Aikman, Carl Randau, David Ramsey, James Wechsler, Leon Goodelman, Leane Zugsmith, Robert Rice, Sutherland Denlinger, B. R. Crisler, Jules Korchien, Charles Abermeyer, Harold Vatter, Helen Gwynn, Charlotte Adams, Helen Canavarro, Dan Fitzpatrick, William Sharp, Charles Martin, Leo Hirschfield, John Kobler, and others.

of the Cleveland Indians. Such items will be disposed of in fifty words or less, allowing space for really extended treatment, in regular stories, of news that is both interesting and important.

Once the founders had resolved to do away with paid advertising, their job was to devise a commercial formula whereby the paper could succeed on the basis of sales alone. The formula they hit on was five cents for a smaller paper. But while Ingersoll and his collaborators realized that reliance on advertising revenue often proves subversive of editorial integrity, they also knew that to great numbers of women readers the news coming out of Gimbel's bargain basement is as exciting as a *Blitzkrieg* and as important as election results. An $18.98 dress going for $7.49 is news, and the paper that does not announce it is as remiss as one that fails to cover the New Jersey primaries.

So *PM* has developed a substitute for advertising. In place of the large and elaborate layouts occupying more than half the total space of most papers, it will attempt to sift the actual news—bargains, new styles, new processes—from the ads appearing in other newspapers and present them in a section of from two to four pages called Advertising Digest. Messengers will pick up copy and proofs from advertisers two or three days in advance of publication and bring them to the *PM* office, where a staff of consumer experts will delete the ballyhoo and white space. Each item described in *PM* will be illustrated by a thumbnail sketch. In the case of advertised products critical and analytical judgments will be suspended; other members of the staff, however, will furnish reports accompanied by an expression of editorial opinion on commodities not advertised in any of the day's papers. All this, of course, will be pie for the merchants. How the other newspapers will react to a competitor giving free space remains to be seen.

Advertising Digest will actually be only part of a much larger section called News for Living, which will be under the direction of Elizabeth Hawes, the eminent dress designer and anti-faddist. This is perhaps *PM's* only genuine innovation. Here housing, medicine, education, and amusements will be discussed for the benefit of the individual who wishes to make the most of available resources. Studies by government bureaus, a shamefully neglected source of news, and consumer services will be digested by the staff for simpler presentation to the readers. One page of News for Living will list the twenty or thirty best food buys of the day—as reported by the New York Department of Markets, not by the chain stores—and will suggest ways to prepare and use them. In the sections on housing, medicine, and education *PM* will plump for all three in greater quantity and better quality and at less cost. Some idea of the refreshing good sense with which Miss Hawes is approaching her job can be found in this statement of hers: "*PM* knows that a girl can get all the cosmetics she needs for $1.50 a year, but we don't necessarily think it's immoral to buy a lift—even by paying $7.50 for exactly three cents' worth of perfume. We only think people should know what they're buying when they buy beauty products, male or female."

Apart from the increased freedom of intellectual motion which it allows, *PM's* rejection of advertising provides several journalistic advantages. The fact that no set space has to be reserved for ads gives complete editorial power of maneuver within the limits of the paper's size. Since it does away with any fear that visual displays will compete with paid-for columns, *PM* can use larger body type, drawings, and photographs as it pleases. Since it has no need to fear radio as a rival suitor for the favors of big business, it can report the news coming out of that industry without having to worry lest clients find radio's attractions so appealing that large accounts will go over to the networks. A major feature of *PM* will be a complete radio section containing schedules, news, criticism, and scripts worth reprinting. The fact that it is not a competitor for advertising will give *PM* an added opportunity to criticize the rest of the press.

Through its honest treatment of problems directly affecting the well-being of its readers *PM* promises to make a real contribution to democratic journalism. On broad social and political matters, however, it has thus far offered only the vague statement of principles contained in the stockholders' prospectus:

> We are against people who push other people around, just for the fun of pushing, whether they flourish in this country or abroad. We are against fraud and deceit and greed and cruelty, and we will seek to expose their practitioners. We are for people who are kindly and courageous and honest . . .

PM announces, moreover, that to begin with it will have no editorials, but will instead have a page of readers' letters, to be edited by Louis Kronenberger. Since *PM* is frank to admit that it believes objectivity in news writing to be an unattainable dream, one is forced to assume that editorial opinions will largely vary with the individual writers, except in so far as Ingersoll himself fixes policies.

The point is important, for *PM's* political position has already aroused lively speculation. It is no deep secret that a number of Communists and fellow-travelers have been given places on the staff. A sprinkling of journalists of this political persuasion is certainly to be found on every daily newspaper, and their presence is a matter of no particular significance; but when more than an average number of a newspaper's staff fit into this category, the circumstance is not to be explained away as coincidence or even as a noble attempt at proportional representation. It is extremely unlikely, however, that *PM* will let itself become a tool of factional politics. The great majority of the paper's working corps are old-line non-political newspapermen, with a fair number of unattached liberals. Nor would a Communist-front organ be likely to win, much less keep, the kind of financial support that has come to *PM*, among whose backers are Marshall Field III, John Hay Whitney, Mrs. Marion Rosenwald Stern (Sears, Roebuck), and Huntington Hartford II (A. and P.). Finally, there is the argument that concerning matters of American foreign policy, a touchstone for the purpose, Publisher Ingersoll is anti-isolationist, in flagrant contradiction of the current Communist Party line. The liberal sprinkling of party members and sympathizers on the staff is difficult to explain, but for the most part it is probably to be attributed to the influence of a few well-placed comrades.

To succeed as a commercial venture *PM* needs a steady circulation of 300,000. Although little has been said about where the readers are to come from, it is assumed that they will be drawn from the most intelligent of the three million who read New York's morning tabloids, the *Daily News* and the *Mirror*. How well *PM* has assessed the habits of its prospective readers is a question that will not be answered for a year or more, but there is some room for speculation. As a five-cent paper *PM* will be the most expensive in the city—two cents above most of its competition and three cents above the two papers whose readers it hopes to attract. Any number of successful five-cent newspapers already exist, but most of them are in cities where that rate is standard.

PM has already risked the loss of large sections of potential readers by its decision not to publish stock-market quotations, display advertising, comic strips, or gossip columns. If, on top of this, it proves unable to match its competitors in sports coverage, it will lose another large group. Its present press schedule is not timed to make possible the publication, even in the final edition, of baseball scores, and the shortcoming has been a subject of debate. But the solution of this and other deadline problems will not be known until June 18, for Ingersoll is keeping *PM's* closing time a secret in order not to be boxed by the other papers.

It is obvious that *PM* will have to leap some sizable hurdles. But they are hurdles of its own placing and hurdles for the most part that need to be leaped in the interests of newspaper progress. *PM* has taken steps toward securing an independence that has long been held impossible under existing conditions. It has accompanied these with a carefully and ingeniously conceived plan for a paper that can take full advantage of all sources of information. It may prove to be something less than the grandiose "adventure in civilization" that its founders predict, but if it surmounts the difficulties that confront it, it will be an exciting adventure in journalism.

Mexico's Phantom Conspiracy

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, May 26

ON MAY 22 President Cárdenas officially and flatly denied the existence of "fifth-column" activities in Mexico and declared that all such rumors were an invention of the country's enemies for obvious political ends. On the early morning of May 24, and as if to belie the President's categorical statement, came the attack on Leon Trotsky. A score of men, disguised in police and regular-army uniforms and heavily armed with machine-guns and automatic pistols, overpowered Trotsky's permanent police guard of five and poured a barrage of machine-gun fire into his bedroom for several minutes. Trotsky's secretary, Sheldon Harte, either fled or was kidnapped—at any rate he has disappeared. Two cars were driven away from the garage and later abandoned. In spite of the hundreds of shots fired, no one, fortunately, was injured. Trotsky has declared that his attackers were special agents of the G. P. U. sent to Mexico to assassinate him. The Mexican Communist Party has vigorously disowned any connection with the outrage and brands it a plain provocation intended to pave the way for an anti-Communist drive. It should be recalled that Trotsky's presence in Mexico is largely a personal responsibility of President Cárdenas, who granted him asylum here, and the failure adequately to protect him would thus be an extremely grave reflection on the present government.

There are a number of puzzling features in the assault. The police guard was disarmed and bound without disturbance; but despite their superiority in numbers, the lack of interference, and the ample time at their disposal, this gang of gunmen bent on murder then proceeded to riddle the house with machine-gun slugs without hitting anybody. How, in fact, did they enter the house, cut the secret burglar alarms, and make their way so unerringly to Trotsky's bedroom? And how were they able to drive off the automobiles, for which they must have lacked the ignition keys? (The missing secretary would appear to be vital to both these questions.) Why, above all, was this particular moment chosen for the attempt, when, if they were really "fifth-column" terrorists, it would have been to their obvious advantage not to give the immediate lie to the Cárdenas statement?

We have here the materials of a first-rate mystery story, but the demand for an explanation is based on more than mere idle curiosity. *El Popular,* Mexico's leading labor daily, called the attack on Trotsky an attack on Mexico and demanded a complete investigation that would reveal the truth. Characterizing the incident as an "outrage for export," it ascribed it to the necessity of Mexico's enemies to produce immediate justification for their charge that the Mexican government conceals fifth-column plotters aiming at an uprising under combined "Nazi-Stalinist" auspices. This accusation has been indiscriminately broadcast during the past several months, and its espousal by the Dies committee, together with the gratuitous offer to "investigate" Mexico, has, as was to be expected, aroused bitter indignation here.

The general theory underlying the charge may be briefly stated: In the coming Presidential election Almazán, candidate of the conservative opposition, has the demonstrated support of the "popular masses." Hence, in order to prevent his election, the "Communist and Nazi followers" of Avila Camacho, the Administration candidate, will stage a coup d'état before the election and seize power through the "armed militia" of the trade unions, setting up a totalitarian dictatorship. The aim of these remarkable shindigs, presumably, is to create such headaches for the United States in Latin America as will impair American aid to the Allies and to provide Germany with a continental base for an attack on the United States itself. This lurid tale, although it has yet to be buttressed by any concrete evidence, has been gravely parroted, with additional embroidery, by the anti-Administration papers in Mexico. Even here, where people are certainly in a position to know better, there are undoubtedly thousands of dupes of the sensation-mongers who are firmly convinced that Mexico stands on the ragged edge of totalitarian rule.

A glance at the concrete situation which this yarn is intended to confuse will reveal the motive back of it. There is one proposition on which both the friends and the enemies of Cárdenas can agree, however violently they disagree about his methods: that his is the first government since 1910 to take literally the neglected promises of the Mexican Revolution and attempt to translate them into action. This is not to say that Cárdenas has "remade" Mexico or that many of his innovations have not been attended by a great deal of incidental hardship. But it is precisely because his policies give promise of ultimate success that the Mexican reactionaries and their foreign mentors who have tenaciously opposed them for five years are preparing a decisive assault on them.

Everyone here knows that while the P. R. M. (Party of the Mexican Revolution) controls the electoral machinery Almazán's chances of winning the election are precisely nil; in fact, Almazán himself knows this better than anyone else, for he has not come through thirty years of Mexican politics without learning the facts of life. There are, then, only two possible alternatives: either Almazán is simply going through the motions of running for President or else he seriously entertains the hope of ruling Mexico. In the latter case, since he can scarcely believe he will achieve his goal by peaceful means, his campaign must be nothing but camouflage for the preparation of revolt; both the P. R. M. and the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers) have directly charged him with that intention. It is also clear that in view of the high degree of popular organization behind the Avila Camacho candidacy, such a movement would have to count on powerful aid from abroad. Almazán's prolonged and eloquent silence on the oil question has condemned him in the eyes of most Mexicans as a tool of the foreign oil companies, and when he broke that silence the other day, his acrobatic straddling of the issue simply confirmed the general belief. In Mexico's political struggles, whenever larger social, rather than merely factional, antagonisms have been involved, the reaction has historically never hesitated to seek support against the Mexican people from alien sources. This was true in 1810, in 1857, and in 1913. The situation today conforms in all essential respects to this traditional mold.

The utility of the fifth-column agitation as a smoke screen behind which these plans might mature and also as a means for enlisting foreign sympathy and support thus becomes clear. The pattern hardly varies. In Germany Hitler needed an outrage as a pretext to unleash the Nazi terror and to disfranchise enough of the population to insure complete power: the Reichstag was providentially burned. The Spanish militarists could not move against the Popular Front until its "excesses" had provided what might be advanced as a plausible motive for their treason: churches were burned and widespread violence magically developed. Examples might be piled up almost indefinitely, from all countries. The technique of provocation grows more reckless; its essence remains unchanged. Investigation may possibly prove otherwise, but for the moment the clumsy attack on Trotsky's house seems too pat to be true. It bears all the earmarks of a put-up job in which Trotsky, as well as a credulous public, is being victimized, and it is a logical pendant to the other instances of sporadic violence which have punctuated Almazán's campaign.

There is thus no great mystery about the "fifth column" in Mexico. What is happening is that the witch-hunters, for all their feverish activity, have been looking in the wrong direction. The real potential fifth column is composed of the Almazán following. Fortunately, they

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are a small minority of the population. Fortunately, too, their plans have received a sharp setback from the successful settlement with the Sinclair Oil Company and the renewed prospect of settlement with the other American and British interests, a prospect which has worked a substantial improvement in Mexico's international position, both politically and economically. It is impossible to foresee to what measures of desperation Almazán's friends may eventually resort, but as the situation here clarifies, it appears extremely unlikely that any trouble will develop this summer with which the regular police are unable to deal. Almazán's fifth column seems due to evaporate into the same thin air of which today's phantom of the headlines is composed.

The Apex Indecision

BY I. F. STONE

THE United States Supreme Court, like other oracles, often finds obscurity the better part of discretion. No one yet knows, no one can know, the full meaning of its decision in the Apex case. Six justices agreed that the sitdown strikers who occupied the Apex hosiery mill in Philadelphia during the late spring of 1937 did not violate the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and need not pay the $750,000 in punitive damages assessed against them. So much is clear, and it is a clear victory for labor. Nine justices agreed that labor unions, despite the exemption granted them by the Clayton Act, are subject to the anti-trust laws, and that is a defeat for labor. Left tantalizingly obscure is the *extent* to which unions are subject to the anti-trust laws.

The Supreme Court's decision in the Apex case cannot be understood if it is read solely as a statement of law. It is best approached as an exercise in judicial power politics and in juristic theology. As judicial power politics, it is the sum of the concessions, evasions, compromises, quid pro quos, necessary to bring about an alliance of six diverse minds for a verdict in favor of the Apex strikers; it is as much the product of haggling as of reasoning. As juristic theology, the decision follows a pattern typical of the pronouncements of institutions dependent for their authority on the possession of a special revelation. The court tries to change its mind without appearing to contradict its past. The court's rulings, like claret, command a more respectful market if decorated with a few cobwebs. The majority sets out, by elaborate legalistic ritual, to demonstrate that its pro-labor attitude toward the Apex strikers is really in accord with the anti-labor decisions of the past, from Debs and the Danbury Hatters down. The danger in this kind of systematized self-deception—an occupational habit inevitable in the performance of a function requiring both adaptability to change and conformity to tradition—is that it may boomerang. A later court may as easily prove that a return to the philosophy embodied in the Danbury Hatters' case is in no way inconsistent with that of the Apex case. Reversal *sub silentio* has its drawbacks. The silence registers more plainly than the reversal.

Our courts have been peculiarly hesitant about using the anti-trust laws against the trusts. The most progressive Supreme Court in our history hesitates even now to give up their use against the trade unions. The sitdown strike which shut the Apex plants lasted fifty days. The sitdown strike of the courts against the anti-trust laws has been going on for fifty years. When Congress in 1890 passed the first federal anti-trust law, the Sherman Act, "trust" was synonymous with Standard Oil, and Standard Oil with Rockefeller. The act was used almost at once to break strikes, but sixteen years went by before any action was taken under it against Standard Oil and five years more before the Supreme Court finally ordered Standard Oil of New Jersey, heart of the Rockefeller combine, to "dissolve." The dissolution decree was effective only in bringing about the disillusion of the trust-busters. Standard Oil of New Jersey common was selling at $600 a share at the time of the decree. Six years after this most gentle of executions $2,390 was bid for the same stock. Like the lady in the sideshow, Standard Oil was none the worse for having been sawed in half.

Talmudic is the nonsense tortured by our courts out of the Sherman Act's provision that "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states . . . is hereby declared to be illegal." The net result was a new weapon against unionism while big business combination suffered slight inconvenience. Attorney General Olney early noted this trend of interpretation "as strikingly illustrating the perversion of a law from the real purposes of its authors," but the perversion has continued. Casuistry similarly disposed of the trade-union exemption written into the Clayton Act in 1914. "The labor of a human being," Congress then declared, in a triumph of sentiment over observation, "is not a commodity. . . ." "Nothing in the anti-trust laws," it continued, "shall be construed . . . to forbid or restrain" labor or farm organizations "from lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof." The court's alchemy, which often operates in reverse, turning gold into lead, easily reduced these words to what had been the worst practice always. Chief Justice Taft found little difficulty in reconciling this "Labor Magna Charta" with court orders jailing pickets as in restraint of trade.

It is clear from the Apex decision that part of the majority would like to grant some recognition after all these years to the Clayton Act's exemption of labor unions from the anti-trust laws but cannot yet muster enough strength to do so. The majority's indecision contrasts with the sharp protests made by Brandeis and Holmes in the past against the anti-labor use of the anti-trust laws, and is painfully feeble after the great reversals of the New Deal period. The majority's inability to make up its mind reflects the split within liberal ranks and the fact that the New Deal has itself begun to wield this old weapon against labor. In the Apex decision the majority creeps toward its goal through a thick underbrush of implications. Labor's chief gain is the majority's adoption of the thesis brilliantly expounded in recent issues of the *Columbia Law Review* by Louis Boudin. The phrase "restraint of trade" in the Sherman Act, he argued, is to be given not its literal but its old common-law meaning. This may seem an erudite quibble, but in the court's verbalistic universe the difference is crucial. Chief Justice Hughes in his dissenting opinion adopts the literal meaning. He says that restraint means "to hold back, repress, obstruct." The majority, speaking through Justice Stone, answers that this definition would bring "practically every strike in modern industry" under the Sherman Act. The majority rules that "restraint of trade" is to be taken "in the common-law sense of restriction or suppression of *commercial* competition" (my italics). The majority admits that the Apex strikers interfered with the interstate transportation of hosiery but declares that this was not a violation of the Sherman Act because it was "not intended to have and had no effect on prices of hosiery." This narrows the applicability of the anti-trust laws to labor.

The majority goes on to give a rough indication of the area of exemption it would allow. Strikes may restrict the power of some employers to compete, but this does not bring the striking unions under the Sherman Act. Success in obtaining wage agreements "may have some influence on price competition by eliminating that part of such competition which is based on differences in labor standards," but this also involves no violation of the Sherman Act. The majority recognizes that unions have a right to "eliminate the competition from non-union-made goods. . . . But this effect on competition has not been considered to be the kind of curtailment of price competition prohibited by the Sherman Act." This, to avoid blunter terms, is disingenuous, but it is pleasant to hear the majority say it. Finally, the majority indicates the limits of exemption. It says that the Apex strike was "not a case of a labor organization being used by combinations of those engaged in an industry as the means or instrument for suppressing competition or fixing prices." Unions, the majority implies, are subject to the anti-trust laws when they conspire with employer groups to cut down competition or fix prices. Fairly interpreted, this is a standard that endangers the racketeer only. If it stirs fear at all, it is because the courts have so seldom been fair in applying the anti-trust laws.

Within the boundaries sketched by this decision there is an important area of ambiguity—the secondary boycott. The majority says labor unions may eliminate the competition of non-union-made goods. The principal means of elimination in the past has been the secondary boycott. Does the majority believe secondary boycotts were outlawed by the Sherman Act? Brandeis, Holmes, and Stone all recorded their belief that this form of boycott was a legitimate trade-union weapon. On this point the majority is coy. First it speaks of the right to eliminate competition from non-union goods. Then it respectfully cites past precedents penalizing secondary boycotts against non-union goods. Later it indicates that secondary boycotts may be permissible. This brings us to another of the pivotal verbalisms in the field of the anti-trust laws—"the rule of reason." In 1911, in order to provide a loophole large enough for the oil and tobacco trusts, the Supreme Court decided that "every contract . . . in restraint of trade" meant every contract in "unreasonable" restraint of trade. Chief Justice White and a majority of his colleagues then proceeded to find most of the oil and tobacco-trust activity reasonable. Now the majority hints that it may make the benefits of "the rule of reason" available to labor. It says that in forbidding the secondary boycott earlier decisions failed to consider "the applicability of that rule to restraints upon commerce effected by a labor union in order to promote and consolidate the interests of its union." If unionization is reasonable, are not restraints of trade arising from union activities reasonable restraints? The majority also asks, again by implication, whether it was proper to forbid secondary boycotts after the Clayton Act had exempted unions—at least in their "lawful" activities—from the anti-trust laws. There is both disappointment and promise in the majority's answer: "We are not now concerned with the merits of either point."

It is the Supreme Court's privilege to change its mind, and a new line-up among the Nine may put a frost upon the tender sprouts visible in the Apex decision. As it stands, the decision weakens the Department of Justice in its attack on the trade unions. The Department has already dropped plans to appeal the District of Columbia Teamsters case. There the department had unsuccessfully sought to use the anti-trust laws to end a jurisdictional dispute. Clearly jurisdictional disputes cannot be attacked as an attempt to restrict commercial competition.

The distinction drawn in the Apex decision between interference with interstate transportation and restraint of interstate commerce should prove helpful to New York's convicted teamsters. The sudden conviction of the Communist leaders of the Fur Workers' Union under a six-year-old anti-trust indictment may be reversed on appeal as a result of the Apex decision; the Nazi-Soviet pact is not a price-fixing combination. Many of the building-trades indictments are affected. Only those unions which have served as blackjacks for trusts can take no hope from the Apex decision. "We have become," Thurman Arnold wrote, to illustrate the growth of monopoly, "a nation of employees." The Apex decision should help to protect the rights of those employees from Thurman Arnold.

And They Lynched Him on a Tree

A Ballad Poem for a Chorus

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

It is night. In a clearing by the roadside among the turpentine pines, lit by the headlights of parked cars, a Negro has just been lynched. The white crowd is breaking up now, going home, a little sobered, but with a hysterical voice lifted here and there.

WHITE CROWD

We've swung him higher than the tallest pine
We've cut his throat so he can't start to whine!
Come along fellers . . . come along home.

WHITE MEN

Come along home, start up the car.
Gee, but I'm thirsty, and I'll bet that you are!
Come along home . . . come along home . . .

WHITE CROWD

We've swung him higher . . .
Come along home . . .

The moon's gone out, and so have the stars.

WHITE MEN

Come along fellers, start the cars.

Start those cars, it's mighty dark—
Headlights showing where you park.
It's mighty dark, and it's growing cold—
Better go home now the night's growing old.

WHITE MEN

Come along home . . .

WHITE WOMEN

We've swung him higher, higher, higher than the tallest pine!
God, I'm glad he's no son of mine!

WHITE MEN

Come along home . . .

The muttering refrain continues until the white crowd is gone. After a silence a quiet moaning begins as the Negroes gather, feeling their way in the darkness.

NEGRO MEN

Look dere, look dere, is dat a shadow?
Look dere, look dere, is dey all gone?
Creep softly, de dawgs are in de meadow,
Creep softly, de dawgs have just gone along.
Creep softly, watch where you step.
Out of dis black night we'll find him yet.

NEGRO WOMEN

Here's de limb an' here's de tree!

NEGRO MEN

Here's de limb an' here's de tree!

NEGRO MEN AND WOMEN

Here's de limb an' here's de tree!
O my God have mercy on me!

NEGRO WOMAN

Oh sorrow, oh sorrow,
You've taken my hand.
I must walk with you
To the Promised Land.

Oh sorrow, Oh sorrow,
Oh my son!
Oh Jesus, my Jesus,
What have they done!

I can remember the day he was born, and the pains tore me—he was such a man child . . . and the day he left me, goin' down the road . . . down the road to trouble . . . with his too easy smile, too quick fists . . . and him creeping home, running from the men, and the dogs baying in the pine woods . . . I remember the flies buzzing in the courtroom and the judge saying, for the rest of your life, for the rest of your life.

NEGRO WOMEN

He was her baby. At her breast
He drew his life. By her hand
He learned to walk. In her love
She sheltered him.

He was a man, his proud head
He carried high. Quick with a gun,
Quick with love, he passed by.
Now he swings high.

NEGRO MEN

He was a man, strong with an ax,
Sharp with a gun, ready to laugh,
Strength in his loins, sweated with sun,
Close to the earth. He was a man.

CHORUS

He was a man, quick with a gun, he fell on evil days.
Trouble was after him, trouble followed his ways.
Trouble lay behind the edge of his smile.
Trouble got him in the end, trouble was waiting all the while.
Women all loved him, women came at his call.
They stood in the doorways, they watched from the fence,
They waved from the windows. He was strong and tall,
Women all loved him, but he had no sense.
So he ended in jail, and they gave him "life,"
Took away his name and his coppers and his knife.
Took away his name, in the name of the law,
But justice was a slow thing to be waiting for!

NEGRO WOMEN

He was a man
Strong with love
He passed by.

NEGRO MEN

He was a man
  Quick with an ax,
Strength in his loins,
  He was a man.

CHORUS

They took away his freedom, in the name of the law,
But justice was a slow thing to be waiting for!
Justice was too slow the white men said,
So they got together when the sun was high,
They marched to the jail, and broke into the cell,
And roped the prisoner to drag him out to die.
They dragged him on his knees, and they lynched him on a tree,
And they left him hanging for the world to see.
Justice was a slow thing to be waiting for,
In the false name of justice they broke the law!

NEGRO WOMEN

Oh my Jesus,
  Where is your hand?
They've taken this boy
  To a dark land

He did wrong,
  But couldn't they let him be,
Not die like this
  On a roadside tree?

CHORUS

They left him hanging for the world to pass by,
But a bloody sun will rise in a bloody sky,
A bloody sun will shine across this sand,
And a long dark shadow will fall on the land.
  Cut him down from the gallows tree!
  Cut him down for the world to see!
  Speak to your brother and take his hand,
  And clear this shadow that falls across your land;
  The long dark shadow, the long dark shadow.
  Oh trust your brother and reach out your hand
  And clear the shadow that falls across your land!

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Defense Economics

THE extent to which some reactionaries would like to sacrifice the social advances of the last eight years on the altar of defense has been revealed by the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle,* whose circulation is so exclusive that it can afford to be candid: "A catalogue of the policies standing in the way of national defense," it declares, "is virtually a catalogue of the major New Deal policies to date." Specifically it mentions the Walsh-Healey Act compelling government contractors to observe fair labor conditions, the wage-hour law, the Wagner Act, and the new efforts to enforce a stricter interpretation of the Sherman Act. In addition, it advocates appreciable cuts in taxes on corporations and higher-bracket incomes, and of course it would like to see drastic reductions in non-defense budget items—unemployment and farm relief, housing, public health, et cetera.

Supposing that the kind of program desired by the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle* were carried out, what would it mean? Surely an increase in the proportion of the national income accruing to owners of capital and a decrease in that received by workers, employed and unemployed, and by farmers. Further it would mean a redistribution of income inside the capitalist class, for while manufacturers of investment goods, including armaments, would be profiting from assured government contracts, industries and trades geared to mass consumption would face a relative, if not an absolute, decline in purchasing power.

Although I, in common with most readers of *The Nation,* would like to see armaments and profits permanently divorced, I am very doubtful that much can be done about it at the present time. Assuming that we must increase supplies of planes, tanks, warships, and guns rapidly, we shall have to depend on those who control the means of production of these articles. In view of the time element, it would be unrealistic to suggest that the government build up an arms industry of its own. Nor is wholesale requisitioning of existing plants practical except by means of M-day legislation involving the conscription of labor and resources generally. And as long as the emergency remains "short of war," that is a development we all wish to avoid. Thus, in order to

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swell our defenses at the greatest possible speed, we must look largely to private enterprise, and we must expect to pay through the nose. Patriotism is not enough to produce the goods under a system whose vitalizing principle is profit.

It is one thing, however, to reconcile ourselves to paying a tribute to big business; it is something else again to allow business as part of its price to dictate political, fiscal, and social policy. Heavy as the burden of armaments may be, it is not yet such that we are forced to follow the policy of the belligerent countries and reduce our standard of living in order to free resources for defense purposes. With ten million people unemployed we have a large margin for increased production. Last year, with roughly 45,000,000 persons gainfully employed, we had a national income of almost $70,000,000,000. The full absorption of the unemployed should, therefore, make possible an expansion in national income of around 20 per cent, or $14,000,000,000.

The emergency defense appropriations now under consideration in Congress, together with the supplemental $1,250,000,000 which the President is expected to request, will comprise an addition to the national budget of approximately $2,500,000,000. Assuming that the whole of this sum is provided by deficit financing, and that there are no offsets, it will mean in effect an addition to the investment outlay of the country of the same amount. But the addition to national income will be much greater since, apart from the direct employment afforded, a still larger volume of indirect employment will be made possible. This is so because a large part of the wages, salaries, and profits paid out as the result of a new investment pass into the stream of purchasing power and become in turn the basis for increased wages, salaries, and profits in other industries. The extent to which the expenditure of capital adds to national income depends on many variables, but it would be fairly conservative to multiply the sum invested by two-and-a-half. Consequently an extra $2,500,000,000 of defense expenditure covered by borrowing might be expected to swell national income by some $6,250,000,000. This would take care of many of the unemployed but still leave over half the ten million without jobs.

Moreover, we have assumed that there are no offsets, and of course there will be. As unemployment falls there will be a reduction in the amount spent on relief which will reduce to some extent the net deficit. Further additional taxes totaling some $700,000,000 are under discussion. The larger part of this sum, according to present plans, will be raised by levies on articles of general consumption, reducing purchasing power and canceling out part of the benefits of increased defense expenditure. Again, the spread of the European war, which is the immediate cause of our rearmament program, is checking exports. One after another our European markets are being cut off, and the impact of the war on foreign trade, which up to now has been favorable, may shortly become a decidedly adverse factor. Under these circumstances it might be wiser to defer the new tax program until the economic effects of the defense policy have become clearer. We shall make haste slowly by slapping an extra 10 per cent on all taxes alike and calling it a financial policy. To make the most of our resources and to promote the interests both of defense and the economy as a whole we need more careful fiscal planning than that.

In the Wind

NEWSPAPERS HAVE hinted that an exposure of Britain's "fifth column" may break any day, perhaps before this reaches print. The New York *Times*, insiders report, has had details concerning the coming blow-up for nearly a fortnight. Editors discussed them in a private session last week, but since the material was emphatically "off the record," the *Times*, like other dailies, had to wait.

DESPITE INSISTENT criticism of the White House by the Youth Congress, Mrs. Roosevelt is still pushing the organization. Last week she came to New York, urged the Congress to support the President's defense program, was received respectfully, and was voted down. A few nights later she gave a private dinner for Youth Congress leaders and introduced them to influential guests, stilling reports that she was cooling toward the Congress.

OVER NEW YORK Station WMCA recently a commentator reported fierce battles in Belgium and huge casualties. The program was sponsored by the King David Memorial Park, New York; between bulletins from Europe the announcer described the cemetery as a "wonderful resting place."

THERE'S A weird joker in the amended La Follette bill passed by the Senate. The bill provides that Communists cannot be employed in interstate industries. Newspapermen point out that the press, according to the ruling in the Watson case, is an interstate industry. To avoid penalties, therefore, the *Daily Worker* would have to be edited entirely by simon-pure non-Communists.

AN ADDRESS by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen of Catholic University was reported in a recent issue of the Brooklyn *Tablet*. He maintained, the *Tablet* solemnly averred, that "the only viewpoint worth while in the world today is the viewpoint of faith. It was through faith, he said, that he was able to predict the Nazi-Soviet pact one year before it happened."

ON THE morning that Germany invaded Holland and Belgium newspaper city desks received a new edition of *Facts in Review*, the German propaganda pamphlet. Its lead story, entitled Whitsuntide in Germany, proclaimed, "The festival of *Pfingsten* (Pentecost) is celebrated throughout Germany with a wealth of quaint customs whose sources are rooted both in Christian tradition and in old pagan custom."

THE COMING convention of the Newspaper Guild will be held in Memphis, despite the hostility of that city's officials to the C. I. O. If the city turns thumbs down at the last moment and the Guild can't get a hall, it may hold its sessions on a boat.

[The $5 prize for the best item submitted in May goes to W. L. of New York for the story about Facts in Review *published this week.]*

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE President has not yet taken the American public into his confidence in regard to his defense plans. He has not told them how large a standing army a fleet of 50,000 airplanes will call for, and he has given them no indication of what will be the cost of keeping up such an air armada. More than that, he has not told them whether he now for the second time favors a two-ocean navy, or whether he is going to advocate universal military service. As for the financing of the whole tremendous enterprise, that is only just beginning to be a subject of discussion. It is characteristic of the President's method that the financial aspect is entirely subordinated—first commit yourself to a program and then see how you can pay for it. This may be good politics, but it is neither statesmanship nor good finance.

The President has just announced the composition of a civilian board to supervise the carrying out of the industrial side of the armament program—a useful idea. Perhaps he felt the universal disapprobation of the idea that these matters should be left to Frances Perkins, Harold Ickes, Harry Hopkins, and Henry Morgenthau. But none of this goes to the root of a successful defense program. Nor will that program be furthered by such misleading statements as those of his address to the public of May 26. For example, he said then that the navy in 1933 had only 1,127 useful aircraft and that at present it had 2,892 planes on hand or "on order." It appears that no fewer than 1,100 of these planes are on order, and, according to Phelps Adams of the New York *Sun*, "it will be many months under present production schedules before those 2,892 planes that the President mentioned will actually take the sky." In 1933, the President said, we had only 355 anti-aircraft guns. Now, he said, we have 1,700 modern anti-aircraft guns "on hand and on order." Actually very few of these guns are on hand. Similarly the President spoke of 1,600 modern infantry mortars being "on hand or on order." Yet today the army possesses only 3 modern six-inch mortars and 163 modern eighty-one-millimeter mortars! Finally, the 1,700 modern tanks and armored cars which the President cited simmer down to but 114 new armored combat cars and 485 lightly armored scout cars now on hand. Is this being fair with the public?

Granted that the President now intends to speed up these programs to the fullest possible extent, the most important thing will still remain to be done. There can be no efficient military defense of the United States until the War Department is overhauled and modernized. Let me recall once more what General Johnson Hagood has said about the War Department:

> It is so involved that no Secretary of War has ever been able to understand it, and no Chief of Staff, however well qualified, has ever been able to keep it under control or to know just what was going on among his subordinates . . . no human being, no archangel of heaven, could operate a machine which is as badly constructed and as complicated as the War Department is under existing law. It is too big. It is top-heavy. It has too many independent agencies working at cross-purposes to each other and with no fixed line of authority or responsibility.

The General has solemnly warned Congress that "if we became involved in a serious war in which we do not have allies to keep things going while we get ready, the War Department would collapse as it did before." In his book he recalled that in 1917-18 America spent a billion dollars on the manufacture of artillery and artillery ammunition, but that not a single shot was fired from an American gun by an American on the western front, except from some railroad cannon of the navy's.

If the President really wanted efficient defense he would not only insist upon the reorganization of the War and Navy departments and put at their head efficient and able men in place of such lightweights as Woodring and Edison; he would go before Congress and demand that the Congressmen and Senators who have insisted for political reasons on maintaining 420 posts, barracks, and forts recede from their position in the interest of an efficient army. He might also inquire why it is that, as the present Chief of Staff, General Marshall, has just testified, it costs the United States $21 to maintain a soldier for every dollar that foreign countries spend for the same purpose. Of course one reason is that the United States pays decent wages to its soldiers, whereas foreign nations pay only a few cents a day. But that is only part of the story. Much could be saved by business methods.

The President must know these things or he is not competent to head a defense program. He must know that if we are to fight the Germans, we must put our organization on a business-like basis, free from politics. But I fear that John T. Flynn is correct when he writes that it looks to him as if the President were merely throwing a smoke screen around his failure to put the unemployed to work and to restore prosperity.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Spanish Civil War

FREEDOM'S BATTLE. By J. Alvarez del Vayo. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

PUT Alvarez del Vayo's black-clad book as a somber period at the end of your long shelf of red and yellow volumes. That phase of freedom's battle called the Spanish Civil War is over, and lost. There is no time for mourning, for the next phase is on us, the phase we might have prevented had we only known then what we know now. That some of us did know some part of it, and were unable to find the words that the rest would listen to, only makes the moment more bitter.

That there is so little bitterness in this book is to the credit of Spain's Foreign Minister, who wrote it out of his own experience in those tragic years. He saw his country strangled in the non-intervention noose which a Tory government in England and a Socialist government in France put about its neck, while a democratic government in the United States acquiesced. He tried with all the power and persuasion at his command to make them see what that course would mean to them, as well as to the Spanish republic, and he failed. His failure brought tragedy to the republic. What we now see is that it helped prepare the tragedy which is overwhelming the rest of Europe.

Both in its official character and in the fulness of its detail this book is so important that it must be appraised not only for what it does but also for what it fails to do. Its positive contributions to the already considerable literature on the subject fall into three groups: it relates certain inside details of the struggle in the international field, it clarifies the clashes of policy and personality in the Republican Cabinet, it emphasizes the military lessons to be learned and applied, with reservations, to what is now going on. The first and the third are of daily importance. The results of the second are still simmering in refugee colonies and relief headquarters. That they may not always remain quiescent is clear to anyone who knows the Spanish habit of alternating between oblivion and headlines.

The most immediately vital chapters in the book are concerned with military lessons. Its account of the systematic way in which Germany used the Spanish struggle as a dress rehearsal for the European war receives fresh emphasis in every day's communiqués. It was in Spain that Hitler carried on bombing practice, learned how to machine-gun fleeing victims with economy and dispatch, trained a steady stream of aviators in the techniques that are taking toll in France. Even his favorite *Blitzkrieg* theory was tried by the generals he was supporting, and though hardly "discredited" by their failure with it, it was proved to need added strength. Spain had minerals, harbors, potential air and navy bases that the totalitarian governments needed—that we all knew. Its strategic importance is still an unplayed card in their hand. What few outside of the German High Command realized was that while Italy had had practice in Ethiopia, Germany's new army needed training ground, targets, practice maneuvers for the testing of weapons both military and psychological. Spain's abortive civil war offered all these, at low cost as long as England, France, and the United States kept defensive weapons out of the republic's hands. In the light of that knowledge, the three years of Republican resistance become an incredible achievement, and a hopeful omen.

The details of the struggle against non-intervention are not so clear. The villains in the piece—Bonnet, Laval, and Downing Street—are there. The legendary Blum, great Socialist statesman, emerges futile and irresolute. But in a farce whose tragic consequences mount daily, those villains shrink to pawns. Señor del Vayo does not show—probably he does not know—just what combination of prejudice, stupidity, venality, and pressure it was that drugged the English and the French governments into playing Hitler's game.

Nor does he reveal—and this he surely does know—the exact proportion of power and the pattern of interaction between parties in the Republican Cabinet. Now that the Popular Front has been torn to bits there are many readers who hunger for those facts. He makes it clear, of course, that the degree of Communist influence and Soviet aid was enormously exaggerated—by the Communists for their purposes, and by the Nazis as a means of paralyzing possible democratic aid to the republic. Perhaps he could not say more at this moment, but the republic owes it to itself and to its friends to set this matter in the open.

Despite these omissions, "Freedom's Battle" remains the most important single book on the Spanish War which has yet appeared.

MILDRED ADAMS

The Crisis in Marxism

STALIN'S RUSSIA AND THE CRISIS IN SOCIALISM. By Max Eastman. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

SINCE the Nazi-Communist pact and Russia's occupation of Poland and invasion of Finland many Marxists have come to the conclusion that collectivism is but the reverse of the fascist coin. They now look upon it as the natural basis of bureaucracy and political tyranny instead of as the road to the new freedom of the classless society as taught by Marx and Lenin.

This view of collectivism, recently presented by Lewis Corey in *The Nation's* columns, is supported by Max Eastman in his latest book. Like others who share the view, Eastman has undoubtedly been influenced by Russia's recent role in international politics. But, as his book shows, Russian international diplomacy culminating in "socialism" on bayonet points is the logical product of changes within the domestic economy. Eastman has been a close student of Russia's internal economy since the October Revolution, and it is to changes inside the country that his revised conception must in the main be attributed. He finds that practically every reform inaugurated by the revolution under the leadership of

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Lenin and Trotsky has been emasculated by the Stalin machine. Proletarian equality, the greatest ideal of the revolution, is repudiated, he tells us, by a governing élite of officials, technicians, artists, and party bosses. The development of a ruling élite has been made possible by a system of differential rewards in which the typical income of highly placed officials is more than eighty times as great as that of the lowest paid workman. According to Eastman this disparity in pay is as great as that between the average unskilled worker and a top corporation executive in capitalist America.

It is not only the system of gross income inequality but also the receipt of "unearned income" which makes the élite the chief beneficiaries of the usufruct of industry. "These happy beneficiaries of the 'triumph of socialism' . . . are able to invest their income not, to be sure, in risky shares and debentures producing on the average, if they are lucky, 4 or 5 per cent of interest, but in government bonds which pay 7 per cent, or failing that, to deposit them in savings banks where they are exempt from both inheritance and income taxes, and earn 8 per cent of interest." In short, the position of this group is substantially that of the *rentier* under capitalism. (Eastman's statement appears to conflict with Gedye's cable from Moscow to the New York *Times*, April 7, 1940, concerning the new income-tax law of the Soviet Union. The new law, Gedye reports, provides for levies against wages and salaries above 150 rubles and against all other income above specified amounts.) Maintaining that the élite is a new ruling class, Eastman dismisses as wishful thinking the Trotsky position that it is simply a parasitical caste infesting socialized property and perverting its real character. Above all, he contends that in the rise of this new class and the "totalitarian gang-rule" that accompanies it the intrinsic character of collectivism is made manifest.

Eastman thinks that some of the fundamental evils of collectivism arise from its destruction of the free-market mechanism. When this mechanism is abolished, the power of making decisions is shifted from the economic to the political arena. The power diffused among numerous capitalists and checked to some extent by the consumer's and worker's freedom of choice under a system of private property now becomes centralized in the boss of the political machine. Thus by its destruction of the free market collectivism inevitably leads to the suppression of individual freedom and the repudiation of democracy. Now the possibility of retaining the free-market system in a collectivist economy is highly debatable. Eastman, however, fails to consider the question and is perhaps justified in neglecting it, since he is more concerned with the mistakes of the fathers of socialism than with the problems of theoretical economics. From this standpoint what really matters is not whether collectivism must on principle destroy the free market; it is rather the fact that the disciples of Marx have always considered its destruction essential to the proper functioning of the socialist system.

The failure of Bolshevism reveals crucial flaws in Marx's blueprint and in class struggle as a means of social progress. Marx was wrong in assuming that "men, once wealth-producing property is owned in common, will find themselves living together in natural cooperative brotherhood." He also was wrong in holding that "material" changes offer scientific

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proof that "the world is traveling of necessity and by its own motion" to this "higher" form of society. As Eastman notes, there is nothing in the facts of experience to show that human beings are "sufficiently capable of self-dependence and malleable in a cooperative direction, so that a collectivization of property would naturally lead to the society of the free and equal." But Eastman is inclined to place too much emphasis upon the Hegelian metaphysics as a source of Marx's optimistic view of human nature. Marx's view was to a large extent shaped by the doctrines of the natural-rights school and the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. Like Godwin and others of his predecessors, Marx seemed to believe that man, although fundamentally good, was spoiled by bad economic institutions. Furthermore, it is not only human imperfections but economic facts which render improbable a society governed by Marx's formula "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." This principle could be practiced only if the things desired by men and for which labor and industry must now be expended became so abundant that no one need worry about how much he could have or when he could have it.

Eastman's statements about the pernicious effect of the Hegelian metaphysics upon Marx's thinking are well founded. But the reviewer finds it difficult to accept his remark that Marx's "Capital" is mainly dialectic philosophy. And it is somewhat paradoxical of Eastman to dismiss "Capital" as metaphysics and at the same time retain "surplus value," the most metaphysical concept in the three volumes, for practical use. Of course no one would deny that Marx's analysis of capitalist production was indeed subordinate to his passionate revolutionary interests. Still, many scientific students think that in the second and third volumes of "Capital" Marx anticipated in fundamental respects the ideas of some present-day economists concerning the relation of wages, employment, and investment to the trade cycle. Professor Oskar Lange is authority for the view shared by the reviewer that as a theory of development Marx's economics is vastly superior to the best that orthodox theory offers. The main defects of Marx are not connected with his description of economic evolution but with his predictions of the way people would respond to economic changes. He assumed a too direct and rational relation between economic events and the behavior of human beings. The effect of the past—traditions, social habits, and customs—of which Marx was certainly aware, was thus minimized by him in the long view of social change. Scientific insight may have led Marx to conclude that "the dead hand of the past weighs like a nightmare upon the brains of the living"; but he was constrained by revolutionary ardor to believe that the impact of economic changes would rapidly resolve all antagonisms into the one great antagonism of capital and labor.

The current reexamination of Marx of which Eastman's book is but one example serves to clear the atmosphere for serious thinking on current social problems. The next step, if the forces of progress are really to be regrouped, is to think out a constructive program of action. That this is a difficult task is shown by Eastman's proposals of "What to Do Now." While recognizing conflicting class interests as a concrete fact of life, he would dismiss as sheer mysticism the view of class struggle as a sort of inner dialectic of history.

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SCI-ART PUBLISHERS, Harvard Sq.—T—Cambridge, Mass.

With this there can be no quarrel. But here is the rub. Eastman would "marshal the proletarian class forces behind some such program as that which Max Lerner calls 'democratic collectivism.'" This program would retain private initiative but at the same time regulate capitalism through a system of planning boards. What, however, Eastman's book seems to show is that planning, socialist or otherwise, contains the seeds of totalitarianism. ABRAM L. HARRIS

The Honest Projector

DEFOE'S REVIEW. Reproduced from the Original Editions, with an Introduction and Bibliographical Notes by Arthur Wellesley Secord. 22 volumes. Published for the Facsimile Text Society by the Columbia University Press. $88.

THE honest projector, says Defoe, is he who, having by fair and plain principles of sense, honesty, and ingenuity brought any contrivance to a suitable perfection, puts his project into execution. Defoe had hardly emerged from Newgate when he became an honest projector who put his project into execution. After the agonized uncertainty of jail and the utmost horrors, none the less unreal because largely unrealized, of the pillory, whatever suggestion of a project Harley may have proposed to him must have seemed manna in his wilderness of debt, of dubious Dissenters, of wrathful High Fliers, and of his own teeming imagination. The *Review* in its inception may have expressed the measure of Defoe's gratitude to the shrewd and cautiously generous Harley; but in its fulfilment it was the realization of the character and the peculiar genius of Daniel Defoe himself.

In all its memorable features the *Review* is Defoe. It is Defoe in its unobtrusively organized style—straightforward, homely; a style subtly convincing through its apparent naturalness, fashioned of those words which men actually use but which catch them unaware. It is Defoe in its fecundity of ideas, ideas that, first considered, seem the common concepts of every reader, but that in reality are startlingly original in their simple wisdom and their innate capacity to transform a maze of folkways into an ordered economic and social entity. The *Review* is Defoe in its cautious daring, in its searching criticism tentatively expressed, in its velveted stings of chastising satire, in its gameness and decency amid the coarse brutality of contemporary controversy, in its breadth of observation and its detailed knowledge of existing policies and living men, in its ardor of devotion to a cause deemed worthy or just, in its vivid journalistic sense, its copiousness, and its tolerance. To those who know Defoe only as the greatest forerunner of the founders of English fiction, particularly as the author of the deservedly immortal "Robinson Crusoe," each succeeding volume of the *Review* adds to the stature of its creator as a literary artist and as a pioneer student of social issues. It is not the first English periodical, nor is it the only important journal of its day, for Defoe met steady competition from the *Observator*, the *Post Boy*, the *London Gazette*, the *Daily Courant*, the *Flying Post*, and others. Clearly, however, the *Review* was the most significant undertaking of early British journalism. The physical labor required for the writing and publishing of its many hundred pages arouses simple wonder; but when the content of its nine volumes is examined in the light of Queen Anne politics and of Stuart social theories, it stands forth clearly as the first landmark of enlightened journalism.

The *Review* has long been difficult of access to scholars, and well-nigh unavailable to general readers. The surviving sets, most of which are incomplete, are widely scattered in great libraries or private collections. No reprint has ever been made of the entire work, and no selection of its choicest passages is in print. The learned and painstaking editorial work of Professor Secord and the imagination and resourcefulness of the Facsimile Text Society have now completely overcome all the obstacles that formerly stood in the way of an available text of the entire *Review.* In the twenty-two handsome volumes of this edition appears a photographic reproduction of every issue of the periodical from February 19, 1704, to June 11, 1713, except one, which the most diligent search has not uncovered. Included also are the *Little Reviews* made up of Defoe's expansion of his Advice from the Scandal Club, and the rare numbers prepared while he was in Scotland on secret official business. The editor has provided compact, informative introductions devoted principally to bibliographical notes concerning the originals and to consideration of the circumstances under which Defoe wrote.

In every way the work reflects the greatest credit upon all who had part in its creation. May it be the precursor of more efforts of its kind. DONALD A. ROBERTS

Florida Cracker-Folk

WHEN THE WHIPPOORWILL—. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

UNSEEN, perhaps completely unsuspected by the tourist tribe, these Florida Cracker-folk of Mrs. Rawlings's live back in the piney-woods or in the scrub. With a profound mistrust of Yankees and a typical backwoods-individualist scorn for the law, they are as inimitably American and earthly as the sandy soil from which they scratch a living—that is, unless they choose to make out by trapping, fishing, or moonshining.

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While Mrs. Rawlings's skill as a story-teller needs no recommendation to a public that has already reveled in "The Yearling," I should like to pay tribute, in passing, to her adroitness in capturing dialectal speech, a tricky art in which I know no writer who surpasses her. This dexterity, along with her sincere admiration and fellow-feeling for her neighbors, makes "When the Whippoorwill—" a distinguished collection, with each story a gem. LOUIS B. SALOMON

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DRAMA

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"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" (Imperial Theater) is a grand show, certain to take its place immediately among the smash hits. Perhaps it is never actually quite so swift and sharp and sure as it promises in the two opening scenes to be; perhaps, even, none of the other turns is quite so good as the rollicking mock-heroics of "Sex Marches On," which is the first song after the opening chorus. But for all that it is at least as good as anything of the sort seen here in a long time—better, I think, than any musical satire since "Of Thee I Sing." Irving Berlin's score is accomplished and his lyrics are witty. The book by Morrie Ryskind is genuinely hilarious at times, though it might, since it starts out as satire, be better if it made more of an effort to maintain some consistency of style and purpose instead of surrendering as easily as it does to the disintegrating influence of the more idiotic conventions of the song-and-dance tradition.

Obviously there is only one person in the world who ought to play the part of Oliver P. Loganberry, the Republican Senator from New Hampshire who comes to New Orleans to investigate corruption while continuing to dream wistfully of the dear dead days when it was still legal for members of his party to be President. That person—whose services must have been secured before the part was written—is of course Victor Moore, and he plays the role with all the mild hopelessness which has made him the most heartbreaking clown of our generation. This time he is not quite a complete fool. Mr. Ryskind has given him just that quiet insight into the ways of crooks which even a dull man might be expected to acquire after a lifetime in politics; and it is a delight to see him turn the tables now and then, though of course he loses in the end when he cannot cross the picket line about the State Capitol which was built by non-union labor and hence is under the ban of both the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. Mr. Moore is not by any means the only star. There are also the tirelessly energetic William Gaxton, the graceful Vera Zorina, and the expert Irene Bordoni, who, by the way, makes a great deal out of "Tomorrow Is a Lovely Day," one of the most taking of Berlin's sentimental songs. Nevertheless, Mr. Moore is four-fifths of the show for me. Who else could handle a scene like that in which he gazes helplessly at a menu at least two feet square and make painfully funny the sadly apologetic remark to the impatient waiter, "It's in some foreign language"?

But to return to the fact that Mr. Ryskind might well have insisted upon a bit more integrity in his book. A serious love interest we no doubt have to have, but even in musical comedy it is a little disturbing to be compelled to forget periodically that the romantic hero is at other moments the head man among the swindlers and that presumably he (let's just call him Mr. Gaxton) is going to live happily ever after with the beauteous Zorina, bringing up the children she dreams of so sweetly in a very sentimental ballet on the proceeds of one pile of lumber stolen from the WPA and sold once every month to the state of Louisiana. I might add that Mr. Ryskind seems to play pretty consistently for Union League laughs. That is doubtless good box office in a piece designed for the limousine and ticket-scalper trade; it is also anybody's right, since — Senator Loganberry notwithstanding—it is still legal to be a Republican. But it does seem a bit strange coming from a well-known liberal who has even, on occasion, been a valued contributor to these high-minded pages.

"Russian Bank," a sort of romantic farce dealing in shaky amateur fashion with the early days of the Bolshevik revolution, will probably have passed away before this notice appears, and that leaves only "Keep off the Grass" (Broadhurst Theater) for further comment. The latter rejoices in the services of Jimmy Durante, and only he ever succeeds in making it more than a routine review. Even he—as the standard phrase of commentators goes—"has little to do," but he does it with his accustomed frenzy. Like Mr. Moore he is one of our best clowns, but the two stand at opposite poles. Mr. Durante is one of Punch's innumerable progeny—a symbol of brainless energy, something as senseless and overpowering as a thunderstorm, the triumph of vitality over intelligence, or even intelligibility. Mr. Moore is a symbol of no triumph at all. He is Pierrot in store clothes, the eternal victim, the man who gets slapped and does nothing about it. To the Moores nearly everybody else in the world seems to be acting like Durante; the Durantes don't even know that the Moores exist.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

TO GO to the movies often these days is an experience which confirms the observation of happier times: the average picture offered by the great industry is emotionally still on the level of the pulp magazines and intellectually even beneath that. Excellent production, distinguished actors and directors, and impressive technical achievements do not change this fact. It is true, of course, that no collective expression of a given society can be much farther advanced than the society itself, but the point is that the expression can be much less far advanced than the society. This seems to me to be the case with the films. No sane person will ask that a picture reflect the latest turn of the war. Yet the distance between the world we live in and the world the pictures show is too great to be bridged by the excuse of "entertainment." Entertainment, too, has its serious side.

In the past weeks I have seen only one film which failed to annoy me by pretentiousness or falsity or simple stupidity and rudeness. This was "Lillian Russell" (20th Century), not a great picture, not an especially fine picture, but an honest one which entertains in light and pleasant fashion and does it with taste and talent. Half real life, half fairy tale, it is excellently told and sung. It is worth ten films like "Waterloo Bridge," in which the sincerity of the original play was completely lost. Myra (Vivien Leigh, captivating at times) is of course innocent when the dashing officer (Robert Taylor, unsuccessfully painstaking) meets her, and from then on one accident after the other is used to make a plot. Even in this war-time picture the producers failed to use their opportunity to tell a little bit of timely truth.

"My Son, My Son" (RKO), after the best-selling novel, is a very uneven film drama, at times approaching greatness. Brian Aherne as the father never becomes a real person, not to speak of his inability to make us believe that this mediocrity of a man is at the same time a successful novelist and playwright. The picture has one quality though: Louis Haywood as the son gives a very convincing performance. He really makes an unpleasant character live and even makes him likable. The quality of his sharp characterization reminds one of Robert Montgomery's Earl of Chicago.

The other pictures I have seen may

as well be forgotten. One of the latest, "Torrid Zone" (Warner Brothers), takes place somewhere in the tropics on a banana plantation. The general manager of the American fruit company rules the country and orders the natives shot when they interfere with his business. Nobody objects to the procedure, and the picture draws a lot of fun from this basic situation. Cagney and O'Brien, the old combination, and Ann Sheridan give entertaining performances. The audience enjoyed their tough dialogue and fast shooting. The same audience applauded the Belgian king because he was riding a handsome horse. But suddenly the house became dead quiet when the newsreel changed to show the bombed and machine-gunned Belgian refugees on the roads to Paris.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

THE second volume of Chopin Mazurkas issued by Victor (M-656, $10) contains a number of the finest of Chopin's achievements in this genre, admirably played by Artur Rubinstein and excellently recorded. There is also fine playing by Serkin—though on a dull-sounding piano—with beautifully matched playing by the Busch Chamber Players in the set of Mozart's Concerto K. 449 (M-657, $6.50); but the work itself, despite occasional exquisite details that are inevitable with Mozart, does not interest me in the way some of the others do. Recording is good.

Worse than the music of our Hindemiths, Harrises, and Coplands is their talk; for listening to the music itself people know at once what it means and what it is worth, but the talk—with its ad hoc aesthetics, its misstatements and misinterpretations of history, and its other confusions—is like parachute troops sent down behind the defenses of people's understanding. Constant Lambert, in his "Music Ho!" dealt brilliantly with the Hindemith brand of portentous nonsense, some of which is quoted in the leaflet issued with the Victor set of "Der Schwanendreher": "What is generally regretted today is the loose relation maintained by music between the producer and the consumer. The composer these days should never write unless he is acquainted with the demand for his work. The times for consistent composing for one's own satisfaction are probably gone forever. On the other hand, the need for music is so great that it is urgently necessary for composers and hearers to come to some understanding at last"—this business-like talk being a defense of the business-like setting down on paper of notes which, when they are translated into sound, reveal not the slightest trace of the emotional impulse that alone can justify the setting down of notes on paper. When "Der Schwanendreher," a viola concerto on old German folk melodies, was first given by the New York Philharmonic in 1937, Hindemith said he had set out to function like the medieval minstrel who expanded and embellished the melodies he played, "preluding and improvising according to his fancy and ability"; and in the leaflet for the recording he has made with Fiedler's Sinfonietta (M-659, $6.50) he tells us his aim was "to try how the old German folk songs could be adapted for today's concert work, e. g., with a modern arrangement and even in the spirit of the originals." But to both statements there is one answer: unlike those of the medieval minstrel, Hindemith's modern expansions, embellishments, preludings, improvisings are—in their astringency of idiom and aridity of feeling—unsuited to the simple old folk songs and twist them into something as distorted as his own music. Performance and recording are good.

In the case of Sibelius the nonsense has been uttered by other people. Good works have been absurdly overestimated; and what is probably the worst of all the insignificant incidental music that Sibelius has composed—the Prelude for a production of "The Tempest"—has elicited from Cecil Gray the statement that it is "one of the grandest pieces of storm music in existence. . . . All the old familiar ingredients—chromatic scales for the strings, whole tone harmonies for the wind, the employment of a vast battery of percussion instruments, the confused rumblings of the double basses—they are all there, but they are exploited with such technical resources and infused with such an intensity of inspiration that they take on a new lease of life. . . . It is a piece of music which is, literally, entirely without any thematic material whatsoever. It consists throughout of nothing but realistic effects of the kind described. . . ." The work is in the Sibelius Society Volume VI issued here by Victor (M-658, $10.50); and Gray's statement is one of many of the sort in the accompanying booklet. The other works in the volume are not for a person whose enjoyment of a work by Sibelius is commensurate with its quality; they are for the fanatic to whose ears music as pretentiously empty as "The Bard" and "In Memoriam" will convey Sibelius's unfathomable profundity, and things as inconsequential as the incidental music for "Pelléas et Mélisande" or as bad as some of "En Saga" will be infused with his "intensity of inspiration." Beecham's superb performances with the London Philharmonic are excellently recorded.

On a single record (15894, $2) are two heavily sentimental Russian songs—Gretchaninov's "The Captive" and Malashkin's "Oh Could I but Express in Song"—and the negligible "Tilim Bom" from Stravinsky's "Histoires pour enfants," all well sung by Kipnis. I prefer Alessandro Scarlatti's charming "Son tutto duolo" and "Le Violette," beautifully sung by Schipa on another single (2062, $1.50).

General Records, 1600 Broadway, has issued the Gamut set of Mussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death" (MS-5, $4.50)—not the Rimsky-Korsakov versions that Gorin recorded for Victor but the Mussorgsky originals, sung by Moshe Rudinov with the beauty of voice and sensitiveness and subtlety of phrasing that he revealed in the Gamut set of Mussorgsky's "Sunless" cycle.

Bach's Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2 for viola da gamba and harpsichord sounded extremely dull to me when Scholz and Wolff recorded them on these instruments for Columbia, and sound just as dull now recorded by Emanuel Vardi and Vivian Rivkin on the modern viola and piano for Royale (Set 34, $3.50). The performances are good; the recording is afflicted by the rattle I spoke of last week. On a Royale single (603, $1) is Handel's Sonata in G minor, impressive in spots, dull in others, competently played by Eddy Brown, Roman Totenberg, and Ernst Victor Wolff, and recorded with shrillness that gets to be ear-piercing at times. Better recorded is a good performance by the York String Quartet of the moderately enjoyable Boccherini Quartet Opus 33, No. 6 (593/4, $2). The same group did a good job with the Quartet Opus 49 written by Shostakovich, and tripe none the less (Set 23, $2.50).

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

On "The Irresponsibles"

Dear Sirs: Archibald MacLeish's The Irresponsibles, in *The Nation* of May 18, was a splendidly moving statement that may turn the tide in American literature. It affirms the autonomous function of the man of letters, who has aped the artist, cringed before the scientist, or served as a mere instrument of agitation. It asserts the free will of the writer, too long forgotten in a world that has been drugged by fatalism. This is the great voice that has won so many revolutions and made of poets and writers the givers of laws who have stood for truth and for courage and freedom. I know of no document of our time that is more likely to rouse our thinkers and set our intellectual world in action.

VAN WYCK BROOKS
Westport, Conn.

Dear Sirs: I was deeply impressed with the article by Archibald MacLeish in your issue for May 18. It's a grand indictment. Most scholars *are* "irresponsible" in the sense he means.

But at the same time this isn't the whole picture. There's a minority—a very vigorous and definitely "responsible" minority—and a full perspective must include them; not limit the minority to the single though effective voice of Thomas Mann. I'd like to remind Mr. MacLeish of the scholars in the field of science who protested against Hitlerism over a year ago, of those in the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, in the National Emergency Conference for Democratic Rights, the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born. Then, too, he must not forget the many active, "responsible" scholars in the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Lawyers' Guild, the American Federation of Teachers, and the American Association of University Professors. Perhaps among them are no Voltaires or Miltons, but in the aggregate they embody no small block of "responsibility."

Mr. MacLeish's thesis is predominantly sound. It is quite true that the honorable goal of comparative objectivity has produced a tragic "irresponsibility" that menaces the truths on which all scholarship is based. But at the same time it must be recognized that within the last few years there has been a steady awakening of a sense of this very responsibility, an awakening which is already beginning to show its effects in organizational form. Doubtless it is true that among these scholars there are no writers capable of dramatic leadership by voice or pen; yet there are hundreds of persons, less gifted perhaps and less inspired, who are illumining their modest capacities with a devotion and a perseverance that will in the end carry them far.

Mr. MacLeish, by this article and by his previous writings, has himself contributed notable acceleration to this belated awakening. If as yet he has been unable to recognize a Milton or a Voltaire with powers of utterance adequate to meet the challenge of leadership of these new "responsibles," may it not perhaps be true that he has been looking too far afield? I, for one, should be well content to intrust that leadership to Mr. MacLeish himself.

ROBERT E. MATHEWS
Ohio State University

Dear Sirs: Mr. MacLeish tells us that scholars and writers, by separating their functions, have lost their value for social progress. Mr. MacLeish's argument involves two assumptions, neither of which appears to hold much validity. First, there is the assumption that scholars *could* be writers if they would. Even if scholars possessed the necessary time and the necessary eloquence, the complexity of knowledge they must possess hardly permits of "writing" in the sense of Mr. MacLeish. Useful knowledge is apparently always complicated and quantitative; the "writer" necessarily and inevitably underplays the complexity and quantitative aspects of knowledge, and *ipso facto* is no longer a scholar.

A more serious assumption by Mr. MacLeish, however, is the view that writers could be very effective at the present time. We doubt it. The day is gone, unfortunately, when a hand-press and a pikestaff could serve in the cause of human progress; the avenues of communication are now privileged, and apparently privilege cannot be ousted—neither in Germany nor, one may fear, in the United States—without control of modern implements of war. Mr. MacLeish urges the use of the weapon of honest writing. What is the likelihood of success against outright, subsidized propaganda? What chance does writing have against tear gas and machine-gun?

No. New problems—or old problems in new circumstances—demand new solutions. America will not, in this day and age, be saved by Voltaire, nor by a whole legion of Voltaires.

HERBERT S. CONRAD
University of California

Dear Sirs: I have read Mr. MacLeish's moving words with deep interest. I agree with all that he says about the seriousness of the cultural crisis of our time, and with his diagnosis of the causes that make the scholar and the writer so impotent to meet it. But I am troubled by the post-mortem spirit that pervades his article.

Nothing is to be gained for culture and morality by a silly optimism, and every sensitive person will share Mr. MacLeish's feeling that the present hour is very dark. But is it the hour for defeatism? . . . President Hutchins's proposals for the universities (in "No Friendly Voice" and "The Higher Learning in America") seem to offer a method for overcoming the "kind of academic narcissism" of which Mr. MacLeish speaks. If he sees some weakness in them, I wish he would make a criticism or offer some alternative.

There is one important cause for our present plight that he seems to have omitted from his discussion. It is the disposition which scholars and writers have to act alone, to ignore or find fault with the work of others even when its general purpose is the same as theirs. Such an attitude encourages division, where unity is the great need. Isn't it time for all men of good-will—writers and scholars alike—to bury their differences and unite to defend what is left of civilization? The questions who leads and who follows, who is famous and who is obscure, ought to be forgotten when the whole cause of truth and beauty is at stake.

JOHN U. NEF
University of Chicago

Dear Sirs: The pessimism of Archibald MacLeish will be a sore disappointment to many of his admirers. Especially disturbed will be those who have heard him read his "America Was Promises," with its confident affirmation of the possibilities of American life.

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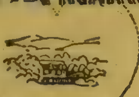

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While one may agree that anti-war writers have trained Young America to be wary of war incitements and distrustful of old slogans and emotional judgments, it is also true that many American novelists, playwrights, and poets have taken an affirmative role in relation to the deep moral and social issues of our day. "Plant in the Sun," "One-Third of a Nation," and "The Grapes of Wrath," to say nothing of MacLeish's own splendid poems, are expressions of the will to redeem the promises of America.

The question is: How long before these promises will be redeemed? Will our deepening economic crisis be solved only through war orders? The sooner the small but powerful minority in business, industry, and banking gives up hampering the efforts of our people to translate the American promise into practical sense, the sooner our people will rally to the values they will defend to the death. These values revolve around such common wants as nourishment, housing, and the human dignity that comes from a feeling of security. Democracy, like Christianity, must not be above revealing itself in daily realities if it is to have meaning for the whole of America. Countless American writers stress this view, and Mr. MacLeish's pessimism may be out of order.

HENRY GOODMAN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The A.L.P. Progressives Present Their Case

Dear Sirs: The Nation's editorial comment, in its issue of April 20, reflecting on the Progressive Committee to Rebuild the American Labor Party was unfair, unreal, and distorted.

As to the claim of "victory" for the Rose-Dubinsky-Antonini group, 53,000 A. L. P. votes were cast in the party primary, and the Progressive forces obtained a majority of about 5,000. The question of control of the State Committee is now in the Supreme Court as the result of many charges of fraudulent and corrupt conduct by the Old Guard (in a seventy-page complaint); in New York, where the party voters knew them best, Alex Rose, Paul Blanchard, Julius Hochman, Frank Crosswaith, and many other so-called "leaders" of the party were defeated for the State Committee.

The implication that the Progressive forces engaged in "Trojan-horse" tactics is simply fantastic. The overwhelming sentiment of the party membership was against the Rose-Dubinsky misleadership; and the heads of the Progressive group have been in the party since its inception, have been themselves candidates for many party and public positions, and have had the support of most of the other recent A. L. P. candidates for similar positions.

As to "hamstringing" legal tactics—what would *you* do if you were faced by persons in control who utterly disregarded the election laws as well as party rules? Were the courts engaged in "hamstringing" tactics when they supported us in practically every instance because of the "flagrant" and "illegal" acts of the Rose-Dubinsky group?

The Nation stated that it had been informed by "Rose supporters" that the Progressive Committee spent some $30,000, and seriously inquired, "If this is true, it would be enlightening to find out who put up the money and whether there is more to come." No, we did not get "Moscow gold." In compliance with Section 323 of the election law, both the Progressive Committee and the so-called Liberal and Labor Committee to Safeguard the A. L. P. filed reports of their primary receipts and expenditures with the Secretary of State's office in Albany.

The Progressive Committee showed total receipts of $3,027.55 and total disbursements of $2,976.26. Receipts were as follows: dance at Savoy, $410.79; Herman Shumlin, $150; Morris Watson, $50; George Marshall, $50; Ray Torr, $100; loan from Amalgamated Bank, $480; Transport Workers' Union, $150; Local 65, United Wholesale and Retail Union, $200; three mass-meetings, $781. Miscellaneous contributions of $655.76 from smaller mass-meetings held by clubs brought the total up to $3,027.55. The expenditures of the Progressive Committee went for stationery, postage, repayment of the Amalgamated loan, printing, telephone, and telegraph. Not a single penny was spent in payment of salary to anyone.

The expenses of the so-called Liberal and Labor Committee, however, are vastly different. Mr. Rose's committee, whose supporters attributed the fantastic figures to us that made such an impression upon you, admits in its report to total receipts of $25,609.93.

SAMUEL M. BLINKEN,
EUGENE P. CONNOLLY,
For the Progressive Committee to Rebuild the American Labor Party

New York, May 29

Books for Chinese Students

Dear Sirs: An urgent appeal has come from the Chinese-American Institute of Cultural Relations at Chungking, China, for Western books on science, literature, philosophy, history, and particularly for up-to-date college texts and scientific journals. Single books from individuals as well as larger quantities from institutions or publishers will be welcomed.

Books should be sent directly to Chungking by parcel post, the rates of which are 12 cents per pound or 1½ cents for two ounces. However, they will be forwarded if they are sent befor October 1 and marked "Books for China" to the New York Public Library, at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, or to the Associated Boards for China Colleges, at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. ALBERT E. KANE

New York, May 24

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KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN is the author of "Time Has No Shadow" and other books of verse. "And They Lynched Him on a Tree" has been set to music for chorus and orchestra by William Grant Still, the Negro composer, and will be presented at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York.

MILDRED ADAMS was in Spain during the making of the constitution in 1931. She is the translator of "Invertebrate Spain," by José Ortega y Gasset.

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

AS WE GO TO PRESS, THE GERMAN ARMY IS almost as close to Paris as it was in 1914 before the Battle of the Marne turned the tide. But this time there is as yet no sign of a weak spot in the German line of the kind into which Joffre hurled his reserves in the last war. On the other hand, the French army remains intact and is exacting a heavy price for every yard of ground it yields. The most dangerous Nazi advance is the thrust across the Seine between Rouen and Paris, which threatens both to outflank the capital and to envelop the British and French forces in Normandy. Whether the movement can be completed seems to depend on German ability to maintain pressure at its present intensity. Hitler is expending men and material recklessly, and the extent of his reserve of both seems to have far exceeded the calculation of the Allied command. But there must be some limit, some point of exhaustion. If the stonewalling tactics of Weygand can once check the impetus of the German drive, Paris may be saved. But the prospects are admittedly dark, and while the loss of its capital and chief industrial center would not necessarily put France out of the war, it would alarmingly diminish the nation's power of resistance.

*

TWO SPEECHES WERE DELIVERED LAST Monday—one in Rome and one in Charlottesville, Virginia. Those who heard both must have been struck by the contrast. From the portentous balcony of the Palazzo Venezia came a declaration of war embodied in staccato, theatrical boasts and threats. "Clad in shining blackmail," as the *New Statesman and Nation* so beautifully described him, Mussolini proclaimed Italy's unbending adherence to sacred obligations, its determination to meet the supreme trial, and its intention to get a fat slice of the booty when the conquest of France and Britain is complete. He promised not to attack other nations or their possessions bordering on Italy "by sea or land," ruling out specifically Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt. This promise is undoubtedly an effort to placate the two powers which most strongly oppose the extension of the war into Eastern Europe—Soviet Russia and the Vatican. Whether it can be kept, the next days will tell. Mussolini may also hope to keep Turkey and possibly Egypt out of the war by directing his attack toward the west, but it is more probable that he is counting on a German victory so swift as to spare him the necessity of a long struggle on any front. And he is gambling his country's whole future on Hitler's comradely willingness to reward him for his services first as a non-belligerent ally and now as a fellow-warrior. "When one has a friend," said Il Duce, "one marches with him to the end." But one does not begin marching, it seems, until one calculates that the end is very near.

*

FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA CAME a different voice, speaking soberly but with immense eloquence of the straits in which democracy today finds itself. The President's words mark a new phase of relationship of this country to the struggle in Europe. Plainly he warned the United States of the consequences of an Allied defeat; almost as plainly he warned the Fascists that the extension of the war might bring the United States in. He promised that the material resources of the nation would be put at the disposal of the opponents of "force and hate," while at the same time the United States would speed up its preparations for "every emergency" and for its own defense. These are strong words, but the reception of the President's speech should end any question whether the American people support his determination to give all possible aid to the Allies. The decision to send planes and arms from our army and navy reserves was the most realistic defense measure of the past week. We do not believe it was necessary to adopt the subterfuge—which deceived no one—of selling these machines to private manufacturers for immediate shipment to France and Britain; now that the President has clearly aligned the country on the side of "those beyond seas maintaining their battle for freedom," Congress and the Administration ought to be able to agree on a straightforward policy.

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ITEMS CULLED FROM THE RUSSIAN PRESS during the past three weeks point to a Soviet foreign policy with the flexibility of an amoeba. Caustic references are made to "defeatist elements" in high places in the Allied forces, but when appeasers are routed out *Red Star* reports that "the wave of arrests and shake-ups in the army in France and England bespeaks the growth of a capitulatory mood"—a mood, incidentally, which Communists in those countries do their utmost to induce. Tributes to the brilliant evacuation of Flanders are diluted with sour remarks that "British imperialism . . . attempts to compensate for a military defeat by reactionary measures within the country." Against the Italians a steady drumfire of hostility and scorn has been maintained, but on the eve of Italy's long-delayed plunge into the war diplomatic relations with Rome were renewed. This step, coupled with some relaxation of border tensions in Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Rumania during the past two weeks, implies an understanding between Quirinal and Kremlin by which peace is to be maintained in the Balkans and Italian attention directed west and south. This does not necessarily mean that Russia is interested in seeing France quickly crushed, but only that its chief interest is in keeping the war at a distance. But if there was such an agreement it was a green light to Italy and to that extent heightened the chances of a quick German victory. To offset this perilous development it would not be surprising to see the Soviets embark on another adventure in the Baltic area. Grievances against Lithuania are being cultivated and may serve their purpose shortly. In this connection the agreement signed with Japan over the demarcation of the Mongolian-Manchoukuoan frontier is worth noting. An armistice with Japan ended hostilities over this same issue on September 16, 1939; the Red Army marched into Poland on the seventeenth.

*

THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE has enlarged the original tax program and has approved imposts which it estimates will raise a billion dollars in new revenue. Most controversial, perhaps, is its proposal to lower income-tax personal exemption from $1,000 to $800 for single persons and from $2,500 to $2,000 for married persons. This provision, if adopted, would add 2,000,000 persons to the tax rolls and yield $82,500,000, most of which, however, would come from larger payments by present taxpayers. The actual return from those whose incomes have hitherto been below tax level would be very small and might fail to cover the additional cost of collection. Nevertheless, this proposal is being widely, and rather smugly, defended on the ground that payment of direct taxes would be morally healthy for persons with small incomes. This argument would sound less phony if it included proposals to diminish indirect taxes, which fall far more heavily, in proportion to income, on the poor than on the well-to-do. In fact, however, the program under consideration provides for a general increase in indirect taxes. So far it does not include any levy on excess profits, but according to Representative Doughton, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, this may come later. No doubt we shall be told that large incomes are already taxed to the limit. But it must be remembered that while a surtax rate of 73 per cent on an income of $1,000,000 sounds high it is not necessarily an effective rate. There are still many more or less legal methods of tax-dodging, not to mention the snug harbor for millionaires afforded by tax-free bonds.

*

WILLIAM GREEN KNIFED AMERICAN LABOR when he joined forces with its worst enemies to push the Smith amendments through the House of Representatives. These bills, as the A. F. of L. Executive Council recognized a few months ago, do more than amend the Wagner Act. They transform it into an effective means of discouraging collective bargaining and of oppressing labor. The thirty pieces of silver which passed in this transaction took the form of an additional amendment permitting a craft unit to bargain for itself irre-

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spective of the wishes of a majority of the men in the whole plant or industry. In return for this dangerous and dubious privilege, Green threw his support to a series of amendments that would butcher the Wagner Act to make a corporation lawyer's holiday. The present Labor Board would be abolished. Workers in agricultural processing industries would lose the protection of the Wagner Act entirely. Employers could refuse to negotiate with a union headed by an alien—a blow at Bridges's Longshoremen and Pritchett's Woodworkers. Any worker who could be proved guilty of "violence" would lose his right to reinstatement. The Labor Board's procedure would be hopelessly entangled in technical rules, and all its findings and actions could be reviewed in interminable litigation. We cannot believe that the Administration will permit the Smith amendments to pass the Senate, although the vote cast for them by Majority Leader Rayburn in the House may be a danger signal. The A. F. of L. rank and file, as Representative Mary Norton protested during the debate, has been sold down the river by its leadership. It had better make itself heard quickly, for passage of the Smith amendments by the Senate would be a calamity.

✶

WE DON'T LIKE DISAGREEING WITH FELIX Frankfurter, whose social wisdom has been tempered and tested in many honorable battles. But we are forced to join Justice Stone in dissenting from the opinion read by Justice Frankfurter last week in the Jehovah's Witnesses flag-salute case. The flag is, indeed, as the majority held, the symbol of our national unity, and that unity "is the basis of national security." But the unity itself is based upon the free will of free men, and the maintenance of that unity by compulsion, even if it were possible, would rob it of value. A girl of twelve and her brother aged ten refused to salute the flag in a Minersville, Pennsylvania, public school because the sect to which they belong, Jehovah's Witnesses, takes literally the Biblical injunction "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them." They were expelled. Are we honoring the flag by punishing two small children because their conscience—or even their parents' conscience—will not permit them to salute it? Do we further national unity by exacting under penalty what is worthless unless freely given? Justice Stone covered himself with honor by his dissent. "History teaches us," he said, "that there have been few infringements of personal liberty by the state which have not been justified, as they are here, in the name of righteousness and the public good, and few which have not been directed, as they are now, at politically helpless minorities." It is disturbing to find that his colleagues are in need of so elementary a lecture.

ALL NORWAY IS NOW IN GERMAN HANDS. The Allies have withdrawn their forces from the Narvik region, and the Norwegian troops in the north have been instructed to lay down their arms. Abandonment of this campaign, only a few days after Narvik town had been captured, is clearly the result not of local military defeat but of the necessity for concentrating all resources on the western front and in the Mediterranean. In order to hold northern Norway larger numbers of planes and anti-aircraft guns than could well be spared would have been needed in face of the constant Nazi pressure. Even more decisive, perhaps, in view of Italy's entrance into the war, was the fact that the operations in Norway required the protection of important units of the British fleet. As it is, the withdrawal has involved severe naval losses, for the aircraft carrier Glorious, two destroyers, a large transport, and a tanker were trapped in northern waters by two German battleships and sunk. Thus proof is furnished of the help afforded to the German navy by control of the Norwegian coast and of the added difficulties of the Allies in maintaining a tight blockade.

A Democratic Program of Defense

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

A GREAT and expanding defense program is being built in Washington. It has been forced on an unwilling country by the pressure of monstrous events. Our people have always and properly feared the effects of militarization. We have known that military might and democratic freedom are uneasy partners. In the past we have—almost without thinking about it—opposed a large standing army and compulsory service. We are a civilian nation, and we have taken our security for granted, putting trust in our great ocean barriers rather than in strength of arms.

Today this complacent confidence is gone. It is buried in the ruins of Dunkerque. America is arming. The defense program faces no opposition that counts. Four billion dollars looks like, and is, a small price to pay for protection against Hitler's plans of world dominion. It is only a small fraction of the amount we shall have to pay in cash and living standards and human values if Hitler crushes France and Britain. We are arming, and the only question is how much of our democratic freedom will be able to survive our preparations to defend it.

In the days when a big, but one-ocean, navy and a small army seemed an adequate defense, nobody worried much about the relationship between democracy and defense. Our army and navy are not democratic organizations; they are rigid hierarchies of rank, concentrating and exaggerating the social distinctions that exist in civil life. But each is a separate society, cut off as in no other country from the general community. And the whole armed force is so small and so scattered that its social influence is insignificant. No officer caste claims powers and privileges superior to those of the ordinary citizen. The organization of the army has been a matter of indifference to most civilian Americans.

That can no longer be the case. Our preparations for defense, both economic and military, will affect the life of every one of us. Methods that were harmless in a small military establishment will be intolerable when the navy is greatly increased and the army doubled. The shift toward a war economy has begun. And already the threats inherent in the new order are starting to materialize.

Some of them are discussed this week in the editorials that follow. Assured high profits for the makers of arms and planes and tanks; threats to labor standards and labor's right to organize and bargain collectively—these are only hints of what is likely to follow in due course. In a series of editorial articles in this and later issues *The Nation* plans to take up the major problems that challenge those who want a genuinely democratic defense, who are determined that our national effort shall not be turned into a travesty of the institutions it is devised to protect.

The first requisite for a democratic program of defense is universal military training. This is a hard prescription for me to write, and it will be an unpalatable dose for many readers to swallow. Universal service, in the lexicon of liberals, has meant just one thing—state coercion of the individual. But new conditions demand the fresh examination of old dogmas. A small army could safely be a volunteer army. A large army must be based on the training and service of all citizens if it is to avoid military and class discrimination.

Already steps have been taken to dragoon the unemployed into the service. An amendment providing for "non-combatant military training" of members of the Civilian Conservation Corps—some 500,000 young men a year—was attached to the new relief bill by a Senate subcommittee on appropriations. Senator Byrnes has introduced a bill to train 1,000,000 men in "non-combat" subjects essential to the operations of the army and navy. This civilian corps would be recruited by the CCC and the NYA and trained by army and navy experts. Just the other day the State Director of Relief in New Jersey went to the shocking length of ordering that relief be withheld from single persons eligible for military service and that such persons be "required" to enlist.

This whole tendency is dangerous. Its logical result can only be an army recruited from the ranks of the unemployed under an officer class made up of West Point graduates and the products of the ROTC. No form of military organization could be more crudely undemocratic, more certain to encourage class distinctions and create discontent. By all means give military training, combatant as well as non-combatant, to young men in the CCC and to fit men on the relief rolls, but give it in equal doses to college students and employed workers and embryo stockbrokers. If training is properly planned to get the best possible results in improved physical stamina, in skill and self-reliance, as well as in military technique, it will benefit every young person in the country. The unemployed have surely no greater obligation to fight the nation's wars than other groups; a democratic defense system must call equally upon all citizens for service.

A movement for universal or selective training is growing, and its early sponsors, unfortunately though quite naturally, are mostly to be found among the conservative groups. But I shall be much surprised if the Administration does not soon come out for it, and I am certain that the issue will crop up during the Presidential campaign. I only hope progressives will rally to the support of universal training in time to make their influence felt. That such a system is compatible with democracy has been proved in other countries, notably in Switzerland. That it can be an effective tool of tyranny was proved in Germany long before Hitler. It serves, in fact, as an accurate gauge of the democratic strength of the nation that adopts it. It will be up to American progressives to see to it that we build a citizens' army designed to contribute to a secure and free national life.

Patriotism Plus

COMMENTING recently on the British decision to tax excess war profits 100 per cent, Carlton Shiveley of the New York *Sun* wrote:

> It will nevertheless be difficult for many Americans to understand how Britain can expect anyone to make the tremendous extra productive effort required by war without some stimulus other than the vague one that it is necessary to save the country. The first thing that capital will require to work harder in war time is some assurance of a larger return.

If a statement such as this had appeared in the pages of *The Nation* we would certainly have been accused of unjustly impugning the patriotism of a worthy class of persons. But Mr. Shiveley is so ardent a champion of business that one can hardly suspect him of wilful libel. Moreover, other publicists devoted to the welfare of capital have also been harping on the theme of the price which must be paid to the manufacturers of armaments if their cooperation is to be obtained for the defense program. Thus the *Wall Street Journal* of May 20 states

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that in return for a rapid expansion in production "undoubtedly industry will demand many concessions in the way of tax exemptions, amortization policies, relaxation of labor laws, et cetera."

How far, at this time of crisis, the Administration and Congress are prepared to go in providing practical "stimulants" for business is not certain. The House Naval Affairs Committee, acting on a request by the Navy Department, has approved a bill which would make possible the replacement of competitive bidding for naval contracts by direct negotiations. It also provides for advance payments of 30 per cent of the contract price on naval business—that is to say, the government would contribute working capital to shipbuilders—and authorizes payment for special additional equipment and plant. Further, while the limit of a 10 per cent profit (12 per cent in the case of aircraft) prescribed by the Vinson-Trammell Act is retained, the proposed bill would allow contractors to deduct net profits of less than 10 per cent as well as net losses in computing profits in the next four years with a view to determining whether an excess has been earned. This is an important safeguard for a contractor who, by some accident, pitches his terms too low.

Similar protection seems likely to be extended to aircraft manufacturers, who are also looking for a change in Treasury policy which would enable them to write off the cost of expanding their facilities in a few years. The effect of this concession would be greatly to reduce their tax liability. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, agreement on this point would make the raising of additional capital "a relatively simple matter, since the companies could be sure of all the government business they could handle and would be allowed a 12 per cent profit under the Vinson-Trammell Act. In effect they would be operating under a cost-plus system, and if a guaranty could be obtained for a write-off of expansion costs, it is believed that bank loans would be easily obtainable."

They would, indeed, for any banker would be happy to finance at low interest the carrying out of such a gilt-edged contract, and there would be no need for any company to dilute the equity of its present shareholders by seeking new capital in the open market. On the other hand, it is difficult to see, if defense contracts are to be placed on such a safe basis for the manufacturers, why their patriotism should have to be sweetened to the extent of 12 per cent. After all, the theory of private enterprise looks on profit as a reward for taking risks.

We are not so optimistic as to believe that the new defense program can be carried out at high speed without a toll being paid to the shipbuilders, the aircraft companies, the steel mills, and the numerous other industries which control the capital equipment needed to manufacture armaments. For a shift to public ownership, however desirable in principle, would doubtless cause so much controversy and afford such opportunities for sabotage by the interests affected that it would result in delays intolerable at the present crisis. But we hope Congress is not going to give business *carte blanche* in the belief that it is the only way to get results. That was the British method under Chamberlain, and the results are to be seen in Flanders. Now Britain has had to turn to a wartime dictatorship over capital and labor alike, and output is soaring even if the stimulus of excess profits has been removed. "I think it is true to say," said Ernest Bevin, the new British Minister of Labor, "that the feeling of the people of this country is . . . that the system based on monopoly and big business has failed to deliver the goods in our hour of trial." Those words, and the experience which provoked them, are a warning which even business ought not to ignore.

Labor's Front Line

BUSINESSES working for the national defense are to be guaranteed their 12 per cent, but this is said to be no time for labor to try and "grab off 10 cents an hour" more in wages. The words are those of Representative Barden of North Carolina, commenting on the quickly settled C. I. O. shipyard strike at Kearny, New Jersey. The mood they reflect is being exploited to the utmost, and labor is in for a hard fight if it is to preserve even a part of the gains won under the New Deal. The amazing form in which the La Follette Oppressive Practices Act passed the Senate is only the most striking manifestation of the extent to which defense needs are being used to reduce labor standards and weaken the protection of workers. Labor's front line is on the Potomac.

It was the Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, who launched the drive on May 18. General Marshall complained to a Senate subcommittee on military affairs that the Walsh-Healey Act and similar legislation, combined with what he described as the high pay of officers and men, made it necessary for the United States to spend $21 for every $1 spent by a European nation to maintain an equal force of men. Congressional leaders were only dissuaded from offering a bill to suspend the Walsh-Healey Act by a plea from the White House that the President already had power to do so. Under Section 6 of the act the Secretary of Labor may make exceptions from the established wage and hour standards "when justice or public interest will be served thereby." We predict increasing pressure to use this loophole.

At a press conference on May 21 Mr. Roosevelt said that not a single war millionaire would be created. He also expressed his confidence that "labor will not attempt to take advantage of its collective power to foment strikes and interfere with the national-defense program to squeeze higher wages from employers in the so-called war industries." But while profit restrictions are being lifted, wage protection is being weakened. "An effort is being made," the *Wall Street Journal* reported on June 10, "to prevent labor from 'profiteering' in the defense industries, thus avoiding any likelihood of large-scale migrations from one industry to another."

The President has also said that he would not sanction the weakening of social legislation in the emergency, but it will take stout resistance to pressure to carry out the pledge. Laws need not be repealed to be negatived, and the *Journal of Commerce* on June 8 indicated one way in which labor standards might be modified. "Although the Administration opposes the relaxation of labor legislation to facilitate national defense," that newspaper reported, "the Wages and Hours Division of the Department of Labor is studying plans for meeting situations likely to arise in the defense industries." New industry committees may be appointed for the armament industries "to adapt wage and hour regulations to their special needs," and "in an industry which afforded extensive overtime, the wage minimum might be made lower than would otherwise be the case." Thus, unless labor is careful, the wage-and-hour law may be used to *lower* wages and *increase* hours.

Two main lines of attack on labor standards are visible. The first is indicated in an increasing volume of newspaper editorial comment to the effect that we must not make "the same mistake as France." "A moral is drawn," by the New York *Times,* "from the French Popular Front government, under which labor laws and restrictions on profits interfered with the nation's armament program." This suave version of "guns, not butter" has also been taken up by the Scripps-Howard press. The other line of attack utilizes fear of the fifth column. Thus the Merchants' Association of New York attacked the La Follette bill on May 25 as follows: "The fact that the bill specifies that a company's armed guard cannot lawfully operate outside of the company's property . . . is a practical invitation to subversive elements . . . to hamstring the employer for alleged 'oppressive labor practices' and to effect these fifth-column practices under the protection of the proposed law." But the treacheries that left the British and French so poorly prepared to meet the Nazi onslaught occurred at the top, not at the bottom, of their society, and if democracy is to make an effective stand in this country it will not be by attempting to appease the reactionary elements of business and finance. The difference between the worker's pay envelope under dictatorship and under democracy is one measure of freedom's value to the worker in self-respect and decent living. Let us keep the difference wide.

Where Trade Means Safety

BY CHARLES E. NOYES

DEFENSE of the Western Hemisphere has suddenly assumed vital importance to millions of people in the United States who never before devoted any serious thought to Latin America. The Monroe Doctrine has been transformed almost overnight from a principle of comparative isolationism to a statement of purpose essential for the safety of this country. The real danger of a hostile air base in South America gives it a wholly new significance. At the same moment it has become clear that the United States is not physically prepared to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Even granting that battleships are still useful in modern total war, the American fleet is not strong enough to defend both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast of North America; it cannot be used to protect South America against a serious military threat from victorious totalitarian powers as long as our relations with Japan require its presence in the Pacific.

Our first reaction to this revealed weakness has been a demand for vastly increased armaments, and we shall undoubtedly get them. But ships, guns, and planes are not in themselves enough. We must also prepare ourselves mentally to live in a world which may be completely different from the one we have known. We must realize, to begin with, that to make our defense of the Western Hemisphere, or even of our own country, effective, we must work in close cooperation with twenty other American republics. This will be a novel idea to the citizen accustomed to thinking of the United States as a benevolent protector of the vaguely imagined lands to the south, but its acceptance is essential to an intelligent defense program. We are vulnerable if any part of the two Americas is vulnerable.

Fortunately, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have done more to promote pan-American good-will than all their predecessors for a hundred years; unfortunately, they have only begun to erase the justified suspicion with which the Latin American countries look toward the United States. And their efforts have had very little genuine popular support in this country. Perhaps the present danger will help the American public to understand that it is not in our interest to treat the other countries of this hemisphere like wayward step-children. If it does not bring about this understanding, our expenditures for ships and armament may be largely in vain.

Before the present European war Germany had been making phenomenal progress in developing trade with South America, and the Nazis were conducting a campaign of ideological penetration with considerable success. It is obvious that a victorious Germany would attempt to resume both processes immediately and on a larger scale. And it is equally obvious that the United States should make every possible effort now to forestall any such penetration. Aside from our national ignorance about the rest of the hemisphere, the chief trouble is that the United States does not provide a natural market for the bulk of Latin American trade, though we could profitably supply most of the things Latin America wants to buy if it could find the means to pay for them. We buy Brazilian coffee, some Bolivian tin, and some Chilean nitrates, among other things, but we do not want South American wheat, corn, or beef. In what we used to consider normal times, the United States was both the largest importer from and the largest exporter to Latin America, but we accounted for only about one-third of the total trade. In 1938 Germany bought more than 10 per cent of Latin American exports and sold more than 17 per cent of Latin American imports. In South America alone, the United States' share was smaller and the German share larger. Germany bought $41,000,000 worth of exports from Argentina, as compared with $29,000,000 worth bought by the United States.

The Western Hemisphere could be an economic unit in the sense that it can produce everything which is necessary for contemporary industrial civilization. It is not at present an economic unit in the sense of being able to carry on a satisfactory volume of trade wholly within itself. But this second type of economic unity is necessary to independence in a world which is threatened with domination by totalitarian powers. No country which becomes economically dependent upon a totalitarian nation can retain genuine political independence. Trade has become an integral part of international power politics.

Even the United States has serious weaknesses in its sources of supply. It used to be maintained, for example, that we were not vitally concerned with the ownership of the Dutch East Indies, since any owner, no matter who it was, would want to profit from the United States' market for rubber. That might be true in peace time, but the United States would be distressingly vulnerable if a hostile power were in a position suddenly to cut off virtually its entire rubber supply. Even in peace time, control of our sources of rubber by a totalitarian power would make us susceptible to the various forms of commercial blackmail which have been widely practiced during the past ten years.

We may be strong enough to resist such blackmail, perhaps by the threat of cutting off our trade with any power which tried to hold us up. The Latin American countries are not strong enough to resist. They must export wherever they can find a market, or suffer a drastic reduction in their already low standards of living. And if the countries which take a substantial part of their exports demand the right to sell them a large proportion of the manufactured goods which they buy, if totalitarian powers demand also the right to send propaganda agents and to receive friendly treatment in their newspapers, it is very hard for any Latin American government to oppose such demands. Interference with trade and lower standards of living are not popular even if their long-range purpose is national defense—unless, of course, they are imposed by governments which have themselves become totalitarian enough to use Nazi methods of influencing public opinion.

No Latin American government is as democratic as the more idealistic American liberals would like it to be; but neither is any one of them as yet fully totalitarian after the Italian and German models. At the present moment it behooves the United States rather to preserve such elements of democracy as do exist in the rest of the hemisphere than to scold our neighbors for not being more like us. There is no government in Latin America today which would prefer friendly relations with Germany to friendly relations with us, though they are not all as deeply antagonistic to the Nazis as we are. If they do become fully totalitarian, they will look to Europe rather than to us for support.

We have wasted eight months of golden opportunity. Last September the United States was flooded with glowing predictions that we might permanently capture a much larger segment of Latin American trade, although the more cautious experts pointed out the inherent difficulties resulting from the fact that a large proportion of Latin American exports are in direct competition with things which we ourselves produce, in some cases with foodstuffs and fibers of which we have an embarrassing exportable surplus. The experts were right: the expansion of our Latin American trade has been disappointing. And with the present disposition of American producers to demand full tariff protection for every single product which is grown, mined, or manufactured in this country, there is simply no chance that we can hold Latin American trade against European competition when the war is over. We are therefore faced with this question: If Germany wins the war, will it not be necessary for us as part of our own military defense, to make substantial commercial sacrifices in order to prevent the growth of German commercial and ideological influence in Latin America? And hadn't we better do something about it now, while we have the advantage? If Germany wins, there is no possible doubt that the Nazis will move much faster and more efficiently than the United States. We cannot even make a real start until we have educated American public opinion, particularly in the cattle, grain-raising, and silver-producing states, to understand that national defense is more important than our traditional system of tariff protection.

Of course, it would not be fair, or reasonable, or politically possible suddenly to lower the tariff on certain items which we might import from Latin America and to ask the producers of those goods in the United States to absorb the losses. We have had ample evidence during the last ten years that any sudden disruption of one or two segments of our economy is likely to have disastrous repercussions on the whole structure. The problem is nevertheless not incapable of solution. As a matter of fact, the combined exports of all the twenty other American republics in 1938 were valued at only $1,758,014,000, of which we bought $357,215,000 worth. If we bought all the rest and dumped it into the ocean, it would cost us only about $1,401,000,000, less than half of what we expect to spend on armaments this year, and it would probably be worth while from a strictly defense point of view. Fortunately, no such drastic step is necessary. Much of the first sum represents internal trading between the Latin American countries: the combined value of their exports to England, Germany, Japan, France, and Italy, their other five best customers, was only $581,388,000. Exports to Germany amounted to only $181,000,000.

If we had to take all the exports formerly going to Europe and Japan, they would not need to be a total loss. We might, for example, distribute the foodstuffs under some form of expanded food-stamp plan to needy families in the United States. We might reexport many of the products ourselves, absorbing a loss if necessary. Or we might pay the present tariff rates out of the United States Treasury, so as not to depress American prices. These are not meant to be more than suggestions, and each of them admittedly involves real difficulties. Perhaps a more painless plan can be devised. The main thing is to do something while we still have the chance. And on the bright side of the picture, any increase in our imports from Latin America should lead to a corresponding increase in our exports.

It is not even necessary to divert all Latin American exports away from the totalitarian countries. What we must do is to make sure that no country in Latin America becomes so dependent for prosperity on exports elsewhere that it will be unable to resist totalitarian commercial and ideological penetration. Every one of the American republics is anxious to resist. We can make it possible for them to do so at comparatively small expense to ourselves—perhaps without any expense, if we are clever and realistic enough. But we must understand that our Latin American trade cannot safely be left to the chance workings of conventional economics. The trade-agreements program, in practice, does not go nearly far enough. It is simply ridiculous for us to say, in the present state of the world, that we must allow trade to follow its natural course. In most of the world the natural course of trade no longer exists.

We do not have to adopt totalitarian methods of complete import, export, and exchange control in order to compete with the totalitarian countries. To do so would be to admit that their system is more efficient than ours. Actually, their methods have not worked any too well as a purely commercial policy. But neither have our own. And it is time for us to admit that our traditional tariff and trade policies, in so far as they may force our neighbors to trade with our potential enemies, are luxuries which we can no longer afford.

We have been pursuing a policy of economic nationalism while we were committed, under the Monroe Doctrine, to hemisphere defense. The two things can no longer be reconciled. Only because hemisphere defense was supported by the British navy were they ever able to exist side by side. As soon as we are threatened with removal of that support, it becomes apparent that our economic policy must be changed. We cannot defend the hemisphere without making such a change, and without defending the hemisphere we cannot defend ourselves.

As a first step we should immediately remove exasperating economic irritants in our relations with various Latin American countries. We should take advantage of Mexico's settlement of its controversy with the Sinclair oil interests to resolve the whole problem created by Mexican expropriation of American properties. We should cease to embargo Argentine beef on the insulting pretense that all Argentine cattle are diseased, and should ratify the sanitary agreement with Argentina which has been pending in the United States Senate for five years. We should immediately reopen negotiations for trade agreements with all Latin American countries which have not yet concluded such agreements with us. We might liberalize the policies of the Export-Import Bank and subscribe to the shares allotted to the United States in the proposed Inter-American Bank. These initial moves would afford a practical opportunity to educate the American public with respect to the importance of Latin America. When we are prepared to approach the various problems realistically, there should be a pan-American economic conference.

We must also develop plans for military cooperation throughout the Western Hemisphere. But unless we are willing to undertake a sound pan-American economic program, any preparation to defend more than the narrow limits of continental United States is likely to be a waste of money. The price of real military cooperation will be commercial concessions sufficient to make our military defense seem desirable to our neighbors. Our willingness to pay that price is a fundamental test of our understanding of what defense has come to mean.

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Men Who Would Be President

VIII. HULL CAN WAIT

BY BARNET NOVER

CORDELL HULL has steadily denied that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination. And there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his disclaimers. If the Presidential bee has ever stung him he exhibits none of the customary swellings. He has never spoken or acted like a would-be candidate. He has never made any open or covert bid for delegates, even on a when, as, and if basis. On the contrary, he has persistently discouraged admirers who have sought to line up delegates for him. I doubt very much whether he would give it a second thought if the Chicago convention passed him by. Yet it would be fantastic to assume that if his nomination became a possibility he would be unreceptive to the honor.

American history offers only one example of a man who, after being mentioned prominently for the Presidency, flatly said: "I will not run if nominated; I will not serve if elected." But Sherman was a soldier, with a soldier's impatience with politics. To Hull politics have been food and drink, vocation and avocation, for half a century. To have been Secretary of State for eight years is honor enough for any man, and both Hull and Mrs. Hull have frequently voiced to friends their eagerness, when the present Administration ends, to drop the cares of official life and seek the quiet of their Tennessee farm. But duty is the twin brother of ambition and its effective substitute; and if Hull lacks ambition he has a highly developed sense of duty.

Despite his very real handicaps Hull's chances of getting the Democratic nomination compare favorably with those of the men who have been openly campaigning for it. His chief handicap is his age. If he should be elected, Hull would be a year older at the time of his inauguration than was William Henry Harrison, the oldest of American Presidents, who survived his inauguration by just one month. He would be seventeen years older than the average age at which our last ten Chief Executives took office. Hull has a tough and wiry physique, has lived simply and carefully, and comes of a long-lived stock, but the Presidency is an office which has worn out far younger men.

A second obstacle is presented by geography. The United States has not had a President from south of the Mason and Dixon Line since the Civil War. And Tennessee is not a crucial state. Nevertheless, a combination of circumstances has thrust the Secretary of State into an especially favorable position, and a recent Gallup poll shows that his stock is rising with the people. With the exception of the President, he is the only outstanding Democrat whom the people recognize as experienced in the conduct of foreign affairs, and today America's international problems overshadow domestic issues. He has consistently opposed the isolationist point of view, and events have proved the tragic correctness of his contention that the United States cannot safely ignore or discount the impact of events in Europe. Because of the nation's preoccupation with external problems it is an asset rather than a handicap for Hull that throughout his tenure in the Cabinet he has maintained an unbroken silence on all questions not directly connected with the functions of his department. He took no public position for or against the devaluation of the dollar, the NRA, the AAA, the court-packing plan, and other great controversial issues. He has never given the slightest indication where he stands on the Wage-Hour Act, the Labor Board, relief, budget-balancing, pump-priming, the Walter-Logan bill.

This aloofness on his part has been perfectly natural; politics have, or should have, no place in foreign relations. And it has had a curiously favorable result on his prospects of obtaining the nomination. Because he belongs through age and past associations with an older and more orthodox generation of Democrats, critics of the New Deal regard his possible candidacy with favor. At the same time the New Dealers are unable to point to a single statement he has made or action he has taken which justifies any charge that he is or has been hostile to the New Deal. Thus up to the time of Hitler's assault on Belgium and the Netherlands and the consequent increased likelihood of a third term for the President, Hull was coming more and more into view as an almost ideal compromise candidate to head the Democratic ticket.

If he were a man less lacking in guile, the policy he has pursued might be regarded as one deliberately designed to achieve a maximum political effect with a minimum of political risk. Actually the reason why Hull has conducted himself as he has in relation both to the New Deal and to the Democratic nomination has nothing to do with calculation and a good deal to do with the kind of man he is. All his life he has been a specialist, with a specialist's timidity in stepping out of his field, and as Secretary of State he has had particularly strong motives for not breaking the habits of a lifetime. To an astonishing degree his career has been all of a piece. Over a period of fifty years his interests have been limited to the Democratic Party, tariff reform—with which at the outset he coupled advocacy of the income tax—and international cooperation.

Almost the first thing he did as a freshman member of Congress from Tennessee in 1907 was to introduce bills for the repeal of duties on agricultural implements, coal, and certain other articles and for levying an income tax. He was a specialist before he had cut his Congressional teeth, and he remained a specialist throughout his long service in the House and his later career as United States Senator. His guide and mentor had been Benton McMillin, for twenty years a Congressman from Tennessee and an indefatigable advocate of lower tariffs and an income tax. It was both a statement of his credo and a tribute to his teacher when, in his first important speech in Congress, Hull denounced the protective tariff and the Republican Party for having foisted the protective tariff on the nation. He went on to expound his underlying philosophy. "The Democratic Party," he said, "is conservative whenever conservatism will suffice. It is radical whenever radicalism is necessary to uproot deep-seated evils that afflict the country. It makes no war on wealth. While it declares eternal war on wealthy violators of the law, it guarantees to all law-abiding aggregations of wealth freedom from molestation. No party can be conservative on all policies at all times."

Hull has never ceased ringing the changes on these related themes. In the debate of March 29, 1909, for instance, he denounced "the spirit of greed and avarice" which, he said, permeated every schedule of the Payne-Aldrich tariff. In the session of June 9, 1911, in opening the debate on the wool schedule, he called the protective tariff "the king of all our evils," spoke of the "sleepless monster of protection," and declared that the underlying cause of existing economic, financial, and social ills was "this partnership of the government with crime—the protective tariff." At the same time he kept hammering away at the need of an income tax, and when, with the ratification of the Sixteenth Amendment, income-tax legislation became constitutional, Hull fathered the basic law. After the World War he denounced the Fordney-McCumber and Smoot-Hawley experiments in protectionism with his customary vigor. In these debates he has always revealed his thoroughgoing knowledge of the subject, but he is no orator. Witty, flavorsome, picturesque in private conversation, he tends to be deadly earnest and heavy in his public pronouncements.

By birth, upbringing, and demeanor Hull belongs in the log-cabin tradition. He was actually born in a cabin, in what is now Pickett County, Tennessee, and spent his early youth near the Obey River, where his father, William Hull, was engaged in logging. Young Hull became famous for two accomplishments—his skill in debating and his ability to pilot log rafts down the river. The latter required not merely physical strength but also endless patience. That patience has remained with him.

He attended Mount Vale Academy at Selina and received his higher education at Cumberland University in Lebanon, from which he was graduated with a law degree in 1891. By that time he was already knee-deep in politics. It is related of him that at the age of sixteen he used his pocket money to hire a conveyance in which he drove the governor of the state on a campaign tour of his district. At nineteen he took part in the state Democratic convention. He had been out of school only a little more than a year when he was elected to the state Legislature. On the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he organized a company which reached Cuba too late for the fighting. He returned to practice law, but in 1903 he was appointed to the circuit court of his state. After riding circuit for four years he was elected to Congress. To his old friends he is still Judge Hull, a title he relishes above all others.

The region where Hull was born and where he spent the years of his early manhood continues to this day to have something of the flavor of the frontier. The mark it left on him has not been erased by years of Washington living and high office. He remains today as he was when he arrived in the capital thirty-three years ago—a shy, unassuming, homespun individual. The quiet dignity of his manner is a native, not an acquired characteristic. There is more than a fancied resemblance between Hull and Lincoln, as Hull's admirers have repeatedly emphasized. Lincoln's humility, patience, and pessimism have their counterpart in Hull. Like Lincoln, Hull has never lost the common touch.

Hull's simplicity of character was manifested to best advantage, perhaps, at the Montevideo conference, the Roosevelt Administration's first venture in pan-Americanism. The story has often been told of his arriving at the Uruguayan capital as representative of the most powerful nation on the hemisphere and going at once, hat in hand, to make a personal call on the heads of the other delegations. It was a neighborly gesture which disarmed the Latin American statesmen, who were prepared at Montevideo, as at previous pan-American conferences, to show their hostility to the United States.

Hull's patience was demonstrated when in the middle of the international economic conference at London in 1933 President Roosevelt decided to change his policy and left his Secretary of State high and dry. Hull returned to the United States fighting mad, giving vent among intimates to that picturesque vocabulary of vituperation which he reserves for private use and which contrasts markedly with the language of his formal speeches. But he is a man who knows how to wait. He outwaited Moley. He outwaited George Peek, another victim of his terrible tenacity. He outwaited the skeptics who regarded him as a misfit in a New Deal Administration. In the end it was not the economic nationalism of Moley and the other early New Dealers but the economic internationalism of Hull, the stone rejected by the builders in 1933, which became the basis of the Administration's foreign policy.

The fate of the trade-agreements program which Hull fathered is now very much in doubt. Everything depends on what happens in Europe. If Hitler wins the war, the international economic system we have known will probably disappear completely, and with it Hull's painstaking efforts to remove the barriers of trade. If Hitler is finally smashed, the Hull program, capable as it is of indefinite expansion, may help to heal the wounds of war and restore trade to a normal basis. Unfortunately the program came too late, progressed too slowly, to remove the economic evils which Hull is convinced lie at the basis of international strife. For this, however, Hull is not to blame. Two years before Woodrow Wilson announced his Fourteen Points, one of which called for the removal of artificial barriers to trade, Hull suggested that after the war an international trade conference be held in Washington for the "purpose of establishing a permanent international trade-agreement congress, the functions of which should comprise the consideration of all international trade methods, practices, and policies of an unfair, unequal, and objectionable nature." He returned to that idea several times in later years, but it was not until 1934 that he brought it to even partial fruition in the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. As a shrewd politician Hull had realized that he had to move slowly and carefully and provide no valid pretext to members of Congress to charge him with having sacrificed national interest.

The trade-agreements program could only have succeeded in laying the foundation of peace if it had been coupled with a far-reaching American program of action in international politics. Such a program, had it been feasible, Hull would unquestionably have supported. His attitude on foreign affairs has always been Wilsonian. In 1923, while holding the thankless job of chairman of the Democratic National Committee, he gave an interview to *Collier's Weekly* in which he declared that the Democrats would make the League an issue in the campaign of 1924. As Secretary of State he has given as much aid and encouragement to the League as was possible while the country remained virulently isolationist. No one saw the dangers of this state of mind better than Hull and Roosevelt, but the Administration's foreign policy was compelled to be, as Alsop and Kintner have aptly described it, an *Ersatz* policy. It could not be effective without action, and the American people were not ready for action. Therefore it had to take the form of educating the American people to the realities of the world situation, and while this process was going on, trying to stave off Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese with warnings, entreaties, expostulations, homilies, and cautious half-measures.

Under our system the President tends to be his own Secretary of State. With a Chief Executive as dynamic as Franklin D. Roosevelt this would seem to be particularly the case. Actually Hull has been no figurehead in the Administration. His influence on American foreign policy in this critical period has been very real. Roosevelt's boldness has been tempered by Hull's caution; Roosevelt's improvisations have been modified by Hull's common sense. Hull shares the responsibility with the White House for letting the neutrality legislation get out of hand, for submitting to what was thought to be an overwhelming popular desire rather than fighting it tooth and nail. He also shares the responsibility for the ineptitude of the Spanish policy, the rigid legislative basis of which was laid while Hull was at Buenos Aires attending the Inter-American Conference. His note to Senator Pittman opposing any action on the arms embargo by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee makes strange reading today.

Secretary of State Hull

But with these exceptions it can be said of Hull that long before public opinion became aware of the realities he saw the international picture clearly and did everything he could to stave off the catastrophe which now engulfs the world. "I have never been within a thousand miles of Munich," he once told a visitor. Peace can result only from a positive policy—this Hull has always understood. That is why he has placed such emphasis on his trade-agreements program, on efforts to build an inter-American system of cooperation.

But the people and Congress chose to make avoidance of war the be-all and the end-all of our relations with the world. And as a result we find ourselves today more threatened, more frightened, and less secure than at any other time in over a century. No wonder that Hull's native pessimism has taken a deeper hue. But he works and waits. He may outwait Hitler. Cordell Hull does not give up easily.

The Case for Bertrand Russell

BY JOHN DEWEY

THE defense of Bertrand Russell in connection with his appointment to the chair of philosophy in the City College of New York has quite properly centered about two points. One of them is the legal authority of a court to overrule and nullify the action of an administrative board created according to the statutes of New York State. The other is whether writings upon matters of great social importance addressed to adults shall be used to deprive the author of the power to teach his own special and very different subject in classrooms of higher institutions of learning. If courts have the power claimed for them, appointments in tax-supported institutions—and possibly in private institutions—will be thrown into a state of uncertainty till they have dragged through the courts, while educational administrative bodies are deprived of responsibility as well as of power. If Justice McGeehan's action is upheld with respect to the second point, the effect will be to muzzle university teachers on subjects not directly connected with their specialties of instruction.

There is another issue which should not be lost sight of. The profuse outgivings of the attorney for the complainant and of the justice who passed on the case have surrounded what Mr. Russell actually wrote with such a disgusting and loathsome aura that many otherwise fair-minded people have been misled as to what he said. The public interest in discussion of such matters of sexual morals as the use of contraceptives, the stability of family life, the sex education, direct and indirect, of children, the population problem, eugenics, and the like, even more than fair play to Mr. Russell—which has been conspicuously lacking in the treatment given him—raises the questions: What has Mr. Russell actually said and in what spirit has he said it? Neither of these questions can be even approached, much less settled, on the basis of passages torn out of their context.

In the first place, it is necessary to mention a few facts about moral theory which are elementary to all modern students not committed in advance to some scheme of supernatural and theological ethics. One fact recognized by such students is that the bases and sanctions of morals are found in human relations and their bearing upon human welfare. Another is that cultural lag is nowhere more evident than in the discrepancy existing between the conclusions of specialists in anthropology, medicine, psychology, and so on upon general matters of ethical theory—not just special matters of sexual ethics—and popular beliefs, which, when they have not been received from some dogmatic institutional source, have usually been picked up from the flotsam and jetsam of old traditions. Because of this discrepancy any public discussion based upon results reached by scientific investigators but couched in words that can be understood by those without specialized technical training is bound to be disturbing, and even shocking. This fact, especially weighty in connection with all matters of sexual morality, where in any case the discrepancy between actual social practices and traditional opinions is greatest, is easily taken advantage of by those who believe in the theological bases for the morality that is taught and sanctioned by ecclesiastical "authorities." Unless this fact is borne in mind, it is impossible to understand either the animus of the attack upon Mr. Russell or the effect produced by quotations from his writings upon the minds of those who do not share that animus.

Mr. Russell's discussion, in his writings, of the need for a new sexual ethic has been too successfully represented as if it were a repudiation of any sexual ethic whatever. His argument, based upon facts derived from a variety of sources, that the current sexual ethics, more honored in words than in fact, contain many elements of superstitious origin, while the social practices based upon them have lost their efficacy because of political and economic changes, is completely passed over. Emotional panic is aroused in the breasts of many good people by the mere suggestion that the old sexual ethics have broken down. The treatment that has been accorded Mr. Russell is then more significant as evidence of the gap that lies between the attitude of scientific students and the tenor of prevalent opinions than it is of anything else. And the basic issue is not whether Mr. Russell's own views are correct but whether efforts to bridge the existing gap shall be prevented or at least discouraged by abuse of anyone who engages in public discussion not couched in highly technical language.

The spirit in which Mr. Russell approached the topics discussed is important. To a student of social psychology there is nothing surprising in the fact that an audience which feeds willingly on flippant and easygoing discussion of sex in the novels it reads should be shocked by a serious discussion of sex. For Mr. Russell's discussion is serious in spite of an occasional regrettable asperity of tone. The following passages could be multiplied many times over: "I don't think that the new system any more than the old should involve an unbridled yielding to license, but I think the occasions for restraining impulse and the motives for doing so will have to be different from what they have been in the past"; and again, "The doctrine I wish to preach is not one of license; it involves exactly as much self-control as is involved in the conventional doctrine." For, as he says, "Sex cannot dispense with an ethic, any more than business or sport or scientific research or any other branch of human activity." He accepts the idea now generally held by competent students that impulses are to be trained rather than suppressed. He holds that very many of the evils which he in common with other moralists deplores are due to the existence of conditions which give misdirection to impulse and desire. Consequently there is something ironical in the attacks upon him which proceed from persons who hold that all natural tendencies are so inherently bad and all sexual impulses so intrinsically indecent that not only they but any reference to them should be suppressed.

Regarding the principles which are used in providing the criteria for a sound sexual ethics, Russell writes:

> Sex morality has to be derived from certain general principles, as to which there is perhaps a fairly wide measure of agreement, in spite of the wide disagreement as to the consequences to be drawn from them. The first thing to be secured is that there should be as much as possible of that deep, serious love between man and woman which embraces the whole personality of both and leads to a fusion by which each is enriched and enhanced. The second thing of importance is that there should be adequate care of children, physical and psychological.

As Mr. Russell indicates, not all who accept these principles and who attempt to draw consequences from them in the light of the best knowledge available will agree with all the conclusions upon special points which he reaches. It happens that personally I agree with some of his conclusions and disagree with others; and to me it appears that in the cases in which I disagree Mr. Russell adopts a logic more appropriate to mathematical than to social and moral subjects—a logic, that is, of one-way reasoning from a single set of premises. But any such difference in conclusions is not only no reason for penalizing one who discusses in a serious spirit the issues involved but is a possible reason for having the issues publicly discussed, so that light may be gained from a variety of sources. The only thing ruled out is the dogmatism and intolerance that would forbid discussion.

In any case the persons, if there be such, who go to Mr. Russell's writings in search of filth and obscenity will be disappointed. These things are so lacking that the intemperate and morally irresponsible way in which they are charged against Mr. Russell is good reason for believing that those who put them forth hold such an "authoritarian" view of morals that they would, if they had power, suppress all critical discussion of beliefs and practices they want to impose on others.

In the Wind

IF THE UNITED STATES gets into the war, Lowell Mellett, former editor of the Scripps-Howard Washington *News,* will run the government's "publicity" department—modern equivalent of the Creel committee. Mellett left the Scripps-Howard chain after the reorganization-bill fight, when he clashed sharply with the Howard policy.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of America has traditionally used as a trademark a picture of the Rock of Gibraltar with the motto, "The Prudential has the Strength of Gibraltar." Now that the threat of *Blitzkrieg* and Stukas has robbed the Rock of its symbolic meaning, it is rumored that the Prudential is contemplating a revised slogan.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN'S New York *Sunday Inquirer*—as passionately isolationist as it is anti-Communist—has worked out a new line. It contends that Communists really want the United States to go to war—so that they can make the revolution—and that the C. P. is advocating isolation because it knows the party is unpopular and wants to discredit isolationism.

THE *PM* STORY to end all *PM* stories: Ken Stewart, now of *PM,* formerly of the New York *Times,* went to a party shortly before leaving the *Times.* His host introduced him to guests as "Mr. Stewart of the *Times.*" One of the guests said, "Oh, you mean that new paper that's coming out in New York?"

REPORTERS WEREN'T admitted to the recent meeting of the C. I. O. Executive Committee, but insiders say that the session started turbulently, ended placidly. At the outset Lewis clashed sharply with Sidney Hillman's representative, but peace gradually returned. C. I. O. leaders previously accused of "Stalinism" did nothing to challenge the committee's indorsement of the armament program. Lewis, for his part, turned thumbs down on a resolution denouncing aggressor nations. He is said to be still predominantly isolationist.

AT A RECENT meeting of the New York Society of the Pure-Minded, Bishop Manning spoke on The Need for Morals in Mathematics. The meeting was held at the Church of the Holy Innocents.

M. SARACOGLU, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, received a Nazi journalist at Ankara recently. The Nazi expounded Germany's *Lebensraum* thesis, concluding, "The Balkans are Germany's lungs." "Indeed," retorted the Foreign Minister, "but why does your country have to breathe through other people's lungs?"

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news from South America is anything but encouraging. I have just seen a letter from Edward Tomlinson, the writer and lecturer, written from Chile, in which he declares that, from the United States' point of view, the situation has grown markedly worse since his last visit some months ago—he has been traveling in South America annually for the last sixteen years. The effect there of Hitler's successes is quite evident, he reports, and he fears that when he reaches the east coast he will find things worse. Of course it is characteristic of a type of human nature to be found everywhere that it bows down before success. Plenty of persons even in the United States are beginning to admire Hitler because he appears now to be winning. What makes admiration for Hitler the easier in South America is that there are so few real republics there—the man on horseback is usually in control.

All in all, the South American situation is so complex that if the American government had nothing else to worry about than this, it would have its hands full. The more I study it and think about it the more difficult, yes, the more insoluble, it appears, despite the outward signs of unanimity, as in the matter of keeping this war away from American waters. With all respect for the desire of this country to safeguard itself, the nations to the south of us are bound to be made uneasy by our tremendous armament program. This is not because we shall be better able to subjugate Central and South America to our will than we always have been potentially, but because the visible signs of our power cause unfavorable reactions. Moreover, such open manifestations of our uneasiness as the hasty dispatch of a cruiser to South America and General Marshall's forthright statement that the President's demand for supreme power over the National Guard is due to a possible emergency in South America cannot but bring the issue of how far the United States shall take over the defense of its sister republics even more squarely before them.

That the assumption of the entire military responsibility for South America would be an enormous task is obvious, even though Major George Fielding Eliot has said that it would not be much harder than defending ourselves. Perhaps that is true from the navy's point of view, but if we are to be prepared to throw expeditionary forces into Patagonia or Brazil or Chile or Bolivia, it will mean keeping a large army "in being," together with the necessary fleet of transports ready to leave at a day's notice. What assurance could any American Administration give that some subsequent President would not use the vast armaments of the United States to put down a revolutionary government which it thought too friendly to dictatorships abroad?

Let us suppose that Hitler wins and that the Argentine dictator makes a hard and fast alliance with Hitler and Mussolini, or that Brazil sets up a totalitarian state, partly because of the vast numbers of Germans in that country. What would be the attitude of the United States? Would it tell the Argentine government to cancel that treaty, and would it send our battleships to Buenos Aires to see that this was done? Would it inform Brazil that it would seize and hold Rio de Janeiro until a republican form of government was established? These are not impossible suppositions. One of our highest officials assured me more than a year ago that Hitler could provoke a Nazi revolution in two South American countries by merely pressing a button on his desk.

And what would we do? The good-neighbor policy has transformed our relations with South and Central America and given them a confidence in our honesty and unselfishness that they never had before. If we intervened to dictate a form of government to one country, would we not destroy all the results of that policy and turn all our American allies against us? This danger may be remote, but we should not become the military custodian of all the Americas without most careful consideration of what it may involve. If I am reminded that the Monroe Doctrine has always implied that, my answer is that implication is one thing and action another. We have never before planned such armaments and never witnessed such a development as the totalitarian governments of today or the total war of this hour.

Personally I wholly approve of the declaration just indorsed by Congress that we shall view with disapproval the transfer of any territory now held by a foreign power in our sphere to any other foreign power; and I am glad that we are to associate the twenty-one republics with us in this matter. I have no fear that this might involve us in hostilities. About the major problem, however, which is whether we shall become not merely the defender of Latin America but the custodian of its member countries, pledged perhaps to prevent the rise of any totalitarian government, I have doubts, scruples, and apprehension. Yet so great is the panic in Washington that I have no doubt most people there will say: "Our safety comes first—we'll see to that whether anybody likes it or not."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Planning for War

MOBILIZING CIVILIAN AMERICA. By Harold J. Tobin and Percy W. Bidwell. Council on Foreign Relations. New York. $2.75.

THE timeliness of this book is unquestioned. Whether it will have any effect on official or popular opinion is uncertain. Indeed, present indications are that the carefully laid schemes for mobilizing civilian effort, prepared over the years by the War Department's Planning Branch, are, for the time being at least, completely in the discard. They do not appeal to the President—the commander-in-chief of the army and navy. This is not surprising, for the plans were drawn up independently of him and with scant concern as to whether the blueprints were for an administrative edifice that he would like.

In the National Defense Act of 1920 Congress "undertook to establish efficient cooperation among the supply services of the army, and between them and the industrial plants. Acting under this authority, the Assistant Secretary of War set up the Planning Branch, the Army and Navy Munitions Planning Board, and the Army Industrial College." The resulting activity was great. But little attention was paid to the inherent undesirability of placing planning for the mobilization of civilian America under the direction of an assistant secretary in one of the service departments. Such an undertaking should have been under the President so that the imagination behind it would have been less military and naval and more civilian.

Naturally enough, perhaps, the War Department was reluctant to share its task with other departments of the government. It did consult them, and expert outsiders as well, but the resulting products were the War Department's own. They were made public several times, discussed and modified because some of the first proposals—for censorship and the control of labor—were affrighting. The Industrial Mobilization Plan of 1939—which is skeletonized and must be read in the light of previous drafts—proposes a number of special administrators of civilian activity not very dissimilar to the organization which finally evolved under President Wilson.

But President Roosevelt has other ideas. Apparently he wishes to rely as far as he can on existing agencies and have them perform the new tasks. Hence, in so far as his ideas seem to be clear, they go counter to the Planning Branch's proposals. But those proposals, as I have said, if excogitated under less particularistic auspices, might have made some compromise between the conflicting points of view. This would have been clearly desirable. Nothing is as wasteful and chaotic as the duplication of governmental machinery. On the other hand, as the failures of the much-vaunted administrative class of the British Civil Service have clearly demonstrated, men who have spent the formative years of their mature lives in the routine tasks of government bureaus cannot suddenly acquire the independence in thought, imagination in conception, and drive in execution which preparations for possible war demand of them in the fullest measure.

Under the sponsorship of the Council on Foreign Relations, Mr. Tobin had exceptional opportunities for finding out what the Planning Branch of the War Department had actually done. In preparing his book for the press he has had the collaboration of Mr. Bidwell, the Council's Director of Studies, who contributes an able discussion of economic problems relating to labor, priorities, prices, profits, and procurement planning. Here are to be found, at least in broad outline, indications of the problems that will have to be faced. So far, the debates in Washington fail to show that in high quarters there is adequate appreciation of the central issue: that successful preparation for defense must pay the price of a more totalitarian economy.

There are other important matters which are perhaps outside the scope of this volume, and they ought to be thought of before it is too late. British experience in the last war and in the halting preparations for the present conflict clearly shows that procurement—not only the process but the determination of what should be procured—cannot with safety be left to the soldiers and sailors. They are innately hostile to expenditures on new weapons either of offense or defense. "Each department and each section," Sir Arthur Salter has declared, "will obtain a financial provision, an allocation of resources and of personnel, which corresponds with its influence and prestige, that is, as a rule, with its record in the last war, and the newcomer will be given a grudging, gradually increasing, but always inadequate share. So it was feared; so it has proved."

President Roosevelt has recently expressed the view that generals and admirals are experts and know more than can laymen. That is a dangerous half-truth. There are few professions that cannot learn from laymen: "The fact of the matter is," President Wilson once said, "that almost every profession is pushed forward by the men who do not belong to it and know nothing about it, because they ask the ignorant questions which it would not occur to the professional man to ask at all." He himself had "had a great many of my preconceived conceptions absolutely destroyed by men who had not given half the study to the subject that I myself had given." But if the profession of arms is one that cannot learn from laymen, assuredly it needs to learn from others than its senior members who are approaching retirement. Perhaps the canonization of Herr Hitler as a military genius is premature, but it is worthy of note that Germany's military progress, which no one will say has not been remarkable, is not the achievement of the service hierarchies. They have been drastically reorganized—even purged. Jealousies between the services have been effectively suppressed. An air officer commands infantry and vice versa. The results are plainly visible in Norway, in Holland, and in Flanders. To counteract those results England and France have had to take extreme measures—to have purges of their own. It would have been better to discover the square pegs in round holes before they imperiled national safety.

LINDSAY ROGERS

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Anatomy of Poland

POLISH PROFILE. By Princess Paul Sapieha. Carrick and Evans. $2.50.

THIS is no profile. Here is Poland itself, skin and ribs laid back and congested organs all exposed to view. "I realized," said Virgilia Petersen of Vassar and New York after she had been married to her Polish prince a year or so, "that boundaries between nations were human boundaries, too. You not only inherited family traits, but also national traits, and you carried this heritage, like a halter around your neck, forever." It is in the cool light of a fine modern American intelligence that she presents the inside of ancient Poland to American eyes.

Hers is a very different Poland from any we have met before. Not the heroic Poland of Paderewski, nor the sentimental Poland of the republic out of Versailles, nor the dictatorial Poland of Marshal Pilsudski, who, after death, was kept *à la* Lenin in a coffin open to public view until his badly embalmed ears began to go to pieces. It is not the cynical Poland of Colonel Beck's monocle, stripped of all illusions except the fatal one that it was as smart as Germany and Germany was its friend; nor, except in the last chapter, the battered Poland of the German *Blitzkrieg* and the Fourth Partition. Here is Poland at home—in a feudal castle, in a peasant's hut, in a cow barn ankle deep in muck, in a Warsaw apartment. This is the way Poland acts and thinks when its doors are shut and its people talk among themselves. Here are the prejudices that move it, and those that keep it from moving. More than its roads are of red mud. Its social attitudes are medieval, its education inadequate, its sanitation clogged or non-existent. Its religion is the dead weight of a Catholicism that, in the words of one of its priests, has had "no opposition to challenge the church here or to make it restate its faith. It has not needed to defend itself, and therefore it has grown soft and easy, and people have slipped into certain abuses which are taken for granted." So at the end the German planes came over, and the Ruthenian peasants stripped the great house of everything that the bombs had left intact. There is no apparent reason to believe that either the house or the peasants will undergo any vital change in Poland's next incarnation.

This is an extraordinary book, written with great economy and an apparent detachment that takes its strength from the depth of emotion controlled under its quiet surface. Gilly Petersen has learned many things besides the ways of Poland in these six years.

MILDRED ADAMS

Adventurous Americans

I MARRIED ADVENTURE. By Osa Johnson. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

THE Martin Johnsons were not and never pretended to be scientists, though the value of their work was recognized by Carl Akeley and other museum bigwigs. Still less, however, were they mere showmen or money-makers. They were simple people who loved adventure, who loved animals, and who, thanks to a quiet singleness of purpose, must have lived a very happy life until Martin was killed in the crash of an American air liner. Their story, as Mrs. Johnson here tells it, is almost as interesting for the picture it gives of two happy and likable people as it is for the account of adventures in Borneo, Africa, and the South Seas.

As a mere youth Martin, the son of a small-town jeweler in Kansas, wrote a letter to Jack London which won him a place on the famous cruise of the Snark. When Osa met and married him almost on the spur of the moment, he was showing in his home town some pictures taken on that cruise, and not long afterward she found herself in the Solomon Islands. Chic Sale had loaned them a little money to make a new set of pictures, and from then on they were leaders of increasingly elaborate expeditions which kept them most of the time in one remote region or another. "I Married Adventure" tells the whole story unaffectedly and with a simple charm that is highly engaging. It belongs in any list of Americana, for the Johnsons were as American as David Crockett.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Liberal—Southern Style

TAR HEEL EDITOR. By Josephus Daniels. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

IF THE term "liberal" has not been tortured beyond meaning "Southern liberal" has a meaning all its own. Through the seventy-seven years of his life Josephus Daniels has been a champion of freedom, education, justice, democracy. He is entitled to be understood when he calls himself a liberal. It was liberal of him to have been born at all, what with the Civil War raging all around the house there in the little town of Washington, North Carolina. His first thirty-one years, reported with extraordinary faithfulness in "Tar Heel Editor," were lived in a scene which fixed his liberalism with the special circumstance of a region and a history, making some of it easily recognizable to Northerners of the denomination but some not at all. As a boy editor (eighteen years old) of the Wilson, North Carolina, *Advance,* he found his philosophy in a maxim of Samuel Bowles: "No man is living a life that is worth living unless he is willing to die for somebody or something—at least to die a little." Throughout the North Carolina days covered by his book Mr. Daniels was willing to "die a little" for many things—for professional honesty against Louisiana Lottery advertising money, for prohibition of alcoholic liquor (he made his first speech about that), for home rule and the ousting of the carpetbaggers, for morality and the church, for release of North Carolina's government from railroad dominance, for protest against the tobacco trust, for the rights and needs of the farmer, for government by the people, and—most of all—for public education in North Carolina. He was one with Alderman, Aycock, and McIver in that cause, knowing it to be then—as it is now—the long answer to the problems of the South. He was a democrat with a small *d* as well as a big one, but he had, and still has, great pride in his ancestry, in the long residence of his family in the state and in the part it took. And he was as unwilling as most of his fellow-citizens in those days to have an ignorant and irresponsible Negro vote control. He was

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a champion of most of the things sought by the Farmers' Alliance and the Populist Party, but he was never persuaded to leave the Democratic Party for their sake. He loved freedom and personal liberty, but he never doubted the need of prohibition, and he was a leader in the fight that brought it to Raleigh in the eighties. The American embassy at Mexico City today is bone dry. He was broad-minded, but the nude pictures and statues at the Corcoran Art Gallery shocked him on his first visit to Washington in 1882, and still do. "Although I have visited famous galleries in Europe (since those days)," he writes, "where the female figure is admired most in near nudity, I have never felt that the September Morn type of art, naked female pulchritude, was quite the proper thing, although I do not blush as on my first introduction to it."

There is no literature in Josephus Daniels's book. But there are great honesty, much achievement, an uncrushed idealism, and a complete readability. It is crammed with the history, ways, days, names, and events with which this fine old North Carolinian was associated in the years before he became Cleveland's Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, and Roosevelt's Ambassador to Mexico. The after-years are to be reported in volumes to come, he says.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

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In Early Issues of The Nation

"Health Is Wealth" by Paul de Kruif
REVIEWED BY KARL MENNINGER

"World's End" by Upton Sinclair
REVIEWED BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"Joy of Man's Desiring" by Jean Giono
REVIEWED BY JUSTIN O'BRIEN

DRAMA

Naughty Sixteen-Nineties

THE Players' Club revival of "Love for Love" was scheduled for one week only and will have closed its run before this notice can be printed. But revivals of old plays are so rare in our theater that it is hard to resist the opportunity to talk about one when it does appear—especially if the play happens to be as famous as this. "Love for Love" seemed to Congreve's contemporaries an indisputable masterpiece, bringing to final perfection the style which a whole generation had been polishing, and it ultimately disappeared from the stage chiefly because it was more cynical than a tender-minded society could endure. We are no longer so easily shocked, but the play could hardly become a great favorite again for a different reason: we demand a more continuous dramatic movement and a tighter structure than most plays of the time achieved; and Congreve was conspicuously weak in these respects even by comparison with such a predecessor as Wycherley. He could give to short scenes like that between Tattle and Miss Prue what we call dramatic punch; perhaps because he was lazy, he could not arrange and link these scenes in such a way as to give the effect of continuity and climax.

Robert Edmond Jones, who was responsible both for the charming sets and for the direction of the play, announced in advance that the aim was to produce "a fantasy on a fantasy." Actually, however, the general intention at least seemed to me to achieve something a good deal nearer to the spirit of the original than this would suggest, and such weaknesses as appeared were the result of an inability on the part of some of the actors to catch a style so different from any to which they were accustomed. Nearly all the commentators agreed that Bobby Clark stole the show with his hilarious performance as Ben the sailor and that Dorothy Gish was very nearly as good in the other low-comedy part, that of the willing Miss Prue. Both, indeed, were so delightful as to suggest that they might do wonders in some of the other old plays which give opportunity for virtuoso acting of a sort few modern players are capable of. Dudley Digges also was good as Foresight, the astrologer, but on the whole the men who appeared as the wits and gentlemen were less satisfactory than were the ladies—Violet Heming, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Peggy Wood—who played opposite them. They sometimes mumbled their lines, and they seldom seemed to me to get precisely the emphasis or intonation necessary if the lines are to mean what Congreve intended.

Let me take a single analyzable example—the rhymed tag at the end of an act which was spoken with the emphasis here indicated:

Women are like tricks by sleight-of-hand
Which to *admire* we should not *understand.*

But this, I submit, ought to be:

Which to admire *we should* not understand.

Congreve's fame was due largely to the fact that he was able to give just the slightest touch of novelty to themes, characters, and jokes which were perfectly familiar, that he could make them seem just a little more subtle and refined. The fact that women are admired but not understood is an old joke. The point of the comparison with tricks of sleight-of-hand is that we, in search of entertainment, seek out the occasion to be deceived. Or as the familiar phrase of the modern advertisement used to proclaim, "It's fun to be fooled." Perhaps this is not very important. But in any event it is pretty much all there is in Congreve, and if you miss that you miss everything.

Few persons have ever succeeded in writing anything about Congreve without making some reference to Charles Lamb's famous contention that the plays of the Restoration cannot be indecent for the simple reason that they are completely unreal, imaging a world which never existed and based upon premises which no one ever really accepted—almost what we would call pure poetry. His assumption, I think, is largely false so far as the founders of the tradition in which Congreve worked are concerned, and only half true when affirmed in connection with Congreve himself. The plays of Etherege and Wycherley, for example, are at least a recognizable picture of a real society and the clear expression of a set of convictions about basic human nature, convictions which include the belief that men and women cannot escape from the fundamental egotism which is born with them and also that, as one of Dryden's serious characters proclaims, "promiscuous love is Nature's general law." Congreve himself wrote at the end of an epoch, and it is true that in his plays the premises are tending to become mere dramatic convention, just as his personages are tending to become exquisite puppets imitating art rather than life. And it is just the resulting ambiguity which makes them hard to describe as well as hard to play. What is matter can never be surely distinguished from what is merely manner. Charles II, so we are told by a contemporary, did not believe that any man was honest or any woman virtuous out of principle. In one of the songs in "Love for Love" Congreve proclaims the truth which an oracle has spoken:

He alone won't betray in whom none will
confide,
And the nymph may be chaste that has never
been tried.

He is saying with witty ingenuity what Charles had made as a flat statement. Is he really saying the same thing or has it become, in the polished saying, something quite different? Charles spoke only because he believed something. Does Congreve pretend to believe only that he may say something well?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

AMONG Victor's December and special releases that I was unable to comment on at the time they were issued is Haydn's Symphony No. 104. If you follow the course of the work from point to point in the Tovey manner—for example, from the entire orchestra's forceful opening call in D major to the immediately following D minor whisper of the strings, to mention only the first of the succession of breath-taking details in that powerful slow introduction—you will be inclined to accept

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Tovey's estimate of the work as one of Haydn's two or three greatest. It is, nevertheless, rarely played, and has long been in need of a good recording. Not yet issued here by Columbia is the one made by Beecham, which will offer the work with his individual, dynamic phrasing and with the beautiful and imposing sonorities of his London Philharmonic. The Victor set (M-617, $5) made by Edwin Fischer with his chamber orchestra, on the other hand, offers a performance not only superb in musical outline, warmth, spirit, force, but enchanting in the way an ensemble performance by a small group of fine musicians can be—in the sensitiveness and fluidity of the perfectly coordinated functioning of the group, the balance of the instrumental lines, the blending of their colors and sonorities.

These things are achieved to the same enchanting degree by the coordinated functioning of Landowska's ten fingers in the polyphony of Handel's Suites Nos. 2, 5 (with the variations known by the title "Harmonious Blacksmith"), 7 (with the famous Passacaglia), 10, and 14 (M-592, $12). There are dull pages mingled with superb ones in these works; but the dullest passage has the exciting life that her fingers impart to it with their subtle inflection. By the evidence of these performances Landowska has no equal among players of the harpsichord, and only few equals among living musicians.

Lotte Lehmann's voice, her musical feeling, her dramatic imagination and temperament make her not only one of the supreme operatic artists of our time but also a deeply affecting singer of German *Lieder*—as one may hear in her singing of "Auf ein altes Bild," "Heimweh," and "Auch kleine Dinge" in her set of Hugo Wolf songs (M-613, $5). The emotional content of each of these songs is concentrated into a structure of tone and rhythm created by the vocal line and piano accompaniment; and for the most part Lehmann's interpretative equipment of voice, feeling, imagination, temperament is concentrated into the subtle coloring and accentuation of this vocal line within the tonal and rhythmic framework. In these records one hears only a few slight instances—for example, the words *falsch, aber, fort* of "Heimweh"—of the sharp audible intake of breath, the gasp, the dramatic whisper that are considered to be, like movement and gesture, more properly part of the means of the opera stage; only at the end of "Peregrina No. 1" is there an example of the emotional intensity that sometimes bursts through the tonal and rhythmic framework of a song; and here and there in "In der Frühe" one hears a few of Lehmann's constricted, shrill high notes. As for the songs themselves, I do not care much for "Peregrina" and "Frühling übers Jahr"; but the others are among Wolf's best.

Act III of "Die Meistersinger" contains passages that are among Wagner's finest, and that normally one begins to hear with ears and mind dulled by two hours and a half of the preceding acts. The Victor recording (the scenes in Sachs's workshop: M-537, $20; the scene on the banks of the Pegnitz: M-538, $10) enables one to listen to this music fresh and alert, to repeat a passage as many times as one likes, and in these ways to become aware of details one normally misses. This makes the set valuable despite its defects. Not only does a recording let one hear an opera under more favorable conditions than in the opera house; it can let one hear the opera sung as it normally is not sung in an opera house—sung, that is, by good singers assembled from different opera houses; but this "Meistersinger" set was made with the singers, good and bad, of the Dresden Opera. The Walther, the David, the Beckmesser are good or good enough; but in place of the fine voices, the finished singing, the sensitive phrasing of Schorr, Rethbergfi and Elisabeth Schumann on the old Victor records of "Wahn! Wahn," the Sachs-Eva duet, and the Quintet, the present set offers the rough voice and explosive singing of Hans Hermann Nissen as Sachs, the thin, shrill voice and the singing without musical significance of Margarete Teschemacher as Eva. Nor is the recording as good as it should be. There is better balance and clarity of the voices on the old record of the Quintet; in the new set there is again the defect of singers, apparently too close to the microphones, obscuring the fine orchestra; and the orchestral passage at Beckmesser's departure from Sachs's workshop is only the worst of the places where no amount of repetition—now with one type of needle, now with another, now with treble increased, now with treble reduced—gives anything but gritty sound. These are imperfections which I am bound to report; but I am bound also to add that they will not prevent the person who loves this music from enjoying it.

There are still a few releases that I will deal with later; and I will comment on the Victor Black Label Classics next week.

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The Shape of Things

THE FRENCH ARMY, BROKEN INTO FOUR fragments, is still fighting, as we go to press, and Foreign Minister Baudouin, speaking for the new government, insists that France will lay down its arms only "if we can get an honorable peace." Thus, if the Axis demands unconditional surrender as is expected, the French government may still reconsider the British proposal of complete union of the two empires and carry on the fight at sea and in the colonies. But it is also possible that the dictators will offer an armistice on relatively mild terms. Their immediate concern is to get France completely out of the war in order to concentrate all their forces for a rapid conquest of Britain. That achieved, they can revise their conditions without interference. But Britain has still to be crushed, and desperate as its situation appears, it may prove capable of resisting a prolonged siege. Much will depend on what happens to the French navy. If the British Admiralty can prevent the surrender of a major part of France's fighting ships it will have a chance to beat off invasion and maintain at least a partial blockade of the Continent.

*

RUSSIA HAS FOUND A PRETEXT EXCUSING its complete occupation of the Baltic states and the establishment there of puppet governments. According to Moscow the three little countries of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia had been intriguing together and had formed an alliance against the Soviets. There may be some truth in the charge, but it can be taken for granted that any plans that had been concocted were based on an understanding with Stalin's "friend" Hitler. The Baltic states are too weak to plot against any great power except in conjunction with another great power. The real significance of Russia's move, and of its reported concentration of troops in Russian Poland, is of course its fear that with the completion of Hitler's western campaign the Soviet-German pact will become another scrap of paper. There is little reason to hope that the U. S. S. R. is preparing to join the war with an attack on the German rear. Its concern, rather, is to bolster its defenses against the possibility of assault in the not too distant future. It would not be surprising if, in furtherance of this aim, it decided to occupy Bessarabia, so as to push its southwestern frontier back from dangerous proximity to the great port of Odessa. There are also rumors of new Soviet demands on Finland. Now that Germany has overrun all Norway and has Sweden under its thumb, the Nazis are in a position to outflank Russia's newly acquired strongholds in the Gulf of Finland.

*

IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE SOME CHILDREN, at least, from the Nazi juggernaut an organization known as "Save Europe's Children" was formed in Washington last week under the leadership of Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes. The immediate purpose of the organization is to bring British children to Canada out of range of Nazi aerial bombardment. The number of children who can be cared for in Canada is naturally limited, and it will be necessary to get special legislation before any refugees can be brought, even temporarily, to the United States. The obtaining of this legislation will, we trust, be part of the task of the new organization. To care for child refugees is the very least that this country can do for the preservation of European freedom. It would involve no possible threat to our security and place little, if any, burden on our economy. These children would not compete for American jobs; as consumers they would make jobs, not take them.

*

THERE IS NO REASON WHY TONY GALENTO should not periodically advise the American people on matters of taxation, social security, and naval affairs; why Colonel Lindbergh should not give us his views on foreign policy; or why anybody should pay the slightest attention to either of them. So far Galento has stuck to beer and boxing, but the Colonel's remarks have become front-page copy and are regularly refuted by United States Senators. They must therefore be treated with respect, if also with bewilderment. In his latest message to the nation Lindbergh warns us against "doing to England and

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France what they did to Abyssinia, to Czechoslovakia, to Poland, to Finland, and to Norway." Has the Colonel turned suddenly against that policy of appeasement which he himself did so much to promote? Not at all. Where Chamberlain and Daladier went wrong, according to Lindbergh, was not in failing those wretched countries, but in refusing to fail them quickly and firmly at the outset. He would have us treat the Allies better by telling them that they are not to buy our guns and supplies. Any other course would confront this country with generations of war against "the strongest military nation the world has ever known." Presumably Germany would declare this war, since we would have no reason to do so, and it would be up to Germany to take the initiative. Yet Lindbergh weaves a Buck Rogers fantasy about the prospect of our having to build an armada to transport millions of men and "several hundred thousand airplanes" for an attempted invasion of a continent armed to the teeth. We don't believe for a moment that Lindbergh puts any stock in such stuff. Our guess is that at the heart of his itch to appease is the conviction, expressed near the end of his speech, that Nazism is, after all, perfectly consonant with the civilization we have known. It is just a matter of adjustment.

*

GETULIO VARGAS, PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL, seems to be a lying young man on a flying trapeze. The day after Mr. Roosevelt's "stab in the back" speech at Charlottesville, Vargas declared "the sterile demagogy of political democracy" dead, praised the "virile" dictatorships, and predicted a new world order on totalitarian lines. The speech, naturally, was regarded as a bid for the favor of the Axis powers. But Vargas cannot afford to bite the hand that is still on the verge of feeding him a $120,000,000 credit, and he now explains that his praise of the dictatorships "can in no sense be regarded as contradictory" to Mr. Roosevelt's attack upon them. The attempt to follow the Brazilian dictator's agile logic leaves us giddy, but his opportunist past and Brazil's economic position make it less difficult to understand his eagerness to be in the good graces of both the Axis and Washington at one and the same time. Brazil needs Hitler's good-will to pour its chief product into the coffee cups of Europe. Brazil also needs the financial and other favors showered upon Vargas by Washington in the past few years: three destroyers being built for him in our shipyards, ninety six-inch guns sold him last March, a $120,000,000 credit promised him when he reaches a debt agreement with the United States, conferences under way to build a $10,000,000 steel plant for him with American money. On November 27, 1937, *The Nation* questioned the wisdom of building warships for the South American dictator "most likely to line up with Hitler and Mussolini." The Vargas speech underscores the question.

OTHER LATIN AMERICAN COUNTRIES HAVE reacted strongly to Mussolini's "stab in the back" and the growing menace of Nazi victory in Europe. There have been widespread press condemnations of the Italian action and in many countries impressive anti-fascist demonstrations. New efforts to counteract Axis propaganda and subversive activities are reported. In Uruguay, where Nazi organizations have been particularly energetic, a Congressional investigation has resulted in numerous arrests. The German minister has dissolved the local branches of the Nazi Party and the Labor Front and taken charge of their records in an apparent effort to conceal damaging evidence. Mexico, which has been accused in the press of a dangerous degree of toleration for "fifth-column" elements, has pronounced Arthur Dietrich, press attaché and organizer of Nazi propaganda, *persona non grata* and requested his early departure. Even more significant are the statement by Secretary of the Interior Ignacio Tellez that Mexico's foreign policy is pro-Ally and the message sent to France by President Cárdenas expressing disapproval of the Italian declaration of war. Almost simultaneously Lombardo Toledano, secretary general of the C. T. M.,

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who had previously tended to follow the Moscow line in regard to the war, announced his sympathy with the Allies and asserted that "the workers of Latin America have always fought fascism and will continue fighting it." All in all, signs of a change of atmosphere in Mexico City lend support to the current rumors that Britain is seeking a renewal of diplomatic relations with Mexico and a settlement of the dispute arising out of the expropriation of the Royal Dutch Shell oil properties.

*

EVIDENCE THAT THE ITALIAN CONSULATE in New York directs at least three national Fascist organizations and is engaged in extensive pro-Fascist propaganda was revealed last week by Police Commissioner Valentine. New York City alone has been found to contain at least sixty *Centri Educativi* (cultural centers) devoted to the spread of Fascist doctrines. While the existence of these activities is not exactly news—as witness the extensive revelations regarding the Casa Italiana at Columbia University in *The Nation* some years ago—they take on a much more serious character as a result of Italy's entrance into the war. How many Italian-Americans actually support Italy is an open question. Captain Bertolini, Italian consular agent for eight New York counties, boasted that all of the 6,000,000 persons of Italian descent in the United States are backing the aspirations of Mussolini. This is refuted by the unmistakable demonstrations of loyalty to the United States of hundreds of thousands of former Italian citizens. But if there are only a few thousand Italians working under the direction of the Italian consulates, such activities constitute a genuine fifth-column danger, in contrast to the Trojan red herrings which are inspiring so many fishermen's tales. That such activities are also an illegal abuse of diplomatic immunity is beyond dispute. We are glad to note that Secretary Hull is conducting an investigation independently of the FBI. Having obtained the necessary information, we trust that he will not hesitate to act even to the point of breaking off diplomatic relations.

*

"A BILL TO DEPORT THE CONSTITUTION" ought to be the title of the bill just passed by the House to deport Harry Bridges. The vote, 330 to 42, in favor of a proposal which violates the most cherished of our constitutional safeguards, is a measure of the extent to which Congress is losing its head. Left wingers like Marcantonio and Geyer of California, middle-of-the-roaders like Sabath of Illinois and Martin J. Kennedy of New York, professional anti-Communists like Dickstein of New York, conservatives like Bruce Barton and Wadsworth, and even Hobbs of Alabama, author of the famous "concentration-camp" bill, were among those who found it impossible to vote for so shocking a measure as the Bridges deportation bill. Congressman Havenner of California ably argued the point raised by *The Nation* in its issue of May 25 that the measure was really a bill of attainder, notorious instrument of Tudor tyranny, forbidden by Article I of the Constitution. Thorkelson of Montana and Schafer of Wisconsin, whose peculiar brand of Americanism has a strong Munich accent, supported the bill as a way of fighting the fifth column. Sabath of Illinois, in a speech against the measure, called attention to Schafer's position and said, "I am commencing to feel strongly that this [stand taken by Schafer] may be for the purpose of distracting attention from the activities of the fifth columnists, namely, the Nazis."

*

HEADLINE READERS MAY BE STARTLED TO learn from the Department of Commerce that the net debt in the United States declined by $10,000,000,000 between 1929 and 1939. The $22,000,000,000 increase in the public debt during the period was more than offset by a $32,000,000,000 drop in debts owed by private individuals. It must not be assumed that the reduction in debt is entirely a gain. A large part of the reduction was achieved the hard way—through bankruptcy and foreclosures. To some extent it merely is indicative of lower prices and a lower level of business activity. The rise in government debt reflects the fact that the government is now engaged in many of the constructive activities formerly carried on by private enterprise. But there is room for gratification in the substantial lightening of the burden of indebtedness, particularly since carrying charges, owing to reduced interest rates, have been cut to an even greater extent. This situation has been further improved by the fact that the interest on government debts tends to be considerably lower than that on private indebtedness. For the real test of the burden of debt is not the amount of the debt but the amount of the carrying charges in relation to the population. But though we know that our per capita indebtedness was reduced from $1,410 in 1929 to $1,230 in 1939, we do not yet have figures on the annual savings involved for the American people.

What Next?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHAT comes next? Let us hope that it will not be panic and a tidal wave of despair. The greatest disaster in the world would be, not the military defeat of France or even of France and Britain, but the acceptance by the United States of the myth that Nazi Germany is invincible. The terrifying union of organization and armed might with implacable aggression may overwhelm the unready European democracies. But it need not and must not overwhelm us. For we have their mistakes to warn and guide us. The record of the past four years, so packed with bitter wisdom, is open before us. We have only to study it without blinking and then act—confidently and strongly.

It is natural that the immediate reaction to the French surrender should be a feeling that the game is up, that Hitler can't be stopped this side of his ultimate desires. But fear can be as unrealistic as easy optimism. We can easily give the victory to Hitler by taking fright, and running for cover, and planning future concessions. If we do any of these things we shall be ignoring the example provided by France and Britain. Instead we should recognize certain basic facts and build on them our opinions and our policies.

The first fact is that *the United States is at war with Germany and has been for years.* So far the struggle has been carried on in the field of trade and finance, through diplomatic pressures and withdrawals, through the help provided, behind inadequate camouflage, to the Allies. The war was forced upon us by the very nature of fascism; and while we have tried to avoid the full implications of our involvement we have been driven further and further into the struggle. And now we are in for the duration. Hitler is not likely to modify his methods when his power on the European continent is supreme; nor will he forget the part the United States has played in the effort to prevent his full triumph. From the moment President Roosevelt announced his intention to quarantine the aggressors, our participation was settled. Unfortunately we did not implement these words with appropriate actions. Instead of promising to support any honest move for collective security, we duplicated the fatal procrastination of Britain and France. We allowed Hitler to pick off his opponents one at a time, pretending meanwhile that our share in the struggle was nothing more than a rather lopsided brand of neutrality. Our mistake lay in the pretenses and hesitations with which we clothed our commitment. At no time was there hope of a genuine peace with Hitler.

Today the chance and the time for pretense are gone. We have openly sided with France and Britain. We shall not by any last-minute repentance be able to dodge the consequences of that alliance. We should not, therefore, repent.

I do not say that we should, instead, declare war on Germany. To propose such a declaration at this time would precipitate a struggle which might prove a disastrous obstacle to continued aid for Britain and dramatize differences now buried, temporarily at least, under the general concern for American security. The proposal would probably be defeated and in its defeat carry down many necessary measures of defense. Even if it were carried, a declaration of war might have the undesired effect of deflecting effort toward the hasty mobilization of man-power and the hoarding of resources that should still be put at the disposal of the powers resisting fascism in the field.

And this brings me to the second fact on which policy should be based.

The British Empire has not been defeated. It is fighting. It is strong in resources and men; its fleets still dominate the oceans. Before this page is read we shall probably know whether the Admiralty can prevent the surrender of the French fleet to Hitler. If it can, Britain may hold out for a long time. The greatest weakness of the British defense is the shortage of trained man-power and of planes. The United States should pour into Britain the "redoubled" aid promised by President Roosevelt to France in its last fighting hours. The United States should look upon England as an American fortress standing off the coast of Nazi Europe, a bastion between our shores and the most powerful aggressor the world has known. As long as England resists we have armed protection and time to prepare to protect ourselves. In England and the British Empire survive, precariously, the last standards outside the New World to which free men can cling. The United States must help defend Britain as long as the British army and fleet defend it.

Mr. Roosevelt knows this. In spite of past errors and delays, the President has demonstrated more understanding of the nature of the struggle against fascism than any other public man in America. And this is the third fact on which policy should be based.

Franklin D. Roosevelt must be reelected. In an article on another page of this issue Max Lerner expresses his belief that a third term is certain. But the disasters of the past few days have raised doubts in many minds. It is being said that Mr. Roosevelt's policy is fatally identified with the defeated or beleaguered democracies of Europe, and that the President himself should favor the election of a man who will come into office untrammeled by such commitments. To accept this position is both to admit the triumph of fascism and to prepare to placate it. Until very recent weeks I have doubted the wisdom of putting Mr. Roosevelt in office for a third term. Today his reelection seems to me vitally important. No other candidate in either camp represents a vigorous resistance to the double danger of fascism working through reactionary forces inside the country and through pressure or attack from outside.

The fact is, Mr. Roosevelt stands alone as a symbol of the will to make democracy live. The most immediate danger that faces the United States is not military attack or political penetration. It is the growth of a spirit of acquiescence in the new order now being imposed upon the world by fascist arms. To replace Roosevelt with a man free of anti-fascist entanglements would be comparable to the replacement of Reynaud by Pétain. We are not yet ready to surrender to Hitler.

Why France Fell

EXHAUSTED by its vain efforts to hold back the endless waves of fresh Nazi troops and tanks, the French army has broken. Premier Reynaud, unable to rally his Cabinet for a no-surrender policy, has resigned, and the aged Marshal Pétain is providing a front for a government committed to peace at any price. At the time of writing we do not know what that price will be; we can only be sure that it will be crushing.

Why has France so tragically fallen? Why has the French army, so often proclaimed the finest in the world, collapsed a few weeks after the war started in earnest? We cannot at present give any adequate answer in military terms, for only fragments of the picture have yet become available. But we can see that the Allied High Command, no less than the majority of civilians in France, Britain, and America, has been blinded by wishful thinking. The training of the German army and the value and extent of its equipment were alike badly underestimated. Undue faith was placed in the Maginot Line, and a belief that it would make possible a cheap and safe war was fostered. Too little regard was paid to the possibility that the line would be turned by an invasion of the Low Countries, the defensive possibilities of which were grossly exaggerated. The strength of the famous Dutch water line and of Belgium's forts and canals were cheerfully assumed to be capable of delaying the invader for weeks. Thus, when Hitler did in fact strike through the Low Countries, the Allied armies left their prepared positions in the Little Maginot Line along the Belgian fronttier to march against the foe, leaving a weak spot in the Meuse valley through which the *Panzer* divisions were able to pour. Thereafter the Allies were never given a chance to establish a solid defensive position behind which they could rally their reserves.

But the defeat of France in the field is only the last link in a long chain. The weakness and unpreparedness which both Britain and France have shown have deep roots in the wilful blindness of the governing classes in both countries. Eager to be deceived, they gladly accepted Hitler's false façade of anti-bolshevism and on this pretext acquiesced in and even encouraged one aggression after another. They had a magnificent opportunity to make collective security a reality when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia, but they shirked it because they dreaded the possibility of an overthrow of Italian Fascism. In Spain they threw away perhaps their last opportunity, allowing the Germans and Italians to murder openly a friendly democracy and establish a totalitarian stronghold on the flanks of both the British and French empires. It is the bitterest irony of the French defeat that they should be forced to ask for Franco's mediation to obtain clemency from their conquerors.

An attempt is being made in this country to blame the lack of preparedness in France on the Blum government and its program of social reform and nationalization of the arms industry. This is a most unjust accusation obviously made for domestic political purposes. It takes no account of the fact that labor standards in France had been allowed to lag far behind those of other industrial countries. It omits to mention the pressure maintained on the workers by the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few families who had battened on French resources ever since the end of the last war. Nor does it explain the equal unpreparedness of Britain, where conservative interests had held political power for nine years and the task of building defenses was fully intrusted to private business interests which fell down on the job.

In so far as treachery has played a part in the French defeat it is the treachery mainly of those in high places who intrigued with the Nazis before the war and are now getting ready to creep back as Nazi puppets. It is the treachery, also, of those who placed class interests higher than the safety of their country, and in this category we must include the Communists, who betrayed France on Russian orders, as well as the reactionaries of the right. The great mass of the French people—peasants, workers, small business men—suffer from their guilt but do not share it. They have fought with magnificent courage. May those that survive live to see a new France which will be free both of Nazis and the native rats which have gnawed at its vitals.

Our Enemies Within

IF this country allows itself to be deceived by its real fifth column, American democracy will soon enjoy the privilege of choosing weapons for its own suicide. It may revoke the liberties which are its very essence in order to crush those who challenge the whole idea of liberty; or it may leave these liberties intact, enabling those same elements to dig deep into the life of the country against the day when they can betray a corroded American democracy to the enemy. Either way, hope the proponents of the "total state," we are doomed; either way, they win.

The time has come to show that this choice of alternatives is false to the core. If democracy can confront its enemies only with paralysis or tyranny, then democracy is no way of life, since it lacks the prime essentials of all living organisms: the will and means for self-preservation.

If the choice, as we hope to show, is false, the problem is nevertheless all too real. Norway fell overnight, the victim of an inside job; Dutch democracy, struggling manfully with the invader, abandoned hope when Dutch traitors lined the roofs of Rotterdam and The

Hague to shoot down Dutch soldiers in the streets, and when Dutch homes, by prearranged plan, were thrown open to German parachutists. It was Belgian officers who failed to blow up strategic Belgian bridges before the oncoming enemy, and Republican Spain harbored in the highest ranks of its army the traitors who by the grace of foreign dictators now rule that ruined country.

These same treasonable elements are feverishly at work now throughout the Americas, and not least of all in the United States. Their presence raises two all-important questions: Who are fifth columnists? What can we do about them? The questions are of equal importance and complexity, and we propose here to discuss only the first, reserving for another issue an analysis of specific proposals.

What makes the problem of identifying fifth columnists and potential fifth columnists most difficult is the mounting fever of the country. In itself this popular revulsion is a tribute to the anti-fascist spirit of the people. But it is a spirit that is being brazenly exploited by the very forces against which it should be directed. The tinpot Hitlers and their more subtle counterparts in politics and industry have done a quick-change into the regalia of minute men and are off in full cry after the "fifth columns" of their choice—the New Deal, the trade unions, and every other genuine anti-fascist force in the country. The Hearst press, with its record of slobbering admiration for Mussolini over a period of years, now takes a bow for having set the country on the track of the fifth column, by which it means the Communists and only the Communists. The Associated Farmers of California, one of whose leaders returned from Germany several years ago expressing admiration for the works of Adolf Hitler, now announce "the most intensive American drive ever directed at a fifth column"—in this case the Okies and the Arkies and all who would protect them from the association's vigilante labor policies. Hamilton Fish, who busied himself in Germany last fall in desperate maneuvers to produce more appeasement for the Führer, wants Harry Bridges deported because he is "a symbol of the fifth columnists in our midst." J. Parnell Thomas, whose Congressional career has been confined to loud-mouthed attacks on everything that smells even faintly of democracy, tells the country over a national hook-up that "the surest way of removing the fifth column from our shores is to remove the New Deal from the seat of government." And as though to crown this monument of brass, former Magistrate Leo J. Healy demands that a jury free his warmly and avowedly pro-Hitler clients—the Christian Frontists on trial in Brooklyn—on the ground that it was natural for them to want to shoot Communists, who are the only true fifth columnists.

There are two great reservoirs of anti-fascism in this country: organized labor and the great body of aliens who fled before the fascist terror or who are close to those who suffered under it. Any attempt to cut off these groups from the fight against fascism and the fifth column is a deliberate weakening of the country against the real enemy. It is the strategy of the genuine fifth columnists, the men to be watched. They are not hard to identify: if you meet a labor-baiter, a union-buster, a racist of anti-Semitic or any other complexion, or one who would have you believe that the reds are the real and only danger, you are confronting a fifth-columnist, potential or full-blown. This is not to defend the Communists; if they are not the core of the fifth column, they are at least its fellow-travelers for the present and they must expect to bear the consequences. But it should be remembered that *all* the democracies which in these past few years have been delivered over to totalitarianism have been betrayed not by Communists but by fascists. Even in Finland, where the Communists had the great Red Army at their back, they were unable to deliver the goods, and their phony People's Government of Otto Kuusinen was so sorry a joke that Stalin had to inter it without so much as a prayer.

The feverish effort of America's fifth-column shouters must not be interpreted simply as an attempt to divert the lightning from themselves. It is deeper than that; it is a flanking movement to divest the country's anti-fascist forces of the only kind of leadership which can possibly be effective, the only leadership which hates fascism and can be counted on to fight it to the end. England and France had to free themselves of control by the Chamberlains, the Bonnets, and the Daladiers before they could really fight Hitler. Here we will have to keep our Fishes and J. Parnell Thomases, our Dieses and Healys, our Hearsts and our Associated Farmers from taking over if we are honestly to come to grips with our own fifth column. For whatever laws we pass, whatever precautions we take, will be no stronger than the men who administer and execute them. The first principle in combating fascism is to put the fight in the hands of anti-fascists.

Don't Appease Japan

As A by-product of the European crisis a movement has developed in the past few weeks in favor of making a deal with Japan. In the vanguard of this movement are papers such as the Chicago *Tribune* and leaders such as Senator Vandenberg, who have consistently opposed any action by the United States which might hinder the Japanese invasion of China. This group has now been joined by Walter Lippmann, who, while admittedly not a recent convert, has never before openly adopted the appeasement position. Mr. Lippmann's

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argument seems plausible because of its simplicity. He declares that we are faced with serious threats to our security from both Europe and the Far East, with incomparably the greater threat coming from Europe. Therefore it behooves us, according to Mr. Lippmann, to make terms with Japan so as to face one enemy at a time. This would permit us to move our navy into the Atlantic, and thus strengthen our national defenses.

Mr. Lippmann's argument rests on two assumptions, both of which recent experience has shown to be dangerous illusions. The first is that a military clique such as holds power in Japan is responsive to reason and conciliation; the second is that aggression can be held in check in one area while it is encouraged in another. For nearly three years Mr. Chamberlain struggled under these delusions in dealing with Italy, and the result is now fully apparent. To fascists an effort at conciliation is invariably a sign of weakness. The concessions offered are accepted as a sort of tribute from a weaker power and used to strengthen the armed force of the aggressor for the inevitable showdown.

Britain's capitulation to Japan at Tientsin last week on the issue of Chinese currency was perhaps inevitable for a country engaged in a struggle for its very existence. It was followed, significantly enough, by a Japanese demand that all Allied troops and warships be withdrawn from China. But the United States is under no such duress. Our fleet is not needed in the Atlantic at this moment. If we desire to aid the Allies to the utmost, our navy is still more useful in the Pacific than it would be in the Atlantic. The Japanese navy would dominate the Pacific if it were not for the American fleet at Hawaii. Withdrawal of the American ships, with or without an "agreement" with Japan, would invite the seizure of the Dutch East Indies, which would be a severe blow to the Allied supply lines in the East.

Presumably for just such realistic reasons the State Department appears to have turned a deaf ear to suggestions for appeasing Japan. Secretary Hull's statement denouncing the recent frightful Japanese air raids on Chungking indicated that there has been no substantial change in American policy. Passage of Senator Sheppard's bill empowering the President to impose discriminatory embargoes on munitions and war supplies to other than Allied countries may injure Japan far more than the moral embargoes now in effect. A complete stoppage of the shipment of scrap iron to Japan is in sight. Machine tools are already being held up, and the bill would permit even the embargo of oil exports, without which Japan could not maintain its invasion of China. The adoption of these measures will undoubtedly increase the pressure within Japan for the seizure of the Dutch East Indies. In the face of this threat, appeasement talk is especially dangerous.

The democratic countries might do well to tear a leaf out of the notebook of the fascist powers when it comes to strategy. For years the fascists gained considerable success and a reputation for infallibility by nibbling away at the weakest sectors of what might, for want of a better name, be called the democratic front. At present Japan is probably the weakest link in the fascist front. It is only sound sense, then, that the pressure on this link be accentuated rather than relaxed at this critical moment.

Rites for the G. O. P.

BY CHARLES MALCOLMSON

Washington, June 17

NOT that it matters much, but next Monday the Republicans open their convention in Philadelphia, where a national title—pugilistic or political—has not changed hands since Tunney licked Dempsey in 1926. Republicans, however, profess to be encouraged by their Philadelphia convention record, having won the election on the only other occasions (1872 and 1900) when the party convened on the banks of the Schuylkill.

But those were the days of Grant and McKinley. These are days when a minority party—the Republicans have at last accepted and are acting that role—can only pray for a miracle. Yet not prayer but deep melancholy will be the *Leit-motif* of next week's Philadelphia story, and so it is difficult not to describe convention arrangements in funereal terms. Services are expected to last about a week, with interment on Saturday, though the catafalque may remain on display longer if there is any real difficulty about selecting the pall-bearers.

Hardly any Republicans in Washington still believe that the convention will be a "quickie" or that the nomination will be won without a real fight. They are now convinced that if the Taft-Hoover-Willkie combine prevents a Dewey majority on the first few ballots, any one of these three has a good chance for the nomination. This is a sharp reversal of the picture of a month ago, when Buster Dewey was the odds-on favorite in the betting and nobody was taking Hoover or Willkie seriously except themselves. As for Senator Taft, he now feels that a ballot *Blitzkrieg* offers his best, and perhaps only, chance of victory. It is certain that in a deadlocked convention the prospects of Hoover and Willkie—in Washington Vandenberg and the others are regarded as washed up—would be vastly enhanced.

Hoover and Willkie present a remarkable political parallel. Six months ago they were the darkest horses in the Republican stable, and even now neither has more than a handful of pledged delegates. But the Great Engineer, an arch-conservative, and the Great Opportunist, who poses as a liberal, appeal strongly to the men of wealth and influence who actually run the Republican Party. As such, and thanks to the disorganized state of the party, either one is today a good "smart-money" bet to romp off with the nomination.

Of the two, Willkie has far greater appeal. He profits from the carefully nurtured myth that he is a "nonprofessional" politician and pretends to eschew the tricks and sophistry of the trade. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. Willkie is a "smart operator" in every sense of the phrase. That he still has a great deal to learn about politics, however, is clear from the off-the-record address he made here last week at the National Press Club.

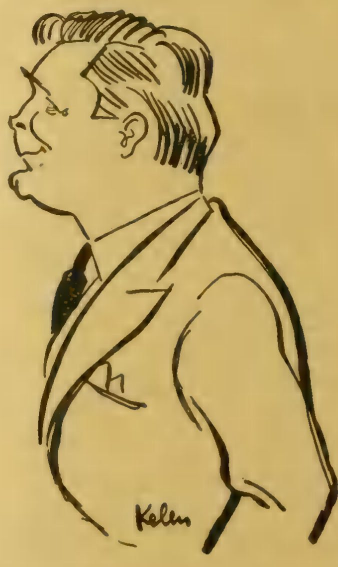
Willkie and his partisans may thank his lucky star that this speech was not delivered over a national radio hook-up, for if ever a public figure was guilty of indecent intellectual exposure it was Wall Street's new candidate. The address was blatant, intemperate demogoguery; it revealed Willkie as the closest thing to a native American fascist yet to receive serious consideration as Presidential timber. Even the customary Press Club audience —ten lawyers and lobbyists to one newspaperman—was stunned. It had come to applaud but remained to scoff.

Speculation in Washington, however, is concerned not so much with whom the Republicans will select at the convention next week as with the sort of program on which the nominee will have to base his campaign. The Republicans' position today, astride the horns of the foreign-policy dilemma, is desperate; but even worse is the prospect, once they decide to jump, of landing in a bed of cactus.

The policy-makers at Philadelphia have three choices. They can denounce the President as a warmonger and place the party frankly in the isolationist camp. This, however, would alienate the mass of independent voters on whom the only Republican chance of success depends and acutely embarrass those candidates — including Dewey, Taft, Willkie, and Vandenberg—who have indorsed the Roosevelt foreign policy in essence. They can accept the "all means short of war" position of the President as indecisive and insufficient and demand that the United States participate more effectively in the war and provide more substantially for national defense. This, of course, would oblige them to repudiate isolationist sentiment and at the same time ignore the fact that isolationist Republican administrations have been largely responsible for our present national-defense weaknesses. Or, third, they can take a weaseling middle course, compromise with both isolationists and interventionists, and advance as the keynote of their platform the cry that Republican "professionals" can do a better job of national defense than New Deal "amateurs."

This will satisfy nobody, though it already appears that just such a program, with certain refinements, will emerge in Philadelphia next week. Colonel Lindbergh in his radio address of last Saturday supplied some unmistakable clues to the working of Republican minds The Colonel, who a few weeks ago told everybody to keep calm and not to worry, warned that when and if we enter the war we must be prepared to fight "the strongest military nation in the world." In which case, he declared, "we must turn to a dictatorial government."

Lindbergh's conclusion, though unstated, was inescapable: We should attend to our knitting and do nothing to offend "the strongest military nation the world has ever known," but if we decide to fight we must turn to a dictatorship run by those who really know how to dictate and not by New Deal theorists.



Wendell Willkie

Even more significant for the light it sheds on forthcoming Republican strategy was the Colonel's implied insistence on an American policy of appeasement toward Hitler Germany. Now that France has fallen, this may well turn out to be the real issue of the campaign. Republicans have already organized a whispering campaign which follows a tack something like this: We have to go on living in the same world with Nazi Germany; therefore our best chance of survival lies in electing a President who is not an outspoken enemy of the Hitler regime. Lindbergh's speech served to force this issue out into the open and to lend a touch of plausibility to what might otherwise be dismissed as an ineffective fifth-column attempt to undermine American morale.

Youth, War, and Freedom

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

A FEW weeks ago Dr. Robert Ley, chief of the German Labor Front, in the course of a broadcast gave this definition of freedom. "A man is free," he declared, "first, when he can eat, drink, dress, and live as and where he pleases or finds necessary; second, when he can wander out into the world whenever and however he pleases; and, third, when others honor and esteem his labors. That is the true meaning of freedom." I am not going to criticize this definition at length for what it says, though it is worth pointing out that it does not define such freedom as exists in a totalitarian state, where there is a distinct limitation on earning power; so that a man has to eat, drink, dress, and live according to an income set by the state, and not according to his pleasure or ability. In the Germany of today all young men and women, as labor conscripts, have to give outright of their services to the state, and later in life they are subject to the state's dictated rules as to how long and under what conditions they shall work, and as to the prices at which they must buy their food, clothing, lodging, and travel. But this freedom, Dr. Ley may say, if it does not now exist in practice, will be put into practice as Germany prospers. It is the Germans' ideal. It is what they are striving for. And I want to examine it first of all as an ideal.

The world, at this hour, is in dreadful chaos. It is in the grip of a conflict which bespeaks more than a competition for political power, more than a shift of world markets. Also at stake, besides political and economic power, is a concept of life, its establishment not for this year and next but for many years to come. For this reason, because the concept of life on which our nation was founded is the one that is being challenged, *we* are involved in this conflict, no matter how much or how little we may decide to do in defense of our concept. Even if the war in Europe ends in the defeat of the democracies, our concept of life will be still intact. But the challenge to it will continue, and either our concept of life or the challenging concept of the totalitarian order will prevail in the end.

Dr. Ley has defined freedom as Germany intends to establish it. It consists of economic security, the ability to travel, and the respect of the community. These are worthy objectives. But they are not the American concept of freedom, not because of what Dr. Ley says, but because of what he omits. For in his doctrine of freedom the individual is not free to think, free to speak, free to read, free to formulate his own experience of truth, free to contribute responsibly to the community, to help shape its life and direct its affairs. His freedom gives man an economic minimum and a sense of satisfaction in his labor, which surely is good. But it disregards his individual spiritual life, and the cooperation of men's individual spiritual lives for the benefit of the community and of the state. To put it bluntly, man is economically free but politically and spiritually enslaved. And there is the conflict of concepts.

A great many persons in this country have tried to evade facing the choice. They have told themselves that they were not involved in the struggle in Europe. They have ascribed other issues to the war. They have said it was a war between imperialisms, and so in a sense it is. They have said it was a war brought on by a peace treaty after the last war which did injustice to Germany, and so in a sense it is. They have said it was a war being fought a long way off. But what no one can deny truthfully is that the outcome of the war, whatever its origins, will be to establish or destroy in Europe a concept of individual and political freedom. And if it is destroyed there, it already is partly destroyed in all the world. For unless all civilized countries are free, no one country, nor even a single continent, can progress in freedom. It will be on the defensive. It will go into a stage of striving to preserve a freedom which is on the wane, which has lost its appeal to modern men.

I think all of us are reluctant to admit to ourselves just how much we care about certain values in life. It is a deep process to square away to certain truths and to know that in necessity one would not flinch in defending them. Life is precious to us. Anyone who says light-heartedly that he would be ready to die for something can't be very sensitive or very honest with himself. We hope that when a test comes of our courage and our loyalty we shall not fail, but we don't go about advertising the aching conquest of ourselves. I believe that most enlightened men and women, young and old, when the emergency arises would make any sacrifice, even of life itself, to preserve a right to freedom. I believe this because it is the revelation of the ages. Many men have died to attain freedom, and to many men in the long past the necessity of freedom was the necessity of life itself.

There is a great deal of talk these days, particularly among young people, about what they are not willing to die for. I cannot criticize the younger generation for saying that they have no intention of dying for the contribution made to civilization by the older generation. As I look back upon that contribution I can well understand and respect their attitude. The generation to which I belong has done some splendid things. It has mechanized life, which is not to be sneered at. It has reduced space. The airplanes which are dropping bombs in Europe mustn't obscure our vision of the airplanes that are making the unification of China possible, that are bringing Latin America into close neighborhood with us, that have reduced the Atlantic ocean to one-fifth its breadth, that are making all men close to all men, as few men who lived in the same province a century ago were close to one another. Modern communications systems have pulled us still closer together; news, music, discussion draws every home into the vortex of art and current thought. Our newspapers and periodicals, our radios and television have annihilated the sense of separation. We all have access to the same things. We have untold opportunities of participation. The world has been given the physical integration which had to come before the development of the still more important spiritual integration.

This has been a contribution, made with initiative, resource, devotion, with an abounding energy and optimism rarely if ever duplicated by any generation. But I admit as I survey these achievements that young people who fall heir to them should not be expected to feel like dying for them. They are resplendent, but they do not evoke the deepest sense of need and gratitude. One would not die for a newspaper, not willingly, or for an automobile plant, or an airplane design, or for the stark beauty of that monument of a prosperous, mechanized America, the buildings that make up Rockefeller Center in New York. Nor have the other works of beauty of my generation been inspiring and enlisting. We have our literature, our painting, our contemporary music and verse, but we could, in necessity, dispense with them, as some men in times past could *not* dispense with their Scriptures and their psalms. The older generation has also spread before the new generation the riches of education, and done it lavishly, as in no other time in the long history of human society. Millions today have the equipment to understand the intricate complexities of this mechanized society. I do not say the education has been available to all, or has been always wise. The educational process is slow, but it is the only known process by which man does finally pull himself up by his bootstraps. Thus in appraising the older generation one must admit that it was not concerned wholly with mechanism. It had reverence for learning and beauty. It strove to make them accessible to all young people as their common right.

But the devotion and loyalty of young people to the world handed on to them has been weakened by two tremendous factors. One of these is the World War and its consequences. The other is our loss of our sense of personal validity. The second point I shall come back to later. The World War should have been the last great war and it wasn't. If the generation that fought it couldn't learn the lesson of that war, it was far too innocent and timid to deserve devotion and respect. The very first opportunity to organize peace that ever presented itself to a modern, almost integrated world came as the result of the World War. My generation botched the job. It not only botched it badly, but did it with sublime indifference, letting the strands of a golden opportunity slip through its hands without clutching at a single thread. But it was not an experienced world. Never had the organization of peace in a democratic civilization been faced, thought through, and understood. People had gone through a war, had detested it, had suffered death, desolation, poverty, and they believed that to resolve not to fight another war would be enough. They put war down as an evil in individual and national thought. They did not understand that war, whatever it may be in terms of evil, is simply the consequence of the breakdown of peace, and that peace is something that must be built, understood, practiced every day, wisely cultivated, constantly and consciously nourished.

It is the fashion today to decry the Treaty of Versailles and find in it the root of the present war. But that is superficial thinking. A treaty does not produce a war in a democratic world. There can be no great war in a democratic world in which peace is maintained with the same scrupulous opposition to lawlessness and the same devotion to justice as in the domestic life of a democratic nation. Peace is an international responsibility. Its maintenance is a function of a modern society. One cannot enjoy the fruits of freedom in a world made safe for democracy unless there is social organization to dispense justice and to curb lawlessness. The failure after the World War was not the Treaty of Versailles but the inadequacy of the organization of peace. That inadequacy was in the League of Nations, both in its constitution and in its membership. Before the League could work—and it was man's first experiment with an organized peace—old nations, with long memories of wars, had to be certain of their security. Lloyd George and Wilson undertook to guarantee France's security, as the precondition to the launching of the League. But Wilson's pledge was repudiated by the United States Senate, and this country was kept from membership in the League by a minority of the Senate. So the French entered the League determined to make it, not a new experiment in organized peace, but an instrument of security. Through the League the French nation of forty millions was to be kept as strong as the German nation of sixty-five millions. If the United States had joined the League, even with the reservations worked out in the Senate, France would have been secure, and the League might have grown from its imperfect beginnings into a workable system of peace. The origins of this war include the failure of the United States to understand that you can't have a democratic world unless you have organized a peace in which every free nation assumes its share of the responsibility.

I think the people of this country were ready to join the League. It is a myth that they weren't. If four men in the Senate had changed their votes, we should have entered, for those four men would have completed the two-thirds' majority needed. I don't think the people of this country realized in the election of 1920 that they were voting on the League. Harding promised them a society of nations, and the leading Republicans of the day—among them, Root, Hughes, Hoover—gave their indorsement to the Harding pledge. Only after the election was won was the public told that the League had been repudiated. And having been told so, it didn't stop to read the record and check the facts. Somehow membership in the League, and with it organized service for peace, eluded the people of this country.

The breakdown of peace didn't begin at once, not till 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria. If we had been in the League, this hardly would have been dared. If Japan had not demonstrated that peace *could* be broken down in safety, Mussolini would not have dared the theft of Ethiopia, Hitler would not have dared the militarization of the Rhineland, the disarmament conferences would not have collapsed because of the growing sense of national insecurity. And the world would still be enjoying the blessings of peace. I say that the older generation fought the war and lost the peace. And the new generation must either fight the war now, as it is doing in Europe, or stand to fight it later. For there is no organization of peace today, no democratic world, no system of society where power is diffused so that no single man and no little oligarchy can drive men into conquest. Unless the Allies win, peace and freedom will be on the defensive in this nation for as long as the mind can foresee. There can be only two kinds of peace—the one imposed by concentrated power, the peace of tyranny, and the peace of a free society where power is vested in free individuals, and where justice and the observance of law are organized as a social function in which all bear their responsibility. Only if the younger generation has learned that, and will set out to find the peace that alone can be tolerable—peace in a free world—can it scorn the older generation for failing to find it.

I said above that there are two factors which make it hard for young people to treasure their immediate heritage. The loss of the peace is one of them. The other is the loss of the sense of personal validity. I suggest that more destructive than the mechanized equipment of the modern army have been certain branches of the modern so-called sciences of psychology and economics. They have produced a revolution in man's attitude to himself, and it has not been, like some revolutions, a constructive influence, though I think it will be in time. Fifty years ago it was fairly easy for a person to think things through and reach a conclusion that rang as clearly as a bell. Those were the days of intellectual security. And they are gone. In their place we have the overwhelming sense that nothing is what it seems to be. We distrust all outward evidences; we look in all corners for hidden motives; we know that nothing that man tells himself is quite so, nothing that he tells others is really dependable. We have found out that the human mind works in layers, that man's thought is molded by inscrutable influences of which he himself is unaware. The modern psychologist can demonstrate that one's subconscious life is the product of emotional influences, of patterns out of childhood or infancy, and that one's conscious thought is a counterfeit, which one tries to pass off on a suspicious world. The psychologist has destroyed man's faith in the other fellow's sincerity, and to some extent man's faith in his own sincerity.

The branch of economics in which the term economic determinism was developed has done for social thinking what psychology has done for individual thinking. We are told that society never acts as it does for the reasons it gives itself. History is just the result of economic motives which men have not recognized, and history is what it is, not because of these and those individual actions, but because vast impersonal forces have played upon men. Thus there can be no national policies; there are only sinister conspiracies working beneath the surface, against which the educated person can defend himself only by utter skepticism and indefatigable suspicion. Now I think that this conception has finished off everything handed on to the new generation by the old. Why should young men revere the values of such a world, acknowledge to their depths the dignity and beauty of individual life, and be grateful for that world, if need be to the point of sublime sacrifice?

But here again, the young have no right to scorn the confusion of the old unless they are keen and talented in rediscovering the validity of the individual. If they must question all outer semblances, have they learned to trust the *processes* of establishing truth, which can be demonstrated in the research laboratory and in the recesses of their own souls: trial and error, the humility to be wrong and the greatness to learn from being wrong, the faith *in there being truth?* Do they know that the truth lies within them or does not exist for them? That for each there is no truth save that of his own experience? And can they have faith in the process of their own lives by which they steadily become more free as they become more wise? And can they have faith in the process which makes society free, the democratic process, the process of social trial and error, in which all individuals share in the trials and errors and the accruing social insight?

To come back to Dr. Robert Ley and his definition of freedom in a totalitarian state. It will be recalled that this definition omitted the freedom to think and speak and to participate in the process of government. Only individuals who have lost faith in themselves and in their individual validity would accept such a disguised enslavement. If a man does not believe in the godhood that is in him, he is going to believe there is godhood in the dictator. If he is confused and suspicious, if he can't trust the processes of experience, if he can't rely on his own judgments, in humility but always in fervent faith, he is going to give himself up, abandon himself as a worthwhile possession, give himself by default to a national leader. Not having cared for responsibility, which is the other meaning of freedom, he will have thrown all the responsibility on the leader. And he will be secure, he will have no responsibility, but he will not be free. That is what it means to be a man or woman in a totalitarian state. It is a police state. You either believe what you are told to believe or you are purged.

In conclusion I would ask young people not to form a judgment of the times by looking too closely at what has been given them by the preceding generation. It is true that generation has not added much to freedom and has prepared people poorly to have faith in themselves. But we have a longer heritage. And the freedom that we possess and that young persons exercise with all the unconsciousness of good health came, not with the wind and rainfall, but out of human effort and anguish, out of great striving, great believing, and great sacrifice. Man was not always free. He did not always have the right to say, think, read what he pleased, or to have a responsible part in making and enforcing the laws to which he is subject. Men died for these things. And the soldiers of George Washington who went through the winter of Valley Forge liked the idea of dying, just as dying, no more than young men do today. They, and the men who founded this Republic, prized some things more than life itself. We are their heirs; they have no other heirs but ourselves. And if we can't be proud to be the heirs of our immediate parents, we can look farther back along the line of human endeavor and find cause to be grateful that we are free and that there were those willing to pay for that freedom. The ancestry is long, and men strove to be free, died to be free, long before Karl Marx depersonalized history with his partly true aphorisms about economic determinism, and long before Sigmund Freud made us aware of the complexities of thought processes. No label that can be glued over the freedom for which men have died can hide the reality of it. It *is* freedom. And it is *individual* freedom. They cared for it, and unless we care for it we are going to lose it.

Men Who Would Be President

IX. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

BY MAX LERNER

FROM the very beginning Franklin Roosevelt has been a crisis President, and there is little reason to suppose that he will cease to be President at a time when the crisis is deepest. This is bitter hemlock for reactionaries of every stripe to drink. But let us be clear at the outset: the chances are overwhelming that the next President of the United States will be that man now in the White House.

He will be there for four more years, not because he wants to, but because the people want him there. I don't need the Gallup or *Fortune* figures to prove it, although they do help confirm something we would know without them. The people want him there, not because the New Deal has been a success, or because we fear to swap horses while crossing a stream. For the first, there is the persistent fact of some eleven million unemployed and the extremes of wealth and poverty as accented as ever. And for the second, in a democracy the time when you are crossing a stream is exactly the time when you are forced to swap horses—if the horse you are riding is not much good. Only the Hitler *Blitzkrieg* availed to force Chamberlain out and Churchill in. And to steer close to a grim play on words, without the change of horses the large part of the British army which crossed the Channel back to safety in England would today be mingled with the soil of Flanders and France. The point is that, for the people's purposes today, Mr. Roosevelt is a good horse. And they know it.

That knowledge goes deeper than party politics, deeper than political and economic experience. It reaches down to the prerational stuff in us out of which symbols are fashioned. It is the surge of these impulses that has already as good as swept aside the third-term tradition. I do not mean to be mystical: the events which have made the President the only possible Democratic choice are clear enough. They are the war in Europe, the onward thrust of Nazi power, the new awareness of the revolution in war technology and of the nakedness of our defenses, the persistence of the world-wide forces out of which the Nazi revolution arose—all converging with the Presidential election. But this forms only the outer framework. Within it there have been our own inner tensions at work. With the crumbling of what had seemed the enduring bastions of the European order, our deepest political emotions have been released. I mean the blank fear of our failure to survive as a tolerably democratic society; and the urge toward group cohesion, which means in this era the urge toward national unity; and—so rare in a democracy—the desire to submit to a leadership great enough to match the great times; and, finally, the longing for a symbol at once of security and forward movement, of moderation and yet of aggressiveness.

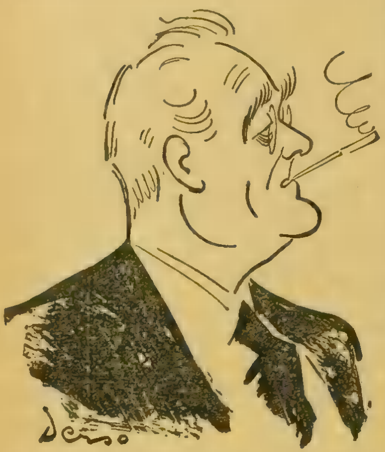
Mr. Roosevelt comes closer to being such a symbol than anyone within our experience. Yet if he falls short of it—and how should he not?—measure by how much less he falls short than the other candidates. This is the ninth and last of *The Nation's* series on "Men Who Would Be President." It is only a few months that the series has been running. Yet, in comparison with Roosevelt's, how far away and archaic some of those names already seem in these post-May-10 days. Who was Garner? Was McNutt once taken seriously as Presidential timber? What graveyard crew will undertake to exhume Vandenberg and Taft? Was that Tom Dewey and Bert Wheeler that the Nazi tanks rolled over as they swept on to Paris? What are "Jedge" Hull's chances in a world that demands in its leaders, if not youth, then at least color and forcefulness? The fact is that Hitler and Stalin and Churchill now dominate our imaginations so monstrously, and the harsh age in which they have become leaders has so stretched our political horizons, that men of ordinary candidate stature seem puny. Roosevelt alone among the candidates can claim our attention as a leader-symbol alongside the Europeans.

Who will oppose him? It still requires, despite Dorothy Thompson, two to make an election. The Republicans, confronted by the clear probability of Roosevelt's nomination, have striven desperately to find the other man. But Roosevelt has had so big a lead that their hearts have simply not been in the effort. Even as I write, only a week before the opening of the Big Show at Philadelphia, there is a funereal air about the preparations. The only real candidate the Republicans have is Willkie, and—despite his being a former Democrat and a big public-utility man, both circumstances violating the outward political decencies—I would stake a good deal that he will be the choice. Willkie has brought novelty and freshness into Republican politics; his outward limitations have been in themselves challenges; he has known the value of mingling candor about his hopes with skepticism about his chances—an irresistible combination whether in a lover or a candidate. If it is Willkie who is picked to oppose Roosevelt in the election, it will not be a wholly uneven battle. For Willkie has middle-class "independent" appeal. His strategy will be to go along with Roosevelt on the intervention issue, but play himself up as the younger and stronger man for the war crisis. The theme will be a dual one: that the problem now is to organize American industry for defense, and to do it without embracing economic collectivism—and who could be more ideal for both purposes, we shall be asked, than a shrewd and successful utility executive? If Willkie is nominated, only Roosevelt can beat him. And there can be little doubt that he would.

What sort of President would Roosevelt make? This is not a whimsical question, despite our having had two terms of him. For he would be President in a world half lost to Nazism, in which whether we go to war or not we shall have a war economy and a political organization of concentrated powers. How does the Roosevelt we know look in the light of the new world we can only dimly discern?

The Roosevelt we know is a mirror of our own best energies, our own possibly fatal confusions. Perhaps because of that fact no one has yet taken the dimensions of the man in an enduring study. It is not that our writers lack the art, but that in the face of so elusive a figure they lack the confidence to use it. The political portraits, whether done in bile or saccharine, are dismal things. Emil Ludwig's full-length study was pretentious as well as inaccurate. But John Chamberlain, although working as usual within too limited a medium, has done a canny job in his last book in showing Roosevelt as a master tight-rope walker. And Harold Laski's forthcoming book, "The American Presidency," while in form a study of the Presidential office, is in effect a commentary on the most fateful American President.

I say "fateful" as applying both to the time itself and to the man's apprehension of it. Roosevelt has always had a sense of history. The well-worn story of his remark to newspapermen during the bank holiday of 1933—"I shall be either America's greatest President or its last"—is typical of a perspective few Presidents have had. One thing Roosevelt has said clearly: he has no intention of being another Buchanan. Which implies that all the basic conditions that characterize a country on the eve of civil war are true of our period. But to avoid being a Buchanan in the face of impending civil war one must be something of a Lincoln. How much of Lincoln does Roosevelt have in him? More, I am convinced, than any President since Lincoln or before. I know that in externals they are poles apart. In the one an easy graciousness, in the other a clumsy grace; the one modern, alert, cosmopolitan, and the other a backwoodsman even for his own day; the one aristocrat, the other plebeian. Yet the resemblances are real. Each of them managed somehow to catch the accents and express the aspirations of the ordinary people of his day. But beyond that and more important, each was forced by the exterior tension of events to complete an interior crisis out of which his real greatness emerged. Lincoln was a brooding man of thought whom the Civil War compelled to action. Roosevelt is a man of action whom the crisis of the depression years and the international collapse have compelled to thought. The more memorable figure is undoubtedly Lincoln, the more effective President probably Roosevelt.


Franklin D. Roosevelt

Yet Roosevelt has not been effective on the crucial question of unemployment, which is America's dynamite dump. Nothing can be clearer than his failure to translate his own deepening perceptions and his generous sympathies into a working program. I need not spell out that fact here. What needs, however, to be said is that while Roosevelt will no doubt be linked in history with the pragmatic and piecemeal reforms of the New Deal, he is at once smaller and bigger than the New Deal. Smaller because the New Deal is not one man's creation but the product of mass aspirations. Bigger in the sense that his personal stature has survived the relative failure of the New Deal and the scattering of its battalions. It may not be rational but it is true that many would vote for Roosevelt who would reject most of his works. His Presidential tenure offers an uncanny perspective: here is a man who lost or had to compromise on most of his goals, yet he has emerged with prestige and popular appeal probably as great as ever.

But to the unemployed and the disinherited, to WPA workers, and to youngsters just out of school and without a job, it is scant consolation to have symbol without substance. They still cling to the Roosevelt banner, partly because Europe has become a word of fear and bewilderment, partly because a war economy might make jobs for them, mainly because they are still convinced that Roosevelt will somehow keep moving forward without revolution or dictatorship. In short, the Roosevelt following today more than ever is a following based on fear, faith, and expectation rather than works. Nor have these people ever really been taught either the elements of the Roosevelt achievement or the sources of the Roosevelt failure. They do not know the great forward stride made in the development of the administrative agency; few of them understand that the President managed somehow to resolve a great constitutional crisis; many are forgetting the solid achievements in the protection of the worker, the farmer, the investor against the more obvious harshnesses of capitalism on the decline. And as for the springs of failure, no one has pointed out to the people the role played by the opinion industries in bolstering every reactionary movement, by big-business sabotage, by the demoralizing anti-labor and anti-alien agitation, by the lack of audacity in genuine economic planning, by the failure to build enduring political support in a party realignment, by the crumbling of administrative morale.

When the people support a political leader through fear and faith, ignorant both of the sources of his past failure and of the conditions of his future success, that leader is in a dangerous position. He has as a politician encouraged expectations which as a policy-maker he will probably be unable to fulfil. I believe Roosevelt must know that. I think this insight, rather than the persistent rumors about physical exhaustion or some new ailment, goes far toward explaining the sense of tiredness the Administration conveys, and the very real and not feigned unwillingness of the President to stand for a third term. Being a political leader is at best one of the loneliest things in the world; but being one under the conditions Roosevelt has recently had to face must be desolating. Having to cajole a hostile and often stupid Congress and handle a bitter and sometimes venal press, having to mend political fences while building administrative structures, having to keep in sight the forest of national welfare despite the trees of special interests, having to see more clearly than most the logic and stakes of the international scene and finding oneself balked in translating that insight into foreign policy—all that does not make a President's lot a happy one.

I do not know whether Roosevelt himself is conscious that if his past role as President has been difficult, his future role as President would be even more so. Thus far he has relied mainly on two techniques. One has been the balancing of interests between various groups, always with an eye to getting out of the trading of gains and concessions as much as possible for the underprivileged. The second has been the alternation of periods of swift legislative and administrative advance with "breathing-spell" periods of consolidation. And usually there has been the understanding that even the best army is as weak as its officers, and therefore a concern for filling the key administrative posts with progressives. These standards seem now in process of abandonment. If gains have come out of the recent attempts to balance interests in Washington, they have not been for labor and the low-income groups. The last two years have been a long and continuous breathing-spell, with almost no advance toward economic planning or social legislation. And the key posts, especially in the new war-industry structures,

Burlingame, Cal.

are coming increasingly to be filled by men who can by no stretch be called New Dealers.

I think I can guess what rationale might be offered for these moves. The important thing, we might be told, is the supreme national effort in the international emergency; party lines and class lines must be transcended, and along with others the Administration must give up its pet preoccupations and its social hobbies; the new powers the government is getting in the national-defense economy are inherently mistrusted by the corporate capitalists, and their consent must therefore be wooed; when we have met the immediate emergency and can come back to interior problems, we shall have an administrative plant that is a going concern and can then be turned to the uses of economic democracy. And the New Deal can then go on to its most daring phase—of attempting to run a peace machine with the same efficiency and the same sense of national welfare that a war machine is run with.

I do not know that anyone in the Administration actually thinks this. I do know that the next President, if he is a liberal, will have to face the issue raised above. Mr. Roosevelt has always been a master of the strategic retreat. Perhaps the present New Deal doldrums fall under that category. But surely he must know that the world America faces in the next decade bears few resemblances to the world of the twenties or even of the thirties. He must know that whether we go to war or not we are already *at war* in the realest sense, because under any contingency we shall have to embark on a national-defense program which will channel from a third to a half of our national income into war preparations, reduce living standards and real wages, transform our economy into at least a semi-planned war economy, play ducks and drakes with our civil liberties, and sweep Latin America into the ambit of something approaching a good-neighbor imperialism. We have all been forced to grow up in the last months and can afford to call things by their right names. If, as seems increasingly clear, American survival depends upon such swift and heroic measures, I had rather have Mr. Roosevelt in the White House than anyone else who would stand a chance of being elected. (I assume Roosevelt has given up his hope of getting the political boys to accept Jackson or Douglas.) But I pray that it be a Roosevelt like the one who from 1934 to 1936 put through the basic program of New Deal social legislation, a Roosevelt who understands with Churchill that wars are never won by retreats and evacuations, no matter how brilliant. That applies to war on the social and economic fronts as well as the military. For there is as surely a world revolution today in economics and politics and social morale as there is in war technology, and the Liddell Hart defensive theory won't work in these areas any more than it did on the battlefields of Europe.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Foul Trade Winds

DESPITE the fact that America's foreign trade, as a whole, has greatly expanded since the outbreak of the war, importers and exporters are hardly a class to be envied. Never has their business been so blown upon by the winds of circumstance. Overnight whole groups of countries cease to be practicable markets and long-standing and reliable sources of supply are wiped out.

In the past seven days Italy has entered the war and France, its armies broken, has capitulated. Exactly what these stupendous events will mean in terms of trade cannot be foreseen as yet, for much will depend on whether Britain is able somehow to carry on the fight alone. Immediately, of course, there will be cancelation of the huge orders placed here by France for war goods, but most of this material is likely to be taken over by the British or by our own government. And with the increasing tempo of our defense program there will be no occasion for the industries which have been supplying the French to slow down. France, however, is temporarily closed as an outlet for agricultural products and other peace wares, and there is no substitute market in sight. At the same time we have to cope with the closure of the Mediterranean to our ships, which involves the effective stoppage of business with all the countries bordering that sea.

Under peace conditions the Mediterranean countries accounted for about 5 per cent of our total export trade, but in the first quarter of the current year, with other suppliers hindered by the war, they were buying at twice their normal rate. About 60 per cent of their purchases consisted of raw cotton, petroleum products, and iron and steel scrap. Italy, in particular, largely increased its takings of these strategic raw materials, which it was able to bring through the blockade thanks to the futile appeasement tactics followed by the Daladier and Chamberlain governments in the vain hope of detaching Mussolini from Hitler. Other important American exports to the region as a whole included wheat, apples and pears, automotive products, and machinery.

In 1939 the Mediterranean area consumed only 3.5 per cent of all American agricultural exports, but when this shrinkage is added to that suffered in Scandinavia and the Low Countries, it constitutes a severe blow to the producers of farm staples. Nor have they the same prospects of compensation in other directions as have many manufacturers. The lost market for American automobiles is being partially replaced by Allied orders for trucks and tanks; the makers of cotton cloth who can no longer sell to Greece or Turkey have new possibilities in Latin America, owing to the fact that Italian competition there is removed for the duration; oil companies expect a much larger demand from the Allies, who are now cut off from their Near Eastern resources. But where is a new market to be found for wheat, corn, or tobacco? Only the California fruit farmers can hope for some improvement in conditions. Early in the war they were hit by a cessation of British buying dictated by the necessity of saving both freight space and dollars. But Britain continued to obtain quantities of citrus fruits from Italy and Palestine and dried fruit from Turkey and Greece, and if it can still afford to buy such goods it may again turn here.

Our imports from Mediterranean countries have been considerably smaller than our exports, but they include certain strategic raw materials which we may have difficulty in replacing from other sources. An important part of our manganese supplies—essential for steel production—has been derived from Russia and shipped via the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Fortunately, we have something over a year's normal consumption in hand, and there is a deposit in Cuba, recently developed by the Freeport Sulphur Company, with an output of 100,000 tons annually. This, together with much larger deposits in Brazil, can provide half our annual needs, and we can still draw on supplies in South and West Africa. However, with Russia out of the market we shall have to pay a higher price for this essential mineral, and it is noteworthy that since Italy declared war ferro-manganese quotations have been raised 20 per cent. The situation with regard to mercury, which is indispensable for explosives and for anti-fouling paint for warships, is even more serious. Italy and Spain between them control a major part of the world's supplies, and even before the war spread, the price had soared sky high. As a result attempts are being made to reopen old, high-cost workings in California, and if these are successful, we may be able to supply our needs in part domestically. But it will be very expensive.

A third vital raw material from the Mediterranean war zone is chrome, also used widely as a steel alloy, of which we have hitherto imported substantial quantities from Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia. There are large alternative sources of supply in the Philippines and South Africa, but in this instance too a shift is likely to prove costly.

In this summary I have only picked out a few highlights to illustrate the changes in our overseas business wrought by Italy's plunge into war, but they are enough to explain why foreign traders get headaches. Unhappily there is no reason whatsoever to think that the war has now done its worst and that the situation will henceforth be stable. In view of the rate at which the German armies are advancing, we are bound to think immediately about the possibility of a Europe with which we could not trade at all except on Hitler's terms. Our merchants, who have had to adapt themselves to so many bewildering changes in the past few months, would then have to forget all their traditional ways of doing business and attempt to gear themselves into a barter economy. Moreover, if Hitler wins the war, we may well have to face a huge Nazi trade drive in Latin America. For political purposes it might be the German strategy to boycott the United States as far as possible, directing orders for foodstuffs and raw materials to our southern neighbors and offering them in return manufactured goods on terms with which we could not compete. As events are moving, it is in no way "alarmist" to visualize the possibility of developments along these lines and to consider ways and means to meet them. Our economic defenses are no less important than our military ones, and it is not too soon for business and government to get together and devise methods for strengthening them.

In the Wind

HENRY LUCE, chairman of Time, Inc., returned from Europe with a drastically altered view of things. For one thing, as *Life* has indicated, he is staunchly supporting F. D. R.'s foreign policy. Not yet made public is his change of heart concerning the 1940 campaign. He has informed staff members that he wants F. D. R. to run and will support him vigorously. (Russell Davenport abandoned the managing editorship of *Fortune* to boom Wendell Willkie.)

LAST WINTER the *Infantry Journal,* semi-official army magazine, prepared an article with an elaborate art spread on the modern German army. Before it was published, the picture lay-out was submitted to Hans Thomsen, counselor of the German embassy, for approval. Thomsen spotted three shots of Nazi parachutists in action and urged that they be eliminated as "not really very important—the emphasis should be elsewhere." The *Journal* took his word for it; its editors now think they missed the major scoop of World War II.

HEARINGS ON exceptions taken by the New York *Times* to a Labor Board decision affecting that newspaper's employees were held in Washington last week. Attorneys for the *Times* protested against an order directing reinstatement of an employee allegedly dismissed for his activity in the American Newspaper Guild. The employee, they argued, "now has a new and better job." He works for the Guild.

IN AN EDITORIAL on the conquest of Norway published on June 8, *Collier's* blamed not only fifth columnists but "class hatred," which had widened the split in Norwegian ranks. Taking this as a warning to the United States, it continued: "To neutralize class-hate peddlers we can carry on our efforts to raise American mass living standards." In the next editorial the following appeared: "The House is launching a five-member committee charged with looking into the alleged problem of migrant population. At the risk of seeming flint-hearted whatnots to people who have taken 'The Grapes of Wrath' to heart, we'll suggest that this committee not take its job too seriously."

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE DOUGLAS'S name remains close to the President's heart as the convention approaches. The rumor that Roosevelt favors him as his successor, reported in this column several weeks ago, has gained strength; and White House intimates believe that it is more than a trial balloon.

LABOR LEADERS, aroused by Thurman Arnold's prosecutions of union officials under the anti-trust laws, now call the Sherman Act the "Thurman Act."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FOR the last time* I wish to write a few words about the new military policy of the United States—if one may dignify the mad rush to spend money for defense with the name of policy—words based upon a lifelong study of military affairs in America and in some parts of Europe. The present drive for arms, which *The Nation* now so whole-heartedly espouses, is based obviously on the theory that sooner or later we shall have to fight the dictators who have at this moment apparently won the war in France—I am sure that they cannot win in the long run. If that is the prospect before us, then what we are doing amounts to nothing at all. Hitler has achieved his victories by creating literally a nation in arms, in which every single phase of industrial and economic life is subordinated to the military machine. If the Allies are now losing this war, it is because they failed to do the same thing, failed to sacrifice democracy, freedom of the press, the right to criticize the government, personal liberty, to arming so that they could successfully fight the dictators in their own way. If we are to have any hope of success in the military field against these same dictators, Hitler and Mussolini, we too must go the whole hog. It will mean farewell to democracy. But that does not appall a great many Americans. They are so certain of the menace of victorious dictators abroad that they are willing to have this Republic go down fighting.

In order to compete with Hitler and Mussolini, if they survive five or ten years longer, which I for one do not expect, we shall want universal military service. Since Hitler makes his boys serve six months in a work camp and two years in the army, ours, in order that we may have better soldiers, should work nine months in a labor camp and spend two and a half years in the army. An officer of the General Staff in Washington who is giving special attention to anti-aircraft guns told me a year ago that America was not rich enough to buy the anti-aircraft guns needed to protect our 7,000 miles of coast from air raids, to say nothing of defending Alaska and Hawaii and the Panama Canal. That is of course nonsense. If we are going to plan to beat Hitler in the Hitler way, then the United States will certainly raise the money to protect itself. We should have one anti-aircraft gun for every ten feet of our 7,000-mile coast, and we should have thousands of them protecting our cities, as I saw them protecting factories and even apartment houses in the Ruhr last fall. We should have at least five times as much coast defense as now and make it fifty times as efficient. Our regular army should comprise at least 2,600,000 men, aside from the aviation forces, which already are to be brought up to 1,600,000 under the Roosevelt program. We ought, indeed, to go farther and make America really air-minded; no American boy physically capable of flying should be given the right to vote on coming of age unless he could prove on registering that he was a certified pilot or trained to enter the ground force, in addition to having served his two years with the colors. That should make Hitler sit up.

As for the navy, I still believe in the defense afforded us by the Atlantic Ocean, but as the masters of America no longer do, it is obviously ridiculous to talk of a two-ocean fleet. It should be a five-ocean fleet if we are to sleep comfortably at night and not in terror of Hitler. How otherwise could we ward off Hitler if he suddenly appeared off the Chilean coast with 2,000 bombers and a fleet composed of the German, French, British, Italian, Danish, and Norwegian warships, plus the Swedish probably? It would be manifestly impossible for our Pacific fleet, if it were then as now protecting Hawaii and Samoa from the Japanese, to get to Chile in time to prevent its subjugation in a *Blitzkrieg.* So we ought to have a great fleet in the South Atlantic and one in the South Pacific, one in the North Atlantic and one in the North Pacific, and a fifth based on Greenland and Iceland, for of course we should annex those islands promptly if we are going in for 100 per cent defense. Finally, we should train 2,000,000 women annually to protect us from parachutists, fifth-column workers, and labor malcontents; of these women many should naturally be trained for ambulance and hospital work.

I hope no one who is really militaristic now and determined to defeat Hitler will object to this program on the ground that the cost will be prohibitive. That argument will not weigh with Mr. Roosevelt, who has never allowed his policies to be affected by any financial consideration whatsoever. And don't pay any attention to anybody who may remind the President that at Buenos Aires he said that arming "builds no permanent structure and creates no consumer goods for the maintenance of a lasting prosperity," and that "nations guilty of these follies inevitably face the day either when their weapons of destruction must be used against their neighbors, or when an unsound economy like a house of cards will fall apart." Times were different then.

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* Mr. Villard's last regular contribution to *The Nation* will appear next week.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Empire and Peace

THE BRITISH EMPIRE. ITS STRUCTURE, ITS HISTORY, ITS UNITY, ITS STRENGTH. By Stephen Leacock. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

GREAT BRITAIN. EMPIRE IN TRANSITION. By Abert Viton. The John Day Company. $3.

THE QUEST FOR PEACE SINCE THE WORLD WAR. By William E. Rappard. Harvard University Press. $4.

THERE is a definite need for books on the British Empire. The average reader has fewer misconceptions of National Socialist Germany, of the Soviet Union, or of Latin America than he has of the role and nature of the British Empire. These two recent additions to the literature on the subject will therefore be welcome. They are written from different points of view and by men widely different in age and origin; nevertheless, the conclusions at which they arrive are not so far apart.

Professor Stephen Leacock, best known to the broad public as a humorist, surveys the achievements of the British Empire with the love of a Canadian proud of the traditions within which he lives, and with the mellow wisdom of a man matured by study and thought and a rich sense of humor, rare in scholars. His book is packed with material, but it is presented in a form easily digested by the general reader. Mr. Viton's book is much more detailed and more critical. It is written by a young scholar who looks at the British Empire from the outside and sometimes with the eyes of the races under imperial control, but it is a solid achievement, based on reliable research and on years of first-hand observation in parts of the world under British influence or domination. The reader will learn much from both books, although he may disagree with certain passages in both: with Mr. Leacock because he sometimes understates the dark side of British rule, a side which every earthly rule must have; with Mr. Viton, not because his criticisms are unfounded, but because they sometimes overlook the specific conditions of time and environment. Mr. Viton's book is on the whole to be highly recommended to the student and to the general reader as the most recent and most comprehensive guide to the intricate problems of the British Empire.

Of special value are its excellent last chapters, in which the author discusses the present situation and the prospects of the empire with a deep insight into its nature and its changing character. Most of the critics of the British Empire of 1930 speak of it as if it were still the empire of 1890. Many people are so fascinated by the past that they do not recognize the deep changes going on at present and do not understand the new forces and tendencies which are changing the situation so completely that slogans valid in 1914 have not only lost their meaning in 1940 but are becoming positively dangerous to thought and action. Mr. Viton's book has additional value at the present time in that it will help the reader to arrive at a clear understanding of the world situation. It was the Pax Britannica which in the long century starting in 1815 made possible the development of demands for self-government and the growth of liberal ideas among the colored races of the earth. It was the Pax Britannica which furnished the shield behind which Norway and the Netherlands and Portugal could lead an independent and peaceful existence and the Americas feel safe and maintain the Monroe Doctrine at very little cost or risk.

For in a world as united as this planet has become since 1815 peace cannot exist without some leadership. The question is today whether this leadership is to be exercised, as Professor Leacock proposes, by America, Great Britain, and France, or by Germany in collaboration with Japan. There is no doubt that not only most of the smaller European peoples, but also the Indians, the Chinese, the Arabs, and the Turks, as well as the Africans, prefer for very understandable reasons leadership of the former type. The tragedy of the present situation is that after 1918 the British and the Americans were not willing to assume the responsibilities of world leadership. That is the reason why the "quest for peace" of which Professor Rappard has written has ended in failure.

Professor Rappard tells the same story as Professor Toynbee told in his "Surveys of International Affairs," or Professor Schuman in his "Europe on the Eve," but he tells it in a different way, preferring understatements; nevertheless, his indictment is as strong as theirs. His book is the work of a scholar and will be indispensable to the scholar who looks for a documented discussion of the last twenty years; the general reader will probably content himself with reading the last thirty pages of the volume—but these he should read. They sum up in a cool and judicious way the tragedy of the last twenty years, of the lack of leadership, courage, and insight on the part of the democracies. In 1919 freedom had made bold and unexpected conquests. The generation which had achieved 1919 was unable or unwilling to live up to its own ideals. How this happened is told in Chapter VI, A Retrospect and a Prospect, briefly and concisely.

HANS KOHN

Health and the State

HEALTH IS WEALTH. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IN THIS collection of essays, most of which were published in the *Country Gentleman,* de Kruif's thesis is that health is not only "the fifth human right of citizens"—along with food, clothing, shelter, and fuel—but a vital concern of the state because it costs the nation more to let people stay sick than to keep them well. He believes this is strikingly evident to anyone who examines the statistics, and he feels, therefore, that it is a colossal tragedy that an issue should have arisen between groups of men with a common purpose. Although not himself a physician, he seems to understand the psychology of physicians, and does not once impugn their idealism, ability, or integrity. He feels that it is absurd to propose legislation which depends upon the coöperation of physicians for its success but antagonizes them by its spirit.

He believes, although he does not explicitly acknowledge this, that the real obstacle to carrying out any far-reaching program of public health is not the ignorance but the indifference or the uncritical enthusiasms of the public. He therefore appeals to the public in these essays, calling attention to the enormous unnecessary waste of human life and outlining practical ways of salvaging it through better application of the continuing accomplishments of medical science. Following the lead of Surgeon General Parran, the vote of the American Medical Association's House of Delegates approving an immediate health bill, and the proposals of the Michigan State Medical Society for a non-controversial national health program, he outlines a compromise plan to which probably few doctors would make serious objection.

De Kruif is wise enough to recognize that there are basic difficulties not referable to the stupidity and greed ascribed by some authors to the doctors. With an almost pathetic dignity he registers the bitter disappointment he himself experienced on two occasions. On December 13, 1939, after being chosen to confer with the President on a very carefully worded non-controversial health program, he was told that this was not the time to begin it. And his earlier articles in the *Country Gentleman* received such a negligible response that he asked himself, "What's wrong with the way those stories were written? Why didn't they click? Was the psychology wrong: talking of life and death in terms of dollars, and really meaning it? . . . Did anybody getting indignant about the money-waste of death really become more enthusiastic for life, more sentimental about it?"

There is an answer to these questions which would shed light on the whole problem, but it is an answer which one hesitates to give. It is related to a fundamental defect in all public-health proposals, including even the tempered, thoughtful program recorded by de Kruif. I refer to the fact that medical science has not yet fully assimilated psychology as a basic science. De Kruif himself is a bacteriologist, an ultra-empiricist, who naively and enthusiastically believes that the problems of physical health are something like those of automobile manufacturing, and can be settled by a proper application of physics, chemistry, administrative efficiency, and common sense. The psychological factors in disease and in the healing process, in the wish to be cured and in the wish to heal, do not enter into his calculations. If they did, he would realize that doctors have certain objections to the proposed changes which their lack of psychological education prevents them from verbalizing in any convincing way but which have great validity. Most doctors know that many persons have toward doctors an unconscious hostility which is dissolved in the moment of necessity for their aid but recurs as soon as health is reestablished. The conviction of the validity of science, which is basic for de Kruif, is by no means a guiding principle in the lives of most human beings. This is one thing which makes doctors skeptical of the assumption that it is only necessary to make medical service cheap, if not actually free, for all people to rush in and be scientifically treated for whatever ails them.

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On the other hand, it is also true that doctors frequently tend to identify themselves with God. Historically the medicine men were priests with supposed supernatural powers, and it is easy for some physicians to revert to a tacit acceptance of this role. To have the privilege of making benefactions taken from them and turned into a matter of public support hurts them as badly as does impugning their technical ability. All these ideas are far outside the content of the present book. They are connected rather with certain fundamental philosophical problems which most writers in this field consistently ignore.

The reviewer is not competent to examine critically the specific merits and defects of de Kruif's program. His honesty, his lack of bitterness, his sensible attitude toward the sensitiveness of the medical profession commend the book to readers interested in the problem. On the negative side de Kruif at times overrates certain new ideas; conservative physicians know of the disappointment which such strong indorsement is bound to produce. Also he dismisses health insurance a little too abruptly, ignoring the possibility that it has some preventive value. It is not quite accurate to assume, as he does, that opposition to organized medicine comes only from labor groups and social-service enthusiasts; many physicians themselves are dissatisfied with the economic complications bound up with its extension. Some who have studied the Wagner bill believe that de Kruif does not do it justice in his account of it here. Finally, the list of medical authorities and associates to whom he refers with rather extravagant praise is certainly not a very wide or very representative list.

In spite of these things, however, the book is valuable because it gives further ventilation to an important social and scientific problem which deserves the thoughtful attention of every American at a time when the welfare of our nation must be supported from within as well as from without.

KARL MENNINGER

Discovering Canada

CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM. By John MacCormac. Viking Press. $2.75.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S hint that the center of the British Empire might be shifted to the New World focuses attention on the issues covered in this provocative volume. Even at the present time, according to Mr. MacCormac, Canada makes isolation impossible for the United States. The Monroe Doctrine virtually commits the United States to resist any attack on Canada by a European power, a pledge which has been explicitly reaffirmed by President Roosevelt. Yet Canada, as part of a political system having its center adjacent to Europe, is already deeply involved in Europe's war. It is serving as the chief training ground for empire aviators and is providing a large proportion of the empire's war equipment. Should it become the political center as well, American isolationism could no longer exist. Since we dare not allow Canada to fall into the hands of a hostile power, we are committed, in effect, to the support of one of Europe's belligerents.

Mr. MacCormac rightly points out that Americans as a whole know surprisingly little about this northern neighbor who so seriously compromises their neutrality. The United States has never taken Canada seriously. Prior to the war there was less Canadian news in the average American newspaper than news about China, and such items as appeared were usually of a trivial nature. The war has changed this to a degree, but most Americans have still but the sketchiest of ideas about the background of Canada's present-day political and economic conditions. To such persons' needs the present volume is admirably suited. Although it examines the fundamental problems that the war has created in Canadian-American relations, it is not primarily either a war book or a study of international relations. Rather it is a brilliantly written Canadian handbook covering all aspects of Canadian life—with almost equal emphasis on the political and the economic. The chapters on the Dominion's economic resources and prospects are especially startling to an American, but they appear to be accurate and dependable. In Mr. MacCormac's judgment Canada could provide for a population of 60,000,000, though the extent of its prosperity would depend largely on the maintenance of relatively free world trade.

Canada's economic potentiality is of particular importance in view of the Nazi threat to Great Britain. While it is difficult to picture the mass emigration of millions of English workers and their families to Canada, a very considerable influx may occur. Such immigrants would bring with them highly developed industrial skills and a certain amount of capital. Some of the remaining capital needed could be obtained in Canada, but the greater part would presumably be provided by the United States. Thus while Canada's political link with the empire would be greatly strengthened, its economic ties with the United States would also be reinforced. How this paradox will ultimately be resolved Mr. MacCormac does not predict. Outright annexation by the United States is rejected on the ground that most Canadians are, above all, loyal to the Crown, though it is hinted that the United States may be forced to adopt an imperialist policy if Germany wins the war. Reading between the lines, it would seem that Mr. MacCormac foresees an ultimate Anglo-Saxon Union embracing the United States, its possessions, and the self-governing dominions now associated in the British Commonwealth of Nations. A further examination of this possibility, in all its implications, would have made this volume more provocative, but would not have added appreciably to the body of significant and useful information which it so ably presents.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Biography of a Mind

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW. By Maurice Colbourne. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.75.

THOSE who saw the second act of Shaw's "Geneva" before it closed in New York will remember the remarkable "Hitler" played by Maurice Colbourne. Once upon a time Mr. Colbourne also impersonated Shaw, which would be enough to prove his versatility, even if we did not have before us his entertaining and thoughtful book on the more amiable of the two originals.

When I say thoughtful I do not mean "heavy," for the

"A book of arresting facts marshalled with militant words."
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style and plan of the work must on the contrary be likened to the light seriousness characteristic of the subject himself Mr. Colbourne easily achieves that tone which comes from self-possession no less than from possession of one's facts, and which is to academic solemnity what a steel suspension bridge is to a cast-iron stove. "The Real Bernard Shaw" is consequently the first book to deal with Shaw as one trusts that posterity will deal with him—critically, sympathetically, and telescopically: I mean, as if he were already among the Immortals that inhabit the star Sirius, striding about between Voltaire and Swift, perhaps, but speaking a language of his own, clear and distinct despite the interval of (equally) light years.

Mr. Colbourne's chapter headings sufficiently reveal his method and his views. I choose at random: Critic, Dramatist, Is Bernard Shaw Conceited? Has Bernard Shaw Changed? A Religious Man, Economist, Program. This simplicity and directness permeates the discussion of all the great issues raised by Shaw, and infallibly results in the reader's being refreshed, reoriented, and instructed about the man who owns the most comprehensive brain on this planet and has worked it hardest and longest. Let us hope the reader of the book likewise remains permanently weaned from the desperate clichés invented fifty years ago by dramatic critics—the notion that Shaw is all talk though "Candida" shows what he could have done if he really had set his mind on writing plays; and the notion that Shaw is a trifler in ideas who has spent an extraordinarily active life standing on his head in order to advertise himself as better than Shakespeare.

The only drawback to Mr. Colbourne's pioneer attempt is that he overdoes the simplicity, and in trying to woo his readers, makes too many concessions about his subject. This may in fact account for his contradicting himself on important points. At the outset he tells us that Shaw has made the mistake of writing too much. He must be figuratively boiled down for convenience. Yet later on Shaw's four million words are salvaged and placed, quite rightly, in the great corpus of Western literature. Again at the outset Shaw is represented as an unpassionate man with a strong animus against all that is "romantic"—whatever that word may mean. Farther on the plays are admirably proved to embody an infallible sense of how men of opposite tempers actually feel. *All* the characters in Shaw's plays are in the right; which is of course the simplest definition of drama and the widest expression of perceptive feeling.

Moreover, although Mr. Colbourne has read an enormous amount of Shaw—he is often able to expound his author in a sort of echo of Shaw's own words—he has not read or remembered quite enough. Shaw's views on love, on evolution, on socialism, on art for art's sake are thereby slightly distorted in the retelling. I could wish also that Mr. Colbourne were not so militantly against "the nineties" or "the romantics" as to caricature them for Shaw's supposed benefit But these limitations do not hold a large enough place in the present work to mar it. It remains in spite of them a beautifully balanced biography of a mind. The only fear I have in praising it is that, following his actor-author, impersonator biographer precedent, Mr. Colbourne will next give us "The Real Adolf Hitler" or "The Real Happy Hypocrite."

JACQUES BARZUN

IN BRIEF

TREES OF HEAVEN. By Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The author of "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow" and "Head o' W-Hollow" tells a fragrant, earthy tale of farm folk in the Kentucky hills, where judges perch their feet on the courtroom desk and plaintiff and defendant (and their families) frequently fight it out after the verdict. "Trees of Heaven," however, runs a smooth, idyllic path with no bloodshed; even hard-handed old Anse Bushman finally learns to tolerate a shiftless squatter family, and his son marries their purty gal.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. With Sayings of Poor Richard, Hoaxes, Bagatelles, Essays, and Letters. Selected and Arranged by Carl Van Doren. Pocket Books. 25 cents.

The noted biographer of Franklin has arranged selections from his writings, including several items never before printed in a popular selection, so as to outline Franklin's whole career in his own words. The Autobiography is unabridged. The book is worth a great deal more than its price.

ETHAN ALLEN. By Stewart H. Holbrook. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This lively biography of the lusty hero of Ticonderoga has the advantage of being written by a Vermonter whose forbears were contemporaries of the Green Mountain boys. Mr. Holbrook has made a thorough study of the records, but the book is so "lively," the author's language so colloquially modern, the incidents so "realistic" that the total effect is of something acted by Spencer Tracy.

TIXIER'S TRAVELS ON THE OSAGE PRAIRIES. Edited by John Francis McDermott. Translated from the French by Albert J. Salvan. University of Oklahoma Press. $3.

Volume IV of the "American Exploration and Travel" series, this book is the first English translation of the journal of a young French physician who traveled up the Mississippi in 1840. His experiences included a summer passed with the Osage Indians while they were on their buffalo hunt. So interested in all he saw that he hardly mentions himself, he gives a closely observed description of the Indian country and customs, illustrated by some of his own drawings, and an account of life on the Creole plantations. The book was well worth republishing in English.

A QUAKER CHILDHOOD. 1871-1888. By Helen Thomas Flexner. Yale University Press. $3.

The Baltimore of 1871-88 is the background of Mrs. Simon Flexner's story of the large Quaker family of which she was a member; an older sister was M. Carey Thomas, the late president of Bryn Mawr. In essence the book recalls Gosse's classic "Father and Son," to which it is certainly not inferior in emotional interest, though the situations are somewhat different. The gentle reminiscences, simply and directly rather than nostalgically presented, are overshadowed by the compelling story of mother and daughter.

PERSIAN PAINTING. Miniatures of the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Centuries. With an Introduction by Basil Gray. Oxford University Press (Iris Books). $2.75.

The brief Introduction and Notes combine essential information with art criticism of a high order. The twelve color plates, cleverly chosen to highlight epochs and painters, are not only beautiful but greatly superior as reproductions to those in far more expensive publications in which some of the same subjects are to be seen.

FILMS

NONE of the major movie companies dared to touch the Pulitzer prize play "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder. Sol Lesser, an independent producer, had the courage to attempt a movie version and succeeds with it to a high degree. If the picture, in spite of its general excellence, is not what it aspires to be or could be, the reason seems to rest rather with the limited scope of the original and with the shift from a tragic to a happy ending. The impact of the story is thereby lost.

There is, of course, no objection to changes which become necessary in the course of the transformation of a stage production into a picture. On the contrary. The camera, with its freedom of space and action, quite naturally demands such changes. The mere photographing of a stage production never makes a good picture however fine the original may have been. But in this case the insertion of a happy ending has nothing to do with the fact that the film is a different medium but only with the circumstance that the movies are a different business. In the film Emily survives her second childbed; we hear the newly born son cry and see the doctor slap his backside. The whole third act of the original—the cemetery scene and Emily's return to life for a day—has been transformed into a fever fantasy. What Thornton Wilder dreamed and made real to a certain extent, the small-town girl now conceives. This shift in authorship is unconvincing and is probably one of the deeper reasons why in the film the cemetery scene strikes one as false. An otherwise excellent and very ingenious production fails here at an essential point.

Forgetting Jed Harris's scenery-less stage production, the director, Sam Wood, moves the camera about freely in the little New Hampshire town and captures its everyday moods with unerring precision. We see everything through the eyes of the town druggist, who functions as the commentator of the original play. Frank Craven plays the part on the screen as he did on the stage—superbly. The playing of Martha Scott, also of the stage production, is simple yet full of nuances, establishing her as a coming star but pointing at the same time to another weakness of the picture—a sweetening of the wedding scene which gives almost no emphasis to the original satirizing of the conventions and mediocrities of the small town. The many smaller parts are played by a competent cast. In addition, Mert Glennon's photography and Sam Wood's interesting and often successful experimentation with a new technique of story-telling make "Our Town" the outstanding movie of recent months; and the enterprise as a whole represents a courageous break with many taboos of the great industry.

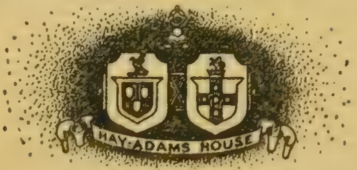
"Brother Orchid" (Warner Brothers) is a routine gangster picture with the semi-new twist that the gangster is converted and becomes a brother in an order of monks devoted to growing flowers. This sounds more terrible than the film really is. Nevertheless, to see Edward G. Robinson, after his great performance as Dr. Ehrlich, in such a conventional role is a painful experience.

"Edison, the Man" (MGM) is a picture similar to "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" in so far as the formula is concerned, but it has less force and is less dramatic because the obstacles Edison had to overcome seem mere trifles in comparison with the forces of reaction which Dr. Ehrlich encountered. The production is elaborate, and there is suspense in the re-creation of the long process of the invention of the electric bulb. Spencer Tracy as Thomas Edison is effective and heart-warming, though a deeper understanding of the great inventor seems to be missing in his interpretation as in the whole script. Edison cannot have been so mediocre as all that.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

THE Victor Black Label Classics ($1 for the twelve-inch record, $.75 for the ten-inch) are mostly old recordings previously withdrawn from the catalogue, but also include two recent recordings now issued for the first time. They are not, then, analogous to the book publishers' "reprints of standard works at lowered prices" which Victor refers to; for the new ones are not reprints and the old ones are not standard works. The value in a set of records is not only in the music but in the performance—which may mean only the name of the performer—and in the quality of the recording. Performances and recording make Stokowski's early set of Beethoven's Seventh and Toscanini's of Mozart's "Haffner" still valuable today—still standard items; and if Victor were now, after all these years, to issue them as Black Label Classics it would be doing what a publisher does when he issues a cheap reprint of "The Magic Mountain." Actually the Black Label reissues are sets that were withdrawn to make room for better ones—bigger-name performances, improved recording; and the less than standard price is for less than standard value. There are people with limited budgets who will not object to this, and who will only want to know whether the value is enough even for the lower price.



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To consider the new recordings first: Bruno Walter's performance (G-9, $3.25) makes the first movement of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony highly effective, but his unsteadiness of pace—especially evident in the first measures—does the second movement no good. The set has the fidelity but also some of the reverberation of Walter's recordings with the Vienna Philharmonic, and not complete clarity. With its virtues and faults it is, however, certainly good value for the price. Goossens's set of Tschaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite (G-5, $3.25) is the one I would recommend of this work, for its simple performance and clear recording.

As for the reissues, Coates's performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" and the recording (G-2, $6.25) are atrocious. The recording of Tschaikovsky's Fifth (G-4, $6.25) has more clarity and fidelity to tone color, but no greater volume for *fortissimo* than for *piano*, so that climaxes sound as though one were looking at them through the wrong end of an opera glass; and Stock's monkey-business with tempo makes hash of the music. Abendroth's leaden-footed performance of Brahms's Fourth (G-7, $6.25), the finest of Brahms's symphonies, makes it a very dull work; and the deficiency in highs, in the recording, produces faulty balance and obscures some of the texture. One does better to pay $7.50 for the superb Columbia set made by Weingartner. The recording of Mozart's G minor (G-3, $3.25) is quite satisfactory, especially on a machine that can boost the treble a lot; but here again Stock indulges in the tasteless monkey-business with tempo; and the New York *Post* and the National Committee for Music Appreciation offer a much better set for an even lower price (the Black Label side of the third movement has a repetition and an objectionable cut that were not on the corresponding Red Seal side). The set of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony (G-8, $4.25) offers clear recording of a good performance by Panizza, but nothing comparable with the marvelous Koussevitzky version at $6.50.

Single records offer clear recording of Artur Rubinstein's excellent performances of Brahms's Capriccio Opus 76 No. 2 and Debussy's "Cathédrale engloutie" (36289, $1); slightly dim recording of Paderewski's performance of Chopin's Polonaise Opus 26 No. 2, which I consider ineffective (36288, $1); clear recording of Barbirolli's performance with chamber orchestra of Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" (36283/4, $2)—good except for a tasteless burst of speed in the middle of the slow movement, which leads me to suggest paying an additional dollar for the two Bruno Walter Victor records without album; dim recording—unless one can boost the treble—of Stock's adequate performance of Dvorak's "Carnival" Overture (36290, $1), in place of which I recommend Harty's Columbia record at $1.50; not too clear recording of Casals's good performance of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture (36291, $1; my sample had two B sides), in place of which I recommend Boult's Victor record at $1.50; and clear recording of several vocal performances of varying merit: Toti dal Monte's version of the Mad Scene from "Lucia," which is quite good (36285, $1); Matzenauer's of "Ah! mon fils!" from "Le Prophète," which suffers from a strong tremolo, and "Mon coeur" from "Samson," in which the voice is steady and opulent (36287, $1); and Jeritza's version of the Finale of "Tristan" (26567, $.75) and Ina Souez's of "Casta Diva" from "Norma" (36286, $1), in both of which the tremolo is excessive.

Among the better jazz performances of recent months have been the Muggsy Spanier "Black and Blue" and "Dinah" (Bluebird 10682) and the Basie Orchestra "Easy Does It" (Columbia 35448). And there is exciting piano-playing by Earl Hines in "Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues" (Bluebird 10674) and by Bob Zurke in "Tea for Two" (Victor 26561). Of the Decca Chicago Jazz Album only two records turned out well: "Bugle Call Rag" and "Sister Kate" (18044) and "Darktown Strutters' Ball" and "I've Found a New Baby" (18045), both made by George Wettling's Chicago Rhythm Kings. "Wettling," someone observed grimly, "was always what you would call a good loud drummer"; and it is the rest of the group—notably Jess Stacy, Charlie Teagarden, and Floyd O'Brien—who are important in these performances.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Friendly Redcap Service

Dear Sirs: The railroads of America have taken cover under the protective mantle of the fair minimum-wage law, and consternation and gloom have entered the hearts of more than 7,000 redcaps from Seattle to Maine.

Redcaps had their day in court when a suit was brought by the Wage-and-Hour Board against the Cincinnati Union Terminal. Just before this case came to trial, the Cincinnati Union Terminal officials decided that redcaps should be made to charge a flat rate of 10 cents an article—whether the article were a hundred-pound trunk or an umbrella. Each article was to be tagged with company seals in lieu of receipt checks, and all moneys collected in a redcap's eight-hour tour of duty were to be turned over to the company, which in turn would pay the bag-carriers the lowest wage permissible under the minimum-wage law—$2.40 a day.

At the trial the defense pointed out and satisfactorily proved that redcaps were now being paid salaries. This made the complainant's case fall flat. Big business had defeated, temporarily at least, the Wage-and-Hour Board.

Immediately after this ruling the Amalgamated Railroads of America followed the Cincinnati Terminal's example, and pamphlets littering every seat in passenger railroad cars informed the traveling public that a uniform charge of 10 cents per bag or parcel would soon be made. The reasons given for the change were that it would (1) improve and standardize redcap porter service; (2) place all redcaps upon a regular and uniform wage basis, (3) substitute a fixed-payment plan for the irregularity and inequality of tipping. These reasons were listed under the caption: "Your Friendly Redcap Service," but it is hard to conceive how a panting redcap, carrying a couple of eighty-pound bags two city blocks to the nearest taxicab, can cherish friendly feelings toward mankind when he knows that 20 cents is all that will be handed to him and that that will be for the company.

In small towns the minimum wage might serve the porter, but in the larger cities it entails untold hardships. In New York City's Harlem, for instance, where the burden of high rents presses more unbearably upon the tenant than in any other section of the United States, such a salary would not be as adequate as home relief. Moreover, out of this minimum wage a monthly average of $3 for retirement-tax and insurance premiums is taken, and from time to time uniforms must be replaced.

In the new set-up the companies are prepared to pay additional salaries to well-tried and seasoned "company-men"—that is, porters who eschew organization and indorse the status quo.

Willing and efficient service from redcaps is what the American traveling public is accustomed to receive. Since it is evident that under the new set-up this service must be impaired, the public should make every effort to obtain the repeal of this oppressive enactment.

New York, June 10 A REDCAP

Answering the Progressives

Dear Sirs: I feel compelled to answer several assertions made by the misnamed "progressives" in a letter which appeared in your correspondence columns on June 8.

In reference to the meeting of the State Committee of the American Labor Party which was held on April 13 in New York, it is well to bear in mind that Herman Hoffman, well-known New York attorney, acted as unofficial impartial supervisor by consent and agreement of both parties. Mr. Hoffman is the same person so lavishly praised by the so-called "progressives" after he supervised a meeting of the New York County Committee of the American Labor Party on February 29, at which meeting they won. This time they lost, and Mr. Hoffman has now been subjected to a typical Communist smear drive. Mr. Hoffman's report shows that on the roll-call vote for state chairman of the American Labor Party Mr. Antonini won by 406 votes to 303 for Watson. Similarly the claim that the "progressives" secured a majority vote in the primaries is obvious nonsense.

As to the court victories won by the "progressives," the truth of the matter is that in every action, four in all, started against the officers of the State Committee of the American Labor Party, the "progressives" lost their case.

Concerning the sum spent in the primary campaign, the Liberal and Labor Committee to Safeguard the Labor Party had nothing to hide. It fully reported the sums received from affiliated unions of the Labor Party which had supported the party in the past and were determined to prevent Communist control. Although the Progressive Committee, on the other hand, may have been technically within the law in filing a statement showing expenditures of approximately $4,000, this sum represents only a fraction of the amount actually spent for its campaign. It does not include, for example, the cost of publishing eight issues of an eight-page tabloid newspaper which was sent to an extensive mailing list throughout the state. Nor does it include the large campaign expenses of various local "progressive committees" which technically had no connection with the main "Progressive Committee." When all these items are taken into account, the amount spent by the "progressives" will be seen to approximate the $30,000 estimate attributed to us in *The Nation's* comment.

LESTER ROSNER,
Assistant State Secretary,
American Labor Party

New York, June 12

Are Aliens People?

Dear Sirs: As an alien who certainly does not want to overthrow the American government—I have been fighting for the American way of living in my own country for the last twenty years—I wish to express my sincere gratitude for *The Nation's* kind words in the interest of refugees. If there is a prejudice against aliens in this country, it is perhaps due to the scanty knowledge of the Latin sentence, *"Humani nil a me,"* the alien-haters. They probably know the Latin sentence, *"Humani nil a me alienum puto,"* and translate it as "No alien is a human being."

RUSTEM VAMBERY

New York, June 6

Is This Hypocrisy?

Dear Sirs: In your issue of May 25 you have permitted one of your readers to describe my article of May 11 as "sheer hypocrisy." Her thesis is that if one is a pacifist one must not venture to pass a favorable judgment upon the German war machine as such, nor contrast unfavorably with it the Allied bungling.

I am accused of professing pacifism and applauding successful militarism. I have never applauded militarism, but when a soldier does a good job, whether he be American or French or English or German, I believe in saying so, which is the reason why, for one example, I have so steadily praised General Pershing's leadership of our army in France. Naturally that praise does not mean that I believe we should have sent an army to France, or that I think any lasting good can come out of war and mass murder. But one who seeks to be an objective journalist must, in judging military events, write not as a protagonist of peaceful methods, or as a propagandist, but as an informed commentator. I am opposed to our prison system as it generally is in the United States, but that does not keep me from praising a Warden Lawes, or a penitentiary like that at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

Your correspondent's second point is that England is inefficient in military matters "because the nation has been weakened by peace talk such as Mr. Villard advocates and by a belief in the League of Nations." How absurd that is! The British government sabotaged and then abandoned the League. It has each year, even under Ramsay MacDonald, spent enormous sums for preparedness, as has our own government; it has never, any more than our own, outlawed war as an instrument of national policy, not even when it and we were signing the Kellogg-Briand Pact. It has kept the largest navy in the world in a high state of efficiency. It is, to every American's grief, thus far losing the war upon which it has embarked, not, however, because its soldiers and sailors have failed to show the historic British courage, but because its statesmen could neither preserve the peace nor provide competent military leadership and organization for the event of war, which it always kept before its people as a possible contingency.

I suppose your correspondent will also criticize me for praying for an Allied victory. Must one who hates the system of war therefore wish for victory for the worst kind of criminals? Is my prayer also "sheer hypocrisy"?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

New York, June 7

More on Mr. MacLeish

Dear Sirs: Archibald MacLeish's article The Irresponsibles, in *The Nation* of May 18, seems to me to be merely another attempt, of a sort peculiar to our time, to lower the values of knowledge before the values of action.

In the first place, the statements that the man of letters once existed and exists no longer, having "been driven from our world and our time by the division of his kingdom"; that "neither the modern scholar nor the modern writer admits responsibility" for the defense of culture, now "destroyed in Germany, Russia, Spain, and elsewhere"; that "the invisible world, the intellectual world, the world of the relation of ideas, the world of judgments, of values, the world in which truth is good and lies are evil, this world has no existence for the honest artist or for the honest writer who takes the artist as his model"—all these statements are falsehoods.

On the contrary, one may assert:

First, the division of the "man of letters" into the artist and the scholar, if it took place at all, took place in the sixteenth century, long before our time.

Second, culture is not something that can be defended against destruction by means of direct action. It can only be defended by upholding in one's own work a given tradition or by adding something to it. The tradition of the Western European nations certainly has nothing whatever to do with the pseudo-culture of the "Nordic Aryan," as in Germany, or of the "proletariat" as in Russia, or of a Catholicism emptied of local folk differences and regional autonomies, as in Spain. All these pseudo-cultures are based, not upon human sympathy or comprehension, but upon action for the sake of action. Mr. MacLeish wants us to oppose them by the means of more action. It cannot be done.

Third, the statement that "the invisible world . . . the world in which truth is good and lies are evil . . . has no existence for the honest artist or for the honest writer who takes the artist as his model" is the greatest falsehood of all. How, if this world has no existence for the honest writer can that writer be honest about his own work? Mr. MacLeish has apparently never even seen the distinction between doing and being, between the writer as writer and the writer as man. Or if he does see it, as in the case of Francisco Goya, who surely passed a moral judgment on a war, then it is only to avoid it.

Does Mr. MacLeish recommend that we should all work ourselves up to a state of emotional frenzy in order the better to fight the frenzy loosed upon the world by Adolf Hitler? And if so, what then becomes of our culture—our culture which has given us, not only Voltaire as he says, but the virtue which Voltaire prized so highly, to see things clearly, to uphold the rights of freedom of speech, thought, judgment, and conscience? Are we, because other cultures have been regimented, to regiment ours?

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Roland, Ark.

Dear Sirs: Mr. MacLeish reveals himself a true *laudator temporis acti.* There are no more Miltons, he complains, but only pedantic scholars on the one hand and superficial scribblers on the other; history, he believes, will indict the present generation for producing no men of letters to guide the destinies of nations.

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world moves on. Mr. MacLeish misses the point. For there can be no men of letters in a world in which literature, through no fault of its own, has lost its effectiveness, its monopoly of the minds of men. The pen is no longer mightier than the sword. Men are now swayed by the unpremeditated word, the immediate message, carried around the world in the twinkling of an eye by radio, telephone, and newspaper. That is not literature and never can be, for literature is a fine art.

As for scholarship, again Mr. MacLeish is right—but beside the point. Nine-tenths of the scholarship of the world has always been pedantic and always will be. Time winnows the wheat from the chaff. The great scholars of past ages stand out like giants; we forget the horde of little minds who clustered in their shadow. Knowledge expands; individuals shrink.

I am a teacher of the past; and I say that above all we need today to learn the lessons of the past—but that does not mean preserving or reviving the patterns of the past.

DEAN P. LOCKWOOD
Haverford College

Dear Sirs: I am neither a writer nor a scholar, but Mr. MacLeish's clarion call makes me want to tell you what I think. Mr. MacLeish refers to Milton and Voltaire as men of learning who accepted responsibility for the defense of our culture; at the present time we have Thomas Mann, Archibald MacLeish himself, Rockwell Kent, Paul Robeson, Harold C. Vrey, Franz Boas, Robert Sherwood, Bertrand Russell. But Max Lerner effectively showed that individual geniuses cannot, merely with ideas, rescue us unless we militantly and aggressively organize to translate their ideas into action. As Mr. Lerner points out, it "would be dangerous" for scholars and writers to turn the light of truth on the problem—dangerous to what Mr. Lerner calls "corporate capitalism," but more dangerous to the individual writer or scholar, because of the risk of being labeled "Communist," "fifth columnist," or "un-American."

What is the answer then? No one step or measure can possibly be sufficient—but here is my suggestion: a strong, democratically run labor movement—I mean a real one! Let no one forget that, whether his collar is white, or blue, or celluloid, or absent altogether, if a man has to hold out his hand for a pay-check, he is in the ranks of labor. Labor has been divided and weakened in its fight by specialization. Let us learn from this and unite our specialties in writing, painting, composing, researching, teaching for war on the "anti-civilizations," on the "anti-cultures," on the "againsts." And we had better begin right now!

M. A. HUBERMAN
New Haven, Conn.

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The Shape of Things

NEITHER THE RAPID COLLAPSE OF THE French army nor the abject surrender of the Pétain government can be fully explained except in terms of widespread treachery. The brave and steadfast men of France have been sold out, their means of defense sabotaged "right" and "left." The aged Marshal Pétain himself seems to have reenacted the part of Hindenburg in Germany and perhaps was only partly conscious of his role. Just as he was used as a figurehead in the Cagoulard plot a few years ago, he has now been pushed forward as cover for such fascist tools as Pierre Laval, who, now that the armistice has been concluded, emerges as Vice-Premier and the real head of the government. The brave words of a few days ago about "peace with honor" are exposed as camouflage by the actual instrument to which this French government has put its hand. For there is nothing honorable about an agreement which splinters a solemn oath between Allies to conclude no separate peace and turns France into the passive accomplice of the dictators. It is true that hopes of prolonged resistance inside the country had been shattered, but the navy, the air force, and possibly large land forces might have been withdrawn to the African colonies and employed in a strong campaign against Italy—the weak end of the Axis. That would not have saved France from occupation, but even the armistice terms leave most of the country in the hands of the invader. The French people have been given no opportunity to make their views known, and, indeed, every effort has been made to keep them from learning the price they are to pay for peace, by suppressing the terms until forty-eight hours after the armistice with Italy was signed. Moreover, no attempt has been made to obtain the approval of the Chamber of Deputies for the Pétain Cabinet. Only at some unspecified date in the future is parliamentary indorsement to be sought. Thus the Cabinet's constitutionality is doubtful, and our own Administration must seriously consider whether it can continue to recognize a rump government which, at best, is the prisoner of the invaders.

CONGRESS HAS DONE WISELY TO RATIFY the refusal of this nation to recognize any change in sovereignty of European possessions in the Americas. But we do not think that this resolution fully meets the problem presented by these colonies if and when the dictators complete their conquest of Europe. It is most unlikely that Hitler or Mussolini would make any direct claim on territory in this hemisphere. On the contrary we can expect a smoke screen of assurances that they are completely in accord with the policy of "America for the Americas." We have little doubt that fascist peace terms will leave Britain, France, and Holland as nominally independent states with nominal control of part of their empires, including their American colonies. The catch will be that they will be forced to adopt totalitarian institutions and the rule of men who owe allegiance to Berlin. Such governments, exercising authority over Martinique or Trinidad in accordance with Hitler's desires, will provide the necessary cover for Nazi activities. In view of this prospect we suggest that our government should be prepared to assume guardianship of the colonies in this hemisphere of any European country which abandons a democratic form of government under duress. It would be unrealistic to leave them in hands subservient to the dictators just because their nominal sovereignty had not been affected.

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THE ONLY CREDIBLE EXPLANATION OF THE Russian *Gleichschaltung* of the Baltic states is fear of the German military machine. The rapidity with which France has been beaten to its knees may have been provided for in Hitler's time-table, but it is sadly at variance with that of Stalin. However, both dictators are anxious to maintain the façade of friendship. Moscow minimizes the number of troops sent into the Baltic region and denies that they are concentrated near the German border. Berlin insists officially that it is unperturbed, and Ralph Barnes, who courageously cabled to the New York *Herald Tribune* news of German annoyance at the Russian moves, has been expelled. Meanwhile, there are indications of growing rivalry in the

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Balkans. The opportunist King Carol has landed heavily on the German side of the fence and is busy organizing a one-party, anti-Semitic, totalitarian regime, hoping that Hitler will be flattered by this imitation and will help him to guard Bessarabia from Russian invasion. Rumanian oil is now reported to be moving into Germany in much greater quantities and at greater speed. Turkey, unable to count on either military or economic aid from the Western powers, is returning to the Russian orbit and is fortifying its northern border against Bulgaria, fearing a German-inspired coup. This suggests that the Nazis are once again in the ascendant at Sofia. They have always been well intrenched in official circles there, but mass opinion is pan-Slav and looks to Moscow for guidance.

*

INDO-CHINA SEEMS DOOMED TO BE THE next victim in the non-stop series of fascist aggressions. Although the government of this French territory has submitted to Japanese pressure to the extent of permitting Japanese inspectors to make sure that all trade with China is stopped, extensive Japanese troop movements are reported near its border. A new totalitarian political party has been established in Tokyo under the leadership of Prince Konoye, who is expected to head another administration shortly. Shares of companies interested in the economic development of the South Seas, as well as those concerned with eastern Asia, have risen sharply on the Tokyo Stock Exchange. This suggests a move against the Dutch East Indies following that on Indo-China. A few weeks ago it seemed unlikely that Japan would attempt a southern adventure until it had liquidated the China "incident," but the situation has drastically changed since that time. The collapse of France leaves the American fleet the only effective military bar—apart from the Chinese army—to Japan's long-planned expansion southward. And there are reports that the American fleet may soon be moved to the Atlantic. Such action would be an open invitation to Japan to consolidate its power in the eastern Pacific by seizure of all French, Dutch, and possibly British possessions in that area. The Philippines might be spared for the time being, but they would be completely at Japan's mercy.

*

IF THE APPOINTMENT OF COLONEL KNOX and Colonel Stimson appeared smart politics it was because the Republicans made it so. Instead of squealing in anguish and anger the G. O. P. chieftains would have done better to applaud the President's move as proving that, in an emergency, the country could not get along without Republican aid. However, this line was precluded by the wrangling over a foreign-affairs plank which was already in full blast in Philadelphia. The subcommittee headed by Mr. Landon, playing the usual political game regardless of the crisis, was trying to synthesize a policy which would be equally attractive to isolationists, believers in full aid to the Allies, and those in between. That is politics at its worst. On the other hand the President, by choosing for his Cabinet men strongly committed to every measure that would help to stop Hitler, short of an expeditionary force, was underlining his own stand on a plank bound to be unpopular with large numbers of voters. In their blind reaction to the news the Republicans almost swung around to indorsing "peace at any price," but the efforts of a few leaders who saw how events could outflank that line long before November resulted in a wishy-washy compromise. Now the subcommittee has agreed on a program of such aid to the "oppressed nations" as is not inconsistent with international law, keeping America out of war on other continents, and full preparedness. We are sure this is poor statesmanship and we suspect it is poor politics as well.

*

NOT SINCE THE NAZI-SOVIET PACT HAVE sharper political corners been turned than those negotiated last week in Philadelphia by John L. Lewis. Startling was the surprise ending of his bitter attack on President Roosevelt before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The white man in the Lewis woodpile turned out to be Herbert Hoover, the man who had us practically out of the depression when F. D. R. came along and ruined everything. On the next day Lewis—who was a Republican until 1932—gave a repeat performance in expectation of fatted calf from the Republican Resolutions Committee. And the convention, to show its gratitude, will probably go on record as heartily in favor of labor. Everyone knows that the G. O. P. not only favors labor but favors *more* labor; it was a Democratic Administration that churlishly enacted a law that forty hours a week of labor was enough. What effect Lewis's indorsement of Hoover will have on the nomination was not known as we went to press, but it was thought to insure Hoover's non-nomination. One wag suggested that perhaps the Republican and Communist parties would now join in an Unpopular Front; E. L. Oliver, executive vice-president of Lewis's Non-Partisan Labor League, quit in disgust; and Lewis's outbreak was diagnosed as part pique (over Hillman's many favors from Roosevelt), part Gompersism, part annoyance with the New Deal's recent trend toward appeasement of business. John L. Lewis's affections are not to be trifled with.

*

THE PAN-AMERICAN CARTEL OUTLINED BY President Roosevelt last week represents the most daring international economic development ever undertaken by non-totalitarian states. In essence it is an example of cooperative economic planning. Each of the twenty-one American republics is to be invited to pool its surpluses in a gigantic export corporation which will seek to dispose of them either through the interchange of goods or through the creation of markets outside the Western Hemisphere. The corporation will presumably direct its chief efforts to increasing trade between the United States and Latin America, but if it is to serve its real purpose, its operations will be subordinated to the needs of hemisphere defense. Goods of strategic value should not be sold to countries threatening the security of the Americas. At the same time, the production of vital raw materials, supplies of which may be threatened by Nazi victory, should be encouraged. In this category tin, manganese, chrome, and rubber are of outstanding importance. The chief obstacle to the cartel plan lies in the peculiar position of Argentina. Its products have long been marketed chiefly in Europe, and they are largely competitive with those of our own farmers. To make matters worse, the United States has recently taken steps which are interpreted in Buenos Aires as discriminatory against Argentine trade. If the support of the strongest of the Latin American republics is to be obtained for any basic plan of hemisphere defense, we shall have to adopt a less exclusive policy.

*

THE POOREST LESSON IN AMERICANISM WE could give to aliens would be to pass the bill for the deportation of Harry Bridges. Attorney General Jackson's courageous letter to Senator Russell of Georgia declares that this would be the first time Congress "without changing the general law, simply suspended all laws which protect a named individual and directed the Attorney General to disregard them and forthwith to deport. . . ." Mr. Jackson points out that Bridges has been "accused, investigated, and tried at great length," and found not guilty. How can we teach aliens "respect for our processes and traditions," the Attorney General asks, "if the government itself will not abide by a decision in an individual case?" By passing this bill Congress may expel the alien Bridges, but it will be opening our doors to a far more dangerous alien practice. The only body we know of that suspends general laws at will to pronounce whatever verdict it chooses and to impose whatever penalty it pleases is not one with which the Congress of the United States would care to be compared. It is the "People's Court" of Nazi Germany.

*

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IS SERIOUSLY endangered by the sweeping terms of the Smith bill, which has now passed both houses of Congress. It provides for a federal criminal-syndicalism law of the widest and loosest kind, a $10,000 fine and ten years in jail for causing military disaffection, and the fingerprinting and registration of all aliens. The first two sections of the bill, of course, apply to citizens as well as aliens; the second is so drawn as to make criminal any publication or utterance which a court may hold inciting to disobedience in the army or navy. The American Civil Liberties Union declares that the bill "opens the door to prosecutions of any literature critical of defense or opposed to war preparations." We join the Union in urging a Presidential veto.

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TWO CHILDREN DIED AFTER EATING SALAD sandwiches spread with Miracle Whip dressing in 1934, according to testimony by their mother at the Federal Trade Commission hearing in New York City on charges against Hearst's *Good Housekeeping*. The dressing had been given the magazine's seal of approval. Counsel for the mother of the children testified that $4,000 had already been paid to the family by the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, makers of the dressing. These facts were not considered "news" by the press, although they are tragic and important. Only *PM*, New York's newest daily, accorded the story the treatment it deserved. The New York *Times* gave it four paragraphs on the retail-business page. No other papers, not even the "liberal" *World-Telegram* and *Post*, mentioned the hearing or the testimony.

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"Clear and Present Danger"

FIFTH columns cannot be exorcised by shrugging shoulders and mumbling "hysteria"; neither can they be defeated by indiscriminate name-calling, by loose legislation, or by suspicious hostility toward foreigners. They must be blocked specifically in the areas in which they operate. What are these areas? There are the illegal fields of sabotage, espionage, and conspiracy, the legal realm of propaganda activity, and finally that shadowy middle ground in which there is no overt act but propaganda which skirts dangerously along the edge of incitement and recruits strength through use of the hate motif and monumental deception.

Despite their notorious penchant for fatal division in a crisis, small "d" democrats are in agreement that no fifth-column threat in this country—certainly as long as we remain out of the war—is enough to warrant any interference with a man's right, or an organization's right, to urge upon Americans the beauties of fascism, communism, or cannibalism. Where this advocacy takes the form of incitement to violence, present laws call for prosecution. Here it is up to the courts to decide whether violence has been incited. *The Nation* has always warmly supported the classic Holmes doctrine that a "clear and present danger" must be demonstrated to warrant a prosecution on this count. But the Nazis, from Norway to Uruguay, have taught the world a good deal about clear and present dangers, and it is incumbent upon judges to take these facts of life into account.

Similarly, disorderly-conduct charges admit of a wide latitude in interpretation. Inflammatory statements which are "offensive, disorderly, threatening, abusive, or insulting" come properly within the scope of police regulations and have been repeatedly held to be a breach of the peace, regardless of whether or not they precipitated violence. A drunk who uses questionable language is liable to arrest even if he hasn't provoked anyone to punch him in the nose, and a street speaker who talks hopefully of Jewish blood—or Catholic blood—flowing in the streets is equally guilty of breaking the peace even though no drop has been spilled.

Various forms of group-libel legislation have been proposed from time to time, and if carefully circumscribed, a law designed to check mongers of race hatreds might prove a valuable weapon with which to confront our *Gauleiters* in the making. On the whole, the theory of group libel will not be warmly embraced by liberals since it extends the undesirable principle of criminal libel. Libel laws were conceived to provide compensation for the injured party rather than to exercise a punitive control over utterances, and a group-libel law would tend to give new life to the distortion of this principle. To be safe, a group-libel law would have to be so framed that it would allow true comment on a religious group—consider the case of the Buchmanites or perhaps even the Christian Front. It would have to allow, moreover, for the good faith of a defendant who had ground to believe that his statements were true, however false they may actually have been, and who made them without obvious animus against the group. These are narrow limits, but they are the broadest which are compatible with a free expression of legitimate opinion. Such a law would have obvious drawbacks, such as making a court of law an agency for determining the truth or falsity of charges difficult to determine under the rules of evidence. Nevertheless, we believe that the merits of a group-libel law offset its weaknesses. In establishing the truth of harmful allegations the burden of proof should under this law be placed upon the defendant. If the Coughlins and the Thorkelsons had to prove their Jewish-Communist-banker fantasies they might be less imaginative. Campaigns of race hatred are designed, as we now well know, to split the unity of a free people and pave the way for its downfall; democracy can risk this degree of flexibility as an alternative to impotence.

Aside from supporting the checks on these more obviously criminal forms of propaganda, we believe that the time has come for federal and state governments to protect the American public from anonymous propaganda. Magazines and newspapers are obliged to print periodic statements of ownership, in which names are listed and financial responsibility is fixed. The same requirements should be demanded of those who distribute handbills on the street corner and circulars through the mails. There is no legitimate reason for anonymity or deception in distributing propaganda in a democracy.

America's fifth column presents no new problem to the country with regard to espionage, sabotage, or conspiracy against the government. The laws to cover such activities are more than adequate. Vigilance, not legislation, is the watchword in this field, and little as we relish some of the recent activities of the FBI we can take no exception to its protection of armament plants.

If it is true that we need vigilance more than legislation to curb the fifth column, it is of vital importance that such vigilance be the function of the proper people. A continuing Congressional committee to keep watch and, equally important, to provide merciless publicity is theoretically an excellent provision for the safety of the republic; in practice it is as good or as bad as the men who make up its personnel. The Dies committee has been a menace to democracy; a joint Congressional committee composed of men whose devotion to the best in the American tradition is above question—men like La Follette and Norris—would be the country's strongest protection against a genuine fifth column.

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Bring Them Out!

THE NATION appeals to the President of the United States and to the American people in behalf of the anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist refugees in France. What we do for these brave men and women will be a test of our own democracy's power to act and will to win. These were the first to fight fascism and the first to fall victim to it. These were the earliest barricades of flesh and blood and heroic gesture against the tide we are now spending billions to hold back. These are the men who gave up fortune and family and career, the men who risked their lives in Italy, in Germany, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, and in Spain, in that struggle for the preservation of liberty and of humanity to which our own country is finally being aroused. The future will pay tribute to their heroism; the present cannot ignore their plight without revealing its own spiritual bankruptcy.

Those who look back on the great struggle now raging will see its beginnings not on May 10, 1940, or September 3, 1939, but in the Promethean figures of the Matteottis and the Ossietzkys, in the brave workers of the Karl Marx Hof in Vienna and the *dinamiteros* of the Asturias, in the offensive of the International Brigade on the Ebro and the stubborn resistance of the people of Madrid. Many of their comrades, their survivors—professors who had the courage to say *Nein* instead of *Heil,* writers whose names will yet grace a greater Germany, intellectuals who answered Fascist taunts by proving their worth as soldiers—were trapped in concentration camps near Paris. Today we have no way of knowing whether the many camps in southern France have been opened or whether their keys will be turned over to the German and Italian invaders, as the armistice terms seem to demand. In either case hundreds of thousands face capture and death. Most desperate of all is the plight of the marked men, the leaders, the Negrins, the Heinrich Manns, the Sforzas.

The President is aware of their danger but needs strong popular support for quick action. Mexico has offered to take 200,000 of these refugees. We cannot honorably afford to do less. At the very least we can offer them transit visas and a temporary haven. Portuguese-chartered ships could be used to bring them to the New World. Without some such concrete proposal it may be impossible to prevail upon the French government to facilitate the escape of those in greatest danger. The reactionary and pro-fascist elements composing the Pétain Cabinet represent factions which have always been hostile to these refugees. But the Cabinet may well be glad to be relieved of responsibility for their maintenance and anxious not to evoke universal disgust by giving them up to the Gestapo. If we are not to be accessories to such a crime, there must be immediate action.

Escape and Appeasement

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHEN I read an article like Mr. Villard's Valedictory in this week's *Nation* I feel as if I had been transported into a dream world. It is a world created and inhabited by a considerable assemblage of good people—isolationists and pacifists, many of whom are also reformers or radicals. It is a world in which recognizable things happen: Hitler's legions conquer France by means of unspeakable methods of slaughter and terrorism; Jews and liberals and leftists are hounded into exile or death; rooted ways of living and feeling are torn up and discarded by a despotism that acknowledges no boundary lines. These things are set down in the record and duly deplored. But they happen at a great distance; they are our concern only if we choose to make them so.

The people who inhabit that dream world naturally choose not to be concerned. They note the all-too-obvious imperfections in the democracies which are in process of being crushed and point out, comfortably, a host of reasons why their extermination was inevitable. They also note the imperfections in our own country and urge, reasonably enough, the need for eradicating them. But they do not consider the question whether even the most nearly perfected state is secured by its virtue against the possibility of annihilation. And they stubbornly refuse to look at the hard facts which Hitler's triumph in Europe has thrown into their faces.

It frightens me to read such articles. They represent, to my mind, a danger more present than fascism. They represent a retreat from the grimmest reality that has confronted our nation in many generations, a reality so plain that one would hesitate to state it were it not for the fact that so many good people refuse to admit it. The reality is that a system of highly organized tyranny has now established its control over the continent of Europe and is attempting to impose itself on the world. France has been subjugated to the point of becoming Germany's "non-belligerent ally." The lesser states are tumbling over themselves to accommodate their political and economic life to that of the Reich. Russia is attempting to barricade its western frontier by occupying the Baltic states and, if possible, building up its strength in the Balkans; but its maneuvers look miserably ineffective. It is a captive of Hitler, and it has its own fatuous policy of appeasement to thank for its present servitude. Japan is rapidly reconstructing its government on fascist lines apparently in anticipation of receiving favors from the victor.

Britain remains—supported by the empire and what goods the United States is willing and able to send. Whether Britain can survive is uncertain. The empire alone, as Mr. Viton shows in an article this week, cannot deliver sufficient material to be of much use within the next crucial weeks. Nor can the United States adequately supply Britain's immediate needs. What is necessary, if Britain is to continue the struggle against present overwhelming odds, is an assurance that the United States will send planes and guns—and later food as well—in increasing amounts as production rises in response to war-time demands. A beleaguered country can resist only if it has hope of ultimate rescue.

This is the present reality. The future is little brighter. If Britain is defeated, its fleet may be sunk or surrendered to Hitler. Should Hitler take over the French and British fleets, his sea power, together with Japan's, would be three times that of the United States. Our shipbuilding program, now barely under way, will be of no considerable value for three or four years. The Atlantic Ocean, buttressed by our present naval strength, should be sufficient for the present to discourage any direct attack from Europe. But direct attack is the least of our dangers. Hitler is already speeding up his agents in Latin America. Their activities in Uruguay have been exposed in the press and have occasioned the visit of United States cruisers to Montevideo. German officers and Gestapo agents are cooperating with native sympathizers and resident Nazis in every country below the border. What they hope to bring about in each case is the establishment of a government which Hitler can dominate. This the United States cannot and will not allow without a struggle—and the hour of struggle has already arrived.

This is the reality—or a fraction of the reality—that faces us now and in the immediate future. This is the reality from which our good pacifists have fled into a dream of isolation. It would be unkind to ask them just how, if they had to, they would confront these facts. They could only answer as they have answered in the past—as Mr. Villard answered in last week's *Nation*—"I still believe in the defense afforded by the Atlantic Ocean." Or they could propose the only real alternative to a vigorous resistance to the inroads of fascism—*a policy of appeasement.* That proposal is being heard today in strange and disturbing quarters. It presupposes the defeat of Britain, the loss of the fleet, the total European triumph of the fascist system. And it accepts the necessity of American surrender. For appeasement means surrender for the United States as surely as it did for Britain and France. It means in concrete terms that we shall recognize Hitler's conquests, deal with his puppet governments, and adapt our economic system to the controlled, coordinated state capitalism of Nazi Germany. It means that the American standard of living will be leveled to meet the competitive methods of a system built on forced labor. It means the end of democracy. This, and not a vague devotion to peace and social justice, is the true alternative to a policy of stout-hearted resistance. As to which course should be chosen, *The Nation* has no doubt.

Is Britain Doomed?

BY ALBERT VITON

THE next three or four months—possibly as many weeks—will decide the fate of the world. If Nazi airplanes succeed in doing to Britain what they have been able to do to Belgium, Holland, and parts of France and if Hitler manages to land a sizable expeditionary force, the fight will be over and Hitler will stand master of the world. Theoretically, there would still be the British Empire to carry on the struggle; probably the empire would not lack the courage to do so, especially if the Crown and the British government took refuge in one of the dominions. Actually, however, the empire without Britain would be completely ineffective. It is not only that hitherto Britain has coordinated the various parts and given them a certain amount of unity; more significant is the fact that Britain is the sole surviving possible point of attack against the Nazis. If England succumbs, Germany will be invulnerable to any force operating from outside the Continent.

Fortunately, Britain may prove a tougher nut to crack than any Hitler has handled thus far. Britain's doom is by no means inevitable. The chances at the present moment are certainly uneven, but they are not overwhelming; and the British have more than once turned the scales with uneven chances. Hitler has three, or perhaps four, ways of attacking the British Isles. First, he can try to starve them out by means of a blockade, operating chiefly from the newly acquired French Channel ports. Second, he can attempt to land parachute troops. Third, he may attempt another landing of strongly equipped troops as in Norway. Fourth, he may use a secret submarine flotilla to transport large masses of troops to some sparsely inhabited part of the country. That German dockyards have been busy building some new kind of subsurface craft is almost certain. The decline in submarine activity during recent months has been interpreted as a sign that the dockyards have been busy with something else. So far, however, all this is a matter of speculation.

Britain's food problem is no doubt very serious, and it has been aggravated by the occupation of Denmark and Norway. England obtained half its bacon from Denmark, over a third of its eggs, a quarter of its butter; from Norway half of all imports of ferro-manganese, 80 per cent of molybdenum and similar metals that go into the making of aircraft, and acetylene products necessary for shipbuilding, while about 40 per cent of the special-grade iron ore for which British industry is equipped came via Narvik. The occupation of the Netherlands has aggravated the supply problem further. Unfortunately, it is true also that government plans for increasing home food production have been too optimistic and have to a large extent miscarried. Instead of two million acres being put to the plow by the spring of this year as was planned, it is doubtful whether more than half that figure was actually cultivated. The crops planted do not seem to have been selected very wisely; there has been a serious labor shortage on the farms; a deficiency in tractors has caused much delay and will undoubtedly cause more in the future. One finds it difficult to believe that at the outbreak of the war Britain had no more than 53,000 tractors at work, a quarter of which had been bought more than seven years ago, while at least 10 per cent were of pre-1925 vintage. Instead of a minimum of 30,000 to 50,000 new machines in the field this year, it is doubtful whether there will be even half of the smaller figure.

However, the record is not entirely black. The resourcefulness and independence of British farmers have done much to overcome the effects of government muddle-headedness. Drastic rationing has worked fairly smoothly; considerable stocks of all sorts of foods have been accumulated, mainly through the foresight of Winston Churchill while he was at the Admiralty. According to private information from London, the lull in sea warfare has been put to good use, and there is probably sufficient food on hand to tide the country over during the coming critical months. The autumn crop, larger than any since 1918 though not as large as it could have been, will come in at a very opportune time.

It is not merely wishful thinking that enables London to minimize the danger of a mass invasion by sea. The British navy is still intact, and it is probably stronger now as compared with the German than at any time since the outbreak of war. Germany has only two large battleships; its losses in Norway were heavy and have not been replaced. Small rapid craft, such as Germany has been building recently, are excellent for torpedoing and raiding shipping, but they cannot transport heavy artillery and tanks. And mechanized troops cannot be landed either quietly or quickly: but for treachery the Nazis would have had vastly greater difficulties even in undefended Norway. I have seen British transports trying to land at fairly well-equipped docks somewhat less than 10,000 troops, accompanied with only medium-sized artillery, yet the job took almost two days. British experiences at Trondheim and Narvik, as well as in the Netherlands, where they had to leave all their equipment, shows what an immense job it is to disembark a modern army. Troops landed on beaches cannot be very effective.

The greatest danger confronting Britain is from the air, and here the enemy has still a considerable advantage. Not much is known about the size of the metropolitan air force or about Britain's production capacity. Figures of production have hitherto been way off the mark. Official spokesmen, in Parliament and outside, always talk in percentages, which is usually completely misleading. The statement, for example, that production of machine-guns has increased by 400 per cent as compared with production last September turns out to be unimpressive when the base index is shown to have been terribly low.

Judging on the basis of a mass of disjointed and often conflicting private information, the trouble seems to be not only that the Royal Air Force is still inferior in numbers to the German air force, but, what is far more important, that Britain's productive capacity is less than half and possibly as low as a third of that of Germany alone. This is where the real danger lies. Moreover, being uncertain about replacements, the British authorities have tried to hold on to every plane they have. The R. A. F. would be a far more effective weapon both for offense and defense if London knew where planes would be coming from after a month or two. Hence the small number of planes sent to bomb Germany; hence the economy exercised when sending up fighters to engage invading bombers; hence the failure to strengthen posts in outlying parts of the empire. Indications are that even the sea patrol has been weakened during the past few weeks.

Failure to construct a great aviation industry is one of the gigantic failures that have marked the Allied efforts. It was obvious long before the outbreak of war that in this field especially the empire could render immense and decisive service. Far removed from the scene of conflict, the empire could have trained airmen in peace, assembled the necessary raw materials for plane construction, and developed the technical labor force. Unfortunately, the British government has shown extraordinarily little enthusiasm for using the human and material resources of the empire. Britain could have had those resources for the asking; newspapers and official spokesmen in all dominions have repeatedly demanded to be assigned greater tasks; public opinion everywhere has been visibly restless under the imposed lethargy. "Get on with the war" campaigns have swept across

Canada as well as the Antipodes. But London retained its glorious detachment; and there is too much truth in the assurance of the Canadian government, when replying to critics in Parliament, that it was doing all Britain had asked.

Britain tried to carry on a war of limited liability, with at least one eye on the aftermath. Having experienced the disastrous effects of the last war on trade and on the imperial connection generally, Britain hoped that a passive policy would prove less costly at the end of this war. Munitions and aircraft orders have been withheld in order to avoid dominion industrialization; to conserve its investments, England did not place the large orders for goods expected in the first few weeks of the war. Canada, to cite one example, had foreseen the establishment of a large shipbuilding industry. None has materialized. Incredible confusion has retarded dominion arms productions, especially in Australia. Even the empire air-training scheme has not been carried through at the required tempo. I believe that not a single airplane from any self-governing dominion has yet taken up service in the British Isles; instead of 25,000 pilots, it is doubtful whether the empire will deliver as many hundreds during the present war.

Greater even has been the lethargy shown toward India and the colonies. Instead of making far-reaching political concessions to associate India in the war effort, in which its contributions could be gigantic, London merely congratulated itself when India decided not to make any special difficulties. India has therefore not yet started producing war goods in large quantities; the inexhaustible human resources still await tapping. The Near Eastern army could have had a different appearance if a million, instead of less than 100,000, men had been stationed there. Here, as in all other parts of the empire, London has thought in terms of money, not in terms of production, resources, and men.

The colonial empire has—difficult as it is to believe—contributed almost nothing to the prosecution of the war, except indirectly. London's policy has been neither enlightened nor imaginative. The British have done their best to make this war just "another white man's quarrel." Ceylon, the Malay States, and other colonies have contributed some two million dollars each; and London thought that wonderful. No attempt has been made to develop production, to establish industries, to train soldiers.

Britain now recognizes that its failure to associate the empire more actively in the war is a blunder of the first magnitude. Hasty and radical efforts are now being made to place relations on a new footing. The King's call on Empire Day marked a turning-point. But many months will have to elapse before the effects of the new policies can make themselves felt at the theaters of war. If the present tempo is maintained, Britain will have by next spring enough planes and armaments of all sorts to maintain an effective defensive and perhaps to launch an offensive as well. Next spring, however, is a long way off, and today, after the collapse of France, it is difficult to visualize a front on which a successful offensive could be launched, particularly if the French Mediterranean colonies accept Pétain's surrender.

But to survive the next few months Britain will undoubtedly need help from outside the empire. The R. A. F. needs to be assured that its present first-line planes will be replaced as soon as lost; only on that condition will it be able to counteract effectively the German inroads. Churchill and the Labor members of the Cabinet certainly think in terms of goods, resources, and men, not in terms of money. They have also ceased worrying about the aftermath if the war is won. The thing that needs to be made doubly certain is that these efforts do not come too late; and under present conditions only the United States can do that. There can be no doubt that if Britain is helped to cope effectively with the air menace—and that means the menace of bombs, not parachute troops—it will be able to hold out during the summer and next year can search for weak spots against which to direct an offensive.

All this, even under the best circumstances, does not, of course, add up to victory. The most Britain can hope to accomplish during the coming months, even with aid from this country, is to forestall a knockout blow. Meanwhile, destruction will continue, for many planes will get through the best defenses. Nor should the advantage to the Nazis of control over the Continent be underestimated. They will now have at their disposal supplies which hitherto were only partially available to them, and for which they had to pay with valuable exports. Equally important is the almost unlimited manpower that they can now apply to agriculture and mining.

There has been a dangerous tendency in England and this country to overrate the organizational difficulties confronting the Nazis. England has consoled itself with the thought that the Nazi super-machine is bound to break down. The Nazi record should make us skeptical of such a view. Certainly parts of the European industrial machine will break down as a result of Nazi domination; other parts will be discarded intentionally. But the fact is that Czech, Polish, Norwegian, and Danish agricultural and industrial production has been coordinated in an incredibly short time. There is no ground for hope that the Nazis will be unable to do the same for the rest of Europe.

Although not yet subjugated by arms, the Balkans, too, will henceforth send all their products to the Reich. The Balkan countries know now that Britain cannot possibly help them any longer, and all grains, meats, oils, and other agricultural products will be at the disposal of Berlin. Reports indicate that Berlin has complete plans ready for coordinating the whole Balkan economy with its own, and for increasing production of essential goods. German technical publications estimate that the agricultural productivity of the Balkans could be doubled or even tripled. They do not even attempt to estimate industrial potentialities.

All these factors have to be considered in estimating the chances for ultimate Allied victory; but the picture is by no means as dark as the preceding account might indicate. Control of Europe is not without serious dangers to the Nazis if Britain retains control of the seas. First of all it should be borne in mind that Europe has not been self-sufficient in foodstuffs since the middle of the eighteenth century. There are simply too many people per square mile of agricultural land. Secondly, European industry is based on a number of key products which have to be imported from the outside, and for which no effective substitutes have yet been found, certainly not in quantity. But even if substitutes could be found for all imports, a fundamental revolution in the whole economic structure would be necessary to change the system from one based on world trade to one of continental radius. The amount of misery, dissatisfaction, and revolt which such a change would cause might tax even the Nazi police system.

Almost half of the foreign trade of European countries between 1925 and 1938 was carried on with nations outside the European continent; and the percentages have shown remarkable stability. In 1937, 47.2 per cent of Europe's imports came from beyond the seas, and almost 36 per cent of all exports was sent outside the Continent. It is impossible to see how this vast trade—amounting to about $12,000,000,000—could be absorbed by Europe. Grain, sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, and other foods have to be imported—many of these cannot be produced on the Continent; 80 per cent of silk has to be imported from overseas, as well as almost all of the three million tons of cotton consumed annually, a large part of the tobacco, all oil-seeds and vegetable oils, a large part of essential woods. Rumania is the only significant Continental producer of gasoline and lubricating oils. More than three-quarters of the Continental need for these things would have to remain unsatisfied.

There are other key products the need for which will constantly increase, especially if the Nazis are to increase food production. Europe cannot raise sisal and other fibers; rubber production has thus far been negligible. Tin, nickel, antimony, asbestos, chromite, manganese, tungsten, vanadium, molybdenum—for all these essential raw materials Europe has to depend entirely or almost entirely on the outside world. Europe is not self-sufficient in wool, hides, and skins; it is entirely dependent on imports for a great number of medical herbs. At present there are still large stocks of these materials on the Continent; but they will be used up very quickly.

This situation presents Britain with great opportunities; and certain it is that the British are not blind to them. Men in the Admiralty began to speculate months ago about the possibility of an iron ring around the Continent. There has been some talk of a double blockade—one from long distance in which the navy will play its traditional role, and one around the shores of the Continent carried on by air patrols. Such a task may not be too great for the resources of the empire, provided of course the French fleet does not fall into Nazi hands.

The situation is no doubt paradoxical. From a long-range point of view the Allied cause is by no means beyond hope. On the contrary, there are solid elements of strength. Only the immediate situation seems well-nigh hopeless. The great problem is how to get through the next few months; and an objective analysis shows that this problem is insoluble without substantial aid from the United States. In the immediate future the empire will not be of much use. Australia, Canada, and the other dominions may send a few more divisions; but it is not divisions of infantry that will be needed. Aircraft, ships, and certain types of cannon constitute the demand of the hour. The divisions of infantry and other resources will not be needed till later, probably not till next year.

The Pope Regrets

BY STUART CLOETE

Without partisanship
unmoved
by consideration
Bemused
The representative
of Christ
regrets
from the Vatican
the plight
of refugees
regrets
from the Vatican
rivers of blood
and towns flaming
Regrets
where he could forbid
Regrets
in the name of Jesus Christ
The fall of Christendom

An End to Illusions

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE morning newspaper brings reports of disaster everywhere. The morning mail acquaints me with the confusion created by these reports. My mail this morning, for example, contains four significant communications. The first is a letter from the Socialist Party informing me that my views on foreign affairs violate the party platform and asking me to give account of my non-conformity. The party position is that this war is a clash of rival imperialisms in which nothing significant is at stake. The second letter asks me to support an organization which will bring peace to the world by establishing "world education" and erecting a "world radio." It fails to explain how its world education is to seep into the totalitarian states and wean them from their mania. The third letter is from a trade union under Communist influence asking me to speak at a union "peace" meeting. The fourth is from a parson who wants me to join in an effort to set "moral force against Hitler's battalions," but it fails to explain just how this moral force is to be effective against tanks, flame-throwers, and bombing planes.

This mail increases the melancholy prompted by the morning's news. I answer the Socialist communication by a quick resignation from the party. I inform the trade union that my views would not be acceptable at its peace meeting. The proposal for a world radio is quickly consigned to a file which already contains eighty-two different recipes for world salvation. I start to answer the parson who wants to set "moral force" against Hitler, but overcome with a sense of futility and doubting my ability to penetrate the utopian fog in which the letter was conceived, I throw my reply into the wastebasket. Thus I save some time to meditate upon the perspective which informs this whole morning's mail and upon the vapid character of the culture which Hitler intends to destroy. This culture does not understand historical reality clearly enough to deserve to survive. It has a right to survival only because the alternative is too horrible to contemplate. All four letters are but expressions of the utopianism which has informed our Western world since the eighteenth century.

The Socialists have a dogma that this war is a clash of rival imperialisms. Of course they are right. So is a clash between myself and a gangster a conflict of rival egotisms. There is a perspective from which not much difference may be perceived between my egotism and that of a gangster. But from another perspective there is an important difference. "There is not much difference between people," said a farmer to William James, "but what difference there is is very important." That is a truth which the Socialists in America have not yet learned. The Socialists are right of course in insisting that the civilization which we are called upon to defend is full of capitalistic and imperialistic injustice. But it is still a civilization. Utopianism creates confusion in politics by measuring all significant historical distinctions against purely ideal perspectives and blinding the eye to differences which may be matters of life and death in a specific instance.

The Socialists rightly call attention to the treason of the capitalistic oligarchy which has brought the cause of democracy to so desperate a state. But we are defending something which transcends the interests of Mr. Chamberlain and the venality of M. Bonnet. Furthermore the Socialists have forgotten how much they contributed to the capitulation of democracy to tyranny. It was a Socialist Prime Minister, Paul-Henri Spaak, who contrived the unrealistic neutrality policy of Belgium which was responsible for the German break-through at Sedan. The policy was unrealistic because it was based upon the quite untrue assumption that Belgium was imperiled equally by rival imperialistic powers. The peril was not equal at all, and history has avenged this lie in a terrible way. The Socialists of the Scandinavian countries were deeply involved in the parasitic pacifism of these small nations which scorned "power politics" and forgot that their security rested upon the British navy and the contingencies of a precarious balance of power. The Socialists of Britain willed to resist Hitler but did not will the means of resistance. As for Munich, I heard American Socialists give thanks that a madman with a gun was met by a man with an umbrella. If there had been two guns, rather than an umbrella and a gun, they said, the world would have been plunged into conflict. European Socialists have learned to repent of these errors under the pressure of tragic events, leaving only American Socialists to indulge the luxury of their utopianism.

The proposal for "world radio" and "world education" is merely a particularly fatuous form of the utopian rationalism and universalism which have informed the thought of liberal intellectuals in the whole Western world. These liberals have always imagined that it was a comparatively simple matter for the human mind to transcend the welter of interest and passion which is

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the very stuff of existence. They have not understood that man's very capacity for freedom creates the imperialist will to dominate, as well as the desire to subordinate life to universal standards. The five hundred American scientists who recently presented a memorial to the President favoring neutrality in the name of scientific impartiality seem not to have the slightest idea that scientific freedom is dependent upon the vicissitudes of political history. Their illusions reveal that modern culture completely misunderstands history precisely because it has learned a great deal about nature and falsely imagines that the harmonies and securities of nature are a safe asylum for man.

There seems to be absolutely no end to the illusions of which intellectuals are capable and no height of unrealistic dreaming to which they cannot rise. Aldous Huxley dreams in Hollywood of a method of making man harmless by subtracting or abstracting the self from selfhood, and stumbles into a pseudo-Buddhistic mysticism as the way of salvation without understanding that this kind of mysticism annuls all history in the process of destroying the self.

When the intellectuals are not given to a vapid form of universalism they elaborate an impossible individualism. Bertrand Russell, who has now repented of his pacifism, wrote in an article recently reprinted in *The Nation* that any political view which made individuals the bearers of ideological forces was outmoded. The fact is that Nazi collectivism with its primitive emphasis upon "blood and soil" is but a cruel and psychopathic emphasis upon organic and collective aspects of life which liberal individualism has outraged. As late as last February the *New Republic* promised to stand resolutely against any moral urge that might carry us into war because it knew so certainly that the "evils of a system" could not be cured by "killing the unfortunate individuals who for a moment embody the system." It failed to tell us that the individuals who for the moment embody a system might possibly fasten a system of slavery upon us which would not be for a moment. When Germany invaded Holland and Belgium and the situation of the Western democracies became precarious, the *New Republic* forgot these individualistic scruples and solemnly warned that we could not afford to allow the British navy to be destroyed, though it did not tell us how we were to prevent it without imperiling the lives of unfortunate individual sailors and soldiers "who for the moment embody a system." The real fact is that we have no right to deal with the rough stuff of politics at all if we do not understand that politics always deals with collective action and that collective action invariably involves both guilty and guiltless among the individuals who for the moment embody a system.

The letter from the communistic trade union in my mail can stand as a symbol of the aberrations of those who frantically cling to Russia as their hope of salvation. The fear that a triumphant Germany will invade the Ukraine may bring Russia back on the side of the angels shortly, and then the rest of us will be told how wrong we were in judging Russia prematurely. Fortunately we have no intellectuals of the standing of George Bernard Shaw and J. B. S. Haldane who, under the influence of the Russian obsession, talk such nonsense as these two men have permitted themselves.

The letter from the parson who wanted to set "moral force" against Hitler's battalions is a nice example of the sentimentalized form of Christianity which has engulfed our churches, particularly in America, and which has prompted them to dream of "spiritualizing life" by abstracting spirit from matter, history, and life. It is significant that this kind of "spiritual" religion identifies religious perfectionism with the morally dubious and politically dangerous dogmas of isolation. If we could only keep free of this European struggle we might still indulge our illusions about the character of human existence, which Christianity at its best illumines.

A survey of our culture gives us the uneasy feeling that Hitler was not quite wrong in his boast that he would destroy the world of the eighteenth century. In its more articulate forms our culture suffers from illusions which weaken its will and its right to survive. One can only be grateful for the common sense of common folk which has not been corrupted by these illusions and which in the hour of peril expresses itself in sound political instincts. But for this common sense we might capitulate to a system of government which declares war to be normal, because we do not believe in war. We might submit to a culture which glorifies force as the final arbiter, because we thought it a simple task to extricate reason from force. We might allow a primitive collectivism to enslave us, because we had false ideas of the relation of the individual to the collective forces of life. We might submit to tyranny and the negation of justice, because we had an uneasy conscience about the injustices which corrupt our system of justice.

Hitler threatens the whole world not merely because the democracies were plutocratic and betrayed by their capitalist oligarchies. His victories thus far are partly due to the fact that the culture of the democracies was vapid. Its political instincts had become vitiated by an idealism which sought to extricate morals from politics to the degree of forgetting that all life remains a contest of power. If Hitler is defeated in the end it will be because the crisis has awakened in us the will to preserve a civilization in which justice and freedom are realities, and given us the knowledge that ambiguous methods are required for the ambiguities of history. Let those who are revolted by such ambiguities have the decency and consistency to retire to the monastery, where medieval perfectionists found their asylum.

Slave Markets in the Bronx

BY CARL OFFORD

THE slave market in the Bronx is different. You don't see the husky auctioneer; you don't see the whip. You don't see a line of half-naked Negroes with chains about their wrists and ankles. But you see hundreds of Negro women, thin, tattered, haggard, sitting on soap boxes or leaning against lamp posts, begging some white woman to buy their services for as little as fifteen cents an hour.

In the early morning the alarm clocks rattle through the Harlem tenements. School children lie half awake. Unemployed fathers, unemployed sons sleep on. Mothers, grandmothers, wives, and daughters get up. They pack an apron, a piece of bread, and a pair of slippers in a brown-paper bag and hurry out to the Lenox Avenue subway, each bound for what seems to her the most promising slave market.

Practically nobody in New York will hire a Negro woman for anything but domestic work; only .04 per cent of the Negro women in New York have white-collar jobs. And ever since the 1929 stock crash the pressure of mass unemployment has shunted Negroes out of the better domestic positions. *Fortune* noted in December, 1931, that "in the North colored servants can hardly find positions because so many whites are taking jobs at Negro wages."

Park Avenue, the wealthy eighties, Long Island, and Westchester let them out. They turned to the Bronx in growing numbers; the slave markets developed and flourished. Today more than a hundred such markets are scattered through the Bronx. They may be found at Burnside and Davidson Avenues, Simpson Street and Westchester Avenue, Allerton Avenue and White Plains Road, Fordham Road and Jerome Avenue, Kingsbridge Road and Jerome Avenue, Cruger and Lydig Avenues, Claremont Parkway and Third Avenue, Mosholu Parkway and Jerome Avenue, 161st Street and River Avenue, 167th Street and Grand Concourse, and other corners.

Here the women gather and here they wait, old women, young women, young girls. Some will get jobs, many will not. The young girls have a hard time turning down "man after man trying to jibe you with an easy dollar." The old women have to be careful to keep their gray hair well covered because "most employers take the young ones." The flower-shop proprietor protests that they are blocking his window display. They shift a little to one side, but they don't go away. Hours pass, they wait; it rains, it snows, yet they wait.

The housewife comes out to do her morning shopping. The wife of a skilled worker or a small business man, she counts her pennies carefully. She haggles with the fruit vendor over the price of strawberries; she haggles with the meat dealer about the lamb chops. Then she looks for a domestic worker.

"You girls want to work?" She singles out the youngest, the strongest-looking: "How much do you work for?" The worker states her price. The housewife exclaims, "Twenty-five cents an hour!" and turns away. She will try waiting, too. She knows that by twelve o'clock they will be anxious to work for fifteen cents; and if she can put her hands on one that came up on her last nickel she can get her to work for ten cents.

One of the ugly features of the slave market is the practice of welching on the pay-off. Many housewives who contract to pay fifteen cents an hour use one method or another to rob the worker of her due. Sometimes after working for four or five hours the Negro woman finds that the housewife has set the clock back an hour. Or a worker is offered a snack of lunch, and if she unwittingly accepts, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents is deducted from her pay at the end of the day. Quite a number of housewives insist that the domestic worker accept cast-off clothing in part payment, and many deduct money from the day's earnings on the ground that the work wasn't done satisfactorily.

These practices create an undercurrent of bitter hatred for the Bronx housewives. The Negro women return to Harlem, and whenever they get together swap stories of oppression. And because these Bronx housewives are almost invariably Jews, the bitter feelings of the workers are easily steered into the broad channel of anti-Semitism. Political charlatans of every stripe, from the outright professional Hitlerite to the Blackmanite,* capitalize upon "the Jewish oppression in the Bronx."

Recognizing the undesirable political consequences of this feeling, citizens of the borough organized last December the Bronx Committee for Improvement of Domestic Employees, headed by Rabbi Jerome Rosenblom of Tremont Temple; the Reverend Elder G. Hawkins, representing the Bronx Clergy Association; and Wilbur D. Simmonds, assistant district superintendent of the Division of Placement and Unemployment of the Bronx. This committee planned to establish centers "to shelter the domestic workers in bad weather and to see that prospective employers pay a fair wage." "Fair" wages were to be obtained by educating Bronx housewives

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* A Blackmanite is a person who advocates the annihilation of the whites, beginning with the Jewish business man in Harlem—C. O.

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to realize that "this system of employing is economically unsound both to themselves and to their employees." Education alone, however, never won a wage increase for anybody. What is needed is education-and—education and union organization.

An attempt at such organization has been made by the Domestic Workers' Union, an affiliate of the A. F. of L., but the difficulties in this field are legion, and much cannot be hoped for without the active cooperation of neighborhood religious and civic leaders. No two persons work together; workers can be obtained from a hundred different places scattered over a whole county; it is house service, not article production—call a strike and the housewife will clean her own pots and pans and nobody can shout "scab." If a particular block is organized, the housewife calls her married daughter on the phone, and the married daughter sends over a cheaper worker from her section.

In 1937, when the Domestic Workers' Union established offices at Allerton Avenue and White Plains Road, in immediate proximity to a flourishing market, domestic workers joined up by the score. Employers, however, didn't appear. One member aptly summed up the situation: "I sit and sit in the union and nobody comes. Them women won't hire nobody from the union; not when they can pick up a gal on the corner for fifteen cents." After some months nobody sat in the union, and a "To Let" sign was put up on the premises. The union rate for the Bronx was forty cents an hour, and window-cleaning, blanket-washing, and floor-waxing were forbidden. The housewife couldn't be induced to agree to such conditions. Leaflets were distributed, mass-meetings were held, speeches were broadcast. But the housewife clung to her position—that she was going to get as much as possible for the least possible amount of money.

The union is preparing to launch another organizing campaign this summer. Organizers will concentrate on those houses where elevator operators and porters have already joined the Building Service International Union, and the union will do its utmost to cooperate with the Bronx Committee for Improvement of Domestic Employees. But, as Dora Jones, president of the union, points out, to eradicate the slave market government aid is needed. Both the state and the national government should realize the plight of these workers and do at least as much for them as for others. Extension of the Wage-Hour Act to include domestic workers or the establishment of a state minimum wage would provide an effective weapon against the evils of the slave market. There is also need of legislation to bring these women under the workmen's compensation law and to make them eligible for unemployment insurance and old-age security. Until such government action is taken, it is feared that the slave market will continue despite the union's best efforts.

In the Wind

IN THE TUMULT aroused by John L. Lewis's speech absolving Herbert Hoover of depression-guilt, the man to watch is Phil Murray. Murray is reported near the breaking-point and may admit it any day. If he does, he may be the C. I. O.'s next president, C. I. O. insiders feel.

MOST PAPERS carried the news that the Republican National Convention, which used "A Ballad for Americans" as an opening note, asked Paul Robeson not to sing because of his pro-Soviet sympathies. All papers overlooked the fact that the chorus which appeared—minus Robeson—had sung at virtually none but Communist functions prior to its Republican debut.

OVER CHICAGO'S Station WBBM the morning of June 10 the announcer thanked sponsors of the program called "Life Can Be Beautiful" for relinquishing their time. Substituted for the program was Mussolini's message declaring war.

WHILE MRS. ROOSEVELT does not show it, she is not oblivious to heckling by youth. When she visited the City College recently, a group of students began to chant: "The Yanks Are Not Coming." To her companion Mrs. Roosevelt commented: "No, but the Nazis are, aren't they?" She said it smilingly.

TAKING GALLUP polls in war time is precarious business. The last published survey showed a rise in war sentiment to 7 per cent. Another survey was being taken when the French surrender was reported. Before the surrender, the ballots indicated that war feeling had jumped to 14 per cent. The bad news brought an immediate diminution of the fever, and compelled the institute to start its poll all over again.

A BUCHAREST bookseller, reports the Paris *Tribune,* has found a new device for booming business. He buys large lots of Rauschning's "The Voice of Destruction," and the German legation promptly buys up each consignment. It has been going on for months.

WASHINGTON IS trying at the same time to prevent sabotage and to calm hysteria, and has therefore concealed some startling facts. It is reported on good authority that there have been "accidents" in sixty plants making national-defense equipment since the real war started. Almost all have been hushed up.

WHEN ROBERT JACKSON denounced the Bridges deportation bill he was pinch-hitting for F. D. R. The President opposes the bill, fears tremendous reaction if he vetoes it. So he's hoping it won't reach him.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Valedictory

IT IS nearly forty-six and one-half years since my first contribution appeared in *The Nation*—January 11, 1894. In it I reported my observations of the Spanish army deep in mud in Melilla, North Africa, during an armistice in one of the periodic wars between the Moors and the Spaniards. It is a coincidence that my last articles have dealt with the greatest and most calamitous of all wars. At any rate, it is the differences of opinion which have arisen between myself and the present editorial board as to the relation of the United States to the catastrophe in Europe which has led me to ask for the acceptance of my resignation. Since January, 1933, Issues and Men has been a weekly feature of this journal, and during that time I have had the luck never, in sickness or in health, whether I was here or in Europe, to miss a single issue.

That in the nature of things this series of articles was nearing its end is obvious. I regret all the more, therefore, that my retirement has been precipitated at this time by the editors' abandonment of *The Nation's* steadfast opposition to all preparations for war, to universal military service, to a great navy, and to *all* war, for this in my judgment has been the chief glory of its great and honorable past. As I said in my address at the recent Seventy-fifth Anniversary dinner, I have realized that times change and also the views of owners, and that with new editors come new policies. My own making over of *The Nation* when I became editor in 1918 pained many of its devoted readers. Yet I can truthfully claim that under my guidance it held to the fundamental principles of the founders and was conducted in their spirit, in fullest support of their correct conception of what the liberal world should be.

They knew war, many of them at first hand, and their detestation of it was beyond any yielding to such a pitiful, craven fear of the modern Napoleon as is now sweeping over the United States. They founded this journal within three months after Appomattox for the purpose of championing the freed slaves and helping to steer the country back to the ways of peace, to the Bill of Rights, after four years of bloodshed. To them and to me war was never anything else than "the sum of all villainies," out of which at best only an occasional modicum of good could come; in modern times it only engenders worse evils than those sought to be ended by mass murder. To permit *The Nation,* for which some of us labored and sacrificed so heavily for so many years, now to become recreant to those ideals and beliefs, embracing for the purpose of saving our democracy the very evils certain to destroy it either in peace or in war, is the privilege of the present ownership. But it has made impossible the continuance of a relationship which would be as unfair to the editors as to myself and the public.

That I end my regular contributions with deep regret everyone will understand. For better or for worse I put into *The Nation,* especially during the years when I was solely responsible for it, 1918-1933, the best that I had to offer for our country's welfare and advancement. Whether that contribution was worth while others have judged and will judge in the future—perhaps when the history of these times is written by men marveling that a Hitler beyond seas could so have swept the greatest republic from its moorings. I can only ask that there may be recorded then the causes that were successfully championed by my predecessors, by me, and by my many associates. I hope, too, that there will be just recognition of the efforts of the many men and women who have written in these pages with complete honesty and sincerity, just as their consciences dictated. At least the record is there, for as long as there are critics to examine it, of a free and untrammeled journal.

I have no doubt that the present hysteria will pass and with it the fear which has already gravely endangered the liberties of America and led to steps which will as inevitably wind up the New Deal as our entering into the first World War finished Wilson's New Freedom, now totally forgotten, and made inevitable the coming of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—reaction at its worst. I believe, too, that the present editors will some day awake to a realization that the course they are now proposing will inevitably end all social and political progress, lower still further the standard of living, enslave labor, and, if persisted in, impose a dictatorship and turn us into a totalitarian state. America is to be safeguarded, not by guns and warships that may be rendered valueless overnight by new inventions and new tactics, but only by greater economic and industrial wisdom, by social justice, by making our democracy work. That the United States has the genius, the power, the resources, and the vision to accomplish this I cannot question, if only it is not again betrayed in the White House and by the politicians.

With this statement of a veteran journalist's faith in his country this long record closes.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

French Mysticism

THE STAR OF SATAN. By Georges Bernanos. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING. By Jean Giono. The Viking Press. $2.50.

AT ANY other moment these two novels would deserve, and probably receive, much serious attention. Each is an excellent novel and representative of a significant current in contemporary literature. But right now when all my attention is focused on the bitter struggle of Western civilization against the barbarian hordes, I do not find them absorbing. "The Star of Satan" takes place in a part of France already overrun by the Germans; "Joy of Man's Desiring" is laid in the foothills of the Alps where Italian bombers may be passing overhead tomorrow. I cannot forget those invading tanks and planes as I read about these village priests struggling with the devil or about these hardy peasants discovering beauty and joy. To anyone familiar with current literary production in France, moreover, these novels, published respectively in 1925 and 1935, are just old enough to begin to take their place in history. They deserve a rereading certainly, but this is not the moment I should choose. Reading them now is a little like thumbing through one's photograph album of past travels in France.

The world of Georges Bernanos is a priest-ridden world, though he would not approve of that expression. All his major characters wear the cloth, which serves to insulate them from our world. But they are not ordinary priests either. Father Donissan, who becomes the saint of Lumbres, is as unusual a specimen as that other country vicar who fails of his mission and dies miserably of cancer in "The Diary of a Country Priest." But Father Donissan is a saint in the old manner who scourges himself with chains, grapples with the devil on a lonely moor at midnight, and lives to confess and convert his little flock. Probably nothing in the modern Catholic novel is at once more stirring and more convincing than his final attempt to perform a miracle. Convinced that he has been delegated by God to raise a dead child, he is nevertheless assailed by the doubts and jibes of his old enemy. Here Bernanos has dealt with the most difficult material in a masterful fashion. His saint is utterly convincing because he remains a poor man struggling with himself. Catholics call this a novel of great spiritual power; to the rest of the world it certainly is a work of profound psychological insight.

Jean Giono's world, on the other hand, is one of idealized peasants, living a life and speaking a language which represent in schematic form the life and language of all French peasants. To a windswept plateau almost as sparse as the one we have seen in "Harvest" comes an itinerant juggler who speaks in parables and brings beauty and joy into the drab lives of Jourdan and Randoulet and Jacquou and Carle. He teaches that "what you give makes you rich," shows the beauty in the useless—in flowers, stars, wild birds, and the forest. A tame stag named Antoine, significant only for his beauty, becomes the center of the community, and all the men bend their efforts to finding him some does before the mating season. Little by little the plateau discovers a new *joie de vivre.* Each of Giono's novels is built upon a very simple theme like this one, which lends itself to symbolism. But Giono always runs the risk of simplifying his themes and his characters to the point of turning his novel into a thesis. Here the characters are reduced to the minimum until they have become but the necessary illustrations of a Rousseauist thesis. In the artificial simplicity of the language spoken by these peasants, and in the poetic overtones which the author puts into their mouths, there is great power; but no peasants ever spoke that language. The best portion of the book is the thirty pages describing the Rabelaisian outdoor feast spontaneously organized by all the inhabitants of the plateau, who have come together without knowing why, as if in answer to a mysterious call.

Both of these novels deal with mysticism. The French, an eminently logical people who prize clarity above other virtues, are not known for their mysticism. Yet we have here two modern French mystics, a traditional Roman Catholic and an equally traditional pagan. For if Giono's Bobi does not show the cleft foot of Pan, the stag Antoine supplies that property. Both Bernanos and Giono believe in miracles performed through faith, and in their novels present such miracles as credible human experience. There may, after all, be a moral in this for the present state of France. While acting as if they did not believe in miracles and exerting their own prodigious energy to the utmost, the French always leave a small loophole for the intervention of the supernatural, if and when it becomes absolutely necessary.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

How the Labor Act Works

THE NATIONAL LABOR POLICY AND HOW IT WORKS. By Joseph Rosenfarb. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THE phrase "definitive study" is badly overworked, but it is hard to see how it can be avoided this time. Joseph Rosenfarb's study of the National Labor Relations Act and Board is "definitive" by every test one can think of. It is long, massively footnoted, perfectly indexed, heavily appendixed; it contains a twenty-page outline table of contents, a preface by Senator Wagner, a foreword by Chairman Madden, hundreds of pages of trenchant, lucid prose, and an exhaustive exposition, solidly grounded in law and economics, of the background, character, policies, consequences, and prospects of the act and the board.

It is hard to read a book like this without feeling sick. Sick, not just politely ill. Sick, that it will reach so few, that its documentation won't make a single headline, that it will take the many law schools who will use it years to influence the popular mind as deeply as Mr. Toland of the Smith committee can do in a single press conference. For the last three years law schools all over the country have been grinding out full-size articles upon almost every possible aspect of the board's work. It would be hard to find in all of this literature enough criticism of the board's policies and practices to make half a column on page 27 of the daily paper—almost any daily paper. The popular press, consequently, has elected to ignore what the lawyers of the future think about the most crucial of all New Deal legislation and to concentrate upon the personal difficulties of a handful of board employees who have been lined up under the calcium light of publicity by the Smith committee. Mr. Rosenfarb's book is far more readable than most law-journal articles, but it will be astonishing if it has any more effect.

It is an understatement to say that Mr. Rosenfarb is not unaware of this difficulty. He discusses the matter with a restraint which only occasionally becomes acid. He remarks that "the 'hate Roosevelt' campaign furnishes material for a study of brotherly love compared to the démarche [by the press] against the board and the act." "The world has not beaten a path of approbation to the portals of the board." "The doctrine that truth will triumph in the end is an expression of undue optimism." And he tells stories which should not be repeated by anyone intending to document the integrity of the Fourth Estate.

Nor is Mr. Rosenfarb altogether uncritical of the olympian detachment of the judiciary. In reviewing the past he notes with accuracy the conscious and unconscious, but effective restraints which the courts have placed upon the advance of industrial democracy. He records with relief that for the moment at least they have stayed their hand. But his brilliant discussion of the proper relationship between the administrative agencies and the courts illuminates current Congressional efforts to clamp the hand of the courts again upon the shoulder of the administrators. And in speaking of the future he remarks, "The American judiciary is the last shore from which the tide of reaction ebbs and among the first to feel its flow."

Perhaps the only shortcomings of this immense work are the author's neglect of the problem of securing and training administrative personnel and his failure to treat at length the behind-the-scenes aspects of informally settled cases, that is, those which are dismissed, withdrawn, or adjusted. Since Mr. Rosenfarb is himself a board employee, he could scarcely be expected to discuss the board's personnel problems. The second, and related, problem of informal settlements is one which lies far beyond the scope of any single individual—even one with Mr. Rosenfarb's abilities. It is a task to which the Smith committee might well have devoted itself. In this connection, it may be pertinent to inquire what ever became of the replies to the immense number of questionnaires sent out by the Smith committee to employers and unions. These questionnaires were designed, in part, to provide answers to the charge that many adjusted cases are really shotgun weddings between employers and unions, with board zealots holding the gun. Didn't the committee's questionnaire prove this charge? Or what?

The individual student is compelled to devote himself primarily to the formal aspects of the board's work. This Mr. Rosenfarb has done with great skill. But there is more in this book than a complete survey of board policy and practice. There is a critical review of every proposed amendment to the act. There are competent and often almost epigrammatic comments about the A. F. of L.-C. I. O. split, the effect of war on industrial relations, the depth and intensity of contemporary reaction, the relations of farmers and workers, union responsibility, European labor relations, domestic fascism, intra-union democracy, labor politics, and civil liberties. This book has taken years in the writing. It takes hours in the reading. The developments which it records have required generations. But those who would discard most of that for which it stands won't give it a moment's notice. The author knows this. But his belief in democracy, industrial and civic, nevertheless remains firm.

ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

Oscar Ameringer—in Person

IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR AMERINGER. With a Foreword by Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

FROM every page of this bright and sparkling book Oscar Ameringer "in person" shines forth, and his is a very attractive personal appearance. Here is what an autobiography should be—an authentic reproduction of the man himself in his dulness or brilliancy, his drabness or breeziness. Breeziness is the chief charm of Oscar Ameringer, and his narrative of a life which, if told by others, might have been boring and have seemed hardly worth recounting, makes gay and inter-

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esting reading. He has humor, philosophy, and good nature. He has never been cast down by the defeat of the innumerable lost causes he has espoused, and he has triumphed again and again over ill-fortune which would have disheartened most others.

More than that, this is another story of an immigrant from Germany who has given much more to his adopted country than he has received from it. His brand of Americanism does not commend itself to our conservative press or to our masters of privilege since he is a Socialist, but it is squarely based on a rare knowledge of the country and of the common man's daily struggle—his vicissitudes, his uncertainties, his limited hopes and aspirations. For Oscar Ameringer has been about everything that one man could be except a soldier. He has been a musician and a painter, the leader of a band, a vaudeville "artist," a labor leader, a politician-reformer and an office seeker, a reporter, a contributor at an early age to humorous publications, a job printer, a lecturer, a ship's steward and doctor, a leader in a resettlement project, a newspaper founder and manager. Today he is the editor of the *American Guardian*. Of this he boasts that it is the only Oklahoma newspaper with a national circulation. Probably the people who live on our Park Avenue never heard of it, and would be shocked to death if they saw some of the copies. Yet it has a great and valuable influence in its territory, where men know Oscar Ameringer and how honest and unpurchasable and devoted to America he is. Just now, when he is over seventy, he is putting on another grand fight to keep this country out of war. Incidentally, some of the most valuable chapters of his autobiography are devoted to the story of how in the first World War foreign-born Americans in Wisconsin and other states were browbeaten, tortured by mobs of patriots, compelled to subscribe to Liberty Bonds at the pistol's point, and in some cases even killed. No one who desires to portray that war as it was should overlook this first-hand testimony.

Those of us who know Ameringer agree with Carl Sandburg that he holds a "supreme position in the American labor movement as a man of laughter, wit, and satire" and that at his best he is equal as a humorist to Artemus Ward or Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby. But, most important, he is a truly great, warm-hearted, courageous man, with sympathy for everybody. He can even understand those against whom he battles and know how it is that they are as enmeshed or as privileged as they are. He tells his story with complete modesty and endless humor. You laugh at and with him and at the world—if you don't stop to wipe away a tear that this crashing globe can be so stupid and have failed so utterly to develop its vast human resources. The book is not a "literary gem," and yet in another sense it is, since, as I have said, it is Oscar Ameringer himself. It contains a wealth of humorous anecdotes, such as a telegram he received from Governor Culbertson of Texas when in 1898 he offered the services of his band for the war in Cuba: "Sir, we want men to fight and not to blow"—this in a war in which there was more blowing and boasting and less fighting than perhaps in any other on record. But read the book for yourselves. It is a true American story and to me a precious one.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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IN BRIEF

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW. By Oliver La Farge. Photographs by Helen M. Post. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.50.

This new volume in "The Face of America" series deals with the Indians as they are today and with the complex causes of their present situation. Mr. La Farge is steeped in the subject and makes every word tell; the photographs are very fine pictorially and supply dramatic documentation.

THE LONG WATCH IN ENGLAND. By Eugene and Arline Lohrke. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

The authors of "Night Over England" here set down the insights gained from years of residence on a Sussex farm. It is a sad book for those who share the authors' love for the positive values created by the English way of life, but the truth of their observations on the alarming effects of an out-of-date complacency must be acknowledged, though with reservations.

RECORDS

IN RODZINSKI'S performance of Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony with the Cleveland Orchestra (M-406, $10) the music proceeds without the violent changes in pace with which conductors have seen fit to convert Tschaikovsky into a hysteric; but this is carried to the point of stiffness and rigidity, and while there is no excess in pace there is excess in force. The stiffness is most evident in the Valse of the third movement; there is tenseness even in the rubatos of the waltz-like passage of the first movement, where there should be a relaxed suppleness; and in the first phrase of this passage, marked *p* with a swell, the *p* explodes into *f*. The recording is admirable in its clarity, its fidelity to instrumental timbre, its freedom from the reverberation that has afflicted the Chicago Symphony records; but it is not a completely satisfactory job. For one thing, if you set the volume for the *p* of the introductions of the first and second movements you do not get sufficient volume for the climaxes later on. In the second movement, also, the first entrance of the solo oboe, marked *p*, is almost *f*; a moment later the solo clarinet, marked *mf*, is softer than the oboe; a moment later the basses, beginning the climb of the strings back to the first theme, are almost inaudible; later in the movement, on side five, two phrases for solo bassoon, marked *mf* and *f*, are a barely heard *pp;* and there are other instances. And finally there is the same barbarous cut of the development section of the last movement as in the Mengelberg version, which eliminates one of the finest passages in the entire symphony—the quiet passage that just precedes the beginning of the recapitulation. The new set is the best of those now available; but I hope for something better in the Beecham recording recently issued in England.

Columbia also has released Tschaikovsky's String Quartet Opus 11, of which the popular Andante Cantabile proves to be the only valuable part. In this set (M-407, $5.50) it is the one movement in which one's ear is not hurt by the coarse-grained playing of the new Roth Quartet and the harsh recording. There have been rumors of the Budapest Quartet shifting to Columbia—something I have hoped for, since it meant that this greatest of all quartets might at last record the works that H. M. V. has been assigning to the inferior Busch and Pro Arte quartets. But I have no desire for Budapest performances of these works recorded with the harshness of Columbia's recent recording in its sets of Haydn's Opus 76 No. 5 and Tschaikovsky's Opus 11—and even, to a lesser degree, Smetana's "From My Life." And I think the Budapest group ought to wait until Columbia acquires at least the skill for the purpose that Victor has shown in the Coolidge Quartet recording of Beethoven's Opus 18 No. 3.

The best of Columbia's June releases, then, is the single record (69876-D, $1.50) of Haydn's beautiful Andante and Variations in F minor, played on the piano with excellent musical taste by Ernst Victor Wolff. Another single (69875-D, $1.50) offers Eduard Commette's arrangements for organ of the fine slow movement of Bach's Italian Concerto, which he plays simply but a little too quickly, and a passage from the Cantata No. 140. The songs in the set of Old World Ballads in America (M-408, $4.50) are enjoyable but—as far as I am concerned—for only one or two of the many stanzas; and they are well sung by Andrew Rowan Summers to his own dulcimer accompaniments. Liszt's "Orpheus," well played by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony under Barlow and well recorded (X-165, $3.50), you can neglect.

The Oxford University Press has published not only writing on music as distinguished as Tovey's but the long succession of sloppy jobs by Percy Scholes. The latest is "A List of Books About Music in the English Language" ($.75), prepared as an appendix to his "Oxford Companion to Music." If you are interested in books that discuss modern or contemporary music you will have to guess that they are listed under "History." Under "Criticism" you will find only the writings of the two British critics, Chorley and Davison, who were mentioned in the article in the "Companion," and not the music criticism of Bernard Shaw, which you would not have to be told about if you knew enough to look for it under his name, nor the collections of articles by W. J. Turner, which, like Turner's books on Beethoven and Mozart, are not listed at all. Pardonably curious about my own book on the symphony, I found it listed as a book about records under Gramophone; and my book about records is not listed at all.

Oxford also has issued a second edition of Kolodin's "Metropolitan Opera" ($3.75), in which the added pages carry the account through the season of 1938-39. There is brief and just appraisal of tendencies in these recent seasons—of what has and has not been achieved in repertory, personnel, orchestra, staging. But, as before, the bulk of the writing is an excessively detailed statement of everything that happened, involving endless unimportant details of casts and including trivialities of reviewers' gossip. Mr. Kolodin's argument is that this is a book of reference. But I find it difficult to believe that anyone ever will consult the book to find out that in the performance of "Das Rheingold" on February 9, 1939, "Schorr was the Wotan, with Maison, Branzell, Stevens (Erda), Laufkötter, List, Alsen (Fasolt), Witte, Burke, and Huehn (Donner)," whereas in the performance of February 18 "Witte was the Loge, with Schorr, Thorborg, Stevens (Erda), Burke, Laufkötter, and Beattie (Fafner)"; or that in a performance of "La Bohême" Kiepura and Grace Moore "exchanged obviously arranged amenities after the first act, permitting each to take a bow alone." On the other hand I have myself had occasion to want to know the personnel of the company owning the Metropolitan Opera House and the personnel of the producing company in the last ten years, in order to know to what extent they have been identical; and this important information I have not found in Mr. Kolodin's book.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Goal in the Struggle

Dear Sirs: Like the editors of *The Nation* and many other progressives I believe that the defeat of Hitler is a necessary condition to any discussion of a better ordering of society. But it is also true that the defeat of Hitler will not of itself assure a more equitable society or a more durable peace than Versailles gave us. That will depend on the emergence within nations of systems that will make available to all the people the benefits of mass production and technology. It was the failure to solve this problem in Germany that originally produced Hitler. It was fear of a solution of this problem in the interests of the common man that induced conservatives in England and France to help build up Hitler.

The management of our productive forces in the interest of the community as a whole is what we have been fighting for here at home since 1933. If Hitler is victorious, our chances of winning that fight are irreparably compromised. But we may also lose it as we gird for the struggle against Hitler. The way reaction is trying to move back into power on the excuse of an emergency is sufficient proof that not even the horror of the present war will persuade it to relinquish a privilege or mitigate its acquisitiveness.

I have been reading the literature of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. I am in sympathy with the purpose, but I am deeply disturbed by the arguments used. The central theme is that the victory of Hitler would jeopardize "freedom of speech, of religion, of the ballot, and of every freedom that upholds the dignity of the human spirit." But if after the experience of the Fourteen Points and the "war to make the world safe for democracy" we have not learned that the defeat of Germany will not assure those principles, we are incapable of learning anything.

Can liberals subscribe to a document which does not say clearly and unmistakably that the struggle against Hitler must be a struggle for economic as well as political democracy? Can liberals abandon for a moment the purposes which separate them from those who identify democracy with monopoly capitalism? Now less than ever must liberals subordinate their independent point of view; the men of the right—anti-Hitler though they may be—have no answer.

JOSEPH P. LASH

New York, June 12

The Real "Irresponsibles"

Dear Sirs: Mr. MacLeish seems to blame the scholars for the plight in which the world finds itself. May I suggest that he is barking up the wrong tree? Does Mr. MacLeish mean "detached," as he seems to, when he uses "irresponsible" to describe the scholar? Detachment of the right kind is not too common today, but too rare. It is, of course, evident that much of the day's Ph.D.-factory product is futile; but the trouble does not lie in its detachment but in its insincerity, in its prostitution of the methods of scholarship—that is, truth-seeking—to the aims of "fitting" youths to fundamentally non-scholarly teaching jobs.

Of true detachment there can never be enough. The true scholar—that is, the real truth-seeker—is mankind's only defense against the insidious power of the slogan. Detachment gives the rabble-rousers, the would-be führers, the power of criticism; criticism checks the insensate exploitation of human life in the name of ill-defined, emotional catchwords which are essentially meaningless.

Who are the real "irresponsibles"? Not the scholars, I believe, who in their fields strive always toward clearer knowledge, more unbiased vision; not the writers who have taught youth to examine before it accepts, to question before it rushes pell-mell to violence. Are not the real irresponsibles those who have sold their power with words as a mere commodity, and so debauched the whole concept of language? What of advertising writers? What of editors or journalists who write as they are paid? What of the bright young men who "ghost" articles and speeches in which they do not believe? What of the college presidents who say—as one did—that colleges should be drafted during the war, with intellectual life merely incidental? Can democracy live under such influences? Criticism is the essence of democracy, and the ultimate criticism must be a matter of intellectual, not merely of emotional, activity.

There will be a peace after this war. Its quality will be only partly conditioned by military might. If we today give up that devotion to the idealism of candid truth of which true scholarship is but one mark, if we allow the same disintegration in thinking to overwhelm us that overwhelmed us in the last war, we shall have lost the true battle of democracy already; we shall have already accepted the ways of totalitarianism which we profess to abhor.

TALBOT HAMLIN

New York, June 17

Marked Men

Dear Sirs: You have been assailed by so many requests for aid to various causes that only a profound confidence in the human spirit emboldens us to flash this distress signal. Americans are on a luxury liner that has just received a cry for help.

There is a group of almost forgotten men and women in the catastrophe enveloping Europe. They are the anti-fascist Germans who were fighting Hitler long before the armies went into the field. Driven from their own country, shunted about from one place of refuge in Europe to another, they have persisted in the courageous work of building the anti-Hitler underground movement in Germany. Some have been lost already—those who were in the countries so quickly occupied by the Nazi armies. Others are in danger of being overtaken by Hitler's advance. Once caught they have no chance of survival; marked men and women, the firing squad or decapitation will be their fate.

We owe it to these people who have sacrificed themselves to carry on the fight for freedom—most of them could have emigrated to safety in the New World, but elected to stay and continue their work—to exhaust every possibility to effect their rescue. More than two score outstanding German anti-fascists can be saved if money can be raised to bring them away. This is not only a humanitarian plea; these men and women represent the best of the younger people who will be needed to build a new Europe.

We are trying to aid these people,

and need for that purpose $15,000. Will you do all you can to help?

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, Chairman
American Friends of German Freedom
New York, June 19

Caricature of the Bible ?

Dear Sirs: In her Notes by the Way in *The Nation* of April 6 Margaret Marshall compares "Stalin's Kampf" with the Book of Mormon, saying that "Stalin's book is to Marx what the Book of Mormon is to the Bible, a dull caricature." As a person who reads both the Bible and the Book of Mormon, and occasionally *The Nation* as well, I am wondering why she needed to display her ignorance of this remarkable companion record with the Bible. If she has not read the Book of Mormon all the way through with a real desire to know the truth, I most sincerely recommend her to do so. That book has been in existence for 110 years and still stands after the literally billions of "cracks" such as she made, and other efforts to disprove that it is what it purports to be, have fallen to the ground.

It would appear from Miss Marshall's article that she reads the Bible. If so, may I suggest two references which speak of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon: one is in Ezekiel 37:15-21. The Book of Mormon is the stick of Joseph, and the Bible, as all students agree, is the stick of Judah. Read John 10:16.

And finally, again, I hope Miss Marshall will accept my invitation to read the record of Christ's visit to these other sheep. It is the record of the people who built the wonderful monuments archaeologists have been uncovering in Central America. After reading it, perhaps she will tell me whether she thinks her statement that this record is a "dull caricature" of the Bible is justifiable.

EUGENE HILTON
Oakland, Cal., June 6

[Although no longer a member of the church, Miss Marshall comes of a family of devout Mormons.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Mark Twain Anecdotes

Dear Sirs: I am editing a collection of Mark Twain anecdotes. Any stories readers of *The Nation* may care to send will be appreciated and due acknowledgment will be made.

CYRIL CLEMENS
Webster Grove, Mo., June 12

CONTRIBUTORS

ALBERT VITON has just published "Great Britain: An Empire in Transition." He is a member of the Department of Political Science at Northwestern University.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, has written many articles for *The Nation* on the conflict of morals and politics. He delivered the Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh last year.

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